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Frontispiece

INTERNED MISSIONARIES WELCOMED ON THEIR RETURN TO ENGLAND, JANUARY, 1946, WITH B.M.S. SECRETARIES

THROUGH TOIL AND TRIBULATION

Missionary Experiences in China
during the war of 1937-1945

Told by the Missionaries

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PREFACE

MISSIONARIES in China have always known that their feet must tread a hard and hazardous road. In the earliest days they entered new territory at the risk of life and property, and laboured amidst constant contempt and reproach. From time to time underground threats culminated in open outbreaks of violence. Among these was the Boxer Rising of 1900, when our entire missionary staff in Shansi was massacred, along with many missionaries of other societies there and elsewhere, and hundreds of Chinese Christians who refused easy escape through denial of their Lord. Shensi, too, has known no peace since the Revolution of 1911, for it has been the scene of a succession of civil wars, banditry, pestilence, famine and other ills which have left their mark upon missionaries and Chinese Christians alike.

The greatest and most widespread upheaval of all began with the Japanese 'incident' of 1937, which ushered in a war that lasted for eight years and left an aftermath of grave and deep-seated ills in its wake. That conflict expanded from small beginnings until Japanese armies overran large areas of China and, later, merged in the greater World War when Japan opened hostilities against America and Britain in December, 1941.

Missionaries and missionary work were affected from its outset. On occasion, as Japanese armies swept on, missionaries were evacuated from certain stations in Shansi on

the advice of their Consuls and the Home authorities. They returned at the earliest moment until, largely for the safety of Chinese Christians, they were obliged to leave once more. Those who remained at their posts were hampered at every turn by the Japanese invaders, until the conflict between Japan on the one hand, and America and Britain on the other, resulted in the internment of all missionaries belonging to Shantung and Shansi. Those in Shensi were able to continue, though under repeated threat of invasion and the endurance of frequent aerial bombardments. Some of their number responded to the appeal to engage in special war service, and in so doing found unique openings for Christian witness.

The degree to which the experiences of the interned and other missionaries moved the churches at home was shown in the reception accorded them on their return to this country at the close of 1945. The enthusiasm of the great welcome rally in Bloomsbury Central Church, London, on January 15th, 1946, was matched by subsequent services and meetings in all parts of the country, and issued in numerous requests for a more permanent record of their ordeals. To these the missionaries concerned responded with natural hesitation, for they were reluctant to dwell on their hardships and privations. But as their tale also involves witness to the presence and leading of God, they have set it down for the edification and inspiration of its readers.

It is a story of cheerfulness, endurance, fortitude and hope. Inevitably, here and there, where so many write on the same subject, some overlapping must occur. These cases, however, may be likened to photographs of a single object taken from different positions, which serve only to give a more complete view. So they have been allowed to remain.

The stories of the interned missionaries are supplemented by contributions from missionaries who engaged in special

war service. Yet other chapters deal with the heroic and devoted witness of Chinese Christians surrounded by menacing forces, and of conditions in the three B.M.S. provinces during and after the war. The whole makes a great and glorious chapter in the story of our China Mission. It calls for thanksgiving to the God Who sustains and delivers magnificently, and Who now summons us to resume and extend the work founded and maintained at such cost and with so great results.

Thanks are expressed to the missionaries who have united to make this book and to the Rev. A. J. Garnier for his careful reading of the manuscript and valuable suggestions.

H.L.H.

December, 1946.

MISSIONARIES INTERNED

In and around Shanghai

	Service Began	*Camp*
Allen, Rev. T. W.	1931	Pootung
Black, Mr. Adam	1923	Lunghwa
Bloom, Dr. C. V.	1931	Eastern Area
Bloom, Mrs.	1931	do.
Bloom, Audrey		do.
Bloom, Heather		do.
Bloom, Rosemary		do.
Dart, Rev. R. H. P.	1925	Lunghwa
Dart, Mrs.	1928	do.
Dart, Peter		do.
Drake, F. S.	1915	Pootung
Jagger, Miss Amy, S.R.N.	1939	Yangchow
Johnson, Miss E.	1938	Lunghwa
Lewis, Dr. J. L.	1938	Ash
Lewis, Mrs.	1934	do.
Lewis, Ann		do.
Lewis, Robin		do.
Light, Rev. A. B.	1940	Chapei
Light, Mrs.	1940	do.
Light, Jean		do.
Light, Kathleen		do.
Newton, Rev. J. C.	1937	Lunghwa
Newton, Mrs.	1938	do.
Pailing, Rev. W. P.	1914	do.
Pailing, Mrs.	1916	do.

	Service Began	Camp
Payne, Rev. Henry	1905	Lincoln Avenue
Payne, Mrs.	1907	... do.
Pearson, Miss A. M.	1920	... Lunghwa
Pentelow, Miss E.	1922	... do.
Phillips, Rev. E. L.	1925	... do.
Phillips, Mrs.	1927	... do.
Phillips, Roger		... do.
Phillips, Rosemary		... do.
Phillips, Nigel		... do.
Price, Rev. F. W.	1911	... do.
Rossiter, Miss E. A., S.R.N. ...	1911	... do.
Scott, Rev. J. Cameron	1929	... Eastern Area
Scott, Mrs.	1931	... do.
Scott, Ian		... do.
Scott, David		... do.
Scott, Seana		... do.
Scott, Thomas		... do.
Smith, Mrs. Donald	1910	... Yangchow
Smith, Rev. E. Sutton	1940	... Pootung
Smurthwaite, Miss A.	1921	... Eastern Area
Still, Dr. R. J.	1935	... do.
Still, Mrs.	1935	... do.
Still, Audrey		... do.
Still, Catherine		... do.
Still, Rosemary		... do.
Thomas, Miss M. I.	1909	... do.
Wheal, Miss E. S. A., S.R.N.	1926	... Yangchow

Interned in Manila

Allen, Mrs.	1931	
Allen, Elizabeth		
Allen, Philip		
Allen, Margaret		

Missionaries on War Service

	Service Began
Clow, Dr. J. M.	1929
Dawson, Rev. S. R. (in India)	1936
Flowers, Dr. W. S.	1928
Gunn, Rev. W. G. D.	1937
Hayward, Rev. V. E. W. ... (With U.N.R.R.A.)	1934
Price, Rev. B. F.	1940
Upchurch, Rev. W. S.	1935

Children in C.I.M. School, Chefoo (interned)

Clow, Jean
Clow, Robert
Young, James
Young, Joan
Young, Margaret

Chapter I

OURSELVES AND THE CHINESE CHURCH

HENRY PAYNE

"How was it you came to be interned? Could you not have got away before the Japanese caught you?" Yes, we could have run away, and, in fact, that was what the British Consul had advised us to do, especially those missionaries with wives and children, unless, he added, we considered our work vital. We did not leave in time because we wished to help the Chinese, and especially the Chinese Church, suffering under the cruel invasion of Japan. The invaders had overrun all Shantung Province and were determined to crush all attempts at opposition. Every educated Chinese went in fear of sudden capture and death, and every student above primary school standard was suspected in Japanese eyes.

This was why thousands of students had trekked to the Far West, out of reach of the Japanese armies with their Gestapo methods. But the great bulk of the people of Shantung had not the strength to run away, and we felt it our duty to stay with them as long as possible. In this way we helped to keep our schools and our hospitals open. Shantung Christian University (Cheeloo) had to flee, but Cheeloo Middle School, in which there were about 400 students, was still open when we were moved away. Several missionaries were teaching there and we were also teaching in our own schools at Choutsun and Peichen.

Our work was not easy because the whole of our Shantung field except Tsinan was in the midst of the fighting area, and remained so until the very end.

The Chinese patriots—the guerrillas and Communists—occupied most of the rural districts. The Japanese " occupation " of Shantung was practically restricted to the railways and a few walled cities that were connected with the railway by newly-built motor-roads. Their hold on these few cities was precarious. At Poshan city, where we have a church and schools, the Japanese dare not stay inside the city at night. Poshan lies in a hollow and all the surrounding hills were in the hands of the guerrillas. So each evening, just before sunset, the Japanese retreated to the well-defended railway station which is outside Poshan city.

The sudden declaration of war by Japan on America and Great Britain came as a shock to us all. Early in the morning of 8th December, 1941, Japanese soldiers knocked at our doors and informed us that we were enemy nationals. We were forbidden to commit any hostile acts, or to leave our homes without their permission, we must register all our property—both movable and immovable—and we must not transfer any of our property rights. Sentries were posted at our doors to prevent Chinese, as well as missionary colleagues, from entering. After two or three days these latter restrictions were relaxed and our cooks were allowed to go out and buy much-needed food. We were subject to daily visits from military officers, who certainly let us understand that all mission and personal property now belonged to them, for they helped themselves to anything they fancied.

We were compelled to sign a document promising to obey the Imperial Japanese Military. No missionary work must be engaged in, nor could we attend Chinese church services. Places of amusement such as race-courses, theatres and cinemas, were all out of bounds! Later on we

were allowed to move about the city of our residence, which was a real boon for, short of gagging a missionary, you cannot keep him from speaking of the things that most matter. We were well-known in Tsinan, and could always find friends in the shops and public park, so that many an hour was spent in the open-air asking and answering questions.

The Chinese Christians, especially the pastors, were most kind and sympathetic. When hostilities began, the Japanese froze all bank accounts, and our ready money was soon all spent. Pastor C. S. Chang brought me a large sum of money—equal to six months of his salary—to help any who were in need. As for the women of the church, they were simply splendid. They often slipped past the sentries and brought us food from their own tables, fearing lest we were not getting enough to eat.

About six months after the war on Britain began, the Japanese decided to clear us all from the interior of North China. We were offered the alternatives of repatriation or internment, and all voted for repatriation. We were ordered to pack up as for a voyage. The Japanese were quite generous and allowed us four pieces of baggage each. This enabled us to save our clothing, bedding and some books.

On arrival at Shanghai, we soon learnt that our chances of repatriation were nil. The three days' wait in Shanghai, of which we were told, stretched out to over three years. At first we were allowed the freedom of the city, and were glad and grateful for the privilege of moving about among its people, but in the spring of 1943 the Japanese began to intern the thousands of British, American and Dutch nationals. About 6,000 were put into six camps in and around Shanghai.

"What does it feel like to be behind barbed wire?"

When the gates close and you realise you are cut off from the outside world, there comes upon you a helpless feeling of despair. Your work ceases, the press and the wireless no

longer function, the friendly postman no longer visits you, and time seems suddenly to stand still, or at best to drag on at a miserably slow rate. Internment is different from ordinary prison life, because the inmates of an internment camp are free to communicate with one another. This may seem advantageous, but it may prove the opposite if living quarters are cramped. In some camps the sexes were segregated, and sometimes as many as seventy men were put into one large room. We were put into "Lincoln Avenue" camp, which consisted of a dozen separate houses. Each family was given a separate room where possible, and no room had more than seven or eight persons.

All the work of the camp had to be done by the inmates. More than half of us were certified as unfit for anything but very light work. Stoking, preparation and cooking of food, laundry work, the disposal of garbage, and the cleaning of the camp, had all to be done by about one-sixth of the inmates. Stoking was the hardest, because the coal was bad, and no firewood was provided. Wood had to be scrounged. The food came from outside in bulk, and consisted of poor quality broken rice, bread, vegetables, meat or, rarely, salt fish. The meat was either water-buffalo or Chinese salt-pork. The buffalo meat was tough and the pork was sometimes unapproachable. One day we refused to receive it and so, to punish us, none came the following day. After that we found it wiser to bury it than to reject it. Some cracked wheat came in, but judging from the amount of grubs and weevils in it, we thought it must be pre-war. It was certainly difficult to swallow. This poor quality food was evidently bought by Japanese war contractors, who were becoming millionaires at our expense. The camp commandant made a kindly concession by allowing a daily supply of fresh milk to come in from Japanese dairies. The sick and the aged, as well as the children, all received a pint per day. I was the milkman and saw to it

that all deserving cases received an allowance, but the milkman's lot was not a happy one when some folk insisted on full measure!

The greatest help and comfort came from the monthly food parcels sent in by friends through the agency of the International Red Cross Committee, a magnificent institution which served the dire needs of prisoners of war belonging to more than forty countries. We can never repay the debt of gratitude which we owe to this International Committee.

The Japanese allowed parcels up to about twelve pounds in weight to each person. "Parcels Day" was a time of great joy. One got very tired of daily queues, but the "parcels" queue was an exception. Each parcel had to be examined by the guards who were on the look-out for spirits, or for newspapers or writing materials. The least bit of printed matter was seized and burnt. I was asked to teach the Japanese guards Chinese, and that meant certain concessions, such as freedom from searching of parcels. A teacher is always respected in Asia.

What a cosmopolitan crowd we were! Most of us were British, but there was a sprinkling of Irish, American, Russian, Eurasian and Dutch. We had a little company of Jews who were allowed kosher food from outside. Provision was made for the different religions—Roman Catholics, Protestants, and Jews each having separate services. Those who preached were asked to send in their subject or text so that the guard could examine it, and occasionally a Japanese would attend for a little while, without being any the wiser as to what was being said by the preacher.

> "Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage,"

sang Lovelace, explaining that a quiet mind could turn a

prison into a hermitage. We were able to prove the truth of this, and also of the couplet:

> "Two men looked through prison bars;
> The one saw mud, the other stars."

Some of our fellow-inmates brooded on their hard fate, and even lost their reason. Others seemed to give up trying to live. If you determined not to let the thought of the barbed wire worry you, and if you could find a bit of work that was of use to others, and that was neither too debasing nor too wearisome, your captivity became quite bearable.

But true religion is the best antidote to prison. St. Paul told us so long ago, and he learnt it in the school of hard experience. Many of my missionary colleagues filled up their days in work for others. I joined the scullions' gang and also taught Pitman's shorthand. There were also united services, and especially the united Communion Services, which were greatly appreciated by the older folk and by those living "shut-in" lives.

Our being civilian and not military enemies certainly made a difference in the treatment meted out to us by the Japanese.

Camp commandants differed greatly, some being much kinder than others. Perhaps the best of them was Mr. Hayashi, commandant of Lunghwa, where the largest contingent of B.M.S. and L.M.S. missionaries was interned. Hayashi had lived in England several years, in consular service, and had been interned in the Isle of Man. He issued this pleasing little notice to the inmates of his camp. "This Civil Assembly Centre, being the best home for those who live in it, must be loved and cherished by all. All persons shall take care of their health, and live in harmony with each other. There shall be no disputing or quarrelling, disturbing or any other improper demeanour.

No argument shall be made, nor any rumour shall be circulated concerning the world situation, nor any criticism against Japan be held."

On the whole we fared pretty well, in spite of our prison.

The Chinese Church

More important than the story of how we missionaries fared, is the question of the fate of the Chinese Church, left behind to bear the brunt of battle. Has the young Church been able to stand up to the stress of a long and cruel invasion? The invading armies of Japan wiped out hundreds of China's cultural institutions. What of our city churches, and of the small scattered communities of believers? We can, I think, say that the Japanese, though trying to make the Church a tool in their hands, have not by any means succeeded. As a Mission we have every reason to be grateful to God for the allied victory. If Japan had won, as she surely expected to do, she would have compelled the Chinese Church to become subservient to her will.

Before we left the interior, a large number of Japanese pastors, who were really in the employ of the Japanese military, had arrived in North China and were busy getting control of the Chinese Church. The Church would have suffered the same fate as the Korean Church.

These Japanese pastors had held large classes for "spiritual training," with the expressed aim of inspiring the leaders of the Chinese Churches with the spirit of "Greater East Asia." Classes attended by over a thousand church leaders had been held in Peking and in Tsinan. Japanese generals came to address the meetings, and judging by the printed records which we still possess, the burden of their remarks was to inform the Chinese that they must from now onward sever all connection with America and Britain. They said that the missionaries of these two countries were

not friends but foes of the Chinese Church, and that the Anglo-American Powers had utilised the services of their Christian missionaries to promote and protect their imperialistic aggression in East Asia by hypnotising the local population with the Christian Gospel. These generals forgot to say that fifty Japanese pastors who had suddenly appeared on the scene were doing the very things of which they falsely accused the missionaries from America and Britain. They did not, however, forget to tell the Chinese that if they disobeyed their new masters they would be severely punished.

But our Shantung Baptist leaders held their annual meetings in secret and resolved to carry on the church and pastoral work as usual. The pastors volunteered to shepherd their flocks regardless of the fact that there was no prospect of receiving any remuneration from the impoverished churches or from the Pastoral Aid Fund. They bravely continued to share with their people the burnings and the shootings. At least two of our pastors lost all their earthly possessions in the burning of their home villages by the Japanese. Every time the guerrillas attacked the Japanese, the latter made reprisals on the surrounding villages.

Pastor Chang kept open the school at Peichen, and developed it up to junior middle-school standard. The numbers of students rose from 150 to 450, and the expenses of running the school, including all teachers' salaries, were met by contributions in grain. No funds were available, and the teachers gave their services in return for their own food, which was of the plainest kind. Pastor Chang did a remarkable work under amazingly difficult conditions.

Our Church in Shantung still lives. It has not been wiped out by the foe, nor has it surrendered its liberty and become a mere "Shinto" institution.

Chapter II

OUR LIFE UNDER THE JAPANESE

W. P. and M. L. PAILING

TSINAN, Shantung. December 8th, 1941. Just before 8.30 a.m. news came over the wireless that Japan had declared war on America and Britain. We soon realised how well-prepared she was for this event by the fact that her soldiers were taking over the Cheeloo university buildings by 10 a.m. Guards were placed at the main gates and our movements were restricted. Within the next day or so it became obvious that all classes must be discontinued and the students sent home. The Japanese authorities allowed the hospital to remain open on the understanding that no out-patient work was done, no new cases were taken into the wards, and present patients were discharged as soon as possible.

By Christmas the number of patients was greatly reduced. What a strange Christmas it seemed compared to the normal busy time with its carol services and festivities! The Chinese medical and nursing staff, in co-operation with the three evangelists did, however, form a choir to sing carols on Christmas Eve in the wards, where they had already effected some small decorations. Because of the Japanese soldiers on guard in the hospital buildings, it was deemed inadvisable for the missionary staff to take any part in these proceedings. One interesting incident was reported by a Chinese staff nurse. As the carol party approached her

ward, the Japanese soldier on duty quickly shut himself in a small side-room. After the carols were over and he had emerged, the nurse asked him why he had gone away, whereupon he replied, "Oh, I thought you would all feel happier if you didn't see me!"

By January 15th, 1942, the hospital was empty, the staff was disbanded and the keys were handed over to the Japanese commandant, a crude individual, who, for his rough dealings with certain members of the British and American staff, was jokingly known as "Holy Horror," a near approach to his Japanese name of Hagihara!

The dismantling of the university by the Japanese proceeded apace, and we were saddened to see lorry load after lorry load of valuable equipment, research material, medical stores and apparatus being taken away. All the ninety microscopes belonging to the medical school and much other valuable apparatus were removed. Many years irreplaceable hospital case-history records were carted away and sold as waste paper. The large medical and general university libraries were confiscated, laboratories were stripped of their apparatus, and so on. In effect, we saw a work that had taken more than forty years to build up wrecked within as many days. The hospital, university church and other buildings were occupied by Japanese soldiery in training. Our great consolation, however, was that this was only material destruction. The real products of the university, the graduates, many of them keen Christians doing fine service all over China, were still carrying on their work and this could never be destroyed by the enemy. Many of these men and women had migrated hundreds of miles into unoccupied China rather than suffer Japanese oppression.

Thanks to the good offices of some members of the Chinese Puppet Government, a small amount of our medical apparatus was given by the Japanese to the newly-opened

Tsinan municipal hospital, which was largely staffed by doctors and nurses from Cheeloo. News has recently been received (February, 1946) telling of the fine work these men and women have done during the entire enemy occupation.

During the first two or three weeks we were not allowed out except under armed escort and then only between our various mission buildings. Later we were given more freedom and allowed to go further afield without escort up to a five kilometre limit. We could even take walks outside the suburb wall to the near hills within this limit. At first our bank accounts were frozen, but later we were allowed to draw out small monthly sums. In order to provide ourselves with certain foodstuffs and a healthy occupation during the spring, we undertook communal gardening on the university campus. The results were well worth while, both in vegetable produce and in cheerful intercourse, as we told the latest jokes and tried to see the humorous side of the Japanese occupation.

All wireless sets were confiscated on December 8th, 1941, and no English newspapers reached us. So we were dependent for news on the local Japanese-sponsored papers and radio news occasionally brought in by neutral friends. The fall of Hongkong and Singapore were forcibly brought home to us by the displays of large posters and the red lanterns which the Chinese were forced by their oppressors to hang outside their front doors. Huge maps in vivid colours depicting the rapid growth of the Japanese Empire and the disintegration of the British Empire were displayed on hoardings at the principal street corners in the city. But such things did not really dismay us.

During this time the Chinese Church was able to carry on in spite of much Japanese supervision and scrutiny in order to ensure that nothing derogatory to Japan was mentioned at the services. The enemy authorities ordered a

compulsory union of all the Chinese churches under Japanese supervision, in order to counteract British and American influence which they knew was prominent in the churches. We had been deeply impressed by the forbearance and forgiving spirit of many Chinese Christians who daily followed their Master's injunction to pray for their enemies, although their country had been ravaged and subjected to bitter persecution. Often, from the time of the Japanese invasion of China in 1937 to December, 1941, while we were still able to join their prayer groups, we were impressed by the sincerity with which these Chinese Christians prayed for the Japanese Church and nation.

In June, 1942, we were informed by the Japanese Consul in Tsinan (a man who did all he could to help us), that we were to be repatriated. We were told to sell up our homes to Japanese only, and the gendarmerie fixed the prices. On the first day of the sale various military and gendarmerie personnel took their pick. We shall never forget the bedlam made by the rank and file of Japanese civilians who poured into our home in the scorching heat of the next afternoon to buy up the remainder, and incidentally polished off some plates of fruit inadvertently left exposed in the dining-room! Most of the articles of furniture were carted off at once by them, but a few necessary pieces, including beds and chairs, were left for our use until two days later when we started for Shanghai. When these had been collected on that last day in Tsinan, we and our two refugee guests took our final meal sitting on the stairs, the only seating accommodation now left in the house! Now we were homeless indeed, but still looking forward to embarking for England within a week.

On the evening of August 10th, 1942, the large Tsinan party entrained for Shanghai, packed in carriages with the temperature over 100 degrees. Other contingents from North China were on that train, and all reached Shanghai shortly after midnight on August 12th. Charcoal-burning

buses, which often produced more noise, smell and smoke than locomotion, conveyed us to the Columbia Country Club. Next morning we were told that some 200 of us had had our names taken off the repatriation list, and that the Country Club was to be our home for the time being. Needless to say, we were not amused!

We passed the next seven months in the Columbia Country Club. Our numbers grew to 300 and we slept in big dormitories and clubrooms—two B.M.S.-ites even had their beds in the bar—and lived a communal life.

Before the end of the year the Japanese were talking in terms of internment camps, ostensibly to protect us from the unfriendly Chinese! In November the heads of many firms and other organisations were suddenly seized and confined under rigorous Japanese supervision. This opened our eyes to our own probable fate. Internment camps were started at the beginning of 1943. The first intimation of our own destination reached us at the end of February when I was asked to go to the Lunghwa Camp as chemist with the advance party of thirty men to open up the camp for 500 people.

It was a pity that the Japanese had confiscated all cameras, for snapshots of the cavalcade of lorries that set out from Columbia Country Club on Sunday morning, March 14th, would have made an amusing study. Personal baggage, camp equipment, beds, garden tools, cooking utensils of all kinds and a hundred other things, were piled high on every lorry. Two or three internees of the advance guard and several Chinese coolies were perched in unstable positions among this baggage like gargoyles on a cathedral! How the Chinese coolies managed to extract anything from under the watching eyes of the British is a mystery, but the fact remains that things had disappeared by the time we reached camp. Indeed, the head of the kitchen staff found himself minus all his shaving equipment which he had

packed in his haversack carried on his own back!

Fortunately the weather gave us a warm welcome to Lunghwa. So did Mr. Hayashi, the Japanese camp commandant, who, in a short speech on our arrival, told us he hoped that we would find ourselves happy in this "best of all possible homes." And what a home! Wooden army huts, in some of which Chinese workmen were still fixing washing and other accommodation, were put into immediate use. The larger concrete buildings were still without glass and unfit to be occupied until three weeks later. During the three days that elapsed before the arrival of the main body of the Fifteenth Assembly, the advance party struggled with such problems as arranging the kitchens, sorting the baggage which began to appear next day, starting up the drinking-water supply, policing and so on. It was no light task to try and cram eighty people into space sufficient for only fifty.

The main assembly arrived on March 17th, and included all sorts and conditions of people—rich and poor, Jew and Gentile, British, Belgian, Dutch, Russian, Portuguese, Eurasians and others—truly a cross section of the Allies.

Lunghwa Camp had formerly been a Chinese boarding school which had been bombed by the Japanese in 1937. Later the Japanese used it as a re-mount station. Besides the six large wooden huts, it included four large and two small concrete buildings and an assembly hall, all of which were eventually used for dormitories to accommodate the nearly 1,800 internees who later came in other assemblies. In addition, there were dining rooms, kitchens, a hospital with twenty beds, shower-baths and several small store rooms. The camp was situated about six miles from Shanghai in the midst of creeks and paddy fields which were all too fertile breeding places for malarial mosquitoes.

Fortunately, the two largest buildings had flat roofs on which we could sit and enjoy the view over the countryside

to Shanghai and the Whangpoo river. We shall never forget the magnificent sight of the rape fields aglow with yellow flowers each spring, or the later vivid green of the young rice. Three times we saw these seasons come and go. The early morning quiet on these roof-tops did much to make internment more bearable for many of us.

After the arrival of each assembly the internees were issued with ration cards bearing the assembly number by which each was known. My wife and I were registered as 15/212 and 15/218. Later, our assembly numbers were changed for ration card numbers and we were checked in the meal queues as 43 and 44.

As all camp work had to be done by the internees, an office was established to apportion duties. Cooks, vegetable cleaners, butchers, plumbers, carpenters, electricians, engineers, canteen workers, medical, dental and nursing units, librarians, shoe- repairers, public health workers, a sanitary squad (many of the padres volunteered for this dirty job of digging ditches and cleaning drains, etc.), teachers, gardeners, garbage removers, and many other kinds, were necessary to make the camp into a self-contained unit.

300 of the 1,800 internees were children. Efforts were made to provide the youngest of these with food more suitable than the ordinary camp rations. The camp farm helped the children's kitchen by providing extra milk and eggs. A cow and its calf, goats, pigs and hens were all brought in by members of the community. A school was organised under the Rev. George Osborne of the Methodist Mission, and several B.M.S. people were on its teaching staff. In the Polytechnic Institute, opened for adolescents and adults, classes in many varied subjects could be taken. The language courses proved the most popular, French, German, Russian, Spanish, Chinese and English being taught. Pre-medical and pre-engineering courses were also arranged.

The camp community produced talent of a high and varied order so that we had lectures on everything from snails to stars, Peking Man to modern aeroplanes. Concerts and dramatic performances were organised which would have done credit to any home stage.

A Union Church was organised within the first week. Under its auspices, services were conducted every Sunday and daily intercessions were held whenever possible. Bible study groups and lectures on religious subjects were also arranged. Special efforts were made each Christmas and Eastertide to present the Christian message to non-church-going people. The choral society gave splendid renderings of Handel's *Messiah* and Stainer's *Crucifixion* and other smaller works. None could fail to be impressed by the Christmas tableaux which so vividly portrayed the scenes of the Nativity.

Throughout our camp life, my wife and I were attached to the medical unit which consisted largely of missionaries. Our work in the camp dispensary provided us with an unexpectedly busy life. A few days after arrival the dispensary began to function in a little room 8ft. by 6ft. which could not boast even a tap! Our small supply of drugs had to be accommodated on shelves consisting of packing cases. Here we carried on for a month and much simple apparatus had to be improvised. Later we were given a larger room which we shared with nurses doing dressings and giving treatments—a most unsatisfactory state of affairs for all parties.

After six months we were given a room to ourselves which we fitted up as a proper dispensary, where patients were no longer able to look over our shoulders as we made up their prescriptions! The actual dispensing was shared by Miss Garnett, of the Church Missionary Hospital, Hangchow, and myself, with part-time assistance from Dr. Judd, of the China Inland Mission, while my wife had charge of all

medical stores, and five other ladies also assisted in the dispensary. Besides the normal work of filling prescriptions, providing stocks for hospital, clinics, laboratories and schools, and emergency kits for various departments and dormitories, the dispensary was also called upon to do many odd jobs for occupants, such as weighing tea and sugar, adjudicating values of internees' own medicines for exchange purposes, deciding whether their recently-opened tins of food-stuffs were fit to be eaten or not, making make-shift dyes for theatricals, and saying "NO!" to the many requests for lipstick and other cosmetics! A few bright people discovered that our stomach powder could be used as an excellent substitute for baking powder, with the result that a number developed frequent and acute indigestion!

Our chief enemy was malaria. 762 people out of 1,800 contracted it, many having repeated attacks. The maintenance of the supplies of quinine and atebrin caused much anxiety and we have to record our deep gratitude to the International Red Cross Society for its help in this connection.

The Japanese guards were changed periodically. Perhaps we in the medical service came into more frequent contact with them than did other internees, as they often attended the clinics for treatment and medicine. Although they included some rough customers, all were uniformly courteous in their dealings with us in the dispensary and showed their gratitude.

The Japanese supplied us with some medicines and the camp was allowed to augment its supplies with purchases from Shanghai. We also received gifts from the American Red Cross. So, happily, our supply of drugs never gave out, although we had many anxious moments.

We had our camp excitements. Several internees escaped, with consequent punishment for the whole camp.

A two days' typhoon swept the camp in the summer of 1943 and sent galvanised iron roofs sailing through the air, uprooted trees and flung many ladies from their billets. In the camp a demonstration was staged against the guards for beating up a Russian youth, and from the camp we watched air raids carried out by the Americans over Shanghai and adjacent aerodromes.

There was much rank paganism in the camp, but in all phases of internment life, missionaries tried to make an open witness, with the result that many people admitted that the Christians had some happiness and staying power which they themselves lacked. Many young folk needing guidance and distressed people seeking comfort had quiet personal talks with us. Many sought help in solving the difficulty of living with other people owing to the crowded nature of the camp and the consequent lack of privacy. Business men sometimes chatted about the value of the Church and whether it served any purpose in these days. Others offered criticism, sometimes good and sometimes bad, of Christians and professing Christians. Most people were, however, appreciative of what Christians, both laymen and missionaries, were doing in the camp. One business man spoke for others when he said, "If we let you missionaries run the camp, things would be done." Young men with whom I talked were mostly pagans or nominal Christians. These raised questions such as, "Why be a Christian?" and "Why join a Church?" Others frankly were not prepared to "give up the good time they were having." With one interested young married couple who became good friends of ours, we chatted about such subjects as "The need for a living faith in the world of to-day," and "Why be a Christian?" We told them that only Christ can satisfy our need and, we believe, the need of the world. Although our original call to China was for service among the Chinese, God led us to see that we could,

during these internment years, equally minister to our own needy nationals.

V.E. Day came as a great relief to us all, as we realised that the slaughter in one continent was ended. But we hardly dared to hope that our own day of freedom would come so soon after. Needless to say, the rejoicing when V.J. Day arrived was great. The entire camp gathered for a wonderful Thanksgiving Service in front of the main building, with all the Allied flags flying from the roof above. It was glorious to be free once more, to be able to take walks in the surrounding country and to realise that we should soon cease to be 15/212 and 15/218. When we embarked for home on October 20th, 1945, our great regret was that it had been impossible to re-visit Tsinan and bid farewell to our many Chinese friends. It is with grateful hearts that we look back to the guiding hand of God through all the days of our internment, for they made us more sure than ever of the daily Presence of the Great Companion of the everyday road.

Chapter III

WHAT INTERNMENT MEANT TO A MOTHER

ENID B. PHILLIPS

WE were having breakfast on December 8th, 1941, when the momentous words were heard on the wireless, " A state of war exists between Japan and Great Britain," and we realised that we had suddenly become aliens in enemy territory. However, we decided not to get excited, but to continue our work as usual until such time as we might be compelled to stop. So my husband and others went off to their lecture rooms, and Mrs. Scott and I took our children to the Foreign School and began our lessons. But less than an hour after the broadcast announcement, Japanese soldiers were on the Cheeloo campus and we saw a posse of them walking up to the school. So we collected, as quickly as we could, the textbooks that the children might need and, locking the door behind us with little hope of returning, we left the school and went home.

We waited in suspense for a while, wondering what orders we might receive. Many thought the men would be put under arrest immediately, and several people packed suitcases and haversacks to be ready for instant action. It came as a relief to be told that we might stay where we were for the time being, but that we must keep within a radius of five miles.

Japanese guards were at the gate and we had to obtain special passes to go in and out. Japanese officials took

LUNGHWA CAMP MAIN BUILDING

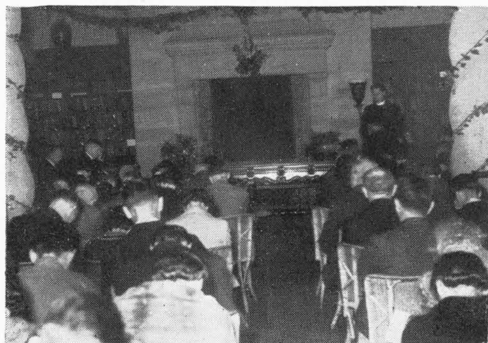
COLUMBIA COUNTRY CLUB

Facing page 33

KITCHEN AND KITCHEN TEAM, LUNGHWA CAMP

MEN'S DORMITORY, LUNGHWA CAMP

DORMITORY, COLUMBIA COUNTRY CLUB



AT WORSHIP, CHRISTMAS DAY

possession of the offices in the administrative building.

