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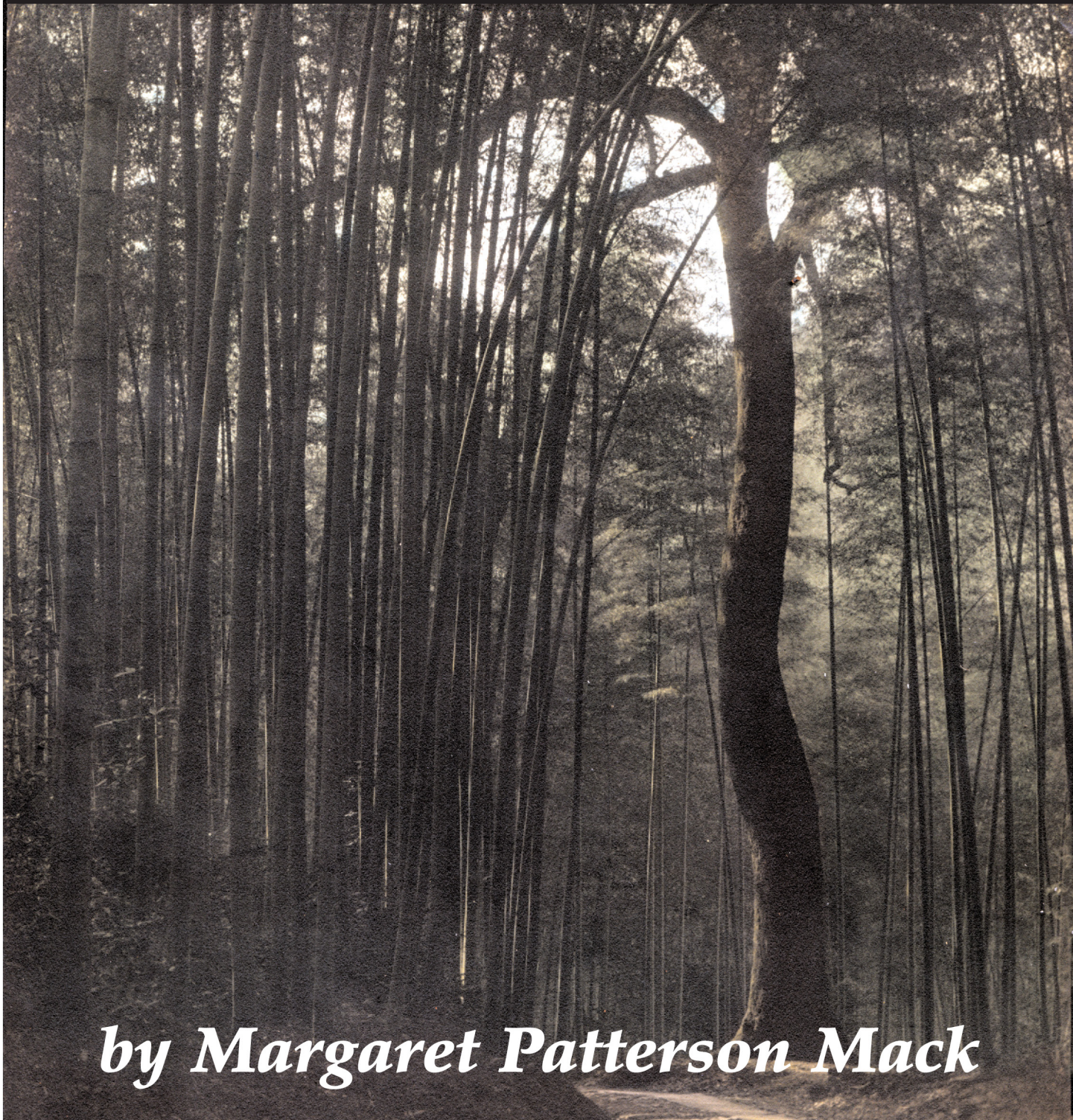
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My Heart's Recollections

*Memoirs of an American Woman Born and Raised
in Early 20th Century China*



by Margaret Patterson Mack

Preface

This is an effort to answer questions of grandchildren about their grandparents and about me when I was little. It's been fun remembering and I hope it will have meaning for others. This work is written as I would tell it to you—informal and colloquial.