The tension was severe at the beginning. Our radios were removed, our books were searched, we were cross-questioned, soldiers wandered round all the time and walked into our houses without warning. They entered our kitchens and demanded food, so that we were obliged to hide it as we ourselves were short of supplies and cut off from any source of money. We soon realised that we must grow our own vegetables and we all turned to work planting potatoes, peas, beans, cabbages, corn and anything we had. All shared in the crops as they appeared. Alfafa, which is fed to cattle, became an important item of diet. I remember Dr. R. T. Shields remarking with disgust, "I never thought that I should have to eat *grass*!" Chinese Christians who had any to spare, would bring us presents of food and money, which we accepted most gratefully.

After four months of uncertain living at the mercy of any bully who happened to be in command of the university premises, we were ordered to leave our homes and live, a company of fifty, in a few houses in one corner of the campus. We moved there and, four months later, we were told we had to go to Shanghai to be repatriated. The sale of our furniture was a heartbreaking experience. Our goods had to be placed in our gardens. We priced them according to instructions. These were then crossed out and nominal figures were substituted by officials. Hordes of laughing and jostling Japanese civilians purchased them and went away with car loads of the wrecks of our homes. The sale lasted two days. When we protested, we were asked, "What's the good of charging a high price? You won't be allowed to take more than so many dollars with you to Shanghai." So were our homes disposed of.

The university premises were taken over by a military school. Its members attended lectures in our Kumler chapel, and they practised manoeuvres over the campus,

riding their horses anywhere. The university hospital, as well as all the laboratories, was completely cleared. We watched the contents being driven away by the lorry load. Later, after we had left, the entire university plant was used as a huge military hospital.

In Shanghai we were dumped into the Columbia Country Club, which had been largely cleared of its furnishings and made into a transit camp in which all the available space was filled with camp beds. We expected to stay here five days and then sail for home. We soon found that our places in the ship had been taken by Shanghai people, and this bare camp became our home for eight months. Shanghai residents were, of course, still living in their own homes.

Then, early in 1943, we received news that we were all to be placed in internment camps before the end of March. We could take in two trunks each, a bed and some bedding. So we started to collect what clothes we could, extra big things for the children, who would grow, spare shoes, tins of food to help out a low diet, enamel wash basins, mops, pails, medicines, curtains, scrubbing brushes, a store of soap, books and still more books, school books for children, cutlery, tin plates and mugs, reserves of toilet accessories, wash-boards, mosquito nets, candles, matches, saucepans, thermos flasks, musical instruments, tools, gramophones and records, folding chairs and tables—anything that might help to build a home out of a completely bare and empty room. Those who came from Shanghai homes could bring rugs and fittings and all the above articles from their homes. We who had lost our homes months before had to borrow money to buy all these items, or at least the most necessary of them.

Zero hour came. Each person in turn received a summons to be ready on a certain date, generally a week ahead. Our family was in the first party to go to Lunghwa Camp.

The premises consisted of a newly-built training college for Chinese. It had never been used for this purpose as it was but just completed when the Japanese marched into Shanghai. The Chinese in defence had blown up two or three of the buildings. The Japanese had used it as barracks for a cavalry regiment, which was moved out to make room for us. It was a desolate wreck when we arrived. The windows were broken, the buildings were filthy and still in the hands of plumbers, the ground was strewn with pieces of iron, tin, broken glass and rubbish of all kinds, which included unexploded cartridges and hand-grenades. Large areas were put out of bounds to children until they could be cleared. The only habitable places, when the first 500 internees for this camp were taken from Shanghai in buses and dumped there, were six wooden army huts. Here we had to crowd together, beds touching, with eighty people in each hut. So we lived for a fortnight until the other buildings were finished and fit for habitation.

Our first miserable discovery was that our precious baggage had been looted on the way to camp, and the extra large-sized clothes and all our spare shoes and other articles had been taken. It was a hard blow. The weather was cold and wet and this added to our discomfort. We queued, a hundred at a time, in pouring rain, to get our food ration —a loaf and a cup of tea formed our first breakfast. The loaf measured 3 in. by 3 in. by 2½ in. and we were told that it was our ration for the day. We were each hungry enough to eat two straight off. We opened a precious tin of preserved meat to eke it out. We had neither milk nor sugar. A small portion of stew was served for lunch, and tea again for supper.

Later on, we had a ladleful of *congee* for breakfast, a thin rice gruel, with no milk or sugar, and a mug of tea. Stew was always served for lunch. On the best days we might

get one or two small cubes of meat with the vegetables. At other times it was vegetables only, and in bad times it was only squash or turnip stew, which were both unappetising and unsatisfying. For supper we had *congee*; the rice was 'red' rice generally, coarse with husks and weevils in it. This was sometimes varied with stewed red beans, sometimes with thin vegetable soup, and sometimes with nothing. Besides this, we received our daily ration of a loaf which later, when other rations were very low, was raised to one and a half loaves.

The water in the taps was found to be saline and therefore unfit for drinking. Drinking water was brought daily from Shanghai. So, twice daily, we queued at the water-boiling shed—there were two of these, known respectively as *Waterloo* and *Dewdrop Inn*—and collected our water ration in thermos flasks or jugs. When the water cart broke down, as it did from time to time, the ration was cut. The water in the tap was supplied from our own water tower, which was filled by an electric engine. When the electricity was cut off after an air raid, or through a storm or typhoon, we had no tap water and the supply had to be obtained from a creek or from wells in the compound. In any case, the engine was so weak that it often broke down and only worked part of the day. The result was that the water supply only came on about six times a day and then for about five minutes. A cry would go up, "The water's on!" and people would rush with bowls and jugs and buckets to collect some for future use, or for hastily washing-up the plates from the last meal.

For clothes-washing or any other purpose we had to collect cold water from the creek. This proved hard on chilblained hands in the depth of winter. Most of us suffered badly with chilblains as the camp was entirely unheated and the winters, especially the last, were extremely cold, with temperatures below freezing for ninety consecutive

days. Then we limped around in wornout shoes with painful chilblains. This was known as the *Lunghwa Walk.*

All the work of the camp had to be done by the internees. Everyone had to do something, though it was possible to choose what one liked best and was most fitted for. Some were cooks, others vegetable cleaners, butchers, electricians, gardeners, police, doctors, nurses or school teachers. My husband began by working in the kitchen, but when school was organized, he and I both worked there. The school numbered 300 children and it was therefore a big undertaking. Fortunately a large number of qualified men and women were willing to give their time to ensuring that the children's education did not suffer through their internment. We were perpetually short of text-books and stationery, but children and teachers worked hard and enthusiastically. Twenty-four children passed their Cambridge Local Certificate, thirteen of them with Matriculation exemption. The examination has been recognised by the Cambridge University Examination Syndicate, which has issued certificates for the children. This was a satisfying job because one felt it was so worth while and lasting.

Two of the camp buildings had small rooms, 12 ft. by 15 ft. by 10 ft., and these were used for families of four or five. In the other buildings the rooms held about twelve people. They were either dormitories for men or women, or were divided by curtains into long, narrow cubicles for married couples. Billeting proved a never-ending problem. I was on the Billeting Committee at one time, and we never finished changing round people, who always produced excellent reasons for needing to be moved.

Entertainment was plentiful. Parties of men and women prepared and presented plays and variety shows and concerts. When on the Entertainments Committee I had the job of running a concert each month for children. A choral society met weekly and produced Stainer's *Cruci-*

fixion and *The Daughter of Jairus,* Handel's *Messiah* and Mendelssohn's *Hear My Prayer,* besides many concerts of lighter music. Series of lectures were given at the rate of three or four a week. A Polytechnic School was established where secretarial, business, technical, scientific and classical subjects were taught. People pooled their books to make a library and a staff of bookbinders were kept busy repairing them.

We saw little of our Japanese guards. They took roll-call in the morning and were generally civil unless something annoyed them. Then they were apt to look for trouble and to slap the faces of the real or supposed offenders.

Our Commandants were on the whole reasonable men. We had our camp representative, who was our go-between, and he had a Council of fourteen to support him. This Council was elected by the internees and it included two women. I served on this Council for a time and enjoyed the experience, though it happened to be a time of excitement owing to escaping internees. In the early part of the war we had been most sympathetic with escapers, as it seemed that it would be better for them to get to England and fight against the Japanese. But towards the end, when it was too late to escape anyhow, the reprisals taken on those of us who were left were such that we made it known that it was no longer an heroic thing to do. We were all confined to our rooms. Books, gramophones and records, tools, torches, any kind of map, scissors—all were demanded from us. Food was cut down to two meals a day. The school building was taken from us and roofs were put out of bounds indefinitely. Lights were extinguished at 8.30 p.m. Roll-call was taken twice daily and we were frequently awakened in the middle of the night for yet another roll-call. Red Cross parcels were stopped. No lectures, entertainments or meetings of any sort were allowed. These

restrictions were gradually relaxed, though some were retained for many months.

We united together for Sunday services, and the fellowship of all denominations was most happy and inspiring. The Roman Catholic fathers also ran their services, but a most happy relationship existed between all who were doing what they could to inspire the people of the camp and to help them to feel that no barriers or barbed wire could fence us off from heaven. I always enjoyed the services, and know that there were many people previously indifferent who were touched and attracted by the higher things and on whom lasting impressions for good were made. There were two united services each Sunday. Each Thursday a lecture on some book of the Bible, or on some religious topic, was arranged. Special tableaux with carols arranged at Christmas attracted the entire camp, and a deep impression was made by a performance of *The Other Wise Man* at Easter. I am positive that the Christian Church made itself felt in that community of 1,700, though we may never know how deep and far it went.

I refer again to Red Cross parcels. These were not supplied to us by the Red Cross Society, but were sent in once a month by friends, the Society acting as agent. We in the B.M.S. and London Missionary Society had ordered parcels to be sent in by an agent in Shanghai, so we always had some jam, peanut butter and tinned goods to eke out our otherwise quite inadequate diet whose vitamins, according to our doctors, were just enough to support a bedridden person. Long before the end of our internment the diet deteriorated greatly.

Air raids were a menace to you in Britain. To us they were a thrill and a triumph as they meant that friends were near at hand. We had a front view of air raids over Shanghai and the docks and airfield a few miles from us. We were ordered to remain indoors, away from windows,

when things became hot, because of anti-aircraft batteries close to us, but though the noise was deafening and terrifying at times, and though our light and water were cut off as a result, we welcomed raids as a sign of the approaching end.

We suffered from an almost complete absence of outside news. Occasionally, however, vital items would come to us, we didn't know how and were told not to ask. These always proved to be true. Two wireless sets had been brought into the camp by internees, a secret which was jealously guarded, as disclosure or betrayal would have meant death to the owners. So we knew of the end of the war before our commandant and guards, and there was delay before it was announced officially.

Chapter IV

FROM THE BEGINNING IN SHANSI

E. ANNIE ROSSITER

AFTER the occupation of Taiyuan by the Japanese in 1937, work in our hospital went on much as it had always done. Our staff was depleted and the numbers of patients were greatly reduced as a large portion of the population had fled from the city for fear of what might happen to them when the Japanese came.

In the summer of 1939, however, the Japanese started their anti-British campaign. One Sunday morning during service-time they surrounded our mission premises and took many of our people as prisoners. The schoolchildren were on holiday, but the hospital in-patients were compelled to leave at short notice. Many of them lived at long distances and their departure was pathetic. Some were seriously ill, and it was obvious that, away from the hospital, with no attention and in home circumstances of great discomfort, they would suffer acutely and some would die. So far as these were concerned this action of the Japanese was sheer brutality.

The Japanese then ordered the missionaries to leave the city within three days. In that time we had to clear up the hospital and pack such things as we could take with us. However, the rains were so heavy that three weeks elapsed ere we were able to depart. We had no alternative but to go. Had it been possible for us to remain, our

presence would have placed our Chinese colleagues and church members in danger. No Chinese dare come to the railway station to see us depart for Peking. We were greeted in Peking by elaborate electric signs with anti-British slogans, and other signs not so elaborate. Some were in bad English, but most were in Chinese.

Our church building in Taiyuan was seized by the Japanese and used by them for many kinds of meetings, and the Christians were told they could use it if they paid twenty dollars a time for the privilege! So, from then until the beginning of 1946, the orphanage under the care of Mrs. Hsü (sometimes spoken of as Nurse Djang) has served as the church's meeting place. Mrs. Hsü was the first nurse who was trained in our women's hospital. She passed the Chinese Nurses' Association examination in 1923 and has since worked in the orphanage. She has proved her worth in this time of difficulty. Her daughter says that she has "always confided her difficulties to God."

The coming of the Japanese meant uncertainty and an "unpeaceable" feeling for our Chinese colleagues and friends. They never knew what might befall them. Some action done in innocence might be made an occasion for arrest, imprisonment, torture, and even death. It was an anxious period for missionaries, too. From the time the repatriation ship left without us in 1942, we knew that, unless another ship became available, we should be interned. The thought of internment was worse than the real thing. Most of us dreaded the experience and we wondered what it would be like and how we should fare. The British Residents' Association in Shanghai helped by advising us what we should take to the internment camp—clothes, bed and bedding, cooking and eating utensils, and a bowl to wash in. Games and anything that would break the monotony and make camp life more endurable were also suggested.

Reassurance came to me the moment I reached Lunghwa Camp. It was in the heart of the country. Around us rice and other crops were growing, with an occasional farm, and although a barbed fence penned us in, we could see over it and through it to the road beyond. I was accommodated in a hut with forty-eight other people. The huts were almost unbearably hot in summer and bitingly cold in winter. After the first winter we were allowed no fuel for heating, but only for cooking. So we piled on more clothes until it was difficult to move about. However, we were a cheerful company of folk. Each had space for a bed and a small chair, but the latter sometimes invaded one's neighbour's territory. This caused misunderstandings and difficulties at times between some of the people, but happily my neighbour was a fellow-missionary.

Little things stood out in relief against the tedium of camp life. Our monotonous and scanty food was supplemented on the Japanese Emperor's birthday in the first year by an allotment to each internee of three tasty small herrings. The great daily event was the arrival of the lorry which brought our bread, meat and vegetables, and of the water cart which provided our drinking water. These were two links with the outside world. The lorry also brought newspapers which, as they were pro-Japanese, made depressing reading. These contacts only served to emphasise our isolation, for we had practically no news of our relations or friends, and the world's news was badly distorted.

The most wonderful day each month was marked by the arrival of the International Red Cross parcels, when adults shared the excitement with the children. This Society must have earned the gratitude of thousands of people in situations similar to ours, and no praise seems too great for its devoted workers.

No one could fail to be impressed by the extent and

quality of the camp organisation. A number of committees were formed around a central council. We had a hospital with twenty beds. A farm included a cow and its calf, several goats, fowls, ducks, and two geese, with rabbits and pigs. Many acres of ground were cultivated as garden plots and produced a large and remarkable supply of many kinds of vegetables. Besides schools for the children, many courses were provided for adults. A library was organised. Departments and bureaux of various kinds were established. A billeting office allotted accommodation, listened to complaints, and solved difficulties and problems. The Works Department dealt with repairs and breakages. The Health Department attended to personal health matters or such troubles as plagues of rats or other vermin. The Sign Writers' office painted one's name on buckets and other articles and provided the scenery for entertainments. The Labour office handled the allocation of jobs or transfers from one job to another. Entertainments and amusements were the affair of another body. The camp had its Scout Troop and its Girl Guide Company. Sport and athletics were in charge of yet other bodies. All this gave purposeful occupation, served to promote community life and relieved the tedium of the days.

Our guards varied in their attitudes and actions. Some were fond of hitting folk and others were quite decent men. The children became attached to some of these and could be seen walking round the camp grounds with them.

The Thanksgiving Service on the day of peace was unforgettable. The hearts of all were relieved that the long experience had come to an end. All joined in the national anthems of the countries represented—Belgium, China, France, Great Britain, Holland, Russia and the U.S.A. among them—and in praise to God. So impressive was this service that a Jew told me that he considered it worth being in the camp for two years to be able to attend it!

Chapter V

FROM TAIYUAN TO SHANGHAI

F. W. PRICE

OUR war experiences in Shensi began in the autumn of 1937 when a Japanese army invaded the province from the north and attacked our two northern stations—Taichow and Kuohsien. The latter town suffered heavily after its inhabitants had made a brave effort to defend themselves. It is estimated that about 4,000 civilians were put to death. Many were roped together and taken outside the city wall. Here they were forced to kneel for twelve, twenty-four or thirty-six hours, at the end of which time, machine-guns opened fire and mowed them down. The corpses were buried in heaps. Others were buried alive and managed to crawl out and escape at night. Two B.M.S. evangelists, a school teacher and two deacons were among the killed. One deacon was shot at Sinchow.

Taiyuan, the provincial capital, was subjected to heavy air attack and military bombardment as a preliminary to its capture on November 8th, 1937. At that time the missionary staff numbered eight besides Dr. Ellen Clow's mother. The men's and women's hospitals were kept open, though the entrances to the men's hospital and the nurses' home were badly damaged by shell fire. The missionaries attempted to rescue the wounded from the streets, but were forbidden to do so by the Japanese. We managed to collect coal from various depôts so that the hospitals could be

kept running and our homes heated until this was vetoed by the Japanese. Our homes were searched and sugar and stocks of food, cutlery and other articles were looted by the Japanese, though most were returned after we had made strong and continued protests.

The city's population of 200,000 was reduced to about 20,000 by evacuation before the Japanese arrived. The Chinese who remained suffered much at the hands of the Japanese soldiers. We had great difficulty in protecting women who had sought refuge in our compounds from the attentions of the soldiers. We appealed to the officials on their behalf, but were laughed at because of our concern for them. At Sinchow two of our workers, a language teacher and an evangelist, were arrested and badly tortured during a captivity of six months. I made frequent visits to the authorities at the 'Gestapo' in the hope of obtaining news of them, only to be told that nothing was known of their whereabouts. When they were set free we learnt that they had been incarcerated in the 'Gestapo' building the whole time.

My colleagues and I received passes to travel on Japanese lorries and trains to enable us to visit our out-stations and scattered Chinese Christian communities. It was while they were trying to re-occupy our northern stations that Miss Glasby and Dr. Harry Wyatt and their Chinese chauffeur were killed by Chinese troops, who mistook the lorry for a Japanese vehicle. I left for furlough in the spring of 1939, when conditions had somewhat improved.

On my return to China in the spring of 1940, I found that my colleagues had been forced to leave Shansi at short notice with little in the way of equipment, and had been taken to Peking. All the mission property was confiscated and mostly occupied by either the Japanese or Chinese authorities and business firms. A Committee of the Puppet Chinese Provincial Government wrote to me in

Peking insisting that I should transfer all the property to the Chinese Church and a Chinese Property Committee with a promise that a nominal rent should be paid. I refused to do so on the ground that I had no authority to hand over property which did not belong to me.

By this time some of our premises in Taiyuan had been occupied by Japanese business firms and another building was taken by the Japanese Consulate. Later, all the property—church, hospitals, schools and residences—was confiscated and all equipment and personal belongings were seized and removed. The Memorial Church was used as a cinema and for other business purposes. Some rental was received for some of these premises.

During the period between my return to China in 1940 and the outbreak of war between Japan and Britain and America in December, 1941, most of us were allowed to move about, and I travelled many times to and from Shantung and even to the seaside resort of Pei Tai Ho. I asked many times for a permit to return to Shansi, if only for a visit, and twice this was granted to a limited number who managed to reach Taiyuan for a few days. We suffered no molestation during this period.

When the war between Japan and the Allies began, I was a patient in the Peking Union Medical College Hospital. The first intimation of hostilities was the appearance of four armed Japanese soldiers, who marched through the hospital. All public buildings were taken over forthwith, but the hospital was allowed to function until March, 1942.

On leaving the hospital in January, 1942, I lived in the Peking Language School. Westerners were given the freedom of the city. The missionaries of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel were granted permission to hold an Easter Service in the foreign cemetery outside the city wall, and my colleague, Miss Rossiter, and I were included in their number. During this period a Japanese chemist

who was on a visit to North China and lived in the Language School, invited the western occupants to listen to a talk he wished to give on *Japanese Christianity*. He told us that Japan had a mission to the whole world, that his country was as much an incarnation of God as Christ was. In the judgment of the Japanese, war was not murder but surgery. The world was sick and it was necessary to remove the affected part. Japan was the surgeon under God to perform that operation. Needless to say, we disagreed with him, but we dared not say so. I was reminded of a Japanese poet who wrote, "Japan is not a land for which men pray; it is itself divine."

In July, 1942, I was ordered to prepare to be evacuated to Shanghai so that I might be placed on a repatriation ship which was due to leave about August 15th. I demurred, only to be told that I was an " undesirable alien " and that I must leave. I left with many others on August 10th, and was joined at Tsinan by our Shantung colleagues the same night. The journey was anything but comfortable. Food, water or any drink was difficult to get and, as no porters were available, we were obliged to carry our considerable luggage from the train to the ferry at P'u K'ou, a fair distance, in intense heat.

Three hundred of us were housed in the Columbia Country Club. More than sixty others with myself slept in the bar, where rats were very playful, jumping from the counter on to some of us sleeping below, and so to the floor. We were allowed to visit the city and make purchases during the first five months of our stay. Then most of the restaurants and other places were banned. Japanese officials subjected us to frequent interrogations. We were asked to state the town or village where we were born, to describe our upbringing, school, college, and why we left home; our Chinese address, calling, salary, bank balance, and so forth.

We were transferred to the Lunghwa Camp on March 17th 1943. Our headquarters were a former Chinese higher grade school which had suffered in the Japanese attack on Shanghai. The buildings were windowless, there was no sanitation and few, if any, roads in the compound. At first we lived in primitive conditions. The weather was bad and we suffered much from wet and cold. Our 1,800 internees were of all ages from infants to many over seventy and a few over eighty years, and we represented many nationalities and occupations. I shared a room with twelve other people, mostly old or middle-aged, the average age being about sixty-two. Most had space sufficient for a fair-sized single bed and a chair and, as there was no lack of windows, the room was light.

The food, which was fairly good at first, deteriorated in quality as time passed, and in quantity as the end of our confinement approached. We had rice for breakfast, a little meat and vegetables at mid-day and stew—eternally stew—in the evening. Towards the end, rice was very short and we received not much more than a suspicion of meat and vegetable soup.

As the organisation of camp life was developed, most of the internees were allotted some task or other. I was successively watchman, road maker, laundry worker, dispensary assistant and librarian. In addition, I was hospital chaplain throughout the two-and-a-half years of my confinement.

The religious life was organised from the beginning. A Church Council, representative of most denominations, was formed to plan all religious work. Every alternate Sunday a Church of England service was held and a Free Church service every Sunday evening. A well-attended Sunday School met in the mornings. For a year prayer meetings were arranged every evening and then a morning meeting was added. Study and discussion groups on religious subjects were organised, and a ministers' fraternal, which inclu-

ded non-ordained missionaries, was established. Services were held out-of-doors when weather conditions allowed, and some met on the roofs of some of the buildings when the authorities permitted. A few internees professed conversion and permission was given for a bishop to enter the camp to conduct a confirmation service for them.

In the early months missionaries were anything but loved by the majority of the internees, but this changed to admiration and respect when they saw how missionaries undertook and tackled the hardest and most undesirable forms of work. Long before our release some expressed their agreeable surprise at the way missionaries had worked and said that they wished the camp might have been in the hands of a missionary council.

The attitude of the Japanese authorities, generally speaking, was fairly good. Yet for trivial offences and, sometimes, for no offence at all, the guards would slap the faces of men and women alike. On one occasion, a man who did not give information desired concerning an escape party was badly knocked about. When he retaliated, he was imprisoned and removed to another camp.

Since our release, I have heard with joy that the Shansi Church has continued to work and witness throughout the Japanese occupation. The heroine of this period is Mrs. Hsü, the head of the orphanage. Beginning with a prayer meeting at six o'clock each Sunday morning, often when the temperature was well below freezing point, followed by community hymn singing for half an hour from 10.30 a.m. and a service of ninety minutes or more at which Mrs. Hsü usually preached, and afternoon Sunday School and evening service, the day in Taiyuan was full of witness and inspiration. The services at Sinchow were held in members' houses as all church buildings were requisitioned by the authorities. Other centres kept the light burning, and we look forward to greater days in Shansi.

Chapter VI

A WOMAN'S EXPERIENCES

Jessie Payne

I WAS teaching a class in our girls' school in Tsinan on December 8th, 1941, when a Japanese soldier, with rifle and bayonet, walked into the room and indicated to me that we were to stop the lesson and leave the building. As I continued the lesson, he went away and returned with an interpreter, a young Chinese, who informed me that I must dismiss school and tell the girls to await further instructions in their homes. We went downstairs, where the Chinese teachers and children were assembled with troubled faces. I told them what the orders were and moved towards the gate. As the children filed past, each little face was lifted in meek and sorrowful farewell. The soldier looked on and, when all had gone, he locked the gate and took the key.

I returned to the empty schoolroom, closed the organ, cleaned the blackboard and looked round at the pretty pictures of flowers, birds and children, and was distressed to think that war had come to destroy our happy work. So bitter was my sorrow that I wept aloud. The Japanese soldier looked in, but I could not stop crying. So he brought the interpreter again. He told me not to cry so much, as "nothing so very bad" would happen to me. Most of the schoolgirls I have never seen again. The senior girls, however, came almost daily to see me and to bring us food, in spite of the armed guards in the entrance.

Next morning we found we were shut in our own home. We had very little money and no food in store. But when I came out into the garden, I saw a group of Chinese women friends from the church standing in the shadow of the wall. They called to me, "How have you slept? Have you everything you need? Just tell us and we will bring you everything." And they did. Through the railings came bread, eggs, flour, vegetables, millet and fruit in a steady stream. It is a sorrow to us that we have never been able to thank these gracious and generous givers. May God make up to them in His lavish and merciful way for all they did for us!

The American Columbia Country Club in Shanghai was commandeered by the Imperial Japanese Army to accommodate British subjects brought in from the outposts. The first night we arrived at 2.30 a.m. We were put into large rooms filled with folding cots and given a sheet and towel each. Thirty-two women shared a room with me. This room was far too small. A small dressing-room was used as a washing place and here we queued each morning. Though stifled sobs were sometimes heard, our room was fairly quiet, and because a spirit of mutual consideration prevailed, we were fairly happy. The woman placed next to me was over seventy. She was of fine birth and high culture and was fortunate enough to be granted a passage home on the last boat which left about this time. When I offered to help her pack, she thanked me and said, "It was, of course, rather dreadful to come in here where everyone was strange, but I have found every woman to be a sister."

After several months at the Country Club we were given permission, with about forty other elderly people, to go to the Missionary Home, where we could enjoy comparative freedom. The British Government made an allowance which was sufficient for our support. At one period this allowance was withheld for three months and we were

penniless. Prices of coal and food soared. Servants' wages rose by leaps and bounds. We were down to the last of our stocks of flour, rice and coal more than once, when, in answer to our prayers, God moved the Christian love of His people in Shanghai and all our needs were met. After dark, porters entered bearing rice, sugar, oatmeal and other items of food, and we were told not to ask who the senders were. In many cases we knew they were kind Chinese friends from the Shanghai churches and, in other cases, Christian friends of other nations.

Chapter VII

EXPERIENCES IN YANGCHOW

CHRISTINA A. SMITH

THE Japanese, in their conquering march from West to East in Shantung, reached Tsingchowfu on Saturday, January 8th, 1938. The Chinese made no resistance. On the contrary, they prepared accommodation and food for the Japanese military. For three days the Japanese soldiers enjoyed the run of the city, and looted and destroyed at will. After that, law and order were established. On the arrival of the Japanese, and for weeks after, all our premises were filled to overflowing with refugees. Every evening worship was held in our largest schoolroom, and Bible classes were organised, for we had teachers as well as pupils among our refugees. It was a time of rare opportunity. Church services and meetings continued as before and schools and hospital were carried on under Japanese supervision. Permits for travel had to be obtained from those in authority. Otherwise there was no interference with our activities.

A change came with December 8th, 1941. By ten o'clock in the morning a group of Japanese consular officials arrived with a Korean as interpreter. Classes were immediately dismissed, school premises sealed, and sentries were placed at our main entrances. A few days later, Mr. Allen was requested to accompany a Japanese officer without being able to communicate with his colleagues. We soon learnt

that he had left by truck for the railway station and had entrained for the west. We had considerable anxiety until we heard on good authority that he had been taken to a Roman Catholic Mission station an hour's journey away and was being well treated.

Services and meetings were maintained without us. Women visited me by ones and twos and even in larger numbers. Pastors, teachers and the hospital business manager came in from time to time to discuss the progress of events and to see if they could be of help to us.

Arrangements were made for our repatriation in April, 1942, but these fell through, and it was August 8th before we left for Tsinan and Shanghai. Inventories, three copies in English and three in Chinese, were made of all Mission furniture, etc., and of our personal belongings. The trunks we wished to take with us were sent off some days before we travelled and were awaiting us at Shanghai. On each stage of the journey we were accompanied by a Japanese official and were treated with courtesy and consideration. We reached Shanghai in the early hours of August 12th and proceeded to the Columbia Country Club.

After seven months parties began to leave for different camps. Miss Wheal and Miss Jagger were going to Yangchow, and I was called up to receive my marching orders. Heavy luggage, limited to four pieces, including bed and bedding, was to be ready in a few days' time, and I was to be at Shanghai Cathedral with the hand luggage I could carry. I, too, was designated to Yangchow and travelled with Miss Wheal and Miss Jagger, three out of our B.M.S. party of over thirty.

Friends helped us to the wharf and soon we were steaming up the estuary of the Yangtse to Chinkiang, which was reached shortly after midnight. In the morning, about nine o'clock, we were transhipped to barges and sailed up the Grand Canal, that ancient waterway that stretches from

Hangchow to Tientsin. It was pleasant sailing, but we were all the time standing or sitting on our cases and more or less confined to one spot. Between two and three in the afternoon we were glad to disembark on the muddy bank. It took some time to account for us all and our baggage. Rickshaws were provided for those who could not walk and for the heaviest baggage, and the rest of us, carrying a pail well packed, a net bag or a case, followed our Japanese guard through the east gate of the city, along a narrow flagged street. In ten minutes' time we entered the south gate of the American Methodist Episcopal Mission. Reaching an open space in the compound, we stood in rows while the Japanese commandant read the rules of the camp to us. That the camp was to be our home and that we were to love and cherish it was an admonition none of us missed. It was quite dark before the last of us had a place assigned and bed and bedding unpacked.

The compound was surrounded by a wall twelve feet high and a walk round it took about twelve minutes. It was situated in the north-east corner of the city. On the north the city wall, with its loopholes and guard houses, could be seen but twenty-five yards distant. The masts of ships on the canal could be viewed on the east. The glory of the compound was its trees; willows in the north-west corner; elms on the east; enormous, wide-spreading walnut and pecan nut trees, firs and magnolias on the west; two huge mulberry trees and flowering shrubs on the south; and tall poplars, firs and a glorious snowball tree in the centre. You can imagine what open spaces to the north and in the centre meant to those who played games and what the shady spots under the trees meant to us when we could escape from our crowded rooms.

Just inside the south gate, a beautiful church stood. The compound included three residences, two large blocks containing lecture rooms and dormitories, a school chapel, a

large gymnasium, gatehouses and smaller buildings. The first house was occupied by the assistant commandant, the second became a well-equipped hospital. There were four doctors, three of them being missionaries. Miss Wheal was matron, Miss Jagger clinic-theatre sister, besides four trained nurses and four partly-trained nurses and ten girl assistants. The hospital had twenty-five beds and, during our two and a half years' internment, the hospital had 500 patients. Many major and minor operations were performed. A Japanese guard was successfully operated on for appendicitis. Patients left expressing their deep gratitude for the efficient and loving care they received.

At first, in many cases, two families shared a room, or a family had to receive others, if the individual space was more than the maximum forty square feet. In time, the church, a somewhat dark and damp baggage room, and a gymnasium were used as billets and, with curtains and matting partitions, living conditions became more satisfactory. With all that one could do, privacy was hard to obtain, family life suffered, and children mixed with undesirable companions.

How shall I give you some notion of the food provided? Watch supplies coming in. Here is a rickshaw with two sacks of rice. The rice is of poor quality with lots of black grains. But it will give each two ladlesful of rice porridge in the morning. Now two men come with a carrying pole and on it they are bringing a pig. Soon campers, men and women, will be cutting off the fat to be rendered down in order to give each of us a ration of lard to spread on our bread, and the meat will be cut up into small pieces. Not always do we get a piece of meat in our two ladlesful of stew. Next comes a woman with a rope over her shoulder. She is pulling a barrow and a man behind is pushing it. This barrow and, it may be, others following it, is packed with vegetables in season—sweet potatoes, carrots, yams,

pumpkins, lotus root, onions, or a queer kind of cabbage of which we got a lot. It is like a head of lettuce but the leaves are generally withered and worm-eaten, and only the stalks go into the pot, and these are hard to digest. Now come bags of flour. Our bakers—men and women campers—have to bake, not only for the 650 in the camp, but for some of the Japanese besides. Generally our bread was good, but the flour varied in quality and different kinds of yeast had to be tried out. Twelve ounces a day was a small ration for growing lads and men who had to work hard, and sometimes improvident youth ate the whole ration at one meal. From first to last our greatest difficulties were over water and fuel. There was no running water in the camp. For weeks after our arrival we had only cold, muddy water, carried in from the canal, for all our washing, and our supply of boiled water for drinking was scant. Later, rain water was conserved in tanks, wells were deepened, pumps were repaired, and pipes were laid down by our own men. How much we owed to engineers and carpenters, and to men who dug drains, cleaned lavatories and wash-houses, to stokers who got up in the middle of the night to give us hot water and *congee* on time, and how we suffered when stokers slept in, pre-heated water was stolen, firewood was green, coal was bad or the wind was in the wrong direction. There was room for every man's talent—our only baronet repaired shoes and did it well!

The school chapel was not only our dining room. It was the place where the girls' school was carried on for five days in the week, and where religious services—Roman Catholic and Protestant—were held each Sunday. Occasionally there were Jewish and Greek Orthodox services, and many lectures and entertainments. A boys' school was also conducted and classes formed for shorthand, book-keeping, anatomy, nursing and domestic economy. Sunday School and Bible Classes were also organised.

Twice over, Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter had gone by. Then another Spring and Summer, and many thought they could not stand another winter, when, like a thunderclap, the news came that the war was over, first by a Chinese paper smuggled into the camp, and then by "bamboo wireless," that is, by Chinese amahs and coolies, but the commandant and guards did not say a word. Still we went on parade and numbered—*ichi, ni san, hsi, ko.* On August 20th, 1945, the Swiss Consul's letter arrived and immediately our camp representative called us together. What vent we gave to pent-up feelings! Only those who have known captivity can know the joy of release.

And now came thrill upon thrill. The arrival of local men in authority bringing a present of white bread; leaders from Shanghai with offers of help; Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's delegate bearing a gift of half-a-million dollars for each of us; the arrival of the American Humanitarian Mission and the war supply planes with their many coloured parachutes carrying to us such munificent supplies of food and clothing, and for us three B.M.S. folk the appearance of our own Dr. Flowers.

Here is the verse of a song composed and sung by Yangchow missionaries which shows something of our exuberance:—

"We're going home, we're going home, Home Sweet Home.
No more queueing for Yangchow stew,
No more sharing a room with you.
No more drinking from cheap tin mugs,
No more hunting elusive bugs.
No more *ichi* and no more *ku.*
No more roll-call and whistle too.

But we were still in Yangchow, this city where Marco Polo had been Governor seven hundred years before and which had been opened up to the Gospel through much

suffering in 1876. In camp we had heard the booming of the temple bell, the music of weddings and funerals, the din of heathen festivals. Was the city wholly given over to idolatry? The first to contact us was Miss Lajus, an Esthonian missionary of the China Inland Mission, who has lived in Yangchow for thirty years. She was there throughout our internment but was not allowed to see or speak with us. Then came five men and two women, representatives of all the Christian Churches of the city. How eagerly we conversed with them and how moved we were when Mr. Wang, the Baptist, closed our little time of fellowship with prayer! Out of their straitened means they brought a gift of the meat dumplings for which Yangchow is famous.

Then there was the visit of students and teachers of the district middle school with their banners to congratulate their allies and their gifts for the children. Finally, there was the memorable united service in the only church in the city which the Japanese had left standing. And the spirit of the Yangchow Christians is, we believe, the spirit of the Christians we left behind in Shantung and Shansi. "O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His Name together!"

Chapter VIII

ORGANIZING A HOSPITAL

E. S. A. WHEAL

IN August, 1942, after much changing of plans by our Japanese supervisors, we left Choutsun for Tsinan en route for Shanghai, where we hoped to board the *Kamakura Maru* for home. On the evening of August 10th we all assembled on Tsinan station, where our luggage was again examined with care. Two days later we reached Shanghai and, after long delays in the early morning hours, we drove in military trucks to the Columbia Country Club, where we were warmly greeted by ladies of the British Residents' Association. After a cup of tea, we retired to our camp beds in dormitories of thirty or more people to snatch a little sleep if possible in what remained of the night.

Next day we got into camp routine and were informed that we were not to sail on the boat. No explanation was given and we were obliged to resign ourselves to staying in Shanghai. Seven months of semi-internment followed, with regulations and restrictions becoming gradually more numerous and stringent. Plans for our internment were completed towards the end of February, 1943. We were instructed to assemble outside the cathedral at 7 a.m. on March 13th, with such luggage as we could carry. We were lined up in groups, each with our red armlet on our left arm, and a label on the lapel of our coat bearing the name of our camp, our registration number, age and other

information. At a given signal we filed down to the jetty. Crowds of Chinese thronged the streets to watch us as we passed and seemed mostly friendly and compassionate. We embarked on small river steamers and set out on our journey up the Yangtse. A few elderly and ailing people were fortunate enough to be berthed in cabins which were passably clean and comfortable. Most, however, had to be content with third class deck accommodation, which comprised planks in deck dormitories on which were mattresses and pillows of a kind, all filthy and bug infested. Men, women and children had each to find a place somewhere and make the best of it. During the day we enjoyed the beautiful journey up the river in bright sunshine. We had brought sandwiches and thermos flasks of tea with us, and in the evening we managed to buy a little grilled steak and some rather inferior coffee as our last fling! In the afternoon we were lined up once more when our passports were taken from us. Then indeed we felt we were stateless nationals, beyond the keeping of our Governments. (These passports were returned when we left camp.)

During the night we anchored off Chinkiang at the junction of the Yangtse and the Grand Canal. Next morning we tidied ourselves as best we could. There had been no undressing for most of us and no washing and other facilities. We were transhipped to cargo barges and proceeded up the Grand Canal. We could see little, as most of us were in the well of the boat, and were obliged to sit on our hand luggage if we had been so lucky as to keep a piece with us. This part of our journey took six hours and was somewhat tiring and oppressive. In the middle of the afternoon we drew into the side of the canal. We got off the boat and scrambled as best we could up the rather muddy, slippery bank. Japanese guards awaited us and ordered us to form a queue. After some delay, we filed into the narrow lane inside the city wall, and thus

proceeded to our Civil Assembly Centre. Crowds of curious Chinese lined the route and again most looked friendly and sympathetic. Our feelings while going thus into enforced retirement were mixed, but we kept cheery and bright, and our spirits rose as we entered the beautiful compound belonging to the American Methodist Episcopal Mission. The speech delivered by the Japanese commandant is referred to elsewhere, but I remember him saying that he had himself been interned in America and therefore he realised how we would be feeling. So long as the rules and regulations were observed, he would be lenient and would help us as far as he could, but he would be severe if breaches of discipline occurred, or criticisms of the administration were made.

Days were spent in shaping order out of chaos, but before long, most of the internees settled down to make the best of things. A General Committee and several Sub-Committees were elected to plan and supervise the running of the camp. Each morning we were required to parade for roll-call, when we stood to attention and numbered off in Japanese while guards came to take the count. It was often possible to gain some idea of the nature of the war news by the behaviour of the guards during the roll-call. If they were short-tempered, or arrived late, or kept the campers standing for a long time in either heat or cold, we comforted ourselves with the reflection that, perhaps, the news was good from our standpoint.

My main work was the organisation and running of a hospital of twenty-five beds to serve the need of the three Yangchow camps. This was not easy, for we had but a bare minimum of equipment and supplies. However, the hospital was functioning in a short time, with two men and one woman missionary doctor and one Shanghai Eurasian doctor and four nurses, with, at first, a few part-time helpers. As these last, for various reasons, proved unsatisfactory and

unreliable, I arranged for ten young girls to be trained, and they proved most useful assistants. Several of these have since decided to take full nursing training. The hospital had no lack of patients throughout the two and a half years. On the contrary, it met a real need, not only from a medical and surgical standpoint, but in its service as a mental and spiritual ministry. Many patients were enabled, after a short time in this little "bit of home in camp" to face up to camp conditions with fresh courage. One's work and experience in a mission hospital proved invaluable in the necessary initiative, economy and improvisations of a camp hospital where so little could be procured. Thus we were able to make use of match boxes and sticks, cellophane paper from cigarette packets, face cream jars, and many other odds and ends, to supplement our meagre equipment.

Our hardships were many. Our billets were very congested, and the lack of privacy and quiet took heavy toll of people's nervous strength. Bugs and other plagues were everywhere, and even the cleanest had to maintain unceasing vigilance to keep them under. The winters were cold and we were without fires except in the kitchens, bakery and dining room. We did manage to secure a stove for the hospital, but fuel was so meagre and poor that little heat was possible and the dust from the ashes was a nuisance. Many people suffered in mind from the prolonged confinement in restricted and overcrowded quarters. Rumours flourished in the absence of authentic outside news, and many people feared the worst.

When belated news of peace reached us, it was difficult to credit that the war was over and that our freedom was at hand. But the arrival, first of American and then British officers and men, assured us. No visitors were more welcome than the local Chinese church leaders, who came to rejoice with us. They, too, had passed through many trials, but they testified to God's protecting and sustaining power

and assured us that, while they did not know us personally, they had prayed for us throughout the time we had been in camp. In a united service in the one remaining church building in Yangchow we were thrilled as some of their leaders witnessed to God's loving care and guidance through the difficult years. In their welcome to us, they assured us of the need and desire of the Chinese Church that we should return to co-operate with them in their future work. Groups of children brought gifts for the British children who had been interned, and we realised anew the uniting power of the Gospel of goodwill.

I was fortunate in being allowed to travel from Yangchow to Shanghai by air, together with Dr. Mary Gell, of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and nine patients who had to be taken to hospital in Shanghai. Other campers made the journey by barge and train in terrible conditions. In Shanghai we were housed in the Embankment buildings which were anything but homelike. Most of us were at the end of our tether by now and were longing for home. Shanghai was no place to stay in and we waited impatiently for the evacuation ships. These proved almost the last straw to those who craved a little privacy and comfort. But, of course, they were the best that could be managed after a terrible war and we could take it.

Looking back now, the long and rigorous experience seems almost like a dream and one can only praise God for His unfailing comfort and sustaining grace.

Chapter IX

FROM CHOUTSUN TO YANGCHOW

AMY JAGGER

WE were gathered in the hallway of the Foster Hospital in Choutsun, at half-past eight, on Friday, December 8th, 1941, for our customary morning prayers. The tramp of marching feet approached and Japanese soldiers entered the building. On seeing us at prayer under the leadership of Dr. Still, they retired and waited for us to finish.

After prayers, all foreigners were told to assemble in one house. Eight of us thus came together. A Japanese official informed us that relations between our two countries were very strained, and that we must not leave the house or compound. We were further instructed not to dispose of or destroy any of our own or the mission property or belongings, but to make inventories of everything and to hand three copies to the Japanese authorities. Armed guards were to live on the compound and to guard the gate, and no new patients were to be taken into the hospital. Several nurses who were sitting their final examinations were turned out of the examination rooms. But, at the outset, few other alterations were made or restrictions imposed, and we were allowed to continue our hospital work.

A few weeks later, shortly after we had spent a fairly normal Christmas, we were about to begin operating one morning, when the tramping feet again approached. This time they came straight up the stairs into the operating

theatre where the doctor, sisters and nurses were waiting for the patient to be placed on the table. Instruments were laid out, the anæsthetist and nurses were ready, and the doctors were equipped. Everything had to stop, however. We had prepared the inventory of the hospital equipment and stores with meticulous care with a view to possible indemnification after the war. But the military demanded every article that was listed. So we saw the fruit of careful saving, sacrificial giving and economical usage disappear in less than an hour—furniture, operating table, linen, X-ray plant, Ultra-violet-ray equipment and drugs of all kinds. Nothing was left.

This was followed by an order to close the hospital within a week. Many of the patients were long distances from their homes and were obliged to travel to them in most uncomfortable and dangerous ways. The province was occupied by various armies, and any journey involved the hazards of passing from one, through another, into still other zones of occupation and control.

After demanding that all keys be passed over to them, the Japanese made a feast and invited our medicals to attend. All doors in the hospital were left unlocked, and the men who brought the food for the feast helped themselves to everything they fancied as the feast proceeded, while we were helpless to interfere or protest. When we expressed a wish to give some of our own goods to Chinese friends, we were asked to supply a list of articles to the new Chinese doctors who had been summoned to carry on the hospital under the Japanese. These doctors brought their families with them to live in the hospital. They used the hospital clothes, beds and bedding, and took away large quantities of materials and stores each time they returned to their own homes.

In April, 1942, we were told that we should sell our personal belongings as we were to proceed to Shanghai

before sailing for England. We were allowed to pack only as much as we could carry, and to price our other possessions and sell them to Japanese only. Later on, we were given permission to pack more for our journey. Everything in every trunk had to be listed and examined, and it aroused great interest in the Japanese soldiers who were sent to examine it. They emptied each trunk into the middle of the room, and mixed their contents regardless of ownership. Snapshots, medical pictures and books created special interest among the guards who sat on the floor and enjoyed themselves with them for several hours.

At times the restrictions were somewhat relaxed and we were allowed to leave the compound for a while. At first a guard accompanied us, but later we were able to cover a mile radius unattended. By going out fat and coming back thin we were able to give some of our belongings, especially clothes, to our needy Chinese friends. These were most grateful and reciprocated by bringing to us food which they could not afford to eat themselves, for times were difficult. Long after our money was exhausted and we were unable to pay servants, Chinese friends appeared to help in washing, sewing, cooking and supplying food.

Two of the missionary houses were occupied by the Japanese, and as our hospital compound is situated outside the city gate, it was necessary for soldiers to guard the property. Watch towers were built at the corners of the compound, and armed guards were on duty day and night. We had little interference from these men, but we were visited each day with demands for duplicate and triplicate copies of this, that and the other. High officials, sometimes accompanied by their families, called on us. One of these said he was a Christian, and sang, "Jesus loves me," in English to prove it. He told us he had been taught in a mission school and really thought he was doing good in his military capacity.

The Japanese Consul brought his small child to our house one day after we had been turned out of the hospital and had seen it taken over by the Japanese. This man asked us to treat the child's hand which had been badly burned and had turned septic. And he had to pass the hospital gates to reach us! One night we were sent for to help the wife of another Japanese who was having her first baby. An armed escort accompanied us on both journeys as it was unsafe to be out of doors after dark.

We waited with our baggage packed until August, 1942, when the Japanese escorted us to Choutsun railway station and even provided cars for the aged and children. They took all our keys as we left. We travelled as far as Tsinan, where some of us were accommodated on the Cheeloo compound. Others were less fortunate, for they found themselves in a Japanese hotel which reeked with opium fumes and where wine was served at all hours. Geisha girls and soldiers turned nights into days and we were relieved when, at length, we were able to leave.

A special train carried our large party of "undesirable aliens" on our journey from Tsinan in North China to Shanghai in the South. We were nerved to endure, in a crowded train at a temperature of 110 degrees Fahrenheit, the discomforts of travel by the prospect of being repatriated after two days in Shanghai. On the second day, some of our party were taken violently ill through eating stale pork sandwiches. The Japanese were sure it was cholera, though we were equally convinced it was food poisoning. The train was shunted into a siding while all the passengers were tested for cholera symptoms. The authorities were eventually persuaded that the illness was food poisoning, and the train continued its journey. We reached Shanghai in high expectation and excitement, only to find that our names had been crossed off the passenger list and we were not to sail.

Instead, 360 of us, including fifty B.M.S. missionaries, with business and professional men and families, were housed in a Club, and were given a camp bed, two sheets and a pillow each, to begin our eight months of semi-internment. We lived in community style and were allowed to walk in the city with distinguishing broad red arm bands. Most of us found jobs to do in the city which helped to make the days pass quickly. Food was quite good and plentiful and was cooked by a Chinese staff. Many classes, games and concerts were organised in the Club, but religious services were forbidden. For these we attended the Free Christian Church and other churches in Shanghai. One great deprivation was the absence of news from home and our general isolation from the rest of the world.

Our partial liberty ended in March, 1943, when we were told the Club was to close and we were to be moved to other centres. The Japanese were insistent that these should be known as Civil Assembly Centres and not Internment Camps. My destination was Yangchow. Carrying everything we might need for an indefinite period, we were told to present ourselves, wearing a luggage label attached to our coats giving our number and nationality, at the wharf at 7 a.m. on March 11th, 1943. We proceeded by steamer to Chinkiang, where we transferred to barges which were as bare as the steamer was dirty. After thirty hours we arrived at Yangchow.

The internees included four doctors, three of whom were missionaries. Miss Wheal organised a team to undertake the nursing. We were responsible for the health of 2,000 internees in three Yangchow camps. Our first job was to clean up and transform a former family residence into a hospital with twenty-five beds. We had little equipment to begin with, but we collected things by degrees from various people and sources until, by the time the Americans began to drop supplies from the air in 1945, we were fairly

well equipped, and there were few operations we could not and did not perform successfully. Lack of water was among our main problems. The two available wells were totally inadequate to meet the needs of the camp, especially in summer.

Our improvisations were extensive and successful. I remember preparing for a mastoid operation when I had to boil up the carpenter's hammer and a retractor made from a meccano set and our sewing kits had to produce the sutures. An early operation case was that of a Japanese guard for acute appendicitis. The chief guard came along to watch, complete with sword, pistol and other regalia! We were all relieved when the lad was back again in bed and all was well. He proved a very grateful patient and recovered quickly.

We felt sorry for these young Japanese troops. Most were lads, some obviously fresh from their farms, others just back from the front, but all homesick, immature and lonely. We were 650 in number, they were but twenty, strangers in a strange land, among a hostile people who despised them. The Chinese nickname for the Japanese is Brown Monkeys, due partly to the fact that so many Japanese are bow-legged, partly through their being carried straddle-backed by their mothers from birth, and partly because they are so much hairier, shorter and squat than the Chinese.

I worked mainly in the out-patient clinic and operating theatre. These were housed in a small kitchen with a stone floor, white-washed walls and no ceiling until we made one. Over fifty major operations and many hundreds of minor ones were performed during our two and a half years' stay here. Out-patient clinics for campers were held daily at 11 a.m. and 6 p.m. The troubles which brought people to us were many and varied, and ranged from dysentery, malaria, chilblains and skin diseases, to nervous, imaginary

and other psychological and even billeting troubles. There is a limit to the amount of continuous strain which anyone can stand from uncongenial and, possibly, dirty and objectionable people living in such close quarters, and patients were frequently admitted to hospital with "Billetitis," a camp complaint new to medical science. Our hospital superintendent, Dr. Ralph Bolton, of the Methodist Missionary Society, was a great help to many quite apart from his medical skill. There was no need for any missionary or other Christian to be far from his or her job.

The Japanese guards came to the out-patient clinic almost every day. They proved among the trials of my camp life, and I wished I were elsewhere if I saw them coming. How they loved to be prodded, sounded and tapped, painted and poulticed, when there was no need whatever! How many times I had to get up from my bed, and often to call the doctor from his, merely to assure a guard that he was not about to die as a result of drinking too much or of eating unwisely! A dose of castor oil or bismuth worked wonders as a rule. How many dressings have I washed, sterilised and prepared for operation cases, only to be obliged to use them on a thumb-nail turned black after being trapped or trodden on or banged in bayonet practice! How I hated to use our precious small tin of antiphlogistin poultice on a guard's chest, because he insisted it was necessary, even though the doctor told him nothing was wrong with him.

But the chief demand was for injections. At first we demurred, declaring that intravenous injections were too dangerous, for if anything happened to the patient, what sort of a plight should we be in? But they insisted, even after we told them we had none to give them. They would visit the chemist on the street and return with any sort of ampoule which contained they knew not what. More than one guard appeared to ask our medical superintendent to

give him a certificate to exempt him from military service because he wanted to go home.

Our almost complete isolation from the outside world was one of the hardest things to bear. We were supposed to be allowed to write twenty-five words a month, but though we did this, it is to be feared that few of our letters left the camp. The commandant, who also acted as Consul for Yangchow, was the only man who could read English and he was far too busy to bother himself with censoring 650 homesick, pathetic letters every month. Three old Chinese women came in daily to empty night soil, but they were forbidden to speak to us. However, a few bars of soap were sufficient to enable a Chinese newspaper to penetrate the camp occasionally. From this we gained a little more knowledge of world affairs than was allowed in the Japanese newspaper we sometimes saw. By following on the map the names of the large number of places from which the British were consecutively retreating, we did get a vague idea of the trend of things. But we lived in an atmosphere that was clouded and uncertain.

United services, in which Anglican and Free Church clergy and ministers shared, were held on Sundays. Bible classes met daily and were well attended, even by some who had shown no interest in religion. Many young people joined the Church during their internment. A confirmation service, a wedding, several funerals and two christenings were among special events. Classes on a wide variety of subjects were organised and lectures were plentiful. School for children was carried on in very difficult conditions, the chief being lack of accommodation and books. But by holding classes out of doors, substituting nature walks for botany with a microscope and other accessories, and by using jam tin wrappers for notebooks, all of suitable age were trained for and passed their School Leaving Certificates.

Some of the children had a far better time in camp than they had ever known before. The isolation of mission stations and other centres gave place to companionship with many other children, both in and out of school. Added to this, were an outdoor life, regular hours, very plain food, home life with parents, besides school and camp life with, above all, plenty of games and noise. Indeed, there were stories of children crying to return to camp again after they were released and living in their own homes in Shanghai!

Food, of course, was always scarce, but it was never entirely absent. The normal allowance was a half ounce of pig each day for four days a week (through heat and cold it was always pig!), vegetables of many kinds, except potatoes, in their turn. To ensure that all had their share, the food available was made into a watery stew and divided out with a tin can dipper. This concoction was popularly known as S.O.S. (same old stew!). The daily ration of bread varied from a half to two small loaves, and rice of a very inferior quality. But, although one could always have eaten more and "especially something nice," it must be admitted that we always had something. Those of us with daintier appetites could always share with big men who were engaged in hard work on bakery, kitchen or cleaning squads. We laughed sometimes as we gave a slice or two of dry bread to those who had been managers of big concerns or banks, but it created friendships which some of us will hope to keep for ever.

Towards the end of September, 1945, rumours percolated through the camp that the Japanese had surrendered, but a week passed before the news became definite. We were told to remain where we were because no transport to Shanghai was available. We were advised to refrain from flying flags because the Japanese were still around. In fact, they had been requested by the Chinese government to continue to guard the city, as there were insufficient Chinese troops to replace them.

Chapter X

A TEACHER'S REMINISCENCES

AMY M. SMURTHWAITE

I WAS teaching in the Bible Training Class in Choutsun on December 8th, 1941, when Japanese officials arrived at our compound, and Miss Thomas fetched me to join my colleagues in Dr. Lewis's house. The head military man of the district told us, through a Chinese interpreter, that war had begun between our countries and asked questions about work in the school and hospital. We were all most polite to one another and we were told to continue our work. Sentries were stationed at the compound gate and no one was allowed out or in for two days. Then we obtained permission for the daily bread needed by the girls to be brought in and Chinese servants were given passes to permit them to go out.

We were never free from the Japanese after this. They came unannounced into the school, peeped through classroom windows and sat talking to the Chinese teachers. After a fortnight we were told to stop the classes but to continue our worship. So we had a real Christmas service together and the girls then prepared to go home. A few left on December 22nd. We saw them safely through the gate. Their luggage was searched by the sentries but no complications arose. So the remaining pupils left next day in small groups. The millet we had bought for them came in very useful for ourselves and the Chinese who stayed by.

We were next busily engaged in making inventories of personal and school property while Japanese officials made unexpected and frequent visits to our houses and, on occasion, searched through our private papers. As an offset to all this, we were once given a present of oranges from the chief official. From December 8th to January 16th guards continued to stand at our main gates. Then we were asked if we would accept responsibility for the property and the guards were withdrawn. We were unable to venture far from home as the city gates were often closed without warning while the troops searched for guerrillas, and extra gates and walls were thrown up near our compound. On one occasion, when we attended church in the city, the gates were closed and we were delayed two hours before we could return home.

One Sunday morning we noticed a Japanese soldier sitting at the back of the church. We thought he had come to see that no anti-Japanese teaching was given. During the service he suddenly rose and walked up the aisle towards the Chinese pastor. How we wondered what was to happen! The pastor's features were well under control, but he looked stern. The Japanese raised his hand, gave something to the pastor and returned to his seat. Pastor Yin quickly reassured us then by saying, "This Japanese brother has given a subscription towards the work of this church." We breathed again.

Our Chinese friends were most loyal and courageous in visiting us during our last eight months in Choutsun. The compound was seldom without Japanese and any visitor was liable to be questioned. But the visitors still came. Pastor Yin kept us informed of church plans. Mr. Wang gave accounts of work among refugee children at the Y.M.C.A. Mrs. Yin, the Biblewoman, brought news of poor women members and their needs. Once she took away a bundle of warm clothes for someone. Pastor Chang gave

news of the Shantung field and, through his daughter, one of our teachers lent me 200 dollars when money was scarce. Girls from the training school also came, and I gladly gave them pictures and leaflets to be used in preaching in the villages. The kindergarten teacher took away books to use and to pass on to others. The church in the city, and the church and school in the west end, were not disturbed and were able to carry on according to such information as reached us.

The Japanese indicated, when the time for our departure drew near, that as we could not take our goods with us, we might as well sell them. They first showed an interest in the three pianos which belonged to the various missionaries. They wanted electric lights and irons, sewing machines, gramophones, typewriters, easy chairs, small tables, rugs, pictures, blankets, eiderdowns and other articles of furniture. We could not give these away to Chinese friends or sell them freely. Chinese who had attended Japanese meetings were allowed to buy, but most were purchased by the Japanese at their own price, of which we eventually received eighty per cent. When we finally left our houses on August 12th, 1942, the keys were taken by Japanese officials. They had previously occupied two of our four houses.

* * * *

The journey from one camp to another in Shanghai was somewhat exciting. It gave me my first glimpse of the outside world in two years. On the way we had to wait in a cemetery. As I was sitting on the grass, a Chinese woman crept up to me and whispered, "It won't be long." I answered, "No, it won't, but don't let yourself be seen talking to me." While waiting for our conveyance, the Japanese commandant begged us to behave well for his sake! Throughout this journey we were surrounded by guards with fixed bayonets.

During the whole period of internment I slept in a

dormitory with other women. Privacy was impossible. The room at the Eastern Area Camp was terribly dirty with huge holes in the floor. Rats ran about freely and mosquitoes bred in the damp beneath the floor and pestered us all day and all night. There was no garden, and between the buildings and a pool of water only a small space in which we could walk when it was too dark to do anything else.

I was fortunate in being on the teaching staff and I taught from nine to twelve each day, besides giving many hours to preparation. The staff included missionaries of the Anglican, Methodist and Baptist Societies, as well as a Roman Catholic. We found old ledgers, receipts and letters in an attic and made use of all for teaching purposes. I also made books for the tiny children. Rich people who had stores of food gave me the labels from their tins and these came in useful as writing books and for handwork. The bigger children added to their knowledge of geography from these labels. Improvised globes were well made by hand. We were able to organise an exhibition of handwork and invited the parents to see the geography and history charts and books ornamented by the children. The smaller children also entertained their parents on another occasion. These occupations proved of value in relieving the tedium and in increasing knowledge.

At first it proved difficult to maintain discipline, so we organised a special committee of the teachers. We introduced the house system and the children became interested in Pasteur, Nansen and Oates. Weekly competitions were arranged and the successful competitors were awarded stars for good work in and out of school, while minuses were signs of disgrace and punishments. The system worked well, in spite of the handicap of having to hold all the classes in one room. In the second camp in which I lived, we were able to accommodate the 200 children in small

classrooms with green walls which proved suitable as blackboards. The teachers helped the children to prepare a beautiful nativity play. The Japanese allowed extra lights, mothers produced gay coloured cloths, and the result was a charming impressive reproduction of the Bethlehem of long ago. Our camp included about thirty Russian women who were first interned in Lunghwa Camp and had volunteered to be transferred to help among invalids in Western Area Camp. Most had fled from Russia during the upheavals there and, having married Britishers, were regarded by the Japanese as British nationals. Some of them said to me after a Nativity play, "We shall never forget this. It was wonderful."

Chapter XI

INTERNMENT INTERLUDE

T. W. ALLEN

WE had no radio in Tsingchow. We did not know the Pacific war was on, until the morning of December 9th, 1941, a Japanese officer, well known to me, walked into our house, sat down and said: " Japan and England are at war. Very sorry for the British Empire! " From that day on all missionary activity had to stop. Church and schools were closed, sentries were posted at our gates and we were allowed no personal contact with the Chinese. All Mission property was sealed and came under Japanese control. Even the apples on the trees ceased to be ours!

Two days later I was immersed in Mission accounts at home, when in walked the same Japanese officer. He told me to pack a small bag, collect the Mission correspondence and go with him at once to Chang Tien, the headquarters of the Military Police, thirty miles away on the railway. Without any opportunity to see my colleagues, I was spirited away. At Chang Tien I was escorted, still carrying the bulky Mission files, to the Roman Catholic Mission where I found myself the only Protestant among a group of fifteen American Franciscan Fathers. They had been picked up in various places, bundled into trucks, and brought into Chang Tien. Fortunately the Resident Father had a supply of food on the premises, as no one had had time to bring food or clothes. In a day or two an English-

speaking Japanese officer arrived from the coast. He informed us that we were political prisoners and were required for questioning by the gendarmerie. We were kept in close confinement and each one called up for questioning in turn. Our inquisitor we named Torquemada, although we suffered no personal injury at his hands. There was one day when he accused two men of lying, lost his temper, and flung ink, cups and saucers, teapot and every available missile around the room. Happily, all but the red ink missed the mark! The questioning was intensive, intelligent and thorough. One's personal history in minute detail was recorded, as well as every phase of Mission activity. It took nine weeks to question us all, during which time I received great kindness from the Fathers. Their cheer and hospitality is something I shall never forget. 400 years ago they might have burnt me at the stake, now they received me as a brother in Christ!

After the questioning was over, we were all given a stern warning by the Japanese commander, and then escorted to our different stations. I was welcomed back by my colleagues as one from the dead!

For the next six months we lived in our own homes. Like Martha, our activities were chiefly domestic. We hewed wood, drew water, grew vegetables and lived in hope. Our Chinese friends were greatly concerned for our welfare, and at risk to themselves, paid us many a surreptitious visit. Their fellowship and prayers were a source of strength. During this period we saw the church open under the supervision of two Japanese pastors, and the school and hospital taken over intact by the local authorities.

In August, 1942, we commended our Chinese friends to God, joined other members of the Shantung Mission in Tsinan, and were taken by train to Shanghai, where we were housed with others in the American Country Club. There we lived a communal life and were cared for by the British

Residents' Association. This partial freedom ended in March, 1943, when we were sent to various camps in and around Shanghai.

The three unattached B.M.S. men—F. S. Drake, Eric Sutton Smith and myself—were sent to a men's camp in Pootung, a district opposite the International Settlement on the other side of the river The first sight of the camp was depressing. It was a British American Tobacco Company's warehouse. It had been condemned as unsafe for the manufacture of cigarettes but was snapped up by the Japanese as a suitable assembly centre for 1,100 men. There were four main barrack-like buildings, with dormitories upstairs and downstairs. They were old and leaky and infested with rats and other pests. Rooms were large, holding 80 to 120 men. Each man had a space sufficient for bed and chair, and boundaries had to be strictly kept. Some preparations had been made for our arrival. There was electric light, running water, a large cement trough for washing clothes outside and, though there were no bath tubs, we did have seven showers between us. But no accommodation had been provided for sick people. After much pressure from the camp doctors, the Japanese provided three-ply wood, and part of a room was partitioned off as a clinic, with a small ward of eight beds. Serious cases had to be taken across the river in a sampan and carried to the General Hospital.

Adjoining the camp was a derelict bombed-out area of six to eight acres which was our exercise ground and called by the Japanese commandant, "The Happy Garden." During the first six months with a few spades and buckets, we moved tons of rubble, made a football ground, and divided the rest into small gardens. We augmented our rations by growing chard, lettuce, and a few tomatoes.

The 1,100 internees consisted of 350 Americans, 19 Dutch and 731 British nationals. It was a varied crowd.

There were bishops, bankers, missionaries, engineers, boxers, in fact men of all kinds of occupations, representing many races. We had French, Hawaiians, Portuguese, Filipinos, Negroes, Russians and Chinese, who had acquired American or British nationality. In September, 1943, after some of the Americans had been repatriated, their places were taken by a group from Yangchow, including about 200 women.

For the running of the camp the Japanese commandant laid down the main rules, and the guards took roll-call twice a day. We ourselves elected our own representative, who through various committees organised the labour, entertainment, education, and other phases of camp life. All work was done by the internees and the labour officer was expert in discovering latent talents. The Bishop of Shantung cut up vegetables and I washed the clinic's dirty linen. Food supplied by the Japanese was mostly rice twice a day, with a little stew. We were saved from severe malnutrition by Red Cross supplies which came in at intervals, and by a monthly food parcel which we were allowed to receive from outside. We had no atrocities, though there were annoyances and anxious times. Our main troubles were these: 1. The uncertain temper of our guards. 2. The complete lack of privacy. 3. Anxiety about the welfare of our country and loved ones. 4. The uncertainty as to how long the captivity would last. Despite the inward assurance of the prayers of friends, there was a feeling of being cut off and forgotten.

In a camp of so many men, our labour problem was not so acute as in other camps, and we had more time for other interests. There were sports, dramatics and musical entertainments of a high standard, and, above all, a truly amazing thirst for knowledge.

Almost at once the Education Committee organised the "Pootung University." About 70 courses were offered and

there was an enrolment of 400 students. One could study any of the European languages and some of the Asiatic ones too, various branches of science and the arts, as well as commercial subjects. Apart from these courses, popular lectures were given twice a week by specialists. The only place available for all this study was the dining-room. It was fairly large and the bottom half of the walls was painted dark green, conveniently so, as having nothing else to write on, it served as a blackboard. The room was like some large kindergarten, with all its classes around its sides, each grouped round its teacher. In one corner of the room would be a man teaching Russian, next to him someone taking a class in Chinese characters, and so on. It was hard to concentrate at times, especially when some enthusiastic teacher forgot where he was and proceeded to shout down his neighbours. And because this room was also the camp recreation room, there was always with us, in the centre of the room, groups of people playing bridge and chess. All the B.M.S. men enjoyed teaching in such novel conditions, particularly as the students were so keen. Despite a lack of chalk, paper and textbooks, the University carried on till V.J. Day. It provided a unique opportunity for study and helped morale by keeping one mentally alert when it was so easy to stagnate.

On Sundays this dining-recreation room became the camp church. The pulpit and carved communion table with its simple wooden cross, had been made and presented by the camp carpenters. Dyed bed sheets were hung up to hide the bareness of the walls. In season a few flowers grown in the camp gardens added their beauty and helped to transform a warehouse into a cathedral. Music in the early days, before we got a portable organ, was played by some members of a Shanghai dance band. Each Sunday there was Communion at 7 a.m., Public Worship at 10.30 a.m., and Evening Prayers at 4.30 p.m. A religious com-

mittee, composed of representatives of all the Protestant denominations, appointed the preachers and organised special services and special music on the Christian festivals. Stainer's *Crucifixion* and Haydn's *Creation* were well done by the camp choir. All but the Roman Catholics joined in the united worship. The congregations even more than at home varied with the preacher. Some, who for years had lost interest in the Church, came regularly and said how much they had been helped. Living so close to each other, sharing the same jobs and the same rooms with such a variety of men, gave one a great opportunity of understanding their point of view and of helping them when possible. One found a lively interest in spiritual matters in the most unlikely places. There was an impatience with religious conventions, and a devastating criticism of any meanness in Christians. Yet there was among many non-Christians a sincere desire to know what the Bible really teaches and how to read it intelligently. A class on Introduction to the Old Testament was well and keenly attended. This same group went on, with increased interest and numbers, to a study of Church History. Many men and women, for the first time in their lives, had leisure to think, and while some were embittered by the internment, others were "stabbed awake" and saw God with new eyes.