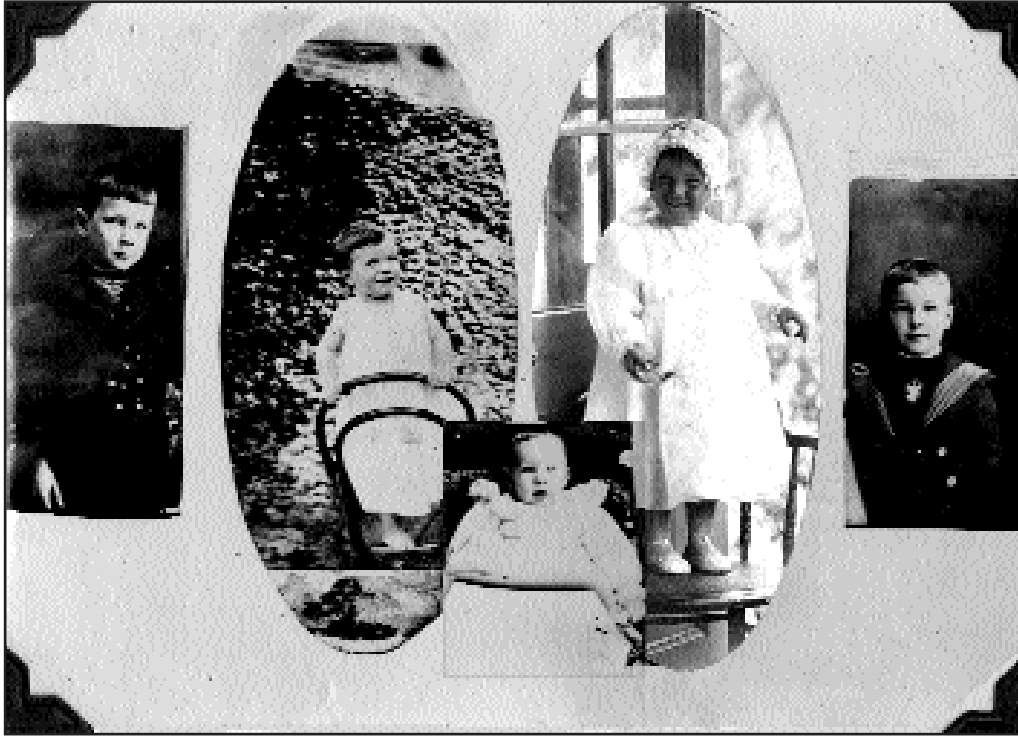
Unceasing thanks to my daughter Pat Churchman, for her effort—the vast number of hours dedicated to typing, suggesting, editing, tying loose ends, selecting, and scanning pictures. It would never have made it off the ground without her. Blessings on thee!

Margaret Patterson Mack
1906-2005

My Heart's Recollections
by Margaret Patterson Mack
1999

Introduction

Our home when I was growing up in China had mama and papa and five children. Craig Houston, our first, (and the one who thought and planned for all of us) went to Washington and Lee, Union Theological Seminary, married Frances Glasgow of Lexington, Virginia and went to China as an evangelistic missionary. Their children are Houston, Jr. (of Chattanooga, Tennessee), Robert Glasgow (of Memphis, Tennessee), and Anne Rutherford Hammes (of La Jolla, California).



Pictured: Houston, Norman, Paul, Margaret, and William

William Blackwood went to W&L and Union Seminary too, got sick and couldn't finish. He went to China to be with our parents, working with students, then back to Augusta County where he kept the family informed about each other at the old home place until his death in 1972—a wonderfully unselfish and loving brother.

Next came Paul Morrison. Mama was determined to have one missionary in the family, so named him Paul and Morrison for Robert Morrison, the first Protestant missionary to China. Interestingly enough, he was the only one who wasn't "into missions." He went to Davidson College, got degrees from the University of South Carolina and Johns Hopkins (a Ph.D.) in his field of science and taught at Hollins College for 37 years. He married Harriet Fishburne of Columbia, S.C. and they had one child, Patricia Rutherford (of Roanoke, VA). He was a reader in the Episcopal church and a lifelong bryologist.

Norman Guthrie also went to Davidson, to the Medical College of Virginia, in Richmond, then as a missionary to China. His first year there he met Athalie Hallum who had gone out to teach missionary children. They were married in 1930 in Shanghai. Their children are Norman, Jr. (of Avondale Estates, Georgia), Kitty (Mrs. Jack Farley of Abingdon, Virginia), and Nancy (of Bristol, Tennessee). The family looked to Norman trusting him to solve every problem. He was the first of us to go.

And I'm last—Fifth Sister I was. (Wu Jie). This was an honor, listing me with the

boys, they said. I met Henry Mack at Biblical Seminary in New York. He was from Pacific Grove, CA. We married at Tinkling Spring Presbyterian Church (Fishersville, VA) in 1930 and have two children: Patricia Ann (Mrs. Charles Churchman of Bridgewater, VA), and Robert Whitcomb (of Cumberland, RI).

Already in 1999, these children I have mentioned have grandchildren, so, for them, these pages may bring understanding of their roots in one branch of the family. I feel as if I'm tossing a trestle across a wide chasm of years.