We lived together for two and a half years, and had no idea when the captivity would end. The first clear sign that the end was coming was about the close of June, 1945, when the Japanese guards began to treat us with more consideration. When V.J. Day actually arrived, it was too good to be true, we hardly dared to believe it. Indeed, we only fully realised it when a few days later, we stood, free again, under the flags of our countries and sang as never before: "God save the King."

This internment was an experience one would not have chosen, and yet looking back one can see its great value.

There was much that was sordid and distressing which one would gladly forget, but there was an enriching of life in new friendships formed and in a deepened sense of the goodness and the wisdom of God. As Joseph said of his prison experience, " God meant it unto good."

Chapter XII

REGARDING THE JAPANESE

J. CAMERON SCOTT

ON December 8th, 1941, in Cheeloo University, Tsinan, Shantung, Mr. Phillips came along early in the morning with the radio news that Japan had begun the war. We could do nothing about it, and so we started the day's work as usual. But shortly after nine o'clock the Japanese military sent in a number of soldiers to patrol the campus, and posted Chinese guards at all our houses. Notices were posted to say that everything now belonged to them, and the Chinese staff were ordered to pack and leave. The university buildings were sealed, all keys were seized, and we were not allowed to return for our personal belongings which were in the offices.

The hospital was allowed to continue until the in-patients could be sent home. Just after the checking of the inventories, Dr. D. L. Yang, professor of Chemistry, Mr. S. C. Lo, acting-principal of the Theological College, and Mr. Y. C. Hu, university librarian, were seized by the gendarmerie and carried off. Nothing was seen of them until they were released after ninety days' confinement. They had not been tortured, but had been imprisoned with many others in cramped cells in which men and women had been thrown together indiscriminately and half-starved, with sanitary arrangements almost non-existent.

After the hospital was closed, the gendarme in charge,

Hagihara, called for a statement of the accounts, and when he found that the Chinese staff members had been paid after December 8th, he took off Mr. Dart's spectacles and felled and kicked him. A protest was made to the gendarmerie headquarters by Professor Iwada, a Japanese who had been placed on the Cheeloo staff a few months earlier by order of the Japanese "Adviser" to the Provincial Board of Education. After that there were no more "incidents." Our five-year-old Tom made friends with this brutal Hagihara and, through this, I obtained permission to unseal my office and get out much valuable research data. This was placed in the safe keeping of the Swiss during the internment period and is now in my possession in this country.

As we were very short of money and our accounts were frozen for a long time, we had to economise very closely. So we dug up much of the campus and grew vegetables. Many rumours of repatriation circulated, and finally in June, 1942, the Americans and Canadians were ordered to sell their furniture and were taken to Shanghai and repatriated via Lourenço Marques, Portuguese East Africa. In early August the British who remained were told likewise to sell their furniture and pack their personal belongings for repatriation. The sale of the furniture was fixed for the day before we were to leave, and only Japanese were allowed to purchase. The gendarmerie were given first choice, then the military and other government organs, and finally Japanese civilians. The prices we attached to the things were cut down to whatever the military decided, with the result that the amount of money received was far below the proper market value of the goods.

The next day we were entrained for Shanghai. On arrival there we were sent to live in the Columbia Country Club until the time the boat should sail. The next day we were informed that the lists had been changed and that

a number of Shanghai people would sail instead of those who had been brought by the Japanese for repatriation. Of seventy people from the Tsinan area, only seven were allowed to go on the ship. This matter was such a scandal that ever afterwards in Shanghai, the *Kamakura Maru,* the repatriation vessel, was called the *Wangle Maru.*

Conditions in the evacuee centre at the Columbia Country Club were far from satisfactory. The food was good, but men and women were separated and families were broken up in a needless way. These conditions were imposed by the British Relief Administration, which would not allow the outport evacuees to have any say in the running of the centre. After six months the Japanese began the internment of civilians. Single and unattached men were taken to a very dilapidated old warehouse of the British and American Tobacco Company at Pootung. Employees of the Shanghai Municipal Council were interned in the Yu Yüen Road School and in a set of wooden huts at what was called Ash Camp. Others were taken up the Yangtse to Yangchow and accommodated in former Mission premises. Still others went to two former Chinese universities on the outskirts of Shanghai. A number, including ourselves, were sent to the Columbia Country Club and interned there. This was supposed to be an invalid camp and it was, at first, largely composed of invalids. Later, a number of people not wanted by the authorities of another camp were sent to join us.

Columbia Country Club Camp was badly overcrowded, and it was not until the first commandant was replaced by Mr. Sano, a Japanese Consul who had been interned in the United States, that the overcrowding was somewhat reduced. When the camp was opened, we began to restore family life by making curtained cubicles in the large rooms of the Club. We lived in what had formerly been the bar. Seven families shared this room and each person had

about fifty square feet of floor space. There was no privacy of sound, and when anyone was ill in bed, the surrounding noise was sometimes almost unbearable, especially on wet days when the children were unable to play outside. Because of the many sick people in the camp, the few able-bodied ones had to shoulder most of the work. Great credit must be given to Dr. Still, who was medical officer and on call practically the whole time. He had a tremendous responsibility and fulfilled it in a way that deserves the highest praise. The missionaries formed a combined Religious Life Committee and services were held both morning and evening every Sunday. A Sunday School was run for the children. A very fine spirit of co-operation was found among those of very different doctrinal ideas and Christian unity was much in evidence. It was very obvious that the happiest people in camp were those with a deep Christian faith and they were also the ones who did most to make life bearable for the others.

The camp was run on a kind of communistic basis with its own committee. But because of living so close together and the danger of resentments developing without relief, it proved to be better to elect the committee every three months. After a few elections the committee settled into a routine with the same people being re-elected. Jobs were allocated by the committee and all had to do their share, with the exception of expectant mothers and those with either very small children or very large families. This was intended to equalise duties as far as possible, but it resulted in single persons having an easier time. I was in charge of the food in the camp for some months and later taught in school.

This latter work gave me a very good opportunity for religious work among the children. When the Columbia Country Club opened, the sergeant in charge of the Japanese consular guards was a Mr. Hirose. He had lived

in China since his youth and had brought up his family at Changtien in Shantung, half way between Choutsun and Tsingchowfu. He knew of the good work carried on by the B.M.S. Foster Hospital at Choutsun and at Cheeloo University in Tsinan. When he found that Dr. Still and I were on the camp committee he was friendly at once, and he maintained this attitude throughout the period of our internment. Because of Mr. Hirose's influence we had no ugly incidents with the guards.

Rats were a constant source of trouble in spite of all we could do to exterminate them. Our son Tom contracted a form of typhus from a rat-flea and was sent out to the isolation hospital, but fortunately it was an isolated case and no epidemic ensued. Food for the children proved a constant problem, for that supplied by the Japanese was often very unsuitable and for a long period no milk was available. We made an attempt to provide a substitute by grinding soya beans to make milk, but it was a hard job to get the children to take it and it did not have nearly the amount of calcium that cows' milk contains. The effect of this has been seen clearly on the children's teeth since we came home.

At the end of 1945 the internees in the Yu Yüen Road School and the Columbia Country Club were transferred to a former Roman Catholic Compound (Sacred Heart Hospital) in Yangtsepoo, in the centre of the industrial quarter of Shanghai. The Japanese Military barracks were on one side and a so-called military hospital on another. This was in reality a grenade factory and had an anti-aircraft gun on its roof. Conditions here were much more crowded and the buildings were alive with bed bugs left by the Japanese soldiers who formerly occupied the buildings. We were very close to military targets and raids were frequent. No markings were allowed on the roofs and there were no air-raid shelters. About a week before the

capitulation of Japan we were allowed to paint white crosses on the roofs.

Red Cross mail came into the camps, but judging by its infrequency, much was either lost in transit or deliberately held back. Once in two and a half years people were allowed to be visited by their near relatives in Shanghai. For the rest of the time communication with the outside was forbidden except through censored Red Cross letters. On two occasions we received Red Cross parcels from America and they provided a much-needed fillip to morale and also to diet. We never corresponded with our former Chinese colleagues as Japanese secret police were very active and we did not want to cause difficulties for our friends. It was well that we were so careful, as Dr. Yang, professor of chemistry, was at one time strung up by the thumbs for three days in an effort to extort from him a confession that Chinese and foreigners were collaborating in anti-Japanese activities within the university. Had we been corresponding with him things might have been even worse.

Chapter XIII

MAKING LIFE TOLERABLE

A. Barrington Light

My wife and I were in Shanghai when December 8th, 1941, brought war on us. We were very fortunate to be living in the China Inland Mission Compound, as this saved us from many housing and food worries. The C.I.M. executives in Shanghai were most kind to us and the eighteen months we spent in their compound were days of happy fellowship when we were able to renew our acquaintance with old friends and to make many new ones.

It had been my privilege to be asked to help in the National Christian Council for about three months previous to this. I was attached to the Child Welfare Department, and the Council was able, despite the disruption due to the freezing of funds, to continue helping many mission centres where children's welfare work was being carried on. At first, everyone wondered what would happen to these national organisations, but as time went by and there seemed to be little sign of interference so long as they were Chinese-controlled, those of us who had a job to do went on with it. Child welfare was, of course, almost finished, and in a month or two we were forced to suspend functioning through lack of funds. I was able, however, to continue working in the library, where a new catalogue was needed, and to ensure that all the books could bear inspection by the Japanese authorities.

Towards the end of 1942 missionaries began to come from the interior to Shanghai. The first arrivals were a group of American missionaries on their way home. We were able to arrange a meeting in which experiences could be shared and the N.C.C. staff could glean information about conditions in various parts of the country. Later, when British missionaries arrived and it became clear that repatriation for the majority was out of the question, it was felt that large meetings of missionaries were inadvisable. Small groups met, however, in the homes of the Shanghai missionaries when past and present situations were used as a basis for discussions on post-war policies and plans. None of us could foresee the long years ahead before peace would come again, but if they did nothing else, these discussions kept alive in our hearts the problems that would await us, and they gave us a deeper appreciation of the work of other missions.

Two Chinese leaders in Shanghai had to bear a very heavy burden in those days. One was Pastor Yü, who in 1942 was consecrated Bishop of Kiangsu, and upon whose shoulders fell the responsibility of negotiating with the Japanese on behalf of his Christian brethren concerning the formation of a Chinese United Church in the Shanghai area. The complete failure of the Japanese to make this union into a political weapon and the triumph of the union as a spiritual force was largely due to his inspired leadership. With the internment of missionaries Bishop Yü became General Secretary of the Bible Society and continued until his death while we were in camp. All who knew him admired his great courage and progressive spirit in days of much difficulty and danger.

The second leader was Dr. Chester Miao, Secretary of the National Christian Council in occupied China. He carried the burden of the affairs of the Council through the most difficult period in its history and, on the death of

Bishop Yü, he became also General Secretary of the Bible Society. Dr. Miao showed a fine Christian spirit and example, and rendered many kindnesses to his missionary colleagues which are remembered with gratitude. It was a pleasure to see him in his office once again at the end of the war, although with a much depleted staff, and to realise that he was looking forward to a wider service where for so long it had been severely restricted.

As soon as we heard shortly before Christmas, 1942, that some were being interned, we began to prepare for camp. We tried, not altogether successfully, to assemble some sort of kit, dungarees for all work, warm clothing for the winter when we could get it and, above all, food.Tinned goods became very much in demand and purchases grew increasingly difficult. Some shopkeepers refused to sell more than one tin of food at a time and insisted on opening it, which was not promising for our future.

Then came packing. There were the usual clothes to be packed and, in addition, tins of food, kitchen utensils, chairs, a table, beds and mattresses for ourselves, and for our baby girl a cot, bath, playpen, high chair and odds and ends. Space was very precious and our bed proved a useful place on which to tie such things as bamboo poles for mosquito nets, buckets, brooms and mops, while the baby's screened non-collapsible cot was crammed with the bath, bowls and other impedimenta.

The journey to camp was for us an easy one. We were able to engage two pedicabs—Shanghai's wartime solution to the transport problem—a rickshaw for two people drawn by a cyclist. Into these we packed our hand luggage and ourselves. We went to the Columbia Country Club, where we had been told to assemble and where we said goodbye to those of our colleagues who were still at liberty. With our fellow-internees we were bundled into buses—an unexpected luxury even if they were old crocks—and so to

Chapei, which we reached in about eighteen minutes. When we had unloaded and passed our baggage through the examination, we were shown to our room.

The worst feature of camp was overcrowding, which brought with it many attendant evils. There was almost a complete lack of privacy. We were even overheard when we talked in our sleep! The mixture of many and varied temperaments caused constant irritation.

The British Community was composed of men from all parts of the Empire, and others who had been nationalised. There were British, American, Chinese, Eurasian, Jews and Russian women. Internment pressed heavily on the Russian women as it brought back again that sense of insecurity engendered by their expulsion from Russia during the revolution. Once again they had been forced from their homes to face a future that was completely obscure, with their lives in danger. This led inevitably to nervousness, hysteria and shortness of temper, with the result that husbands quarrelled with wives and parents with children, and a roomful of people in turmoil would follow.

The same room might include a man accustomed to running a large business, fond of racing, drinking, night clubs and the sinners' side of life, for ever talking with great relish about his past. Next to him is a working man, rough of manner and tongue, whose life is spent in a perpetual grumble. He longs for release that he may once again get his beer and other indulgences. On the other side is a missionary, striving to " live peaceably with all men." Next to him, again, is a large family, noisy and jolly sometimes and occasionally quarrelsome, banging doors, dropping articles on the floor, laughing, talking and singing. All there, somehow or other, have to live and endure each other. Some rooms became so impossible that their occupants had to be separated. Others managed fairly well. But no one enjoyed

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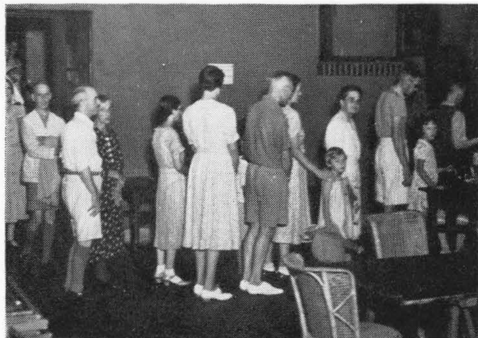
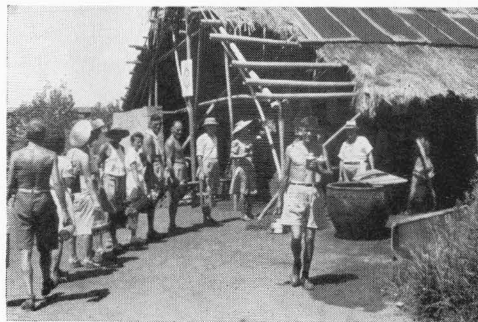
FOOTBALL TEAMS: BOXING DAY



QUEUING FOR FOOD

B.M.S. SHANSI MISSIONARIES



QUEUING FOR HOT WATER

the life and it is a miracle that we are as sane today as we are.

Work was also correspondingly difficult. The floor could be swept only by removing chairs, table, boxes, shoes, toys and books on to the only immovable article of furniture —the bed. Thus even the morning 'clean up' was a toilsome business.

In addition to the normal household duties of sweeping, washing up, washing clothes, children and ourselves, mending and 'making over' for the next season, and the hundred and one jobs that a family entails, camp duties had to be done. The infirmary needed the help of doctors and nurses, with aides for nursing and orderlies for cleaning. The preparation of food required scullery, butchery and kitchen squads. The grounds had to be cultivated, with a garden for vegetables and herbs. A small farm was established, with chickens, goats and rabbits to be used as food for sick internees and children, while pigs were fed on the waste to supply pork for special occasions such as Christmas and Easter. A 'Heavy Gang' was responsible for such jobs as moving furniture from one room to another when the need arose. The camp school called for the help of trained teachers, who were supplemented by many non-trained helpers who tried to teach the children the rudiments of an English education amid extreme handicaps. Books were scarce and sometimes non-existent, paper was a continual problem, pencils were as precious as gold, and the general conditions were anything but conducive to study either in or out of doors. But the children managed to produce very good work and most made definite progress in their studies. The school age extended from one year to matriculation with a post-graduate course. The junior and senior sections (fives to sixteens) met in a wooden slab shed with a corrugated iron roof. This was cold and draughty in winter and extremely hot in summer, which meant that our real

concentrated efforts took place from September to Christmas and March to June. At any other time school was rather a nightmare than a pleasure. The classes were so close, with no privacy for teacher or pupil, that it was easier at times to be interested in what was being taught at the next table than in one's own lesson.

But camp life was not all work and we had our times of relaxation. Outdoor games were organised—soft ball, volley ball and attempts at football. Indoor recreations were sometimes possible in the shed. Dramatic shows and concerts were arranged and the children gave several displays. The last entertainment was an effort to represent the spirit of Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony* and was entitled *Challenge*. The words, written by the wife of our camp chairman, were a challenge to show how the slavery of greed, passion and fear could be broken and genuine freedom enjoyed in the post-war years. A ballet to fit music and words was arranged and the whole effect was inspiring and uplifting.

The religious life of camp found its expression week by week in the services held in the 'shed,' where we were able corporately every Sunday to seek God's grace. If these services did nothing else, they helped to strengthen our hope and sustain our faith in the goodness and love of God. The services were conducted by missionaries in turn. The many denominations represented included Episcopal, Methodist Episcopal, Independents, Northern and Southern Baptists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Seventh Day Adventists and Pentecostals, from America; Anglicans, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Methodists, Baptists and Interdenominationalists from Britain; and others difficult to classify. One woman missionary conducted an interesting series on hymnology, in which she dealt with old hymns, modern hymns, favourite hymns, and so on. Another spoke

on extracts from *Pilgrim's Progress*. Yet others talked " as the Spirit gave them utterance."

The summer evening services took the form of vespers under the trees in the grounds, when many who never came to our church services would stop and listen.

The food supplied by the Japanese was poor and scanty. At the beginning we were able to supplement this by bulk purchases from our comfort allowances, and to buy milk, eggs and canteen goods. We also received by pre-arrangement through our contacts in Shanghai, a monthly parcel through the International Red Cross. When Comfort Allowance was stopped for about a year we relied wholly upon these parcels for our supplies. When Comfort Allowance was renewed in the autumn of 1944, prices had advanced so much that it bought very little indeed, but it did enable us to get fresh milk for the children. The American Red Cross parcels were a wonderful help in keeping us going during the difficult days before peace came.

All Japanese rations were cooked by the kitchen staffs and most of them were served as a midday meal. Soup was served for supper as a rule, especially for those who had no monthly parcel. These people were also helped by the Welfare Committee set up in camp. Our own cooking was mostly done on *chatties*—old biscuit tins fitted with metal bars and lined with mud. Their designs were many and various, and their owners were always willing to argue about their merits or otherwise! Fuel was the coke thrown out every morning by the kitchen or barter house and the ashes were picked over by a large, enthusiastic crowd, for wet or fine, snow or sunshine, coke was an essential in winter for a little heat as well as for cooking.

Clothes were a constant problem. Supplies sent by the International Red Cross from Shanghai were never in sufficient quantities to meet the ever-increasing demands,

and it was almost impossible either to repair or replace our shoes.

Peace day was a great and notable occasion. We hung out our flags, sang our national anthems, listened to a speech by our chairman and to another by the Japanese Commandant—a very noble gesture—and the gates opened. The American Relief Commission came three weeks later, and a few days afterwards the British Commission with Dr. W. S. Flowers. Then home!

Chapter XIV

A MISSION HOSPITAL IN OCCUPIED CHINA

RONALD J. STILL

AFTER the Marco Polo Bridge incident in July, 1937, the Japanese troops in their march southwards through Shantung were held for more than three months by that great natural obstacle, the Yellow River, which at that time still followed its old course north of the range of mountains which cover central Shantung.

During these months there was a great show of activity among the Chinese troops in the province. Blue-grey uniforms were to be seen everywhere. The walled town of Choutsun became an armed camp. The morning bugle call and the rumble of the cart wheels of the commissariat became familiar sounds. The property of the recently-evacuated Japanese immigrants was trundled away by looters, and their deserted houses went up in flames as the tide of patriotic fervour rose. Crude defence works were erected. Bridges in the path of the invader were clumsily blown up to impede his advance. But to the impartial eye it seemed clear that these rumbling carts and their ill-equipped, ill-shod drivers could be no match for the mechanised divisions of the enemy, and the crossing of the Yellow River, whether or not to be finally assisted by treachery or negligence, could not be long delayed.

So that, when the distant thunder of the guns broke the cold, starlit stillness of the December night, as the doctors

completed their final round of the hospital wards and stood chatting with the Chinese business manager, Mr. Huang, it brought a quickening of the pulses, but little surprise. They must be over the river at last!

On the morning of Christmas Eve, 1937, the unfamiliar thud of bombs rattled the windows and shook the buildings. This must be getting near! An hour later we knew how near. The first casualties came in from Changshan, the county town, six miles to the north. During the years that followed we were to see many hundreds of wounded, civilians like these, but we shall not easily forget this first glimpse of what the war meant to our part of China, nor our first sight of the stolid, uncomplaining fatalism of the Chinese peasant, while his torn and bloody winter garments told their own tale of the wounds that lay underneath.

Our own turn came next. The first batch of patients was being treated in our operating theatre when the approaching roar of planes warned us that Choutsun was the next objective. From the theatre window, as we changed our gloves between operations, we could see the planes power-diving, bombing and machine-gunning. We shall not soon forget the courage of our little theatre sister, Miss Ting Hsi-ming, who stood by her instrument table by that same window, and continued to hand the next instrument that was needed as near misses shook the building and machine-gun bullets cracked the roof tiles.

Twice that day the planes came back. The Foster Hospital stands in the narrow angle between the Tsinan-Tsingtao railway and the road from the station to the town. Along this, the Shantung troops were making their retreat to Taian, so that if, as neutrals, we were entitled to some immunity, we were uncomfortably near to military objectives. Nine bombs hit our hospital compound that afternoon. Scarcely a pane of glass was left in the buildings, but thanks in no small measure to the quiet courage of

Miss Logan in getting patients into places of safety, not a patient nor a hospital worker received a scratch, and fortunately, no apparatus of importance was damaged. Upwards of 300 bombs had fallen in the square mile that includes the hospital and the station. Direct hits on the station had left craters the size of a house across the track, so that no further trains ran from Tsinan and Tsingtao for several weeks.

The Shantung troops had no intention of making any stand at Choutsun and they disappeared, overnight, by the only route available, into the hills to the south towards Taian. With them disappeared about four-fifths of the population of Choutsun. All the able-bodied men who could, including our own hospital orderlies and servants, vanished, losing themselves in the vast Shantung countryside, as far as possible from the path of the oncoming Japanese troops.

Our Chinese girl nurses, most of whose homes were many miles away, stayed behind in hospital, and passed an anxious night, wondering whether the raids would be repeated on the morrow. An early plane flew over the following morning, Christmas Day, on reconnaissance, but no more bombers. Our own servant, who had shielded our thirteen-month old baby, Rosemary, with his own body when a bomb had dropped within twenty yards of where they were sheltering, determined that he must go to the assistance of his old mother, whose house lay on the direct route of the advancing army. He made a brave effort, but the Japanese were there before him, and he had to return late that evening, only an hour ahead of the troops.

The Japanese entered the north gate of the town in darkness about 7 p.m. They shot their way to the east gate without encountering resistance. About 11 p.m. they reached the east gate, and from there they shelled the station with trench mortars. Our hospital was in the direct line

of their fire, and for several hours during the night we heard the whine and explosion of their shells overhead. Our Nurses' Home stands in the most exposed part of the grounds, and those of the nurses who were not on duty in the wards moved their beds into the hospital for the night for greater safety and company. We joined them there, and Rosemary, who considered it a huge treat to be allowed up at that time of night, cheered all her friends, the nurses, by the gusto and delight with which she exclaimed "Bang!" every time she heard a specially good explosion. No doubt she felt she owed some return for the kindness she had received from her other good friend the day before!

The next morning we saw the fierce-eyed, battle-stained Japanese troops straggle past our gate on their way to the station. A deadly hush hung over the Choutsun streets. Shops were shuttered and barred. Those who had not fled into the country hesitated to speak in the slightest whisper in the darkness of a back room, and the only sound was the clatter of nailed boots on the stone-paved street, or a gruff shout in an unfamiliar tongue. So began an occupation that was to last for eight weary and bitter years.

At first, British and American nationals, as neutrals, were treated with some show of courtesy. This was, however, short-lived. But for our Chinese friends it was inevitable that from the first the years should be both bitter and weary. Of the four freedoms, three were lost at once. From the first there was not lacking the informer, who for gain or spite was not ashamed to betray his countryman to the enemy. The result was that the loyal Chinese, sometimes even in the bosom of his own family, was afraid to speak freely of his hopes and fears. Want, never far from the door of the Chinese peasant, now stalked grimly everywhere, as grain, coal, iron and silk were requisitioned, with little compensation, for the war machine. Even the very

birds were left homeless as the countryside was systematically deforested for its timber.

Fear, too, could not be far from any. The urgency to the invader of maintaining his life-line of communication rendered severe reprisals necessary whenever the guerrilla troops made their frequent attempts to disrupt it, and too frequently it was the innocent who suffered, when, for five or ten miles on each side of the railway line, villages were burnt and their inhabitants mowed down by machine-gun fire as they attempted to escape.

Caring for casualties from this kind of raid formed a large part of the work of the Mission Hospital in these days. About a quarter of the in-patients who were admitted suffered from severe burns or bayonet or gun-shot wounds, frequently involving compound fractures of the long bones of the limbs, which necessitated prolonged and most careful treatment.

It is to the credit of the Japanese that freedom of religion was permitted in the occupied areas without obstruction. Occasional incidents occurred when troops were billeted or horses were stabled in church buildings, to the distress of church pastors and members. But these were exceptional, and the history of the Christian Church during the occupation is that it continued its work without serious hindrance. Church services continued to be held Sunday by Sunday, weekday meetings were held, and church schools continued and, albeit with some supervision in patriotic propaganda, even throve.

This is not to say that the war did not increase the difficulties of the Church. Even in normal times, poverty, that great enemy of China's rural population, makes the support of the Christian ministry one of the chief problems of the work of the Church. With the increasing privations that were brought by the war, these difficulties were multiplied enormously. Those who have been privileged to

know and work with the Shantung Chinese pastors will testify to the courage and endurance and devotion which kept the great majority of them at their tasks in conditions which failed to provide even a minimum of the barest necessities of life.

But with increasing difficulties, the war also brought unexpected opportunities. Probably from political motives, shortly after their occupation of Shantung, the Japanese insisted on a breaking-up of the former Church organisations in the province, and a regrouping into a united Church of Christ on a wider geographical basis. This has resulted in groups of churches being split off from the district denominational organisations to which they formerly belonged, and the combining of churches of several Free Church denominations into a new union. Thus a form of Church Union for which many had hoped in vain in times of peace has now arisen as a military necessity! It will be a matter of great interest to observe the progress of this new unity now that the force that brought it into existence no longer operates.

The initial show of courtesy from the Japanese invaders to British and American neutrals did not last, and it was not long before, with the stiffening of the diplomatic attitude on both sides, these neutrals found themselves the objects of ever more frequently occurring occasions of disrespect and abuse, and even violence. These events culminated in the extreme indignities that were put upon British and American subjects at the Concession barriers at Tientsin, and in an anti-British movement which had far-reaching effects on mission work throughout occupied China. This movement was given a wide publicity in the Chinese press (a puppet organisation) and it was no doubt hoped that it would be regarded as the spontaneous outcome of Chinese national sentiment. The facts, however, did not bear this interpretation. In Choutsun, the British

hospital superintendent and doctor were called to the mayor's office, where they were received with the utmost deference by the mayor himself, who told them that he regretted exceedingly the necessity, but reasons of prestige would not allow him to neglect to do what was already being done in neighbouring boroughs. The hospital would have to close down, otherwise he would not be able to accept responsibility for the safety of our Chinese hospital staff. He was, in effect, under orders, and it was clear that a refusal to close the hospital would have been followed by officially-sponsored rioting which would have ended in bloodshed.

In these circumstances the hospital was closed down in August 1939, and it remained closed until the following December, when the political situation had cleared sufficiently for work to be re-opened without involving Chinese colleagues in danger. That there was no spontaneous anti-British feeling at that time was clearly shown by the record-breaking in-patient admission and out-patient attendance figures of the year that followed. But as Anglo-Japanese and Japanese-American relations failed to improve, the work of the hospital became more and more tied up with red tape, and an uneasy period of increasingly rigorous official scrutiny followed, and of increasing difficulties in obtaining a sufficiency of the necessities of life which were becoming more and more severely rationed.

It could not last. On the night of Sunday, December 7th, 1941, our short-wave set brought us the B.B.C.'s announcement that "a large Japanese convoy had been seen approaching Hong Kong." This was the last we were to know of freedom for four years. The next morning, as the hospital staff was at prayers, a group of high-ranking Japanese officials, beswordeded and begloved and bemedalled, interrupted. With considerable respect they requested that the service of worship be first completed while they with-

drew. Service over, they announced that our countries were now at war and we were their prisoners.

For some time the work of the hospital was permitted to go on without hindrance, and we began, too optimistically, to hope that it would not be interrupted. Our hopes were dashed in March, 1942, A young Chinese woman with an obstruction at the lower end of the stomach had been carefully prepared for the urgently-necessary operation. She was lying on the operating table in the theatre and the surgeons were scrubbing their hands in the adjoining room, when a detachment of Japanese troops marched in under orders to remove our surgical equipment. Instruments already sterilised for the operation were swept off the side-table, and the whole of our surgical equipment, even the operating table itself, was removed, together with our X-ray plant and the whole of our valuable drugs. It was a bitter disappointment, but one that had to be recognised as part of our share in the inevitable losses of war.

The closing of the hospital followed. To avoid the loss of face that would be involved in the closing down of an institution which had been so patently of benefit to the community, the Puppet Government for a time re-opened it as a municipal hospital, and at the re-opening ceremony the Japanese government adviser made eulogistic reference to the good work that had been done by the workers from a now enemy country. But the Manchurian doctor who was put in charge was a man of poor professional ability and poorer morals, who used his appointment merely to profit by the sale of the remaining hospital equipment, and it is not surprising that, shortly after the removal of the British residents to Shanghai, the hospital ceased to function and the buildings were taken over by the Japanese military for use as a barracks.

The majority of the Chinese staff, including the Chinese doctor and his wife (who was also a qualified graduate of

the Shantung Provincial Medical School) declined to accept appointments in a quisling organisation and sought independent occupation elsewhere.

It gives considerable satisfaction to know that the B.M.S. hospital at Tsingchowfu, sixty miles to the east of Choutsun, which from 1933 and throughout the whole period of the war has been under the courageous leadership of Dr. I. H. Ching, has been able to remain open and to continue its original services to the community throughout the war, and, together with its Nursing School, has done an extremely fine piece of work.

The members of the English Baptist Mission in Choutsun were removed, in August, 1942, to Shanghai, where, they were told, passages awaited them on a repatriation boat. At the time of our departure we were virtually the prisoners of the Japanese, and no Chinese could display any friendliness towards us without risking the severe penalties that awaited those who 'collaborated with the enemy.' None the less, in spite of this, during our remaining days in Choutsun, we received many touching expressions of friendship and affection from our former colleagues and friends on the staff of the hospital and from the members of the Church. They belong to the richest treasures of our memory.

The promised berths on the repatriation boat proved to be illusory and the outport evacuees from Shantung and other places in the interior were given temporary accommodation in the Columbia Country Club, an American recreational centre in Shanghai. For a few months longer a limited amount of freedom was enjoyed. One of the doctors was able to find congenial employment in surgical work at a Chinese refugee relief hospital, but following the declaration of war by the Nanking Puppet Government, this was only made possible by the courage of the Chinese Christian medical superintendent.

In the early part of 1943, in retaliation for the internment of Japanese civilians in Great Britain and the U.S.A., holders of British passports in Shanghai were put into internment camps by the Japanese, where they were confined as prisoners for the duration of the war. Their imprisonment was destined to last for two and a half years. It was in many ways a distressing and exacting experience, but it was made more tolerable, in one camp at least (the Columbia Country Club, and later at the Eastern Area C.A.C.) by the humanitarian and sympathetic understanding of the chief of the Japanese guard, who permitted no inhumane treatment or atrocity in the camps under his control. Among much of another kind, it was an example that commanded, and commands, respect and admiration and gratitude.

Uppermost, now that it is all over, in the minds of all who have returned, is a profound sense of thankfulness, and a strong feeling of urgency to be about, as soon as possible, the work of restoration.

CHAPTER XV

LOYALTY

MARY PEARSON

I. *Tsingchowfu; December,* 1940, *to August,* 1942

"HE'S bad—but there are worse." In this terse phrase the Chinese in Tsingchowfu summed up the Chief of the Japanese Military Police. Yet he was quite good to the British Baptists. When guards were put on the Compound Gates on June 29th and again on December 8th, 1941, he called to say that it was for our protection, and there was no looting of foreign houses while we were in residence.

The British missionaries were prohibited from preaching and teaching in public places, but we could still hold Chinese family prayers in our own homes. We were not allowed to attend the Chinese Church after December 8th nor to go outside the city without permission. Fortunately the magnificent walls of Tsingchowfu enclose hundreds of acres of farm lands.

About December 10th the Consular authorities closed our Shou Shan primary school which was later re-opened as a Government united school. The kindergarten and the women's school were also closed, as was the junior Sunday school which had been held in Shou Shan school. But the church services, primary Sunday school, children's meeting for the under twelves, the hospital, the orphanage for famine children, and other activities were carried on with

great devotion by our Chinese friends. Many of these came to see and tell us about the work so that we had plenty to pray about in our daily prayer meetings. Visitors always told the guards they had come to see Mr. Wang of Shou Shan, or Mrs. Wang, the 80-years-old woman evangelist, who tottered over to visit in the hospital several times a week. After paying a visit to someone Chinese, those who wished called on their foreign friends. This fellowship made life worthwhile.

Mr. Chang, business manager of Tsingchowfu Hospital, came and offered to buy flour and coal for us. " I shall never rest till you have a stock of flour and coal as these are necessities," he said. This was very kind of him as there was danger in getting supplies for Britishers. Dr. Ching I Hui, superintendent of the hospital, sent word by Mr. Chang that he could not leave the hospital much and so could not call very often, but we must send him word if we were taken ill, and he would come immediately.

On June 29th, 1941, the chief of the Japanese Military Police called to announce that guards had been put on the gate. (This was the Japanese reply to Allied " sanctions.") The moment he and his bodyguard had departed, Mr. Wang of Shou Shan came to ask if all was well. I was the only English person in the big church compound and my cook was badly scared, so that Mr. Wang's friendly call was greatly appreciated. The Barrington Lights were in the orphanage compound across the road, and Barry dashed in by a side door to ask if I were all right. Pastor Meng called early the next day to inquire if I needed money. Mr. Chiang, of the British and American Tobacco Company, called with his wife and children while sentries were on the gates.

Mr. Chang Tze Ching, one of our own Baptist pastors, was a divisional secretary for the Church of Christ in China. He called on us nearly every time his work brought him to

Tsingchowfu, sometimes late at night, and gave us news of Tsinan, Choutsun and Peichen. Our kindergarten teachers, Miss Tung and Miss Li Yu Lien, were most faithful in continuing their work until the Japanese Consulate closed the school in December, 1941. After that they called with offers of help, and Miss Li frequently took messages to her father, the pastor of the city church, as it would have been unwise for him to call on foreigners too often.

War conditions, high prices and freezing of foreign money made it difficult to keep institutions open. But Mr. Wang, headmaster of the school and Dr. Ching I Hui, superintendent of the hospital, were determined to do their best. They said to us, " We feel that we in Tsingchowfu have received so much from the ' Sending Society ' (B.M.S.) and that now is the time to repay our debt and show our gratitude for the help received in times past by doing all we can to keep the work going."

The hospital kept open throughout the war but ran into great difficulties with the Communists after the Japanese had been defeated. The doctors, nurses and other staff decided to forgo their usual salaries based on status and seniority and to take only subsistence rations or pay according to the number of people in their respective families. In spite of the need for great economy in running the hospital, they decided that some charity patients must still be accepted because the free treatment of poor people was part of their Christian ideals and they could not lower this standard in a church hospital.

For many months the staff of Shou Shan school had existed on purely nominal salaries. Mr. Wang, the headmaster, said that throughout his long life he had kept out of debt, but that now he had been obliged to run into debt so deeply that he feared he would never get out again. When the school was re-opened Mr. Wang was offered an inferior position which he accepted because he felt that if

he had a foothold in the school he could look after the property and equipment.

When the Japanese placed sentries on duty at my gate on December 8th, 1941, my cook was scared and made preparation to leave at the end of the month. I told him that he and his wife could go home at once. Hearing of this, Mr. Tung, a deacon who had served as cook in the Greening family for thirty years and was now over sixty, offered to take his place. " Are you not afraid to be cook to a foreigner now?" I asked. " No," he replied, " I have seen so many troubles come and pass away in my time that I fear nothing." He was the one and only cook I had in twenty-five years in China who never took a " squeeze " in his shopping for me.

Many of my visitors were children. They could always get past the guards. They would play games in my study and overflow to the verandah, brightening the day with their cheerful prattle.

I began to give away books I had bought for use in Sunday school work. Some of the primary teachers were holding classes in their own homes and were glad of books and pictures. Whenever pastors and evangelists came in from the country one wondered if one would see them again. To several of these I gave whole sets of books, mostly National Christian Council and Christian Literature Society publications. Three high school girls came regularly for English lessons and helped me translate a child's storybook. If soldiers appeared they ran upstairs to my bedroom to hide!

The Japanese arranged to send us to Shanghai. Mr. Wang told us that though the Chinese in the church were sorry to see the foreigners go, yet they were also relieved because, even when the war with Japan was ended, a long time would elapse before the Central Government under Chiang Kai-shek would be strong enough to reassert its

hold on the country. Time has proved him to be a good prophet.

With friends coming and going every day we never felt out of things and there was a real sense of fellowship with the Chinese church members in their sufferings. Their Christian faith was a great inspiration to us and we were able at times to give the sympathy and spiritual comfort that our Chinese friends needed to sustain them in their trials.

> " There is but one Lord, one faith, one baptism, and one God and Father of all, who rules over all, acts through all, and dwells in all."
>
> Eph. iv, 5, 6 (Weymouth).

II

On April 5th, 1943, I entered Lunghwa Camp, Shanghai, and left it to board the *S.S. Arawa* for England on November 5th, 1945. Two-and-a-half years of hard work on subsistence rations! Two-and-a-half years without fresh milk or butter! The British Residents Association made the arrangements for entering the civilian internment camps and provided money for equipment—bed, bedding, chairs, wash basin, pail, etc. We were allowed four big pieces of baggage and hand luggage.

The greater number of the internees in Lunghwa were British. British nationality included Australians, Canadians, South Africans, New Zealanders, and West Indians, as well as English, Scottish, Welsh and Northern Irish. The Far East has hundreds of second or third generations of British born abroad, many of whom have never seen their " home " country. But they are very patriotic and hardworking and are highly respected by the local community. Shanghai provided a big contingent of British Eurasians.

In most cases the mother was Chinese. The Japanese did not allow Asiatics to enter the camp and this was a great hardship to these families. The father and big boys and girls were sent to Lunghwa while the mother was left outside with the small children to cope with scarcity of goods, soaring prices and high school fees on a limited income.

A most loyal worker, No. 2 on my team, was of British nationality (probably born in Hongkong), but there was Japanese and Portuguese (Macao) blood in her ancestry. There were many Russian women with British nationality by marriage. No. 1 on my team, a splendid worker, was Russian. Her husband was in our camp, but most of the husbands or sons of these Russian women were in the so-called "Political" Haifong Road Camp, or Woosung P.O.W. Camp or in the Services. The small American group was enlarged by the transfer from Pootung Camp (all men) of some of the crew of the *President Harrison.* Among these were several coloured men. One coal black negro answered cheerfully to the name of "Snowball"! A small but gifted Netherlands group did much for the life of the camp.

We were much too busy in camp to feel dull and we had no time to be ill. Our rations were sent in from Shanghai by the Japanese. Some of the stuff was good but often it was rotten. Spinach would come in enormous round baskets. The outside layer could be used, but the middle was black slush, hot enough to burn the hand and giving off ammonia fumes that made some women faint. A 90 pound sack of carrots might hold 30 pounds of earth and only 60 of carrots! In the winter cabbage came in full of chunks of ice and those who handled that got frozen hands. All cuts and chilblains turned septic—probably due to diet deficiency.

I was on a vegetable team from the first day in camp to the last. After the first few weeks I was made team leader

and I really admired the way the women worked. All of them had been accustomed to comfort, good food and at least one servant—cook, boy or amah. The men, of course, had never worked so hard in their lives before—tipping baskets of 500 pounds of potatoes into the troughs for the women to wash. One team contained a journalist who had lived in Russia, an American Jew who had been an exporter of Chinese embroidered linen, and a private secretary.

Each vegetable team worked on a regular rota—two days on and one off. Thus in three weeks we had one whole Sunday free. Everyone was supposed to give four hours work each day to the community. The vegetable average was two-and-a-half hours a day, but this equalled four hours in an office, for there was a lot of bending, stretching and heavy lifting, to say nothing of standing in pools of water and handling frozen vegetables. When coal was too scarce to permit the use of an extra cauldron to boil yams, beets or potatoes in their jackets, or if there was not enough food to go round, they had to be peeled and cut up to go into broth which was called " stew." Hundreds of pounds of vegetables had to be washed and chopped daily to give each person two or three very small potatoes, two inches of carrot and a bit of onion. Often only forty pounds of onion could be used to flavour the watery stew for 1,700 people—less than half an ounce each!

Our vegetables included strange varieties:—

Water or *Coolie Bamboo,* much coarser than land " Bamboo Shoots." You couldn't eat it, but it served to fill up the stew! *Wu Sung,* looks like a cabbage gone to seed. The stem is quite good, but all animals refuse to eat the leaves. *Radish Turnip,* has a flavour like a very strong white turnip and a bright red skin. When cooked Chinese fashion with bean sauce and ginger it is excellent, but lack of coal and condiments made it necessary to add it to the stew which was then spoilt for many. *Sweet Potato* or

Yam, like a long potato with pointed ends and a red skin. It was very good boiled separately in a cauldron and served in its jacket. *Long Potato,* is very much like a white yam, but two or three feet long. *Field Carrot,* " carrot-by-the-yard." This is grown for cattle food, but is quite nice. It is about two-and-a-half feet long, pale yellow and has a slight parsnip flavour. *Bean Sprouts,* " very good for you!" A common Chinese winter vegetable, often sprouted under the straw mat on a warm *Kang* (brick bed). *Lotus Root* is good when young, but tough old rhisomes were sent to us. *Egg Plant,* the long variety, like a purple sausage with a tough skin. It is tasteless except when fried but we were always short of oil and suitable utensils. *Garlic* was greatly prized because a little went a long way and it is full of vitamins. *Chinese Chard* was usually fresh and good. It grew well in Lunghwa on virgin soil.

Our food was often supplemented from our own gardens and we were grateful to B.R.A. and Red Cross officials for seeds and other supplies. Without these and our private monthly parcels, arranged by Mr. Black, we should all have suffered severely from deficiency diseases.

The cooks deserve a word of praise. Stripped to the waist, the men toiled in a hot kitchen when the outside temperature was over 100 in the shade. Cast iron cauldrons four feet deep and three feet across were built into a sixty feet brick range. Mr. R. H. P. Dart was leader of one kitchen team. I can see him now standing on top of the range and stirring a cauldron of rice with a canoe paddle! One man told me that he had lost four pounds weight in a week!

Spiritual Work in Camp

My team was one of the three " big " teams with 20 to 25 women in each. Of this number there were always five

or six who were ill and had to be visited, always someone in some sort of difficulty who needed advice, always someone who had had bad news and needed sympathy, always someone who had seen the futility of clinging to material wealth and was now seeking spiritual riches. One Russian woman told me that she had felt no need of religion when she lived happily in her own comfortable home in Shanghai with a devoted husband. He died, however, just before she came into camp. In need of consolation she had begun to attend church again and intended to continue when she returned to Shanghai.

Five months before most civilians were interned I met a Polish woman and her fourteen year old son under strange circumstances. While I was in a Chinese hairdresser's there was a commotion outside, then a lorry drove off and the proprietor came back with tears in his eyes saying, "Why should they take him? He was such a good man." He explained that the owner of the flat above, a detective-inspector of police (British) had just been arrested by the Japanese to be taken to the newly-opened Haifong Road Camp. Sudden swoops were made on all sorts of men—heads of business firms, a bishop, a Salvation Army officer, all International Settlement Police ranking above a sergeant and four down-and-outs from the Salvation Army Hostel. (They were mostly, if not all, British men.)

I called on the wife of the detective-inspector that day and often afterwards, and was able to comfort and advise her. Later, she and her son came into Lunghwa Camp and I was able to help them again in all sorts of difficulties. Her English was not sufficient to enable her to master the intricate regulations dealing with the transfer of money. My Polish friend joined an English Bible Class started for the Russian women on the vegetable teams by a missionary team leader. I attended this study circle and later in the week one or two of them would drop in to my hut and ask

me to " explain it all over again." Whichever woman got the meaning first would translate it into Russian for the others.

The Russian Orthodox bishop was not allowed to enter camp for the great festivals, and so Dean Trivett, of Holy Trinity Cathedral, Shanghai, held special celebrations of Holy Communion for the Orthodox Russians at Christmas and Easter. One of my team was the soprano soloist. The vegetable teams had a big proportion of Russians (they are excellent housewives) and I was often told how much these services meant to the Orthodox believers.

It was missionary work—with a difference! Instead of putting a dollar in the collection, you shared a newly-opened tin of tomato juice with a friend. Instead of sending your cook's son to kindergarten, you gave a loaf of bread and half a jar of peanut butter to a hungry boy. Instead of taking Scripture classes with Chinese women, you explained the Bible to Russian women.

" In Christ there is no East or West,
In Him no South or North,
But one great fellowship of love
Throughout the whole wide earth."

Chapter XVI

AN INTERCESSION SERVICE IN LUNGHWA CAMP

August 14th, 1945

EMILY PENTELOW

O Lord, our God, Thy children need Thee yet,
  Their feet to guide, their hearts with love to fill:
O give the quickened ear, lest we forget
  That Thou art speaking still.

I SUGGEST that this evening we centre our thoughts on the people in occupied areas. It is to me just one extra proof of God's love for man that, when He sent His only Son to earth, He sent Him into Occupied Territory, as a member of a defeated nation. And there in Palestine, among other things, Jesus learnt, by the things He suffered, the unbearable longing of a man after freedom, and the bitterness and beastliness of being under the heel of the oppressor. This knowledge must have come to Him in the very early days.

I wonder why, in the absence of definite proof to the contrary, so many writers assume that Jesus spent nearly thirty years living quietly and peacefully in His village home, working as a carpenter? Have you ever heard of an army of occupation that would leave whole villages near a main road unvisited and unmolested for years on end? I haven't.

Some writers assume that Jesus had to work to support Mary, His mother, and her younger children. Maybe. But that would bring out the best in any lad. And Jesus was made of sterner stuff, for bigger things.

Nazareth was by a Roman road; not that busy Cæsarea-Jerusalem road along which Pilate and his predecessors had to go to be in Jerusalem for every big Jewish festival, but a busy enough road for all that, leading as it did to the port of Accho. Romans would not have had that road made unless they had wanted to use it well. Anything might have happened in Nazareth in those days as the hated soldiers passed to and fro along the road.

Imagine an incident such as this, very early on. A group of four or five soldiers is travelling along that road. Near Nazareth something breaks—a lance handle, the saddle of a pack mule, a carrying pole, maybe, and they seek out a carpenter to put it right. While Joseph works at the repairs, the soldiers sit in the courtyard and demand wine, growing rude and insolent because there is not enough for them, or because it doesn't taste like their favourite wine. Suddenly they notice a small boy playing with a pet lamb. "Ho!" they cry. "Mistress, we are hungry! This lamb will make a tasty meal for us while we wait. Kill it and roast it well." Mary's first thought (for she knows well it is useless to argue) is for the boy, to send him on some quickly invented errand to get him out of the way for a time; and as he goes, her hand rests on his shoulder. "Son, try not to mind it. They don't know any better."

Or again, later, a similar group of men demanding similar repairs to be done. This time they grow impatient at the inevitable delay, so they try roughly to hurry the carpenter by a crack on the wrist with a scabbard, a dig in the ribs with a lance, or maybe, some wit smiting him on the back with a heavy piece of his own timber. And a pair of little fists clench tightly! And a pair of little eyes blaze! But

again Mary, fighting down her own panic, reaches for the child. "Son. Please—try not to mind it. They don't know what they are doing."

You don't need much imagination to picture how the years go by. You all know, too well, the way of the invader. Soldiers demanding jobs done with no payment for materials or labour. So many animals to be provided by the village. And, so often, grain wanted after every harvest. Wine and meals constantly in demand for those on the road. Taxes mounting yearly. The Romans made good roads, or, rather, had them made. It was all coolie labour, and those coolies weren't Romans, they were Jews. And, at the very least, Nazareth would have one section of the road to keep in good repair all the year round. Chiselling out long blocks of rocks for bridges, or hauling stones and breaking them by the roadside, is not much fun, especially when your boss is an enemy soldier with a whip. You have to try pretty hard not to mind that kind of thing.

Then, too, when you remember that no soldiers would go anywhere without baggage and animals, you can see how young men would always be in demand as baggage coolies, water carriers, muleteers and camel drivers. And in addition to the cruelly heavy labour, if some of the hungry coolies stole and ate some of the simple food, there would be floggings, or even, since life was cheap, crucifixions. When the military commandeers labour it makes no promises to send the men back by return post. They might have to follow the regiment for weeks or months. It might even be years before they got back home again, for at barracks cooks and servants would be needed, and any carpenter would always be in demand for building and repairs. Also, if and when any part of a regiment arrived at a port to embark for return to Rome, if the captain was short of galley slaves, would he be above kidnapping some of the baggage coolies to help row his ship? Such things

would not count as atrocities or outrages. They were (in Roman eyes at least) just the reasonable demands of men who were furthering "The New Order in East Mediterranean."

From brothers who, in or after the first great war, were serving in India and Germany, I heard comments on cruelty and oppression. For two years in North China I saw the oppressor in action. I lived fifteen months in Ceylon where I often felt sick with shame at being a member of the ruling race. These last four years in this district have taught me more of the bitterness that even temporary defeat brings. I have often wondered, when thinking of some outrage, incident, or so-called reasonable demand of the invader, whether such a thing could have happened in Nazareth. It possibly could, and probably did.

And Jesus grew up amid it all. Surely He was tempted, as we are, to harbour thoughts of revenge. Yet, when the greatest power the world had ever known had done its worst to Him, there fell from His breaking heart that marvellous prayer: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

Prayer

For prisoners-of-war, internees, Chinese friends on our stations, subject peoples of India, Burma, Ceylon and other lands, and for people of Germany:

O Lord Jesus Christ who didst come to give release to the captive and to set free all who are in bondage, we bring to Thee this evening, all these our fellowmen who have been deprived of Thy great gift of freedom.

We thank Thee that we know Thou art with them wherever they are, that Thou dost know the depth of their suffering and bitterness, and the agony of those who have to stand by and see their loved ones ill-treated.

Thou Lord, Who wast tempted in all points like as we are, Thou knowest how easy it is for us to harbour thoughts of revenge and retaliation, and how sometimes we do not want even to think about forgiveness.

Lift us all up, O Lord, into Thy presence, out of the darkness of our sin and misery to where the light is still shining, and teach us once again that so-oft-forgotten lesson that all things, including freedom and bondage, work together for good to them that love God.

Bless all the oppressed who suffer as those without hope; and for us, in the joy of our hope of a speedy liberation, help us to put all thoughts of retaliation at Thy feet, and leave them there for ever. Amen.

For those exercising authority over others—commandants of military and civil camps, Japanese in all occupied areas, British holding office in Greater India, and armies of occupation in Germany.

Lord God Omnipotent, Thou to whom all power and might belong, we pray Thee for those to whom has been given power and authority over the lives and movements of their fellows.

May they ever realise that they would have no power at all over others except it were given them from above. Flood their hearts with Thy great gifts of love and sympathy that they may try and understand what their victims feel like; and so may they be led to refrain from useless acts of cruelty or petty spite, and from unnecessarily harsh measures of restrictions.

Hasten the time when there shall no longer be victor and vanquished, no longer oppressor and oppressed, but all men shall live as brothers in our Father's house. Amen.

Chapter XVII

INTERNED IN MANILA

CONSTANCE M. ALLEN

WHEN, in the summer of 1941, the Japanese froze British and American assets in China, and women and children were again urged to leave the country, I took our three children to Shanghai to book passages from there for America. Three months passed before we could get visas and permits and, when we finally secured berths on the *President Madison*, no American liners were coming further east than Manila. So we left Shanghai on December 4th, 1941, on a coasting vessel and landed in Manila early in the morning of December 8th, in full expectation that we should leave by the *President Madison* on December 11th. But during that night Japan had made a surprise attack on Pearl Harbour and had also bombed some of the southern Philippine Islands, so we arrived to find the people of Manila in a state of fear and confusion. We went with some friends to a small hotel in which they had booked rooms, and asked the manager if he could let us have a room for three days. He gave us a small one. But it was three-and-a-half years, not three days, before we sailed again from Manila Bay.

The Japanese army entered Manila on January 2nd, 1942, but when, three days later, they came to our hotel to take British and Americans to an internment camp, they allowed our family to stay behind as Margaret was under a year old.

Fifteen days later, all Protestant and Roman Catholic missionaries were released on parole, probably because the Japanese wished to ingratiate themselves with the Filipinos whose country had been Roman Catholic since its conquest by Philip of Spain in the sixteenth century.

We stayed seventeen months in this hotel. It was bug-ridden and dirty and the food was poor. It was the haunt of Japanese soldiers and the riff-raff of Manila, and hardly a night passed without fights and drunken brawls. Yet I remember it as a place where I was often shown great kindness. When the Japanese occupied Manila, I had only a few centavos in cash, and a Russian gentleman in the hotel, on his own initiative and at considerable risk to himself, changed some of my traveller's cheques for local currency. A Japanese airman took and posted in Hongkong for me a letter to my husband in China. On several occasions, a Latvian doctor, who lived in the hotel, attended my children when they were ill and refused to charge any fee. And when I could no longer afford the hotel bill, the Filipino manager insisted that it was of no consequence, but that we must stay and pay when the war was over.

In May, 1943, the Japanese took over the hotel, so we moved to the American Presbyterian Mission. These American missionaries had been helping me financially for some months, even though all their money was borrowed with difficulty and conveyed to them with the utmost secrecy by Chinese friends who would have been imprisoned and tortured had the Japanese known. There was certainly a greater sense of security in living with about sixty missionaries on a mission compound, and I can never find words to express my gratitude for their friendship in those anxious days, and for the way they accepted us as being one with themselves and forgot, as we did, the differences of nationality and denomination.

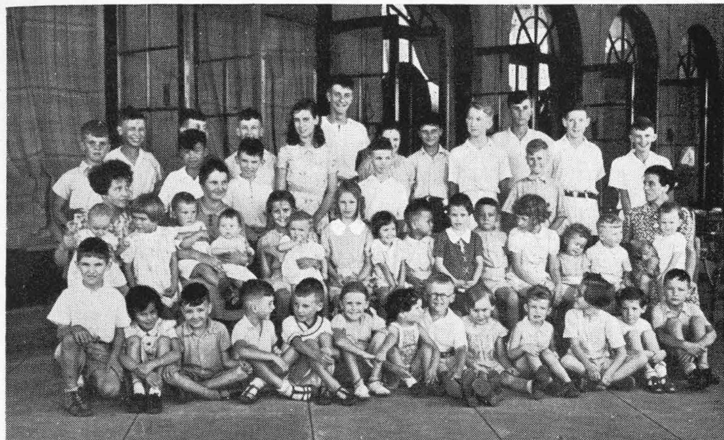
Quite unexpectedly, about a year later, all missionaries

were interned. Two Japanese officers visited us on the night of July 7th, 1944, and told us to be ready by nine o'clock the next morning, with bed and bedding and two suit cases each. We were all taken—about 500 of us—by lorry and train to a place called Los Banos, eighty miles south of Manila, with a large lake lying between it and the capital. The scenery was beautiful, with high green hills behind and the lake below, but we were surrounded by a barbed wire fence and guarded by Japanese soldiers, and anyone who tried to escape was shot. One man was shot before our eyes.

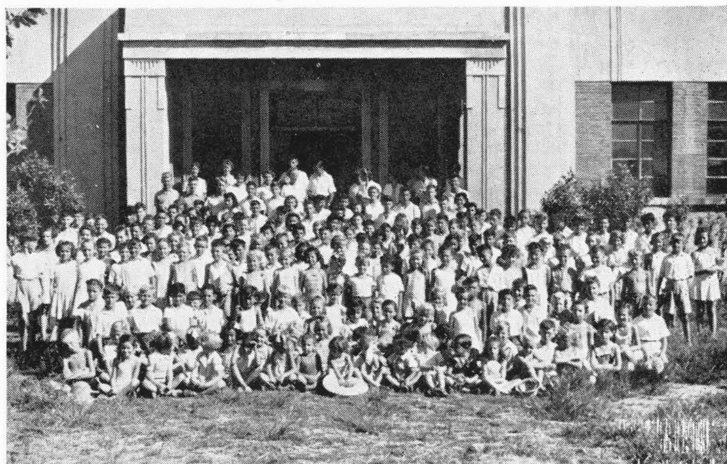
Over 1,000 men, women and children had been interned here before we arrived, and barracks like long barns had been built for the internees on the hillside. There were twenty-two barracks, most of which housed 96 people; and all were built alike of wood, with bamboo matting walls and coconut palm leaf roofs. They were divided into cubicles which allowed a three feet length for each person, so that our family of four had a cubicle twelve feet long and about eight feet wide. A partition of bamboo matting divided us on one side from a doctor and his family, and on the other from twelve Dutch Catholic priests.

As in all other camps, the work was entirely done by the internees, from chopping wood to make fires for cooking meals, to every imaginable need of a normal community—cleaning, repairing, healing and teaching—and all with the minimum of equipment. Water was always a problem; soap was scarce; our clothing was old and worn and had to be mended with care and thread taken from older clothing; and we wore wooden clogs to save our last remaining pair of shoes. But none of these things mattered so much as the lack of drugs and food.

With the landing of General MacArthur's forces on Leyte in September, 1944, our Japanese commandant started a policy of gradually cutting down our diet and taking away



CHILDREN AT COLUMBIA COUNTRY CLUB



CHILDREN IN LUNGHWA CAMP

our privileges. Our meals were reduced to two a day—a scoop of watery rice in the morning at eight o'clock and another scoop of rice with a scoop of watery vegetable stew at about 4.40 p.m. Some of us were able to make a noonday meal from greens grown in our little gardens, or from weeds, roots of trees, slugs and anything else that was edible. Dogs and cats were eaten, and so were rats and mice, but they never ceased to plague us. It was a sad, but by no means uncommon sight, to see men, women and children searching through the garbage cans for something to eat.

In October, 1944, more than half the internees were registered at the small camp hospital with active beri-beri —but there was little the American doctors could do about it. The chief doctor sent an open letter to the commandant stating that we were getting only 500 calories a day (less than it is reported they had in Belsen), and he demanded an increase in our rations. But instead, our diet was cut almost daily, until at the very end, we were given no cooked food at all, only raw unhusked rice.

Looking back, this was what might have been called a nightmare time; days when we fell upon our food at meal-times, and yet tried desperately to save something to eat between whiles; when we were *all* hungry *all* the time; when the children often cried with hunger; when sickness of all kinds became prevalent; and when deaths were so many that tables and forms had to be cut up for coffins. Twice Philip nearly died of pneumonia, but his life was saved by blood transfusions and sulfa drugs, of which the camp had a very small supply. We had no energy to walk at more than a snail's pace, and all our work became increasingly burdensome and difficult to do.

Yet, for me, looking back, this was no nightmare, but a clear picture of a time when God walked with me, and shared and understood everything as no other person could do. Every time was a time of prayer, and the Bible became

alive as never before. I knew then that God's friendship gives a stability which not even one's country, or family, or possessions can give, and for the experience that brought this certain knowledge, I can only give deep thanks.

Early in February, 1945, we heard that Manila had fallen to the Americans and our hopes rose, but still days passed and nothing happened. Two weeks later a Japanese general visited the camp, and when we complained to him about the low diet, he said, "You won't need food in four days' time!" The truth was that the retreating Japanese army, defeated in Manila, was coming down south towards Los Banos, ravaging and murdering as it went. Later it was confirmed that our guards had orders to machine-gun us at roll-call on the day the army was due to arrive, as the easiest way of disposing of 2,134 British and Americans. General MacArthur knew of our danger and, unknown to us, was already planning our rescue.

On the morning of February 23rd, 1945, we were dressed and waiting to go outside for seven o'clock roll call when we heard American planes overhead. The children ran to look out as usual, and then suddenly cried out, "Oh, Mummy! Parachutes!" and when I ran to look, 150 pink and green parachutes were floating down from the planes. Everyone rushed out, wildly excited, and then rushed in again just as fast, for sharp-shooting began, and machine-gun bullets and tracer bullets came flying through the barracks. We crouched down under our beds, feeling happy at the thought that at last the battle for the Philippines had come a little nearer our door, for few of us thought that this was our rescue.

The fact was, our camp had been covered throughout the night by about 100 guerrillas, and the descent of the parachutists was a signal to them to shoot down our Japanese sentries. Our Japanese commandant and staff were fully armed and had machine-guns, too, so the paratroopers were

shooting to overpower them. Everyone of our Japanese guards was killed. The shooting lasted for about an hour and a half, and then, suddenly, we saw khaki-clad figures running through the camp. Then one sped through each barracks, calling out as he went, " Be ready to leave in five minutes' time. Take only what you can carry in your hands."

I grabbed a few changes of clothing, but Elizabeth was more sensible and remembered our spoons and combs and toothbrushes. Then we all walked out of the barracks, down the main mud-track to the gate, and as we looked back, we saw the barracks in flames behind us. The American soldiers were setting fire to them so that they could not be used by the Japanese army which was now only a few miles away. Only then did we realise that this was a Commando raid planned especially for our rescue, and that every minute was important as it was a matter of life and death.

We wondered where we were going and how when suddenly, round the corner of the road, a line of American tractors lumbered. Each carried two machine-guns and was manned by four American soldiers, who told us to climb in quickly. We did so, and were soon driving off down the road to the great lake. We were just discussing how we should cross it, when the tractors slid on to the water! We were sailing across the lake on amphibian tractors, which was such an exciting experience that we had to stand up and look around. It was a glorious sight—fifty-five am-tracks sailing in perfect formation across the beautiful expanse of water, and in the distance, on the hillside, our camp in flames. Just then, Japanese snipers opened fire on us, so we all had to crouch down at the bottom of the am-tracks while the American men returned fire. This went on for about twenty minutes, when we passed out of range and,

after about an hour, we reached the other side of the lake and landed in safety on American territory.

A large group of American soldiers was waiting for us and lorries were ready to drive us to our destination. We were all taken to a large model prison just outside Manila, where we lived in prison cells, behind iron bars, sleeping on hard wooden pallets—happy and free! For the first ten days, cases of food were dropped for us by parachute, as fighting continued on the road between us and Manila. We were given very little food at first. Then, gradually, our diet was increased till some of us were gaining as much as a pound a day when we sailed for America six weeks later.

On our way from the lake to the prison, we had passed through several villages. In one of these, on the previous night, the Filipino Christians, hearing the am-tracks go by, and guessing that they were bound for our camp, met together and prayed for us all night long, that our rescue might be successful. It was successful even beyond General MacArthur's hopes. In his written instructions, handed to each of the am-track men two hours before they set out for Los Banos, he said that he hoped they would manage to bring at least 75 per cent of us out in safety. But 100 per cent of the internees came out alive that day, and there were no fatal casualties among the guerrillas, paratroops and am-track men, who rescued us with such bravery and efficiency.

That same evening some of us met together in a room in the prison, with hearts that were "unfeignedly thankful," to praise God for our "preservation, and all the blessings of this life," and to give up ourselves afresh to His service, strengthened for ever by our confidence in Him.

REV. W. S. UPCHURCH WITH BRITISH MILITARY MISSION

SIAN HOSPITAL AFTER BOMBING

REV. F. S. RUSSELL IN RUINS OF BOMBED HOUSES

Chapter XVIII

THE CHRISTIAN COMMANDOS

The Continuing Ministry of Reconciliation in Time of War, 1942-1946

W. S. Upchurch

1939-1941. *Conscience*

I WAS a confirmed pacifist until the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese war in 1937. I had witnessed some of the many incidents leading up to the culminating one at Lou Kou Chiao which was the spark to the Chinese powder magazine; and I had marvelled at the patience of the Chinese people and longed to give some practical expression by identifying myself with them in their extremity. I was ashamed when the Burma Road was closed, and then came the realisation that I was no longer an exponent of "Peace at any price" as I watched rampant evil speeding over the world and threatening life and liberty. I felt the shades of the prison house begin to fall on the growing of man's soul and that the Christian attitude must be "Righteousness at any cost." I was gladdened when Britain was forced to fight alongside those militarily undeveloped but heroic people who, alone and practically unhelped, had defended the bulwarks of freedom in the East. "Who would be free, himself must strike the blow."

In 1941, with a consignment from Shanghai to Sian of Scriptures and medical supplies, I had circumvented the

Japanese blockade which had brought our B.M.S. stocks in Shensi down to nil. The adventures of that trip had necessitated the intervention of H.M. Ambassador in Nanking, the capital, to effect my release from incarceration by the Japanese gendarmerie. This affair apparently put me on a list of personnel useful in the event of hostilities between Japan and Britain.

Commission

It transpired that on New Year's Day, 1942, a cable arrived at Sian, requesting me to join the newly-formed Sino-British Force in China as a Liaison Officer. Dr. J. M. Clow, of Sian, was invited about the same time. I must admit to being fond of pastures new, but a Christian servant should be led to them. So the will of God was sought in these matters, and I should here record my sincere and abiding gratitude to the Home Committee of the B.M.S. which was most gracious in its attitude in seconding me to this work. It was also seen, not as a ceasing from missionary effort in China, but as the opening of a door to a larger sphere of service for China too, in that the British have yet a long way to go in reconciliation with their Chinese fellow-citizens of this world, by undoing some of the terrible wrongs inflicted by us in the past, and in repaying by love and service, the debts we owe. For, after all, mutual understanding in the political and international sphere has an inspiring effect on Christian work in any country.

Dr. Clow and I therefore left Sian for Chungking, where the British Ministry of Information tried to grab us. We felt, however, that " trundling the wheelbarrow of propaganda," as Tagore expressed it, might in our field contain seeds of mistrust prejudicial to our future days in China.

We joined the British Military Mission in February. In those days I envied medical men in China with the sym-

pathy of Christ, " the nerve o'er which has crept the else unfelt sorrow of the world." With the terribly uncared-for Chinese soldier a doctor was immediately and always *persona grata,* while with Chinese of all ranks co-operation was established on the firmest of foundations, together with a spirit of service which continued to the end. They all more than earned the decoration and thanks which Britain gave them.