We'll start with what I remember about papa. Two chapters on mama—what I have read and what I remember. Then Henry and me. These grandchildren will be sorry they asked!



Mama and me



Mama and Houston

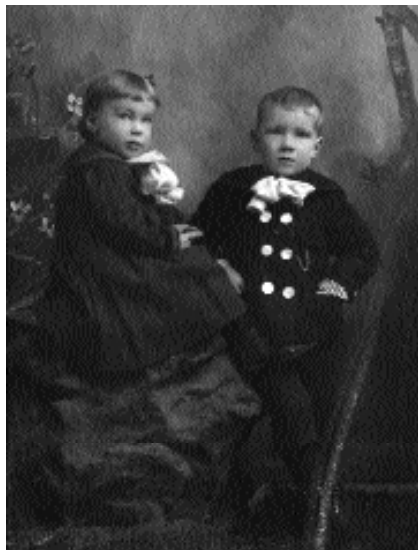


Papa and me



I

Paul, Margaret, and Norman (covering up the hole in his pants)



William and Houston

Remember Papa

Papa was born June 26, 1865, to Margaret Tirzah Willson and William Brown Patterson, in Augusta County, Virginia, between Stuarts Draft and Fishersville. He went to a little school

taught by the local Presbyterian minister then on to Washington and Lee in Lexington, Union Theological Seminary which was then in connection with Hampden Sydney College. He was six feet tall, held himself erect, had no false teeth even at 87 years and had a thumb nail on his right hand that was twice the width of the length. As far as I know, Houston Jr. is the only descendent that has this trait. Papa always reminded me to stand straight and to “frown up.” He would see my “furrowed brow” and knew that I’d have a thousand wrinkles when I got older if



Barterbrook School

I didn’t frown up. Alas, all his reminding for nothing!

He was a scholar and delighted in studying—his Bible, Chinese characters, stars, stones, plants, grave markings and what makes things work. His study was down by the front gate, in Sutsien, so that he could be more accessible to visitors. He installed a phone between him and the house. Don’t ask me how it worked but I remember that little contraption on the wall in the dining room and how exciting it was to talk into it.

Papa had to keep on studying, even after he retired. Mr. Howard Wilson, preaching then at Tinkling Spring Presbyterian Church (near Fishersville, VA), insisted that papa write his memoirs. Mama was very unhappy about that. Papa was sick with many ailments and mama was doing all she could to keep him going and here he was, knocking himself out every morning, spending hours writing until

he was shaking. Of course we are grateful that he wrote them. Not only that, but Papa studied his Chinese. We used to laugh and say, “Papa, why do you study Chinese so much? They don’t talk Chinese in heaven.” He’d grin and say, “How do you know!”

He never got started on crossword puzzles. Mama was the one who worked those. One of her sisters sent her a subscription to Liberty magazine so she could work the Ted Shane crosswords. She got a real kick out of his clever definitions. Now and then I find a Ted Shane work in a Dell puzzle book and work it “in memory.”



Papa and his teacher

When they first went to China, many of the missionaries wore Chinese clothes and some even let their hair grow and braided into a queue, but Papa never wore a queue. He always looked neat. If he got a spot on his clothes, he sponged it off immediately. I can see him now, reaching for my wrists as I came running toward him with sticky fingers. Even when he was sick, he shaved every day, with a straight-edged razor. He looked very proper in his long robe, fastened down the side, with a high collar and long sleeves and a little round hat on the top of his head and hand-made shoes—black. Long trousers were tied with wide strips of cloth at the ankle. Keeping warm in the bitter cold winters where there was no heat was always a problem. At home we had a stove in the living room where we gathered and sat. But on his itinerating trips there was no heat except a little brass pot that held a few coals to hold in his hands or put his feet on. In spite of all the warm underwear from Montgomery Ward and scarves and gloves, he’d come home from his trips with split, bleeding fingers. The thought of the millions of Chinese who spent their lives with no heat was a constant sorrow for them.

He delighted in rocks and fossils and how long it took for them to develop. He had grown up believing in the literal six days of creation, so it was faith shaking to think in terms of millions of years. Then he found the verse in the Bible, “A day is as a thousand years to God,” looked again at the story in Genesis chapter one, where there were three “days” of cre-

ation before there was a sun to control the day. This gave him pleasurable leeway to believe in the millions of years in the creation that was still going on around him. He was interested in Chinese coins long before mama collected hers—the collection that is with Pat and Charles. He learned the metals, the characters on them, the dates, the dynasties, all of that.