Combinations

The forces to which we were attached operated in South China, and principally in Hunan and Kiangsi provinces, though later we were also in Chekiang. Many of the British officers were ex-China business men. They gave us a warm welcome and, from the first, these in particular were sympathetic to my job, which turned out to be a kind of catalytic one in its special function of expediting the chemistry of harmonious action between go-getting western warriors and the slow and symbolically-minded East. The former often thought that change of the latter only was necessary to make the new compound. But how in a *day* can you change the thought of a people who for centuries following nature, according to Laotse, believe,

> To yield is to be preserved whole,
> To be bent is to become straight,
> To be hollow is to be filled,
> To be tattered is to be renewed.

Anyway, East and West were now married by allied endeavour, and our special job was to keep them so, for better for worse; and, Kiplings apart, it was done. Liaison officers have a difficult job in any sphere, and it is well known that, in both world wars, and even on the Western Front, relations between colingual cousins were not always entirely cordial.

Commandos

The Chinese troops were originally to be trained as " Surprise Battalions," and it was one of their own officers who, to our amusement but in some sense correctly, called them his " Surprising Army." At first, like the rest of the Chinese soldiers, they were ill-trained, ill-clothed and ill-fed. There was the usual spirit of oriental *laissez-faire,* the problem of " saving face " which is ever the *sine qua non* of co-operation in China. Withal, they were very proud, whereas our prestige was already low. Remember, we had the recent tragedies of Hongkong and Singapore to haunt us, while *no* Chinese army has ever been known to *surrender.* The difficulties of teaming them with peppery British, for whom they had lost what some people regard as " wholesome fear and respect," can be imagined; and we liaison personnel were often the rubber buffers to suffer and soften the blows of outraged feelings.

With the fall of Burma and the consequent cutting of our supplies and reinforcements; with the general unfitness of the British Commando Cadres aggravated by lack of drugs into casualties up to 80 per cent; plus the unwillingness on the part of the Chinese command to annoy the enemy and perhaps provoke fresh incursions by the invaders; the British Mission was finally considered a failure and withdrawn to India. However, in many other ways it was a success. I know that quite a number of the British troops were sorry to go. These had achieved a real love and understanding of the Chinese common man. Moreover, seeds of true friendship and mutual understanding and esteem had been sown, so that the Chinese Command begged for all sympathetic Chinese-speaking officers to be allowed to remain and continue in the training of troops. It was significant that these were mostly Christians and very friendly towards missions. All the personnel recruited from missionary sources were retained.

Altogether we were a very happy crowd—four from the B.M.S.; one from the L.M.S. who had escaped from Shanghai; and one, a doctor from the B.C.M.S. Another had once been in the C.M.S., and two were from the C.I.M.

In the original organisation, our Christian service had been limited to taking church parades (there was no chaplain). We now had much more individual freedom, often being quite on our own or with very small groups in remote places. I preached in many of these, always in Mandarin, which I found was understood by my hearers, though rarely used by them in speech. This was especially so in Kwangtung province where the people have the saying, " Nothing is so feared in earth or heaven as a Cantonese speaking Mandarin." Even in the port of Wenchow, which has a dialect of its own, everybody at a Methodist conference was able to understand my speech except the missionary who spoke only the local dialect!

In administrative work, the office staff I was able to obtain were all Christian Chinese from Hongkong. Two of them came regularly to the office in the early morning for Bible study and meditation. They were the most reliable in the fulfilment of their duties of all the clerks that I ever had. Above all, the loyalty of Christians on the staff was never in question. This was not true of some others, both in China and, later, in Burma.

Convoys

This involved me in much travel and I eventually visited every province in China. Thus I was provided with many opportunities for helping missionaries of various societies and Chinese Christians of most denominations. Hundreds of such people were given free, safe and, what is so important in China, speedy transport on our vehicles. Sometimes we brought them out of newly-invaded areas, and, because the troops we supplied and trained were often actually inside

enemy-occupied zones, our own information was usually sufficiently early for everything to be left decently and in order. Again, when the Japanese withdrew, missionaries and their baggage, drugs and food moved back with us. Often our doctors treated them in cases of illness. One German lady was safely delivered of a child by their help. On occasion, discarded military stores became a god-send to them. In return we were grateful for hospitalities on the road, and for medical and other service given us and our Chinese helpers and comrades, even to the last rites for our dead in remote but Christian plots. Creeds in those days counted for nothing, and I must not omit to record a debt of gratitude we owe to Roman Catholics, usually Irish or Canadian and American, who treated us as their own brethren. On one occasion, a young brother at a lonely station nursed me through a very severe attack of renal colic when the pain was so bad I could easily have contemplated shooting myself.

More than once we picked up missionaries tramping the long Chinese *li* to the West, and who had come to the end of both their strength and money. They were able to thank the faithful God who answered their prayers with help from the British army. One C.I.M. lady even found a wad of Chinese notes on her seat in a vehicle after she had spent her last cent. Maybe it was the *cumshaw* left by a grateful Chinese merchant, but anyway, she regarded it as a gift from God.

Churches in China

Church property was frequently lent for our use. This usually brought retribution from the enemy who had his spies everywhere, though their information was not always correct. One mission had fourteen bombs on it shortly after our departure, and leaflets warning the Chinese to get rid of us as we were immoral people who had merely come

to China to get gain for ourselves. Neutral Irish priests who had harboured some American airmen were lined up against a wall to be shot and, though the sentence was not carried out, their excellent hospital was razed to the ground instead. In spite of this, they did not hesitate to give us willing hospitality.

Such peregrinations afforded us excellent opportunities to observe and compare varieties of Christian work in abnormal circumstances. These gave us a new slant on the intimate worth of the missionary and his task, and the ultimate value of the character of the Christian Chinese in time of strain and stress. Our British brother officers soon got to know that only from such was hospitality or help given without an ulterior motive.

Some of the churches we came across had had no foreign help for years, and had been driven out several times by bandits, by Communists, by Japanese or Puppets, or even by their own troops. Officially, the latter were forbidden to occupy such premises, but I once found a C.I.M. church so taken and, when reference to the order of the Generalissimo regarding such action was of no avail to move them, I called pastor and people to the church where we prayed loudly and continously for the souls of the lolling, smoking and even sleeping soldiers until they could stand it no longer and moved *en bloc* to a Buddhist temple, where the gods were less obstreperous. I felt sorry for them, for without exception, they have the world's thinnest time. The main reason for our action was that a girls' Bible School also occupied the church.

Conscripts in China

To attempt to ameliorate the lot of the Chinese conscript was a difficult problem at the best of times. Indirectly, of course, we helped him by carrying the personnel and stores of Dr. Flowers' Red Cross and the Friends' Ambulance

Units. There was, in addition, the service in the field of our own medical staff who, like them, had often to overcome great inertia and immense apathy on the part of the Chinese Command. The attitude so often was, 'There are plenty more where they come from, so what does it matter if many die or are incapacitated?' The trouble lay mostly in the callousness and selfishness of the old type officer who sometimes regarded his rank and appointment merely as an opportunity of enriching himself at the expense of the well-being of his tatterdemalions.

Only once did I actively interfere when, instead of handing over the rice and pay to the officers, I paraded the men and gave it to them myself. The officers deserted the same night, but from thenceforward those men, merely because they now received *all* of what was in reality a miserable pittance and inadequate rations, became so fit and, above all, so loyal, that on their final disbandment, they begged to be allowed to remain with us and accompany us anywhere in the world for the sake of fair (*i.e.* Christian) treatment.

Influential and wealthy non-Christian Chinese could rarely understand our altruistic attitude to the underdog. It was sometimes necessary to be very rude to people who would expect preference by bribery. It was even necessary on occasion to brandish a firm weapon to prevent them from climbing aboard to the abandonment of the sick and weak. But our policy bore fruit finally, and the superiors we worked with came to appreciate the advantages, with the result that their troops earned renown for their high standard of morale and general condition, and the customary rackets were reduced to a minimum. As to our own British personnel in the forward areas, they kept the party so clean that Chinese remarked on the austerity of their lives, a contrast to the all too common example westerners set when in the East, or anywhere outside their own country, for that matter.

1944. *Chindits*

In 1944 I was able to visit India—my first trip in ten years from Chinese soil. I saw much of our B.M.S. work there. I also had the thrilling experience of being with the Chindits for a month. This was at the time that Major-General Wingate met his end, and I attended the memorial service. I was interested in his Cromwellian spirit, even to the use of texts as headings to his orders.

Through an officer who had been a pastor in Ceylon, I was privileged to meet a group of about a score of Christian men who asked me to conduct a final service the evening before they were flown into the hell of the jungle. This may have been a common experience to our padres, but to me it was a strange and solemn thing to see the western Christian going forth to suffer and perhaps to die. I could quote Richard Goodman:—

"These are my thoughts of war and war's disease;
I move with men
And watch an unequal death behind each face
Striking them down.
Over my love and breaking on my joy
This fear descends,
I see guns shatter and slow fog destroy
My friends, my lovely friends."

On my return to China, when the Japanese began their great drive to bisect that country and temporarily succeeded, so that our work was within their lines and the only access was by air, I was liaising with the Americans at their most forward airfield at Kanchow. Here, too, I was able to arrange similar services for their fighter pilots in which the local Methodist Episcopal Church took a keen interest. The Rev. Daniel Liu, Louis Tsai of the Y.M.C.A., Dr. Peter Pan, and Mr. Chang Fu-Liang, late of the National Chris-

tian Council, and his American-born Chinese wife, all did fine service to their western allies. Introductions to these noble Christian families kept many a man from that boredom in a strange country which often results in drink and immorality, and lasting friendships were made and appreciation of the finest flower of China's culture was awakened.

At that dark and sad time I was arranging the evacuation by air of scores of missionaries who had no other way to safety. One of them, Mr. Hutchinson, of the C.I.M., took the airfield service the night before he left with his wife and Miss Loosley, only to perish in the holocaust of their aircraft. I was glad that I was able to get the above-mentioned Chinese families away before the Japanese entered the town; and then to fly out myself on a night of deliverance for me, because in the snowstorm which came, mine was the only plane of five which reached its destination.

1945-6. *In Burma as Town Major*

The war ended whilst I was on leave in Britain. The work of the British troops in China was finished, and I was sent to Burma and made Administrative Commandant of Pegu, then in process of rehabilitation. The job of derequisitioning and handing back to the civil authority brought me into close contact with the local people and especially with the Chinese population, which is largely Christian. All church buildings except the Anglican had been destroyed, but common trials had brought about union of all believers who were meeting in various houses under the Burmese Baptist pastor. He had served as an army motor driver in Iraq in 1917 and wore the medal, and now thought himself passing rich on the equivalent of two pounds a month. I was invited to speak at many of these house parties. Finally, the Church of England padre had his church cleansed and repaired (it was sometime a stable and latrine) and united services for Methodists and

Baptists were then held by the pastor. But it was in the Chinese communities that I had the happiest times, for though they hailed mostly from Fukien, they were able to understand my Mandarin. Furthermore, I was able to recover some of their property for them.

Of the glorious record of the valiant churches in Burma and their martyrs I will not venture to tell. But I recommend the booklet *Ecclesia Resurgens* compiled by Dr. West, Bishop of Rangoon. It will warm the heart and invigorate the faith. The pastor of the Chinese Methodist Church, over seventy years old, and the Baptist pastor already mentioned, never ceased both in Pegu and the jungle to preach the evangel during the occupation. And as with the Protestant Churches in the West, to whom persecution for the sake of religious liberty gave new strength, so with the Church in China and Burma. We no longer stand in the relation of mother and daughter, but as sisters who have graduated in the same school of testing. Soon we hope to become partners in God's vineyard. The wheel is turning full circle.

I attended a remarkable united memorial service to the men of the East Yorks Regiment who fell in the vicinity. The Bishop was there in his robes and the congregation was equally colourful—Burmese, Chinese, Karens, all in rainbow hues; Indians and Africans, dark and dusky; and British and Americans in khaki and civilian dress. God's glorious sunshine blazed on the 'flame of the forest' outside, even on the Japanese who were helping to repair the church they had desecrated, as we all, each in his own tongue, praised God for deliverance and the joy of fellowship with Him and with one another. What singing it was!

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above."

Chapter XIX

WITH THE BRITISH MILITARY MISSION

Brynmor F. Price

On the morning of 8th December, 1941, no one imagined that it would take nearly four years for Britain and America to defeat Japan, but within a month our optimism had disappeared, and one by one Menzies Clow, Bill Upchurch and David Gunn announced their intention of joining up and taking some part in the defeat of Japan. Eventually, in the autumn of 1943, I was asked by the British Military Mission in Chungking whether I would consider undertaking military service in China, and before long I, too, was on my way south.

My wife and baby daughter made the journey from Sian to Chungking mostly by uncomfortable public buses. After a few weeks in Chungking, during which my wife and daughter flew to India, I joined a party of officers bound for south-east China. During the journey, my first in south China, I learned that my destination was Leiyang, which was to succeed Kukong as the point at which military supplies for our forward area in south-east China would be transferred from the railway to the motor-road. We took seven days over the journey from Chungking to Tushan, the western terminus of the railway, instead of the normal three or four, but for me the railway was scarcely an improvement on the road, as I was sent with our truck by goods train. I eventually reached my destination on 20th January, 1944.

Leiyang, noted in Chinese history as the place where paper was invented, owed such importance as it possessed during the war to two factors. In the first place, it was one of the two points at which traffic from west China to south-east China could leave the railway and start on the road journey. While it remained in Chinese hands, the commercial importance of Hengyang, 50 miles away, was immense, as Japanese goods smuggled through ports on the south-east coast of China all passed through that railway junction on the way to Chungking and other places in the west. To reach Hengyang most of this west-bound merchandise passed through Kukong and the rest through Leiyang. In the second place, Leiyang, owing to the Japanese threat to the normal capital, had been temporary provincial capital of Hunan instead of Changsha.

During most of my period at Leiyang, I stayed three miles away from the city in the large village of Tsaotoukai, a rustic spot which gave me a welcome insight into the life of the peasants of south China. At the southern end of the village the local military had commandeered for the use of the British Military Mission a large, barn-like house, strongly built, but in need of considerable alteration before it could become suitable as a military depot.

There were no missionaries in Leiyang, but the church was occasionally visited by American Presbyterians from Hengyang. The minister, a local Chinese, made me at home there and asked me to take occasional services. Christianity in Leiyang seemed to have made but little impression on a community steeped in superstition.

Events soon led to the first of several evacuations in which I took part that year, and which earned me the reputation of a Jonah. During the last week in May, Japanese troops from Hupeh started attacking parts of north Hunan and advanced in the direction of Changsha, the former provincial capital. Each day brought reports of the

nearer approach of the Japanese, and within three weeks the headquarters of the Chinese Ninth War Zone had moved from Changsha to Leiyang. At a few hours' notice, with reports of the fall of one town after another reaching us during the day, we decided to leave by road for Hengyang and the west.

When we reached Hengyang that evening it was fast becoming a deserted city, inhabited only by the defending garrison. We slept at the American Presbyterian Hospital, which had now become the 10th Field Hospital of the Chinese Army, the last missionary having left within the preceding twenty-four hours. The next morning we set off in the direction of Kweilin by road, and passed Hengyang West railway station on the way. This was the starting-point of trains for the south-west, and the first station on the Hunan-Kwangsi railway, which joined the Canton-Hankow railway on the east side of the river which divided Hengyang in two. In January I had crossed the river on a wooden trestle bridge, but a new steel bridge was opened for road and rail traffic on May 1st. By the end of June the Chinese had blown it up.

As we rattled out of town we passed a long procession heading on foot in the same direction—men, women and children who had been ordered to leave Hengyang whether they wanted to or not, and who had little hope of seeing their homes again. They were carrying their most treasured possessions with them, generally on a pole slung over the shoulders—bundles of clothes, furniture, cooking-pots and bedding, even such cumbersome articles as sewing-machines. By the time we stopped for breakfast, thirty miles out of town, the procession, though thinned out somewhat, still persisted. The same procession—for all I know, perhaps the same faces—lined the road later that summer as I went further and further west.

That night we reached Lingling in torrential rain and

stayed at the U.S.A.A.F. airfield. The last few miles were a nightmare. It was dark and we had only one light on the truck, and that frequently went out; there was no moon, and the driver was frequently dazzled by lightning. There was no windscreen wiper, so after we had narrowly avoided falling over the edge of the road into a stream, I stood on the running-board wiping the windscreen with my hand. We were held up at Lingling with tyre trouble and stayed a short while at the Methodist Mission compound. A few days later, two of us continued the journey to Kweilin while two others stayed behind with some military stores.

Within a few days of my arrival in Kweilin I was ordered to return to Lingling with two trucks to evacuate the two officers remaining there, together with our remaining stores, and the two missionaries with whom they were staying. We were fortunate enough to be almost the only traffic going north, but the southbound traffic on the far bank formed a queue stretching for hundreds of yards. This delay meant that we did not reach Chuanhsien, half-way to Lingling, until dark. We had a meal in a restaurant lit with the glow of incense sticks, as there was a temporary "black-out" due to an air-raid warning. The trucks had to drive out of town without lights, but fortunately there was a moon to light the way. We reached the last ferry, a mile or two from Lingling, at about 2 a.m.

Breakfast at Lingling was a welcome meal, but in view of rumours of approaching Japanese, there was no time to snatch any sleep before the trucks were loaded up for Kweilin. We took the two missionaries with us, and very little baggage. They had been busy for the past few days making final arrangements about the evacuation of the mission hospital and the Bible School students, and packing a few of their belongings. They told us, as we sat together and had breakfast, that we could help ourselves to anything we wanted, as we might as well have whatever was

in the house because the Japanese were expected to be the next occupants of the buildings. We loaded some gramophone records and various other odds and ends on the trucks and set off to join the queue at the ferry.

The missionaries left us at Chuanhsien, as they wanted to go north from there on foot to join Methodist missionaries in the western part of Hunan province. The rest of us carried on through the night and reached Kweilin during the early hours of the next morning, having travelled for forty-eight hours with scarcely any sleep since leaving Kweilin. The Chinese drivers were magnificent, especially a Jamaican-Chinese who took one truck there and back with scarcely any relief, driving much of the way by night, and with only such sleep as he could snatch while waiting at ferries.

Contrary to expectation, Hengyang held out against the Japanese for forty-six days, a defence which formed one of the most heroic episodes in the war between China and Japan, and which earned for the general commanding the 10th Army, who escaped with a handful of his men, the highest Chinese military decoration. But the advancing Japanese could not be held indefinitely, and by the second week in September the situation in Kweilin had become very critical. Evacuation, partially attempted in June, started once more with the news of the fall of Lingling, and the streets were swarming with crowds of people making for one or other of the two railway stations. I was fortunate enough to be able to arrange for the British Military Mission to have a 15-ton covered railway wagon in which to move some of our heavier stores and part of the Chinese staff to Ishan, further west. Hours of each day were spent at the North Station trying to urge railway officials to make a move with our wagon, which contained valuable military stores, which we naturally did not wish to leave to the Japanese. Innumerable refugees crowded continuously into

the wagon along with the Chinese staff, among the latter being one of our Chinese drivers who had undergone an operation for appendicitis only a few days previously. The hospital, like everything else, was closing down, so he had to leave, and travelled for days on the railway under very trying conditions.

Although the Hengyang stations, both North and South, were crowded, trains moved out at very infrequent intervals. The official explanation was simple enough. The Hunan-Kwangsi railway originally ran from Hengyang to Liuchow, a distance of between three and four hundred miles. Owing to the advance of the Japanese, almost all rolling-stock was now concentrated into one-third of its original length, the stretch from Kweilin to Liuchow. The line was single-track except at stations, so that there was a continual process of waiting at a station until a line was cleared at the next station, a process that appeared to repeat itself indefinitely all the way to Liuchow.

At long last our wagon set off, with a young Cantonese clerk, a Christian, in charge. He had worked very hard for days past and it was largely through him that we obtained our wagon. Whatever success may have been achieved by the British Military Mission in China, a large share of the credit should go to Chinese employees of his type—clerks, accountants, storekeepers and interpreters with a high sense of loyalty and honesty, drivers and mechanics with skill and a patient capacity for hard work, all making a ready response to demands to go the extra mile. Many had inherited a loyalty to Britain by birth in Hong Kong or Malaya, but the others were, in almost all cases, no less worthy of the confidence placed in them.

As the train crept slowly westwards through the heat of the late summer, another officer and I made final preparations for the evacuation of our premises, loading all that was worth taking into our two remaining trucks. We left

the window of our bungalow open as we drove off, knowing that the Japanese would be there before we should ever need it again. Once again we were accompanied by a long stream of pedestrians as we left the city. At nightfall we reached a small town with a bus station—the place was crowded with refugees, but we managed to get a night's sleep stretched out on the stone verandah of the station. The second day we had breakfast at Lojung, provided by members of the British Red Cross Unit stationed there under Dr. Flowers. For the second night in succession I slept at a bus station, this time at Tatang, half-way between Liuchow and Ishan, my destination.

Unlike most places in China, Ishan had the distinction of including more British than Americans in its foreign population, particularly when we were joined a few days later by the British Red Cross unit from Lojung. We ate together, and were frequently joined by Bishop Hall of Hong Kong, who was on his way through to the west from a recent tour of Kwantung, a part of his large diocese. During the time he was in Ishan, the Bishop held frequent English services at the local church, and members of denominations other than the Anglican were also welcomed at the regular communion services which he led. It was most refreshing after the instability of so much travelling to share once again this assurance of the Reality behind all our petty changes. Certainly the surface atmosphere in Ishan was one of instability—the difficulty of finding suitable accommodation in this crowded little town, which involved living in cramped quarters, with inadequate space for the stores we had brought with us—the constant stream of refugees passing through the town on their way westwards, selling their possessions to anyone willing to be burdened with them, and always in the background, the rumours, readily believed, of further Japanese successes.

The sense of instability that attached to my stay at Ishan

was emphasized once and for all at 2 a.m. on 1st October, when I was awakened by a party of officers who had just arrived from Chungking with orders that I should join them and set out for south-east China the same day. Within twelve hours I had handed over the British Military Mission, Ishan, to my successor who had just arrived, and we started out for Liuchow in the fastest truck and with the fastest driver available—the same Jamaican-born Chinese who had driven me to Lingling and back from Kweilin. We did the journey of 120 kilometres in two and a half hours, probably a record for that particular stretch of road.

After spending the night on the U.S.A.A.F. airfield, five of us were flown over to south-east China in separate transport planes which were busy ferrying aviation spirit across to American fighter bases. By this time the last motor-road link between the main part of Free China and the "free" area bounded roughly on the north by the enemy-controlled Yangtze river, on the west by the Japanese-held Canton-Hankow railway, and on the south and east by the sea, had been severed and the only way to reach Fukien and Kiangsi provinces was by air. The U.S.A.A.F. had airfields at Suichuan and Kanchow, and we were flown to the second of these, passing over Japanese-held territory on the way. The part of Kiangsi of which Kanchow was the administrative centre was at that time governed by General Chiang Ching-kuo, the Generalissimo's son, and was considered a model area, "New South Kiangsi," in which the precepts of the New Life Movement were enforced. Certainly Kanchow city had a very clean appearance, and my brief stay did nothing to disillusion me about the effectiveness of this modern legalistic version of Confucianism.

From Kanchow another officer and I travelled by charcoal-burning bus to Ningtu, where David Gunn was in charge of a new British Military Mission depôt. A char-

coal-driven bus has to be experienced to be believed—suffice it to say that at the end of a journey of 160 kilometres we arrived twelve hours behind time, having had two serious breakdowns on the way, not to mention numerous wayside halts for reloading fuel, each involving superhuman efforts to get the bus re-started.

The B.M.M. depôt at Ningtu was beautifully situated some distance out of town by the side of a river. An old temple, together with the adjoining pagoda, had been commandeered for our use, and new buildings were gradually being added to improve the accommodation. It was an odd sensation to be able to climb the steps of one's own private pagoda, and look out over the autumn landscape to the town of Ningtu and the steep peak rising behind it, or to watch the Super-Fortresses flying far overhead on their way from west China to some target on Formosa. But a pagoda has its modern uses also, for a wireless aerial stretched from its pinnacle to a near-by hill-top, and each night we would listen to news of the success of that morning's bombers, or of the recent landings in the Philippines.

My departure from Ningtu, after only a fortnight in the place, was as sudden as from most of the other towns at which I had been stationed during the year. David Gunn went on leave soon after my arrival, and I had scarcely had time to take over from him before handing everything on to my successor, while I went further east to relieve someone else due for leave.

My first two nights on the road were spent at Catholic mission stations at Kwangchang and Nancheng. One Irish priest lived alone at Kwangchang, in the utmost simplicity, but there was a bigger community at Nancheng, presided over by an Irish bishop who had as his colleagues Irish and Chinese priests, all living together communally on terms of evident equality. Nancheng was at that time experiencing, for the first time in living memory, an epidemic of bubonic

plague. These epidemics were a regular occurrence in Fukien and Chekiang, but it was unusual for the plague to penetrate further inland in that part of China. The priests were very busy visiting the sick and helping with the distribution of such meagre supplies of drugs, chiefly sulphathiazole, as were available through relief organizations. These neutral priests had had their share of troubles in the past, as earlier in the war some of the surviving airmen from the first bombing raid on Tokyo had passed through Nancheng on their way inland, and had been cared for by the priests. The Japanese seized Nancheng shortly afterwards, and the priests were treated none too gently by the Japanese. In spite of their experiences, they stayed on in Nancheng and in surrounding mission stations in the neighbourhood, and although technically neutral, there could be little doubt of the side on which their sympathies lay.

My route lay through Chienyang, a place of growing commercial importance, where I met Mr. Peng, the Chinese pastor at the Anglican Church, formerly one of the clergy at the Anglican Church at Sian. He was filling a position of considerable responsibility in a church which until recently had had the help of two Anglican missionaries. But it was the same in Chienyang as in so many other places—missionaries had been evacuated, and the church had to carry on under Chinese leadership alone. Pucheng, my destination, was another Anglican mission station from which the missionaries had just been evacuated, and a Chinese pastor was maintaining the work of the church with very little outside help.

My stay at Pucheng, our headquarters in south-east China, was a brief one, as my previous experience would lead one to expect. The situation in south-west China was deteriorating during November and early December, and one evening it was decided that those due for leave or posting should depart at once, without waiting for those who

were due to relieve them, and who were arriving shortly. Since I was due for leave after a year in the B.M.M., I was one of the four officers included in these categories who accompanied the colonel in a truck which left Pucheng for the west two days later. We took with us some missionaries evacuating from Chekiang, and made the journey from Pucheng to Suichuan in the exceptionally good time of three days. During the second day we passed the truck which brought those who were to relieve us at Pucheng, including David Gunn, who was now relieving me on returning from leave in India. We stayed the second night at Ningtu, and on the third day passed through Kanchow at lunch-time, arriving at Suichuan after dark.

We spent the night at the U.S.A.A.F. airfield at Suichuan, and our sleep was badly disturbed by a long air-raid. Several bombs landed on the runway, delaying the movements of planes the following day. We left soon after mid-day, and flew over Japanese territory to Chihkiang. Our route lay between the two former American airfields now held by the Japanese at Hengyeng and Lingling, and I was reminded of my journeys earlier in the year as I looked down on the rivers and hills of Hunan. We reached Chihkiang at sunset, and again stayed at the airfield. The weather delayed us a day there, but in spite of that, I reached Delhi, via Kunming and Calcutta, on the ninth day after leaving Pucheng, having flown all the way from Suichuan.

I did not return from India until March, 1945, by which time the situation in China had changed considerably. Not long after my arrival in Kunming, where I was stationed on my return, I had a surprise visit from a party of our B.M.S. Shensi missionaries who were on their way out to India, since Sian was now gravely threatened by Japanese approaching from the east. Meanwhile, all but about half-a-dozen of the B.M.M. personnel had been withdrawn from

south-east China, and many who had previously been with me in Pucheng were now in Kunming. For the next three months we waited there as one plan or another for our future was considered and rejected. During this time we were largely occupied in preparing for our future activities, and I was put in charge of a short course of language-study for British officers and Chinese interpreters.

At last spring gave place to summer, and rumour changed to definite assurances. On June 13th we were told that our destination had been decided, and that we were to leave as soon as possible for Sian. Of the four who had left Sian to join the British Military Mission, I was the only one in Kunming at this time, and no announcement could have pleased me better than the promise of an early return to the north. On June 15th I flew to Chungking with the colonel, and three days later left by road for Sian in charge of a small party of officers and Chinese staff. On the evening of the second day we arrived with our three trucks at Chengtu, capital of Szechuan province, and during the war an important educational centre. I spent the night at the house of an L.M.S. missionary, while the rest of the party stayed at the British consulate. There were two other guests staying in the same house whom I knew better than I knew my host—Kathleen and Arthur Elder, who had flown out of Shensi with the party I had met in Kunming, but who were staying in Chengtu ready to go back as soon as the opportunity presented itself. Four other B.M.S. Shensi missionaries were also in Chengtu at this time, impatient to return.

The following day was spent in preparation and in repairing the trucks, and we then continued north through scenery much of which was familiar to me from my journey south eighteen months before. On the fifth day out from Chengtu we reached Paochi, western terminus of the railway, where the station-master was very helpful, and

arranged sleeping berths on the express at short notice for most of our party. I stayed behind with the trucks, which I escorted on the goods train leaving at midnight. The journey to Sian was a slow one, but that did not detract from my enjoyment of it. The countryside through which I passed was familiar ground, rich all along with historic associations dating back thousands of years, while every mile brought me nearer to the massive walls and gates of Sian, standing out at last so clearly on the flat plain.

Peace came just as we were about to move east to the banks of the Yellow River, and in the first few days after the surrender of Japan, a number of released civilian internees and prisoners-of-war, including the Governors of the Straits Settlements and Hong Kong, and several generals who had taken part in the defence of those colonies, passed through Sian, the first stop on their flight from Manchuria to Chungking and India, and told us of their experiences.

At the end of September I left Sian by rail for Paochi, and thence by road for Chungking. Our journey back was rather slower than our journey north, as we took twenty days from start to finish. Our arrival in Chungking was darkened for each one of us by the news that the last B.M.M. officer to leave Sian, the colleague most of us would least have spared, had been killed when the American plane in which he was travelling had struck the side of a mountain. I spent the next few weeks in Chungking, waiting for the final permission to come through for my leave in this country. As one by one, we left Chungking, we knew that we should not be returning, except perhaps as civilians. The British Military Mission was being disbanded, and it was a time of farewells and of valued friendships cut short.

Chapter XX

WITH THE BRITISH RED CROSS HOSPITAL UNIT

W. S. FLOWERS

THE British Red Cross Hospital Unit sailed for China in May, 1942, and, after a hazardous sea voyage, reached India in July. It comprised a fully-equipped 200-bed hospital, staffed by seven British doctors, twelve British nursing sisters, a radiographer and a storekeeper-accountant. Immediately on arrival at Bombay, our services were requisitioned to provide medical aid for the Chinese forces retreating from Burma. A hospital at Ramgarh, in Bihar, was opened with the U.S. Army Medical Corps in control. Segrave, of Burma, took over part of the hospital, while the B.R.C.S. was allocated 250 beds. The members of our unit, because of their knowledge of Chinese, which no others in the hospital had, proved of inestimable value to all concerned. As the U.S. Army authorities reinforced their available personnel, our unit flew over the Himalayas to take up their work in China.

No hospital had been arranged for us, so, after consultation with the authorities, we set off by lorry along the Burma Road to find a suitable base. In Changsha we found vacant the college buildings of the Bible Institute of Los Angeles. These we were able to rent and adapt for use as a hospital. There was no water laid on nor electric light, but in other respects the premises were admirable. Not the least of our difficulties lay in obtaining necessary

equipment and supplies. Everything required for the war effort in China had to be flown over the "hump," and it proved hard to obtain any priority for our supplies. We were forced to improvise most of our equipment locally, although we eventually received two plane-loads of urgently-needed drugs and instruments, but our equipment only reached us two years later. Thus handicapped we started work.

Changsha had been inadvertently burnt down in 1938, and only the shell of its former grandeur remained. It had fallen to the Japanese three times and so had suffered from widespread looting. Its Public Utilities had all been wrecked. Nevertheless, it was a strategic military base and remained densely populated, although constantly under threat of attack and frequently subjected to air raids. It lay comparatively near to the only active fighting front, protected by a trackless belt over which it was difficult to pass.

The hospital was established to cater for both military and civilian sick and wounded. From the earliest days, our beds were full and many had to be turned away because of our limited accommodation. We could only expand as equipment and supplies became available. Our out-patient department catered for about 300 patients daily. The local military hospital provided us with most of our Army cases and we acted as consultants in their wards. We established a Nursing School for the training of nurses, of whom there was a desperate shortage in Hunan and for whom there were no textbooks available. Refugee doctors and nurses from Hong Kong came to us to obtain work and to complete their training in English, since most of them had little or no knowledge of Chinese. All these are now back at work in Hong Kong and the authorities have recognised the training given and issued the necessary diplomas. We enjoyed excellent co-operation with the military authorities and became at the same time an inte-

gral part of the essential civilian medical services. For the latter body we engaged in fighting several severe epidemics, assisted in the organisation of A.R.P. Posts, First Aid Stations, and provided hospital beds for air-raid victims.

Based on the hospital in Changsha, Forward Hospitals were projected and established near the Tungting Lake, for the collection and treatment of sick and wounded near the front and to arrange transportation to the base. We were operating in what was known as the "trackless zone"; there were no roads, only a winding path between paddy fields. The motor road and railway embankment, like the airstrips, had been ploughed over as a defence measure. Over such terrain all food and supplies had to be carried by coolies on foot for 70 to 100 miles to the forward troops. Over the same winding path, in rude litters, all wounded and sick had to be carried to the base. Little variety of food and not enough of any sort reached those distant from the base, when it involved such a journey. Malnutrition was prevalent everywhere, severest in the forward areas, affecting civilian and soldier alike. Medical services were negligible and there was only a handful of qualified doctors to serve the whole Ninth War Zone, comprising most of Hunan. With all patients we waged a constant warfare against this spectre of malnutrition. The civilian population was only a little less affected than the military, but none presented so pitiable a spectacle as the refugees. For these the Mayor eventually provided accommodation for 500 and requested us to accept the responsibility of medical care. Several severe epidemics were dealt with, amongst these "poor risks," and more than one was effectively prevented. But their resistance was so low that when typhus crept upon them the mortality was high.

On several occasions we had been warned to prepare to evacuate but had not done so. After nearly two years'

work, however, it became inevitable. A series of air-raids in May, 1944, indicated the precise direction of a new Japanese drive. A warning from our forward unit at Pingkiang supported information from U.S. and British Intelligence Services that Changsha was the first objective. The Chinese military, for some reason, withheld all information. On May 28th they denied there was any danger, but the evacuation of the wives and families of all officials took place. On the 29th the military hospital authorities asked us to pack up and promised to provide boats for our equipment. The same day the Mayor posted up the order for the evacuation of the civilian population in twenty-four hours. Panic reigned in the town, any form of transport was at a premium, the waterfront was thronged with people scrambling and fighting for places in the crowded junks, and retreating soldiers requisitioned most of the boats. In the night the garrison moved out of the town.

As we operated on the victims of the previous night's raid, relatives came to carry the patients away to the country for safety. The emptying of the hospital proceeded side by side with the packing of equipment and supplies and none of it was without anxiety. At 2 a.m. a courier from British Headquarters warned us to move, and at 4.30 a.m. the military warned us that they had been unable to get us boats, and requested us to make our own arrangements to close the hospital and evacuate. The enemy were reported to be twenty-two miles away and covering thirty miles a day in their advance. In the end we had to leave all our tools, our equipment and supplies behind us, and had to part with all our private belongings and walk out with what we could carry, on a long route march. About 7 p.m., as the moon shone, to the drone of planes overhead, we set out, a crocodile of eighty to ninety persons, winding our way between paddy fields sick at heart but of good courage.

VICTORY WREATH FROM GENERALISSIMO CHIANG KAI-SHEK

As the moon went down we lay by the roadside until dawn, when we resumed our overland trek to the railway. Although amongst the last out of Changsha we were the first into Hengyang, thirty-six hours later. Here we made suitable arrangements for disbanding some of our staff, for placing our nursing students where they could continue their training and for the future work of the rest of us when re-equipped. One fruitless attempt was made to rescue some of our stuff from Changsha, but the confusion was too great.

All the roads of evacuation met at Hengyang, which itself had already started emptying. While there we heard the news of the landing in Normandy! Towards the end of June we were posted for duties at the military hospital at Lojung. The nursing sisters, however, were sent to Kunming and a few to India to re-equip and re-clothe themselves and obtain fresh kit for us. The hospital at Lojung was a series of thatched mud huts and a few temples, to house 200 patients. The Chinese medical superintendent was the only doctor and he made us very welcome and asked us to take over and run the place. Everything was extremely primitive; there were few beds and most of the patients slept on the floor; there were no nurses, and male attendants did not prove a good substitute. We had only poor operating facilities, limited sterilising kit and few drugs carefully husbanded. We soon found ourselves with 1,600 patients on our hands. Fortunately a group of our nursing sisters returned to aid us and they soon transformed things. They had to live hard. Army rice was our basic diet without refinements, and the weather was extremely hot. We were cut off from all news and only the mounting tension amongst our Chinese staff indicated that the Japanese were still advancing.

In September, evacuating U.S. forces gave us authentic news. The Commanding-General visited us and fixed a

date when he would send necessary transport to carry away our equipment and personnel as danger drew nigh. This he accomplished towards the end of the month. Two other doctors stayed behind with me to see the hospital properly devolved. Trains were so crowded that we had no hope of finding any space for our patients. Wounded and sick from hospitals ahead of us limped past in plaster, on splints or crutches, making their own way to the rear. Our patients began to do the same. By constant badgering we obtained a train of cattle trucks early in October on which we were able to load our remaining 600 sick and stretcher cases. Several days later this train received a direct hit from a bomb and few survived.

We obtained a lorry for our transportation and were ordered to re-form in Kweiyang. After picking up the rest of the unit, who had opened up work in Ishan, we started down the road through lines of refugees. This trip nearly ended disastrously as the steering failed on a steep gradient, but no one was hurt. We decided against Kweiyang because of the need in hospitals on the road, so we posted one unit in Tushan and another in Kweiling at military hospitals. A hurried trip to Chungking enabled me to apprise the authorities of the desperate refugee situation. In one small railhead village to house 4,000, there were 120,000 refugees; inadequate sanitary facilities led to disease, polluted drinking water spread dysentery and cholera, while malaria decimated them. And it rained until everywhere was flooded and roads treacherous.

I was requested to organise a medical relief plan to try to meet the situation. The military position continued to deteriorate. Tushan had to be hurriedly evacuated and the road became congested with all manner of vehicles, traffic blocks twenty to thirty miles long. The Japanese drive threatened to cut off Chungking. It was the darkest day in China's war. And for those thousands of suffering

refugees streaming along the only road, ill-clad and ill-fed, they were terrible days. All organisation had broken down, and even while these people poured into Kweiyang that town was being evacuated. The Kweichow International Relief Association, with which Victor Hayward did such excellent work, sponsored plans for establishing medical and general relief stations at 30-kilometre intervals along all roads into and out of Kweiyang. Medical facilities were improvised in Kweiyang for 200, an orphanage was opened, a cripples' home came into being, clinics were set up at all strategic points. In December icy winds blew, snow fell, roads were frozen over. The Japanese turned back—they only wore summer uniform—and they stripped the warm clothes from refugees whom they met. Bandits and villagers looted at will as the refugees rested by the roadside. At night as they slumped down exhausted beside heaps of burning rubble, they froze where they lay, others staggered ahead on frost-bitten feet, for ever crippled. Epidemics raged. Relapsing fever, typhus, dysentery and malaria took their toll. All doctors and nurses were daily infested with the disease-carrying louse, and most caught typhus. (Dr. Hankey was our only casualty: he died of typhus on the Yunnan-Burma front earlier.) Eventually U.N.R.R.A. took over this work as a starting point for their schemes, and we withdrew for other work. Then the peace came, and we were ordered to fly to Shanghai.

It was a moving experience to be one of the first Britishers from the outside world to enter the Internment Camps and greet so many friends, to hear their welcoming cheers and to give them news. We had the task of repatriating internees, reorganising medical services, recovering and restoring foreign and Chinese hospitals operated by the Japanese from Canton to Mukden. We soon found ourselves involved in long hours of heavy work. Financial grants were made to needy individuals, institu-

tions and hospitals. Clothing and comforts were provided for 10,000 internees and their relatives in the first six weeks. Means for finding missing relatives were provided, a department for tracing those from whom they had been separated and for sending messages to establish contact again was arranged. Hospitals in the large towns were taken over and re-equipped to provide free medical services for Allied nations. The R.A.M.C. and the R.N. seconded personnel to co-operate with us in staffing these and in taking over the medical care in the camps. A central clinic, dispensary, laboratory, X-ray, dental and full specialist facilities were built up for all indigent sufferers—and since free exchange of English currency was illegal in China, most Britishers were indigent.

Repatriation of the sick was effected by hospital ship with medical reports sent to the Ministry of Health. Others were accommodated in "troopers," which demanded great forbearance from passengers, especially the women and children. The conditions on the *S.S. Arawa* were deplorable, but we were able to effect some improvement in all later ships. Both in these conditions and in camp life the missionary group so behaved as to bring immense credit to the cause they served. The "port mind" was opened to see missionaries in a new light and such things as the "ecclesiastical drains trust" in Lunghwa Camp, manned largely by parsons to look after the drains throughout the long term of incarceration, enhanced the reputation of that slighted body.

A good deal of air travelling was necessary to enable me to cover the area allotted to me. Everywhere, hospitals in occupied territory had suffered to some degree at the hands of the enemy, but far more damage had been done through looting by Chinese soldiers and civilians. Rehabilitation depended on peaceful conditions—accessibility by road, rail or river, and some stability in China's economic state.

It was unfortunate that all of these were lacking. Rather was there a growth of black market activities with the arrival of relief supplies. All lines of communication, except by air, were constantly being broken and civil warfare prevailed. It was only because of aid from the Royal Navy that the B.R.C.S. was able to be first in the field with medical and general relief supplies to all provinces. Occasional air-lifts reached more remote regions and Communist-controlled areas. B.R.C.S. drivers steered convoys of trucks over impossible roads to all accessible hospitals from Shanghai, Tientsin, Hankow and Canton, on which places they were based. Strategically-placed hospitals in each province were built up to meet the clamant need. As resources permitted, all missions were treated equally, according to need. We interpreted our task as one of filling a gap until U.N.R.R.A. could get started, none expecting that would take so long as it did.

The B.R.C. China Commission terminated its work on June 30th, 1946. More than four years of arduous toil, hazardous service for the suffering Chinese soldier and neglected refugee, service for internees, P.O.W.s and other victims of the Japanese, have come to an end.

The last chapter has closed on a not inglorious adventure in friendship. In the task of building happier relations and of forging the links in Sino-British understanding, perhaps our years of service have played a small but helpful part. Our best memorial rests in the hearts of the thousands of the sick and suffering who have given thanks for timely aid rendered freely and gladly without thought of the cost.

Chapter XXI

UNLIMITED OPPORTUNITIES IN FREE CHINA, 1940-1946

Victor E. W. Hayward

Call to Free China

A NORMAL, happy introduction to missionary life in China in the years 1934-1936 was soon followed by a succession of varied and exciting experiences as the invading armies of the Japanese early swept into Shansi province, and captured the capital city of Taiyuan in which we were living. In the rehabilitation of our missionary work which followed, we were transferred to Sinchow in the north, where immediately on our arrival we were greeted by a Chinese whom we recognized as a spy in the employ of the enemy. Japanese determination to get rid of foreign missionary work slowly but obviously moved to its goal; we were similarly determined to stand by our Chinese Christians as long as possible, but work was sadly curtailed, and one had to be so continually "wise as the serpent" in dealing with Japanese authorities that I came to fear that I should really become serpent-like! It was with a kind of sad relief that we waited as the later open anti-British movement worked up to the climax which finally made all work impossible, and so endangered the lives of our Chinese friends that we had no alternative but to leave.

We were now free to answer a call to work for Christ

in the vast territories of Free China, to which the thoughts of some of us had longingly turned during our days in occupied Shansi. Thousands and thousands of Chinese had trekked to the freedom and hardships of China's west and south-west. There, one heard, were tremendous needs and opportunities, with which the already existing Christian agencies were unable adequately to cope. Thus, in a spirit of pioneering faith and joy, my wife and I embarked for Harbin, sailed around the entire east and south coasts of China, travelled by train to Kunming, and finally arrived by public bus at Kweiyang in the early days of February, 1940.

Young People's Work in Kweiyang

It was not the foreign missionary only who had heard the call to China's South-West. The Church of Christ in China, that great union Church supported by some thirteen societies of different denominations, of which our own Baptist Missionary Society is proud to be one, had already decided, under the inspired leadership of Dr. Cheng Ching-yi, to initiate a Chinese Home Mission project of its own in this backward and comparatively neglected territory. Kweiyang, the capital of Kweichow province, had been chosen for the spearhead of this new drive. I had been invited to assist with student work, under the leadership of the Chinese pastor. The cause was in its infancy, but it thrived from birth, and within a few years grew to be the self-supporting church which it still is. Free from any denominational affiliations, the Kweiyang church had the privilege of working out gradually for itself the constitution and practices of a truly indigenous church. (It is of interest for us to note that in the matter of Believers' Baptism, the principles of our own denomination were adopted after due consideration by the church.) Student

work attached to such a church had many advantages. There was one university and one medical college refugeeing in Kweiyang, as well as a provincial medical college previously established. In each of these we formed our own church student fellowship, and also supported the meetings, summer schools, and other activities of the Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A. To further our work, I lectured on English Poetry in Great China University (moved to Kweiyang from Shanghai), and my wife taught English in its attached middle school. In our own home (a very simple one, with Chinese neighbours in the other part of the courtyard and all around us), I conducted about ten different Bible classes every week, some in the early morning, some at lunch hour, most at night. These were attended chiefly by young men in various government organisations, who proved more responsive even than college students; many of them came to several classes a week, and thus acquired a real foundation of Christian teaching; a number were baptised into membership of the church. I shall not easily forget the joy with which I one day (but that was in Shansi) quite unexpectedly heard my first student ask me, "How can I become a Christian?" At one stage in our work we carried out a community living project with a group of Chinese young people who lived with us on the understanding that we would endeavour sincerely to apply the spirit of Christ to the economic and social problems of everyday life; we shall all long remember things learned and joys shared then.

Assisting the Chinese Church in its own Missionary Task

About a year and a half after we had come to assist in the Kweiyang church, the General Assembly of the Church of Christ in China decided to appoint a special committee for the expansion and co-ordination of the Home Mission

work in Kweichow. I was invited to act as the Executive Secretary of this Kweichow Committee "for the time being." On the understanding that this would not be a permanent appointment, for I felt strongly that the Chinese Church should undertake full responsibility for this special piece of work, I agreed thus to assist the Chinese Church, at its own invitation, in the carrying out of its missionary task. At that time, in addition to the Kweiyang church, there was also another cause in the not far distant county capital of Huishui; this too was led by its own Chinese pastor. The Huishui church had already started what was to become a very successful primary school. Having previously undertaken some trips of investigation in the province, upon the basis of which I had made recommendations for the opening up of new work in Kweichow as opportunity afforded, I now had the responsibility of creating such opportunities! I had heard of a very wealthy and equally philanthropic Christian merchant and banker from Hankow, then living in Chungking. I found someone to introduce me to him, and then sought to interest him in this Kweichow Mission work. I told him of the needs and opportunities of two places I had seen, both county capitals in which there was no Protestant church. I asked him which of them he thought we might start first. Characteristically he said, "Why not both?" I pointed out that it would be unwise to start more work than we could continue to support, and asked him if he would be prepared to guarantee such support; he rightly refused to commit himself farther than saying that if I went into the question, I should find that he had not hitherto neglected work to which he had put his hand and found worthy. He challenged me to faith. Work was started in both places. The more than generous help then and subsequently given by Mr. Li Jui was the foundation of our expanding work, though we made a point of never using his money for either

of our first two causes. Step by step, in addition to Kweiyang and Huishui, five new causes were undertaken, and Chinese missionaries found to staff them. Premises were built, or rented and adapted. Church contributions, school fees, and local grants assisted the finances of the Mission; money from foreign sources probably did not exceed one-sixth of the total raised. Many were the administrative problems encountered, but of these the most difficult was that of finding a suitable Chinese successor to take over the leadership, but eventually this too was achieved, and I was able at the end of 1944 to leave the whole Kweichow enterprise in Chinese hands.

Participation in the Chinese Student Christian Movement

The Student Christian Movement in China is not separately organised, but is promoted conjointly by the Student Divisions of the National Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A, which also take responsibility for administration of the very important business of student relief. In the local situation I had participated in both branches of student work, but my first significant contact with the national movement came when, as a representative of the churches, I was specially invited to take part in an important summer conference of student work secretaries held at Mount Omei in 1941. The Movement was then feeling its way towards putting more stress on the religious side of its programme and seeking closer co-operation with the organised Church—a renewed emphasis which has since continued. At an earlier National Christian Student Conference held at Kunming four objectives had been adopted for future S.C.M. work: the promotion of an understanding of Christianity, of an understanding of the times, of international friendship, and of self-dedication to a Christian vocation in life. The last-named objective gave rise to a special Student

Dedication Movement, in which students were invited to pledge themselves to Christian professional work (such as the ministry, teaching or nursing in Christian institutions), or to promise that they would decide upon their future careers in the light of their Christian faith and of God's individual guidance. Especially with the promotion of this latter work in view, I was later appointed an honorary secretary of the National Y.M.C.A. Student Division. Apart from attending other conferences, it was twice my privilege to travel with a Chinese colleague as a "Youth and Religion" team to universities and senior middle schools in Free China. In all, some four months were thus spent in intensive work at colleges and schools in seven provinces. We received an amazing welcome, and nothing was more striking than the large numbers of students everywhere who obviously with sincerity responded to our invitation to discuss their personal religious problems at individual interviews. Several hundred enrolled in the Student Dedication Movement. To take one example of the response with which we met, at Amoy University (then evacuated to Changting in Fukien) both Mr. S. C. Leung, the general secretary of the National Y.M.C.A., and myself were invited by the President (not himself a Christian) to address the whole student body on two consecutive mornings. Of course, we could not take specifically religious subjects on these official occasions in a government university, but Mr. Leung spoke on "Fundamental Problems of China's Reconstruction," and I spoke on "Student Life at Oxford." As a result of such an introduction, at the four specifically Christian religious lectures we gave in the evenings, the voluntary attendance of students was—we were told—unprecedented for any extra-curricula lectures in the university.

From these trips I gained two deep impressions: first, that —in spite of the uneasiness of higher authorities—the door

for evangelism even in national universities was wide open, and that students could be keenly interested in Christian life and teaching; secondly, that senior middle schools are of vital strategic importance to the Christian Movement, inasmuch as they afford a wider and in some senses better field for the winning of students to Christ, and because much of the Christian work done in the colleges depends upon fruit gained from faithful sowing here.

An S.O.S. from Refugees

In the bitterly cold weather of November, 1944, the Japanese swept through Kweichow province to within about eighty miles of Kweiyang. The work of the Kweichow International Relief Association (K.I.R.A.) suddenly assumed immense proportions, and the fact that almost all British and American missionaries had rightly obeyed orders issued by both their governments to evacuate Kweichow made the responsibility of K.I.R.A. all the greater, and the "crime of disobedience" to the evacuation order by one or two on this account all the less. It was my task to represent the needs and work of K.I.R.A. to the various international relief agencies who were pouring immense sums of money into its projects, and as his Associate to assist the able Chinese General Secretary in the heavy administrative burdens to be borne day by day.

Of all that could be written, I here propose to limit myself to two projects which will illustrate what was then achieved. The first is K.I.R.A.'s Padded Coats and Quilts Factory. Exposure to the winter weather, coupled with malnutrition, meant that many and many a refugee, barefoot and clad only in rags, was in daily danger of perishing of cold. A padded garment or quilt (in rare cases, both) might well save a life. Cloth and cotton wool were purchased cheaply through government aid, or secured as a

grant from philanthropic sources; the fine auditorium just completed by the Y.M.C.A. and other adjacent rooms were given over temporarily to the factory—in better weather work also spread out over a large part of the spacious Y.M.C.A. compound; upwards of three hundred refugees were given employment at daily rates of remuneration; and the thousands of pieces of clothing and bedding thus made were distributed, a large proportion to the relief stations we had set up at strategic points along the routes of need, some to applicants at the Y.M.C.A. or at the churches, and others by parties who sallied forth at night to centres where refugees were congregated to issue tickets for these articles to those thus found to be really in dire need. The second project is the K.I.R.A. New Village. A large number of thatched huts, formerly used by the Kweiyang Medical College, were taken over and adapted as dwellings for a very considerable number of destitute women and children; in spite of the necessarily terribly crowded conditions, hygiene and medical needs were cared for, food was provided, a school set up for the children, and remunerative employment organised for a large number of women and older boys and girls. Here the refugees were allowed to stay until a husband or relatives turned up, employment was secured, or assistance with homeward travel could be given.

A Challenge from the Chinese Government

My family were waiting for me in India, and I was expecting to be able to resign from K.I.R.A. within a couple of months when, entirely unexpectedly, there came a challenge from the Chinese Government. Conditions in the province had been so bad that the Central Government had taken a large share of responsibility for relief measures and the Minister of Social Affairs had personally taken charge of its work in Kweichow. For the vast numbers of

refugee children who—having lost touch with their families along the road—had become either actual or virtual orphans, the Minister felt a particular concern. He himself arranged for several hundred such children to be taken in on the premises of the Social Affairs Commission of the Provincial Government. It would have been natural for him to have left this government organisation responsible for following up this rescue work, but, although a non-Christian, he evidently believed that a Christian missionary would carry out the task with greater thoroughness and devotion than his own officials. In the circumstances I felt his request to be a challenge, and though warned of the jealousy which certain officials might (and did in fact) show, undertook to take charge of this branch of relief.

Within a fortnight, temporary premises had been found and prepared, staff secured, an organisation set up, and the work of taking in groups of children day by day had commenced. Investigations were made, records written up, and then the children accepted were bathed, deloused and clothed, put into clean new quarters, and fed. As further and more spacious premises were acquired, in addition to the daily newcomers, those children already taken in by the Social Affairs Commission were taken over, about forty at a time. Only children who, as far as could be ascertained, had no mothers in Kweiyang or other relatives able to care for them, were taken in (they were allowed to have fathers!). Their ages ranged from one to fifteen, boys and girls, and the total number accepted was about twelve hundred. In addition we supplied food to over a hundred further children who had mothers to look after them, but no fathers, and no financial means. After some four months we succeeded in establishing two children's homes in suitable premises amid country surroundings, and in organising our own kindergarten, complete primary school and industrial training classes. In Kweiyang our truly

model infants' home continued to care for some fifty children under four years of age.

With such a huge family, problems of food, clothing and transport were very great. In view of its origins, however, our organisation was regarded as a semi-government institution, and we were able to secure, after due negotiation, free rice and considerable other assistance. The large majority of our children were suffering from one or many diseases when they were taken in, and all from malnutrition: families which are upset when Johnny has measles, and Jean whooping cough at the same time, can exercise some imagination on this part of our problem; it was most gratifying to see how the proportion of sick children steadily came down under the care given by the British Red Cross. After they had been in our care for a year or so, no one could visit our homes without being impressed by such a bonny looking crowd of boys and girls. All the time we were successfully getting children taken back by their own families, and after a year many others were sent back to the provinces from which they had fled; when I last heard, about six months ago, the number in the homes had been reduced to just under one-half of the total originally accepted. As I had set up a completely Chinese organisation as regards personnel, official correspondence, and business methods, it was comparatively easy for me to devolve the work on to my chief secretary, together with Mr. Shih, my old K.I.R.A. colleague, as official hon. general secretary. A large part of our finances came from various international relief agencies; apart also from very considerable help from the Chinese Government, we augmented our income by promoting a protégé movement, by which individual children were paid for by interested Chinese friends, while remaining in our care.

Post-war War Work

Once again I was preparing to leave at last on furlough, when a long telegram came inviting me to assist in the China Mission of U.N.R.R.A., then only beginning to develop. U.N.R.R.A.'s work was very definitely connected with the world-war, and as I realised that people with some China experience would be greatly needed in the carrying out of its immense programmes, I decided to regard a further year's service with U.N.R.R.A. as my particular piece of war-work. I took part in the South Kweichow Mission, the first Field Project to be carried out in China. This piece of work expanded from force of circumstances as far as Liuchow in Kwangsi, and after four and a half months' service I found myself appointed U.N.R.R.A. Regional Director for Kwangsi Province.

It is a cardinal policy of U.N.R.R.A. always to work through its counterpart Chinese Administration (C.N.R.R.A.), which in our province was specially efficient. Even at the time of my resignation on the completion of the promised year's service, our U.N.R.R.A. staff in Kwangsi numbered only about thirty, while C.N.R.R.A.'s was over eight hundred. U.N.R.R.A. functions were those of inspection, advice, and assistance, without the acceptance of top administrative responsibility; our relations with C.N.R.R.A. were exceptionally good. There is space only to give a rough summary of the main achievements during the ensuing eight months of C.N.R.R.A.'s work in Kwangsi. During that period the sum spent directly on relief and rehabilitation in the province was upwards of $2,000,000,000, Chinese national currency. In addition, in spite of particularly difficult transport conditions, about 10,000 tons of goods were brought in, chiefly food to meet desperate famine needs. Seventy to eighty county and provincial hospitals, and one hundred and fifty primary

schools, were reconstructed—C.N.R.R.A. grants being wisely made conditional on local supplementary funds being raised. C.N. $100 million was spent in emergency relief grants (but these alone had to be distributed through 31 counties), and at least five times this sum was devoted to the purchase of seeds, fertilizers and water buffaloes to assist in agricultural rehabilitation. Vegetable seeds were later flown in, and five tractors sent to start training classes in modern methods. About 20,000 refugees were given food and shelter, and were either provided with means of transport homewards or were organised into subsidised walking parties. Special homes were set up for particularly needy classes, money was given to restart welfare institutions, and homes were provided for indigent former inhabitants of Liuchow and Kweilin whose houses had been destroyed. People were given employment on irrigation and road-mending schemes which were in themselves important rehabilitation measures. Drugs and medical equipment were distributed to hospitals throughout the province, and free medical treatment provided at many centres.

There are many justified criticisms of U.N.R.R.A.'s work, but also many erroneous ones based upon fundamental misunderstandings—for example, many people do not realise that it was decided long before any goods arrived in China that a certain proportion of these should be sold by C.N.R.R.A., with the triple aim of keeping down prices, of supplying people who could afford to pay with goods which would contribute towards China's economic recovery, and above all to help meet the enormous costs of transporting free goods to China's inland regions (the alternative to which would have been the supplying of immense sums of foreign exchange, a measure in itself creating financial problems, and hardly acceptable to the donor nations). Anyway, I feel confident that, whatever faults are justly

censured, history will vindicate the fact that in China U.N.R.R.A. has carried out relief and rehabilitation measures on an unprecedented scale, and (what is more) in a new and finer way than previous similar relief. U.N.R.R.A.'s work exemplifies three principles on account of which I am proud, as a Christian missionary, to have served in its organisation: the need of nations to seek joint solutions to common problems, along with recognition of the responsibility of "those who are strong" or more fortunate to help "those who are weak," and the granting of full responsibility to receiving nations to administer their own relief.

Pioneering church work, student work, relief work—Free China provided unlimited scope for all of these. My thanks to the B.M.S. for the privilege afforded me to respond to the various calls which came during these past years of war.

Chapter XXII

SHENSI, 1937-1945

F. S. Russell

SHORTLY after the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese War one of the greatest treks in history began. Fifty million people were torn up from their homes as they fled before the advancing tide of the Japanese forces. Thousands of these war victims began to arrive at Sian, the capital of Shensi, on the edge of winter, thinly-clad in their cotton attire and all dirty and ragged after their long trek. They had nowhere to go and they camped out on the pavements in the cold pouring rain. This tragic state of affairs constituted a challenge to the Christian forces in Sian. Missionaries and local church leaders lost no time in organising relief funds to provide food, clothing and shelter for these poor victims. Other philanthropic societies followed the example of the Christian Church, but it was the Christian forces who gave and maintained the lead throughout those cruel winter months in caring for these war victims. There were times when our two chapels in the city and east suburb looked more like warehouses than churches. They were piled high with winter garments for distribution to refugees.

In the early spring of 1938 there was an invasion scare in Shensi. The Japanese troops were reported to have crossed the Yellow River and to be heading for Sian. There was panic in the city for several days. The missionaries

immediately set to work to organise relief camps for women and children. Ten camps were arranged to provide food, shelter and safety during the first few weeks of occupation, and all this entailed much thought and hard work. Fortunately, the invasion did not materialise, and the city gradually resumed normality. But, later in the year, the threat of invasion again became intense and all the schools were ordered to evacuate to places of safety. Our Tsun Te Girls' School moved to Mienhsien, a town 200 miles away on the other side of the range of mountains south of Sian. The scholars and staff travelled by motor trucks over the mountains and, on their arrival at Mienhsien, they occupied a disused Buddhist temple. Miss Williamson and Miss Bell accompanied the school and shared the home of a prominent Buddhist family.

About this time the Japanese began their bombing raids over Sian which were to last until the early part of 1942. Altogether Sian was bombed more than a hundred times and the mission property in the city suffered a considerable amount of damage. Miss Franklin's house was the first to be hit: her bedroom was completely destroyed. Fortunately Miss Franklin was in the dug-out close by and escaped injury. Then the hospital received direct hits from five bombs, in spite of the fact that the Red Cross was painted large upon the roof. Both operation theatres, the engine house and the water tower were destroyed, and the rest of the buildings badly shaken and cracked. One Chinese nurse was killed and an evangelist injured. As it was impossible to continue the work in the damaged buildings, the hospital was transferred to the Boys' High School in the East Suburb, where it continues to this day. It was a great mercy that casualties were so few and that none of the missionary staff was injured. Unlike other people who were able to take shelter whenever the siren went, the hospital staff, both Chinese and foreign, had to stand by

through all the bombing raids and do all they could to comfort the patients. This called for real courage and fortitude, but it imposed a heavy strain upon our doctors and nurses.

The Preaching Hall in Sian and the chapel in the East Suburb also suffered damage. The chapel roof was badly shattered, and in wet weather it was impossible to hold services in the building. This became a matter of great concern to the church members. They felt that it was their responsibility to raise the necessary funds to repair the roof without calling upon the B.M.S. for any financial help. They realised that the home churches had their own problems over bomb damage and that it would be too much to ask them for aid. They therefore set themselves the task of raising $1,000,000. It was a great venture of faith and it seemed to most of us an impossible task, but within one year that church of 400 members had raised $1,500,000, a sum equal to about £500, and had completed the repair of the roof. Further damage by bombing was done to mission property. The house in which Mr. and Mrs. Russell lived received a direct hit and was almost completely destroyed. Miss Waddington, who was in the house at the time, together with Mr. and Mrs. Russell, all escaped death by a sheer miracle.

In 1942, after Japan had declared war on America and Britain, the American 14th Air Force established an air base in Sian. They called it an advance air base because the Japanese lines were only 80 miles away. The American airmen were surprised to find missionaries still at work in Sian, which they considered to be the front line. The coming of the 14th Air Force quickly put an end to the Japanese bombing raids over Sian and indeed, over practically the whole of Free China. The air base in Sian became a great menace to the Japanese forces in North China and this gave rise to a new danger. In place of the fre-

quent bombing raids we were now threatened with invasion. The Sian air base became a No. 1 objective for the Japanese Army.

On two occasions there was a full-scale evacuation of missionaries from the province. In 1944 the Japanese Army crossed the Yellow River and captured Loyang, the capital of Honan. Loyang was regarded as the first great stronghold guarding the north-west, and its fall endangered the safety of Sian and indeed, the whole of Shensi. All the missionaries in Honan were driven out of their stations, and most of them headed for Sian on their way out to Chungking. At one time we had more than a hundred China Inland Mission missionaries congregated in Sian awaiting transport. Many had thrilling stories to tell of hardship and danger when fleeing before the advancing tide of the Japanese forces. Then came our turn. The Japanese Army marched on Tungkwan, the border fortress 80 miles east of Sian. If Tungkwan fell then there was no hope for Sian. In fact, the whole of Central Shensi was endangered, including Sanyuan and Fuyintsun, and our entire B.M.S. field. There was no time to lose, or to wait and see if Tungkwan would fall. To wait would mean sacrificing all hope of getting transport for our women and children. For in times of crisis every available means of transport is commandeered by the military and civil officials and the rich Chinese who will pay fabulous sums for anything on wheels. We therefore decided to get the women and children out while the way was clear, for we were determined not to be caught and interned by the Japanese, for that would serve no useful purpose; it would only endanger the health of the internees and prove a source of embarrassment to our Chinese friends and helpers. All mothers with children and those whose furloughs were due were the first to go, to be followed by the rest of the ladies and the men folk. When the news came that the enemy were in Tungkwan the

four men remaining in Sian hopped on their bicycles and rode 200 miles to Pinghing, a town in the province of Kansu. Miss Williamson and Miss Bell, who had remained to the last to maintain the morale of the Tsun Te Girls' School, left by train for the railhead on their way to another town in Kansu. And so for the time being Sian was completely evacuated of all missionaries.

For some unknown reason the enemy did not advance on Sian, although there was nothing to stop them. The Chinese forces were in a state of chaos and Sian was in panic. It would have been a " walkover " for the Japanese had they chosen to come. But they withdrew, and eventually things quietened down, and those of us who had not gone home on furlough returned to our station. Prior to the evacuation our Shensi staff numbered thirty-four. Now we were reduced to fourteen.

The second evacuation took place in April, 1945. The cutting of the sea lanes in the Pacific made it imperative for the Japanese to secure a line of retreat along the Canton-Hankow-Peking Railway. On the flank of this railway lay the menace of the Sian Air Base, together with a reconstituted Chinese army. This compelled the enemy to make a determined attack upon the Shensi border. Once again Sian was threatened and, acting upon consular advice, practically the whole of our Shensi staff was evacuated, leaving only Mr. Bell in Sanyuan and Messrs. Madge and Russell in Sian to hold on as long as possible. After very bitter fighting which lasted for two months, the Chinese troops defeated all attempts at invasion and the Japanese gave up the struggle.

Our Shensi staff suffered further reductions by this evacuation. We were now down to eight all told; Mr. and Mrs. Madge, Miss Bell and Mr. Russell in Sian; Mr. and Mrs. Elder, Miss Curtis and Mr. Bell in Sanyuan. But the British Embassy in Chungking considered that the

danger was over and that more trouble was unlikely. Consequently, in June, the ban on missionaries coming into China, which had been operating for a year, was now lifted, and we could confidently expect reinforcements. Dr. Ruth Tait, Miss Killip, Miss Wheatley and Miss Harkness, who had been waiting in India for their permits to enter China, were the first to arrive in the late summer. Mr. and Mrs. Bryan, Dr. and Mrs. Handley Stockley and Mr. Suter have since returned from furlough, together with three recruits: Miss Stageman, and Mr. and Mrs. Sutton. The Shensi staff is nearly back to normal once more.

One of the greatest difficulties the missionaries had to cope with during the war years in China was the rising cost of living. Sundry ill-advised attempts were made from time to time by the Chinese authorities to control prices, only to be defeated by the black market. As soon as the control was put on prices the goods failed to appear on the market. Wheat is the staple food throughout the north-west, and the price of wheat governs practically everything else except luxury goods. Various attempts were made to keep the price of wheat within reasonable bounds, but the farmers invariably foiled these attempts by withholding the grain and waiting until they could get their own price. Every increase in the price of grain meant an increase in wages and salaries, and that in turn sent up the prices of all commodities. And so the vicious spiral of inflation rose to unprecedented heights. In December, 1945, the basic figure used by the Chinese Post Office to determine the cost of wages had reached the high level of 2,200; that is to say that, in December, 1945, 2,200 Chinese dollars would only buy what one dollar would in 1937 when war broke out. The missionaries in Shensi, and throughout the whole of "Free China" for that matter, experienced great difficulty in adjusting themselves to the rising cost of living. What made matters so difficult was

that the pound-dollar exchange rate was stabilised, and what with the Chinese dollar depreciating in value week by week, our allowances, which were based on sterling, went simply nowhere. Our first reaction was to economise in every possible way, and rather than pay what seemed to us like fabulous prices for ordinary commodities, we tried doing without all but the bare essentials, and even for these our allowances were insufficient. The Home Committee granted us a bonus and very generously agreed to allow us to make adjustments from time to time to meet the rising cost of living. In spite of this generous concession, however, the general tendency among the missionaries was still to cut down as much as possible until it became very apparent that most of us were suffering from malnutrition. This resulted in lack of energy and general debility, and for a time the health of the missionaries became a serious concern.

We realised our mistake. Hitherto we could not bring ourselves to pay $100 for an article that formerly cost only $1, but now we braced ourselves and made the adjustment. It meant a considerable drain on the finances of the Mission, but as long as we were required to maintain the work under war-time conditions, there was nothing else for it. The health and strength of the staff had to be maintained as well. Later, the pound sterling was allowed to find its own level and instead of changing at $80 to the pound—the stabilised rate—it went as high as $7,200 to the pound! This meant a considerable saving to the Society from July, 1944, onwards.

Such, then, were some of the special difficulties encountered by the Shensi missionaries during the eight years of war in China. There was the strain of the bombing raids, the threat of invasion, and the worries of currency inflation with the continual rise in the cost of living. Mr. and Mrs. Young and Dr. and Mrs. Clow had the additional

strain of knowing that their children were in a Japanese internment camp. We do not pretend that these difficulties were comparable with the difficulties and hardships endured in Britain during the bitter war years. But just as people at home proved that they could "take it" so the missionaries on the field showed the same spirit.

Mention must be made of the fact that four of our Shensi men missionaries joined up with the British Military Mission in China and rendered valuable service as liaison officers.

One of the pleasant features of these war years in Shensi was our happy relation with many of the Americans of the 14th Air Force. On Sunday evenings we had an English service in Sian for any English-speaking people who cared to attend. The majority were Chinese, but frequently we had as many as twenty American airmen in attendance. A young air pilot took the service one evening and gave his testimony and expressed his wish to return to China as a missionary. The presence of these American airmen at the service greatly impressed the Chinese. After the Sunday evening service we met in the house of Mr. and Mrs. Madge for a social gathering when tea and cakes were supplied. The airmen greatly appreciated this touch of home life for which they were all very hungry.

These war years were a great testing time for the missionaries and their Chinese colleagues. We have all been drawn closer together and come to understand one another better. At all times in every emergency we have been deeply conscious of the guiding hand of God and of the abiding presence of the Master. We have seen the Church in China triumph in the midst of suffering and we have witnessed how God in His inscrutable wisdom can use apparent disaster to further the cause of His Kingdom.

Chapter XXIII

THE EFFECT OF THE WAR ON THE CHURCH IN SHENSI

GEORGE A. YOUNG

IT is wonderful to look back and see how the war, which was not the will of God, has been used by Him to sift and strengthen His Church and to advance His Kingdom in China. When one compares the havoc wrought by the Japanese and the blessing wrought by God in Shensi during the eight years of war, the balance is in favour of the Church. There has been advance all along the line. We can truly say, with a deep sense of gratitude to God for His preserving mercy, that " the things which have happened to us have fallen out rather unto the furtherance of the Gospel."

Though spared the cruelties of invasion, the Church in Free China endured the horrors of continuous aerial bombardment. Many of the towns and villages in Shensi, which were all undefended, were ruthlessly bombed. Of the hundred or more raids on Sian, the worst was made on this ancient capital city on October 10th and 11th, 1939, when 154 Japanese bombers came at regular intervals to rain down death and destruction on the defenceless people. In these attacks our churches and preaching halls in Sian and Lochuan were damaged and the church in Yenan was destroyed. The raids became less frequent after 1942, when the American Air Force established an advanced airbase in Sian.

The war not only brought bombers, but refugees to the Church in Shensi. During the first three years, thousands came to Shensi from their stricken homes in Shantung, Kiangsu, Anhwei and other eastern provinces. Many had endured the dangers and hardships of road travel, and arrived destitute and in urgent need of help. The churches seized this opportunity of helping these refugees. From various Relief Funds money and food were distributed, plots of land were purchased, and work was provided for these needy people.

Many of these refugees were Christians of ripe experience, who were welcomed into the fellowship and work of the Church. Some served in our hospitals as doctors and nurses. Others found work as teachers in our Mission Schools. Others, who were pastors and evangelists, were invited by the Church Council to undertake pastoral and evangelistic work in the town and village churches of our large field. Pastor Feng with his family and a party of Christians from our Shantung Baptist Church arrived in Shensi in the summer of 1941. They had made the 800 miles journey first by railway to Pochow. Then, after crossing the front line, they came through flooded Honan by boat, rickshaw, wheel-barrow and bus to the railhead at Loyang, finishing the last stage of the way by the famous Green Express to Sian. During this long perilous journey they were bombed, bombarded by Japanese artillery when passing Tungkwan, and finally, as Pastor Feng was crossing from Sian to Sanyuan, he met bandits who shot him through the chest. Fortunately he recovered and was able to render fine service in our country churches round Sanyuan and Gospel Village. Another pastor who was driven out by the Japanese was Pastor Niu, who came from the Presbyterian Church in Huaiyuan in Anhwei Province. He became the pastor of our Sian City Church, and had a fruitful ministry of three years. By his faithful preaching

of the Word of God and his pastoral work of love, he was greatly used by God to revive the life of the church. Sunday attendances increased from 80 to over 300. Collections increased twenty times; and over 100 new members were added to the church by baptism and by transfer from other churches. The influence of these refugee pastors and Christians led to the breaking down of the narrow provincialism of the Shensi Church. They gave many of the native Christians a deeper experience and a broader vision of the Fellowship of the Spirit.

On the other hand there were certain evangelists from the east whose ministry had a divisive effect on the country churches in the Sanyuan and Gospel Village districts. These wandering preachers came with their families and friends and settled in the villages of the Shensi plain. They were fiery "Pentecostalists" who conducted revivalist services amongst the country Christians. This resulted in the creation of new sects such as "Jesus Family," "Spiritual Gifts Movement," "True Jesus Church" and others. During the war years this wave of religious emotionalism swept through the churches of Shensi and Kansu. It was a mighty movement which disrupted the regular plans, organisation, life and work of the Church. It ignored our church leaders and set up new leaders who wielded great power over the simple peasants. This "Jesus Family" developed the phenomena of speaking with tongues, prophesying, dancing, and trances whereby young Christians were "caught up" to heaven and had visions of paradise. They practised a loving community life, meeting each day in houses and churches for prayer and praise and testimony. This is not the place to assess this movement and its gain and loss to our Shensi Church. Suffice to say that, while it brought a revival of prayer and song and witness-bearing to many churches, it has left behind division, spiritual pride, fantastic excesses and Biblical errors which will take many

years of patient pastoral work to correct. Fortunately for the Church her Chinese leaders have remained steady and sane, though sorely criticised and persecuted. Pastor Wang Tao-sheng in the Gospel Village, Pastor Kuo Hsi-sheng in the South District, and Pastor Li Meng-keng in the San-yuan area supported by the chairman of the Shensi Synod, Elder Wang Yun-pai, have all manifested a spirit of sympathetic understanding and spiritual discernment which has guided the young Church through this stormy period of religious emotionalism.

The war also brought new opportunities of service. Many young Christians and evangelists who felt that they could not join the army to kill men, joined a church organisation called " The National Christian Service Council for Wounded Soldiers in Transit." Owing to the lack of a properly equipped Army Medical Service, the plight of the wounded soldiers was ghastly. Faced with this need, these young men from our churches volunteered to go to the front to tend the wounds of their fellow-countrymen. In twelve first-aid stations in the provinces of Honan, Shansi, and Shensi, these Christian patriots faced danger and difficulty to bring succour to their wounded comrades and to help them along the road from the front line to the base hospital. At the hospitals in Sian and other towns, Chinese pastors visited wounded soldiers each week, bringing them comforts and leading Gospel services in the wards. In these and other ways the Church shared the sufferings of the nation and ministered to the bleeding and afflicted the mercy of Christ.

During the war years, the Church did not forget or cast aside her Divine commission to preach the Gospel to all men and to seek to save the lost. Even during those terrible years of bombing, evangelism was the priority work of the Shensi Church. Space allows only one illustration of this. In the year 1939, a year of continuous bombing, the Church

Council of Sian and District Association met in January and decided to launch an Evangelistic Campaign. It was to begin in the city and go into all the towns and villages of the plain. In February, the campaign began with a few days of quiet prayer and waiting on God for His equipment for the task. There was a deep sense of comradeship between Chinese and Western fellow-workers. The initial attack began with a ten days' continuous preaching at the Open Preaching Hall in the busy shopping centre of the city. Over forty ministerial and lay preachers presented the Gospel to a " full house " each day, and many set down their names as learners of Christ's doctrine. Then began the two months' tour of the villages by bands of evangelists. They were mostly ordinary Christians—students, merchants, teachers, doctors and nurses, and farmer-evangelists. The farmers had given up one month of their time to the Lord's work and joined the various Evangelistic Teams in bringing the Good News to those whose hearts were fearful and sad. What a thrilling experience it was to take part in such a campaign! Precious and beautiful were the times of fellowship we enjoyed in those village congregations which met in their little mud-walled chapels to praise and pray and testify to the wondrous grace of God. Not much to look at you would say if you saw them! Ah, but they have a joyous hope and inward peace, a shining love and triumphant faith that conquers the world. From these little Christian village communities bands of witnessers would sally forth into non-Christian villages to share the riches of Christ. They had a Message to give; they had a Saviour to exalt. God did the rest. About a hundred and fifty new learners were enrolled, and they received a course of instruction in the Christian Faith in preparation for baptism. What a mighty harvest there was for Christ! That year, despite the savage raids of Japanese bombers, the Spring and Autumn Assembly meetings of the Sian

District Association were held as usual in the East Suburb Church, and over a hundred new disciples were baptised and added to the Church. Never shall I forget those baptismal services. It was a joyous sight to see these young Christians confess Christ in the waters of baptism—some were farmers and hard-working mothers from the villages; others were young men and women from towns—merchants, students, soldiers, nurses, officials—a glad company of the redeemed. This will show that, though bruised and battered by the engines of war, the Shensi Church never lost the spiritual initiative. During each of those eight years of war, scores of new disciples were added to the Church.

Not only the evangelistic zeal, but the faith of the church members was strengthened by the dangers and uncertainties of the times. A Chinese pastor summed up the effect of the war on the Church by quoting a Chinese proverb, " Dead in prosperity, we have become alive in adversity." It was a true judgment. As Christians passed through the fiery furnace they became aware of the Presence of Christ with them guiding, protecting and sustaining; and they emerged with a stronger faith, a deeper hope and a purer love. It was moving to hear Chinese pastors pray in church for the Japanese people—and this after a cruel air-raid—and pray, too, that the Chinese people might be kept from hatred and the spirit of revenge. Amidst the demonic forces of lust, hate, and murder, the Church kept the Light shining and the darkness did not overcome it.

One has written of pastors and leaders of the Church. What of the rank and file? Our Church in Shensi is mostly a rural Church. It is composed of country farmers and their wives and children. Though they did not experience much of the bombing, the war hit them in other ways. Their young men were conscripted for the army; their grain was taken by the military; their homes were often requisitioned as billets for soldiers marching to and

from the front. They were severely taxed by officials, and the rising cost of living increased the struggle for existence. Yet in the midst of these war burdens, they maintained the fellowship of Christ as they met regularly to worship and praise Him, to share each other's joys and sorrows, to bear each other's burdens, and to nourish their souls on the Bread of life. In the city churches where the members are artisans, shop-keepers, clerks, officials, doctors and nurses and teachers, steady progress can be recorded. Some immature disciples have fallen away under the strain of war, but the majority of church-members have grown into spiritual maturity. Here again one illustration must represent many; and it must be taken from amongst the women members who compose the majority of our Shensi Church.

One very fine lay-worker is Mrs. Yang, who lives in the East Suburb and is a member of that church. She was a little Manchu girl who was saved from massacre at the time of the Revolution in 1911. A Chinese woman who was a servant in the home of one of the missionaries befriended her, and brought up the little girl as a bride for her only son. The son finally became a doctor in our Mission Hospital in Sian, and he and his wife created a true Christian home in the East Suburb. They have six daughters and one small adopted son, and the former are all doing well at their various studies and are the pride of their parents' hearts. This in itself is a fine Christian witness among homes where sons are still over-prized. During these war years, Mrs. Yang has grown in Christian stature. Not only does she, by her home, radiate kindness and cleanliness in a dark neighbourhood, but she makes time to serve her Lord in the church. She was elected a woman deacon of the East Suburb Church. She was elected by the Church Council to be Chairman of the Sian District Women's Evangelistic Board. The Church Committee always seems brighter when Mrs. Yang is present. Her

happy face and her fine Christian spirit are a benediction to us all. The women evangelists come often to her for help and counsel, and during the meetings of the Assembly she is the brains and directing power of the Hospitality Committee. Mrs. Yang is one of many good women who, by their gracious lives and spiritual outlook, have inspired the Church during these testing war years.

As to the contribution which the Church in Free China made to victory, one personal testimony will reveal. I left China for furlough in December, 1944. A miraculous happening revealed to me the place and power of the Church in the national life of China. China at that time was fighting through her eighth year of war. It was her darkest year, a year of unbroken military disaster and political disunity, a year of bitter struggle and suffering, and her people were just about at the end of their tether. The Japanese had made a quick drive through Honan and were at the borders of Shensi. A second offensive was begun from Hankow, and they advanced southward over 500 miles through three provinces, taking several American air-fields. In December, the Imperial Japanese Army were marching over the Kweichow hills towards Kweiyang, meeting little resistance from an ill-fed and ill-equipped Chinese Army. The proud boast came over the air from Tokio, " We will be in Chungking by Christmas." It seemed as if nothing could stop them.

I arrived in Chungking from Sian during that critical week when China was facing her " Dunkirk," and never shall I forget what happened. There was panic in the war-time capital. Rumours were abroad about the approach of the Japanese army. Rich merchants and refugees were leaving the city. It was reported that the Government were preparing to move westward. The British and American Legations advised certain of their nationals to leave China. The China Inland Mission School for missionaries' children was evacuated by air from

Szechwan to India. It did seem as if China was finished, and that it was only a matter of days before Chungking fell to the proud invader.

As I went to and fro in that city I met groups of people who were calm and confident. They were the Christians of Chungking. I went to their churches, their offices, and their homes, and discovered the secret of their serenity. They were meeting together in groups in many parts of the city for prayer and earnest intercession to God. I attended five of these praying groups and it was moving to hear these Chinese Christians praying that God would save China from destruction. There was penitence and perseverance in those prayers. The Japanese had at last succeeded in " beating China to her knees," but—a nation on its knees is not beaten.

On December 14th, I flew from Chungking to Calcutta. Three days later, Mr. D. Scott Wells showed me a copy of the *Indian Statesman,* in which I read Stuart Gelder's thrilling despatch on how China was saved. Describing the rapid Japanese advance towards Chungking, he said that Japan was just about to deliver the blow which would have knocked China right out of the war, when suddenly a terrible snow-storm descended on the Kweichow hills. The paths were blocked. The thinly-clad Japanese soldiers were frozen. They began to retreat. The attack was abandoned. This journalist said, " China was saved, not by her own efforts, but by the grace of weather." I would say " by the grace of God," and in answer to the sacrificial prayers of that saving minority.

That incident restored my overtired judgment about China. At the end of a strenuous term of service I had grown pessimistic about its future. I had seen things that were sad and tragic. But suddenly at the end, the sun burst through the clouds, and I saw the Light shining in the darkness. I saw the most hopeful thing in China to-day

—the mighty saving power of the Christian Church. The future of China is bright because God loves China; He has established His Church in China—a Church which is no longer a foreign mission, but a vital part of the national life, the instrument by which God is creating the new men in Christ who will make the New China that will take her place in the family of nations.

Chapter XXIV

OUR CHURCH IN POST-WAR CHINA

H. R. Williamson

Open warfare between China and Japan broke out on 7th July, 1937. During the next six months the Japanese armies entered all our B.M.S. stations in Shansi and Shantung, and continued in occupation until hostilities ceased on 15th August, 1946. As the Japanese forces advanced, our Christian leaders were compelled to make a great decision. Should they stay at their posts, accepting all the risks of living under enemy control, or should they move away to the west where they would be free from Japanese interference?

Practically all our pastors, and men and women evangelists, with a goodly number of doctors and nurses, decided to stay and carry on Christian work in the midst of the enemy. A fair proportion of our school teachers joined guerrilla bands to harass the occupying forces, and others engaged in educational work designed to keep up the morale of the country people. But most of the Chinese staff of Cheeloo University decided to migrate to Free China, there to train young men and women for the future.

As we look back over the eight years of war, and trace the experiences of our Chinese brethren in both the " free " and " occupied " parts of their country, we can see that God has honoured with His blessing the decision of those who stayed and of those who moved away.

Let us think first of Free China and what happened to those of our Baptist Christians who formed part of the 50,000,000 Chinese who made the greatest trek in all history.

During my recent visit to China, I met many of our Christians from Shensi and Shantung, then residing in Chungking and Chengtu, in Szechuan province, a thousand miles away from their old homes, and heard them recount the story of God's dealing with them during the long years of exile.

In the earlier years all had endured hardness and privation, and had suffered serious personal losses. Many had experienced thrilling deliverances in air-raids, from bandit attacks or the exigencies of war-time travel. Some, particularly doctors and nurses and teachers, had eventually found posts which enabled them to live in reasonable comfort. Some who had been rich had barely managed to survive by selling their jewellery and other valuables and were living in straitened and lowly circumstances. I detected that a few had succumbed to the peculiar peril and strain of war-time evacuation, and had failed morally and spiritually to maintain Christian standards of life. But I discovered that the greater number of our Baptist brethren in Free China had stories to recount of unexpected opportunities and remarkable achievements.

I visited many homes of our exiled Baptist Christians in Chungking and Chengtu. I quote one illustration. One day I wended my way through narrow and tortuous alleys flanked by flimsy temporary huts, and rank with heaps of rotting refuse, to a house by the muddy pestilential river bank. The surroundings were sordid and filthy. But as I entered the door of the one big room which formed the war-time home of one of our Shensi Christian families, what a contrast! A room crowded but clean and tidy. Mother, father and four children, with smiling faces, neatly

dressed in patched clothes, with one big bed occupying most of the floor. The family wardrobe was stretched on rope criss-crossing the room, the kettle was perched on an improvised oil-tin stove outside the door, and the whole atmosphere was fragrant with Christian grace and cheer. Not much money there, little comfort, but peace, kindliness, hospitality, faith and hope in rich measure! As I shared in all this, I thanked God for the vitality and persistence of ideals inculcated years ago in that young mother's Christian home in Taiyuan.

I visited the headquarters, temporary and much restricted, of the Church of Christ in China, in Chungking, where I met the General Secretary, Dr. H. H. Ts'ui, one of our Tsingchowfu Christians. His was a joyous story of extensive developments of their missionary work in Yunnan and Kweichow provinces, which had occurred during the war. He was particularly grateful to the B.M.S. for having permitted Rev. and Mrs. Vincent Jasper, formerly of Shensi, to reside in Kunming, the capital of Yunnan, where they had done splendid work for multitudes of war-time refugees and in connection with the growth of the church and schools in the city and vicinity. I met there also Mr. Frank Hsu, a Christian evacuee from Chefoo, Shantung, who had thrived in big business during the war and who had erected a fine new church in Kunming at his own expense, and who was at the time of our interview offering very generous sums for other Christian projects.

Dr. Ts'ui also spoke most highly of the work of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Hayward, of Shensi, who had moved to Kweiyang, the capital of Kweichow and who, in the midst of most stringent economical and housing conditions, involving them in community living with Chinese families (in which incidentally they rejoiced!), had made an outstanding contribution to church development in the city, especially amongst students. He spoke also of the successful work

done by Mr. Hayward, and a team of Chinese preachers, in evangelism amongst evacuated government students in many parts of West China. Incidentally, from the Christian point of view, this is one of the most significant and promising features of the migration.

Professor W. B. Djang, of our Cheeloo Theological College staff, formerly in Tsinan, Shantung, was in Chungking at the time of my visit. What a story he had to tell! First of Shensi, where he had been chiefly instrumental in organising a Christian service of relief for wounded soldiers in transit. In all he and his colleagues had cared for 360,000 such, a work which had earned the highest commendation of Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek. Not only so, but this practical expression of the Christian spirit of service had deeply impressed the Communist leaders who have their headquarters in Shensi. He told of how the hearts of the wounded soldiers had been opened to the Gospel. These men had realised for the first time through this Christlike service what God is like, and what the church stands for.

Professor Djang was later commissioned by the Chinese Government, in co-operation with the Church of Christ, to organise a great civilising mission to the tribes on the Burmese and Tibetan border. Gradually he gathered a staff of seventy Chinese leaders, most of them Christian, and many of whom were Baptists from Shantung, who have opened up an extensive medical, educational and evangelistic work in these remote parts. One of our missionaries, Rev. John Henderson Smith, has been appointed to this forward movement, and Rev. and Mrs. W. S. Upchurch are expecting to follow later. The work is financed partly by the Chinese Government and partly by the Chinese Church and Missionary Societies. But the staff have absolute freedom for evangelistic work, and it is hoped

that a large and permanent expansion of the Church may result from this special effort.

Rev. Feng Pao Kuang, of Shantung B.M.S., although still suffering from severe wounds received in a bandit encounter in Shensi, volunteered for this arduous service, and won the exceptional esteem and appreciation of the tribal people.

Mrs. Liu Feng Lan, the woman evangelist in the Tsinan Institute, also did good work with the Border Mission for a time, and was badly injured by the overturning of a truck on the return journey.

The maintenance of Christian education in its higher ranges in Free China, is one of the distinctive contributions of the Church to the Chinese nation during the war. During my visit to Chengtu I found that Chinese members on Cheeloo University staff, many of them Baptists, had had a worthy share in this work. There, along with the staff and students of three other Christian Colleges—Yenching, Nanking and Ginling—they had shared in the education of more than 3,000 students on the campus of the West China Christian University. Difficulties of accommodation; of welding the diverse administrations of five separate institutions; of the lack of equipment and staff, especially on the foreign side, had somehow been overcome, and a lasting contribution made to the Christian leadership for the church and nation. Here I should mention Miss Grace Hickson, secretary to the President of Cheeloo, who as our sole missionary representative in Chengtu during the war has rendered invaluable service in this connection.

These are but a few instances of the way in which our Baptists in exile (along with innumerable others of their fellow Christians), by the blessing of God and by their fidelity and perseverance in the experiences of exile, have been able to find or make opportunity for the expansion of His Kingdom in West China.

And what of the Church in Occupied China?

As mentioned above, our stations in Shensi and Shantung were occupied by the Japanese by the end of 1937 and, as a result, our Christians were subjected to severe trials and hardships. Many had to flee from their homes, and not a few, especially women and girls, suffered from frenzied and lust-ridden Japanese soldiers. In North Shensi, at Kuohsien, no less than twelve of our brethren were brutally massacred with scores of their fellow-citizens on the pretext that they were Chinese soldiers masquerading in civilian clothes. Let us not overlook the fact that these, if they wished, could have escaped to the hills. Pastor Ch'in Liang was seized and bound in the Kuohsien church and threatened with death. He asked that he should not be led outside with the crowd that was to be shot outside the city gate, but killed in the church of which he was pastor. On hearing this the Japanese mercifully released him. But his brethren paid the supreme price for their Christian loyalty and steadfastness, and their names may justly be added to the long martyr roll of their brethren who suffered in that province at the hands of the Boxers in 1900.

At Sinchow, also in Shensi, two of our brethren suffered imprisonment and maltreatment for a time but were eventually set free. Immediately on being released, they called their fellow Christians to the church on the hill in the city, and in giving thanks to God for their deliverance, gloried in the fact that they had been allowed to suffer for the sake of the Name.

In Taiyuan, our missionaries and the local Christians lived heroically through a period of heavy aerial and artillery bombardment, during which much damage was done to our property, but the lives of all were preserved. For

nearly two years after the occupation, i.e. until August, 1939, our missionaries were able to stay on in Shensi in the midst of rigorous and perilous conditions.

During that period, on May 5th, 1938, Dr. Harry Wyatt and Miss Glasby with their Chinese chauffeur, while travelling by truck with relief supplies to our northern stations, were killed near Kuohsien by Chinese irregulars who mistook them for Japanese soldiers. Mr. and Mrs. Jasper, who accompanied them, were taken prisoner, Mrs. Jasper having been wounded by grenade splinters, and both were brought within an ace of death.

Suspicion that the Chinese Christians were in league with the Communist or guerrilla forces in the vicinity was the pretext for carrying away the whole congregation assembled in the Taiyuan Baptist Church one Sunday morning, 16th July, 1939, when after questioning and browbeating by their captors, their courageous and outspoken leader, Mr. Wang Chin Chang, one of our evangelists, was executed. It is thought that he was killed because he refused to compromise his loyalty to Christ by accepting certain Japanese demands. If that is so, we may also add his name to the noble army of Shensi martyrs.

During the summer of 1940 all our missionaries were compelled to leave Shensi, and the Church was left to face a forbidding future without their companionship and help.

At the time of the Japanese surrender in 1945, the B.M.S. wished to give all our interned missionaries the opportunity to return home for a period of rest and recuperation. But it was felt that some (if not all) of them would wish to return to their old friends for a short period at least to renew old contacts, to discover how our fellow Christians had fared during the time of separation and to initiate and develop reconstruction work.

In the end it was found desirable for a variety of reasons to select quite a small team for this work. Mr. R. H. P.

Dart and Rev. E. Sutton Smith proceeded to Shensi, and Rev. F. S. Drake and Rev. E. L. Phillips to Shantung. The Shensi pair arrived in Taiyuan after a most adventurous journey, and the Shantung men reached Tsinan by air after most trying delays.

All write of the touching welcome they received from Chinese colleagues, and of the great value of their return to the local Christian community. From the angle of the Society their work has been of great importance, as questions concerning the return and re-occupation of property, the recovery of equipment and the re-starting of the work in these two provinces could not possibly have been satisfactorily dealt with without their help. More important still is the spiritual ministry they have been able to exercise. To those who have undertaken this very responsible work, as also to many who denied themselves this privilege, the thanks of us all are due.

From our missionaries who returned to Shensi and Shantung we are learning how the Church has fared. Many tributes have been paid to the splendid service rendered by Mrs. Hsü (Nurse Chang), matron of the Taiyuan Christian orphanage. She not only maintained the work of the orphanage throughout the period of enemy occupation, but led the local Christians for worship every Sunday in the orphanage. As a result, a group of young and zealous Christians had been added to the Church. Admittedly, now that some of the older members have returned to the city, certain difficulties have arisen between them and the newly-formed group, but it is hoped that these may be happily resolved. We thank God for Mrs. Hsü, whose Christian fidelity and leadership has been so abundantly blessed.

In the Northern districts of Shansi most of the city churches have been closed during the period of occupation, and in the villages worship has been somewhat irregular. When Mr. Dart and Mr. Sutton Smith visited Sinchow

early this year, their meeting with the Christians was characterised by great joy and gratitude to God, and with pledges of greater devotion to Him.

Pastors Ch'in and Ch'iao have visited the Christians in Kuohsien, Taihsien and Fansu, and report that the churches are re-assembling in a spirit of hope and determination.

In the course of my recent journey, I was able to visit Tsinan, the capital of Shantung, whither Mr. F. S. Drake and Mr. E. L. Phillips had preceded me, and to confer with our Christian leaders in the city and with Rev. Chang Ssu Ching, the secretary of the Shantung Baptist Union, who was familiar with conditions in our country churches throughout the province.

In Tsinan itself I found much cause for thanksgiving and praise. I detected on the faces of our Chinese brethren evidence of the strain and deprivation of the war years, especially since the enforced withdrawal of the missionaries in June, 1942. Their loosely hanging, patched clothes afforded ample proof of the austerity of their lives. But their faces also glowed with the light of a suffering which was in itself an achievement. I found that the Institute had been kept open throughout the period of occupation, and although no great crowds had passed through its turnstile, yet the exhibits had been kept in beautiful condition by old members of staff. Now, under the supervision of Mr. Phillips, it is functioning again, with large numbers entering its portals, gladly paying a small admission fee, and listening as eagerly as ever to the Gospel addresses which are delivered at frequent intervals in the central hall. Thanks to the initiative of our Pastors Sun and Ch'i, the Theological College library had been moved and safely housed in the Institute.

I learned that the three Baptist churches in Tsinan had continued to function throughout the war, and considerable increases in church membership and contributions were re-

ported. They had complied with the Japanese order that all denominations should unite and they had enjoyed the fellowship of Anglicans, Presbyterians and Methodists which resulted. I learned also that in no way had the Christian leaders compromised the character of the Church on any fundamental issue.

One of our Theological College professors who had been imprisoned by the Japanese for several months, on his release completely re-organised and re-vitalised a decaying cause in the city, and the Church compound is now thronging with young life.

One of our Baptist leaders, the Y.M.C.A. Secretary, Mr. Cheng Fang Chiao, is presumed to have been killed by the Japanese for alleged complicity in guerrilla activities. There has also been no news of one of our Institute staff, Mr. T'ien Wen Chin, since he was seized by the Japanese as hostage for his son, who was also accused of guerrilla activities.

The medical staff of our University Hospital have carried on a notable work in a school centre in the city. They salvaged and used much of the valuable equipment of the hospital and supplied the local Chinese population with much-needed medical help throughout the period of occupation.

Reports from our country churches in Shantung tell of scattered congregations, burnt-out villages, and the hardest living conditions. In some village centres there has been no regular worship for years, but in the smaller towns and cities where we have had trained leaders in residence the work of the Church has been well maintained. More recently, however, the Communists have seriously ravaged our premises in Peichen, where our veteran Pastor Wang Shou Li, nearly blind, still " presides over the ruins."

In Tsingchowfu, Wang Chun T'ang and Dr. Ching, aided by faithful women evangelists and nurses, have kept

both church and hospital going in spite of the city being under Communist control. That is a story which deserves a chapter to itself. The latest news is that owing to the advance of the Nationalist forces, the Communists have left Tsingchowfu and carried off with them the whole of our staff.

At Choutsun, where our hospital and many residences have been gutted, but where school and church work has somehow been continued during Japanese occupation, a recent battle between Nationalists and Communists has inflicted serious damage on the church, and a few of our leaders who were known to be antagonistic to the Communist regime, have been forced into hiding.

One of the greatest disappointments in the China situation is the renewal of strife between the Nationalists and Communists. All our stations in Shensi and Shantung, if we except Taiyuan and Tsinan, are involved. At the time of writing there seems little hope of peace, but there are indications that our B.M.S. stations in Shantung at least will soon be recovered by the Nationalist forces.

The attitude of the Communists to our Church in these two provinces has varied from time to time and place to place. In some places they have definitely laid waste the Church. Occasionally they have professed they would welcome its co-operation in social services. But the evidence before us suggests that genuinely aggressive Christianity will be distasteful to them. It is true that some of our Chinese Christian leaders have been able to live with them and secure toleration for church worship. But others have felt it right to oppose them and are suffering for it. Mr. Drake reports that many of our country pastors have been "ousted" by the Communists and compelled to seek refuge and maintenance in Nationalist "islands" in the midst of a "Red" sea.

In conclusion, as one surveys again the course of the war years in Occupied China, and the effects on our Baptist Church, we are filled with praise to God, and admiration of our Chinese brethren, for the survival of the Church—a survival which in such conditions as have existed cannot be termed other than "achievement."

OUTER MONGOLIA
SINKIANG
INNER MONGOLIA
NINGSIA
SUIYUAN
CHAHAR
MANCHURIA
Hsinking
Kirin
Vladivostok
Rashin
Mukden
SEA OF JAPAN
KOREA
Seoul
Port Arthur
Chefoo
Peking
Tientsin
HOPEH
Taiyuan
Taiku
SHANSI
Tsinan
SHANTUNG
Tsingtao
Maizuru
Kobe
Kure
Fusan
Chinkai
Sasebo
Nagasaki
JAPAN
Hami
CHINGHAI
Lanchow
Yenan
KANSU
Sanyuan
Paoki
Puchow
Kaifeng
Sian
SHENSI
HONAN
Hwang Ho
KIANGSU
TIBET
CHINA
SIKANG
Lhasa
Batang
Chengtu
SZECHWAN
HUPEH
Hankow
ANHWEI
Nanking
Shanghai
Wuhu
Hangchow
Ningpo
Ichang
Kiang
Wuchang
CHUNGKING
Yochow
Poyang L.
Nanchang
CHEKIANG
Kinhwa
Wenchow
BHUTAN
Sadiya
Yangtze
Luhsien
Changsha
HUNAN
Tsunyi
Chaotung
KWEICHOW
Hengyang
KIANGSI
Shaowu
Foochow
EAST CHINA SEA
Ryukyu Islands
Amami Oshima
ASSAM
INDIA
Myitkyina
Tali
Kutsing
Kweiyang
Kian
FUKIEN
Kweilin
Kunming
BURMA ROAD
YUNNAN
Liuchow
Wuchow
KWANGSI
KWANGTUNG
Ladlung
Amoy
Mako
Formosa
CALCUTTA
Lashio
Chittagong
Mandalay
Nanning
Canton
Swatow
Hong Kong
Sancian I.
Akyab
BURMA
FRENCH INDO-CHINA
Hanoi
Pakhoi
Haiphong
KWANGCHOW
BAY OF BENGAL
Hainan
THAILAND
30°
100° E. of Greenwich
Territory penetrated by Japan
N.B. In N.China certain areas between the lines of communication are held by China
Japanese Naval Bases.
Roads
Roads under construction
Railways
Railways " "