He and Mr. Junkin were the itinerating evangelists of our town. They had divided the county north of Sutsien as their area for taking the good news of the gospel. Papa would go out for two weeks at a time, with his wheelbarrow loaded with books, bedding, and clothes, to visit villages where there was a chapel or inquirers into the faith. He would sleep in the chapel or an inn and his wheelbarrow pusher would act as cook. He would go to the market to see what he could find to cook and papa would add bread that mama had baked and sent along, and get out his trusty canned milk. We all survived on Carnation milk. Then he'd eat his skimpy meal with half the town standing around the door to watch the foreigner eating. (The audience that was ever present was always a trial for us, not just because they were watching but also because we



An itinerating trip. BCP 4th from left

knew that they were hungry and we couldn't share because there would never be enough.

A terrible predicament!

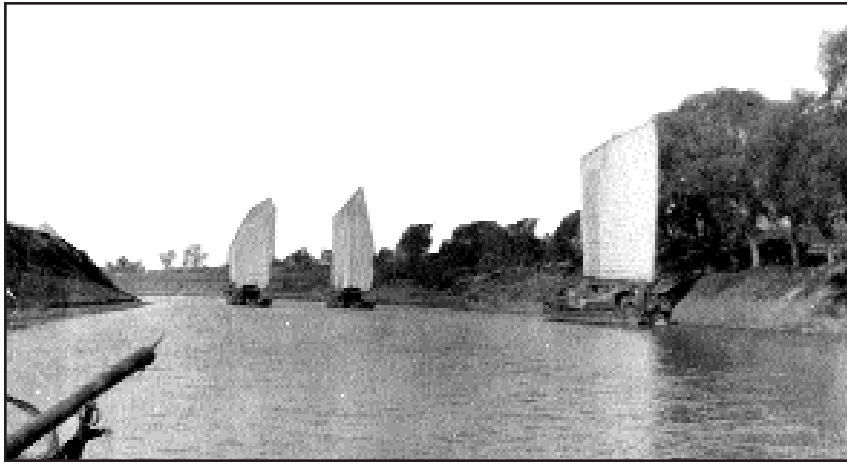
Papa would spend his days visiting, answering questions, settling disputes, preaching, selling scripture portions, scratching fleas and lice, and trying to keep mosquitoes away. He got malaria very badly, so he feared mosquitoes more than tigers. When he got home his clothes and bedding were all spread in the yard to get rid of bedbugs and searched for lice.

Mama tells in her letters of one trip up the canal from Chinkiang. Papa and baby Houston were both feverish with malaria when someone stole her supply of quinine at the beginning of the trip! Here she was, for a week on the canal, with two patients getting worse by the day, before they reached a hospital with medicine. She was sure she was going to lose her precious baby, that time.

One time we were going down the canal on a trip—mama, papa, and me. Mama said, "Well, Margaret, this time you and I will be safe from bedbugs." The junks were always well-supplied and they didn't bite papa. She had sewn a sheet to the bottom of a mosquito net, leaving just a narrow slit for us to crawl in for the night. We would then pin the slit and be safe. I went in first and soon began to complain about bites. Mama said, "Oh, honey, you're just tired. I'll be in soon and we can settle down." Crawling in, she folded the slit several times and pinned it.

Papa had been holding the lantern for her to see what she was doing, then he got under his net and put out the lantern. It wasn't long before mama said, "Craig, there IS something biting us inside this net. You'll have to get us a light so we can see what's going on." Poor papa crawled out among the mosquitoes, lit the lantern and held it up. We could see bedbugs crawling all over the net. Papa gave us a pan of water and we picked them off and dropped them into the water. As I remember the story, we got 169 bedbugs, but I probably mixed up the number with Little Black Sambo's pancakes! We never figured how they got in. Papa drew a ridiculous picture of himself, standing in nightshirt, with huge mosquitoes attacking his knobby knees as he held the lantern for us to pick bedbugs in the steamy heat of the mosquito net!

I've mentioned papa's fascination with stones and Chinese ancient art work in brass and china. He would love public television's Antiques Roadshow today. He found a little block of smoked quartz and had it carved on one end with a backwards M for me to use in sealing letters. He was always picking up stones in the road and wondering about them. He bought



Boats on the Grand Canal

carnelian from the mountains west of Tenghsien and had a small block polished with date and place etched on it in his script. He bought a beautiful blue stone and gave it to me in a ring. He said, “They had star sapphires which I couldn’t afford, but I think this is pretty and I want you to have it.” Years later it came out of the setting, so I took it to a jeweler and asked him to reset it in a good set-

ting. He said, “You know that this is not a valuable stone, so why do you want a good setting?” I said, “You give it a good setting. It’s very valuable to me.”

One day Paul, Norman and I were playing in the yard when a man came looking for papa. He was a poor country man in faded blue clothes with a ragged beard and was holding something, wrapped, in his hand. Of course we children followed into the study to see what he had. We knew it was precious by the way he was holding it. He carefully unfolded an old rag and there was what looked like a wedge of gold pie. GOLD! He said he plowed it up in his field. You could feel his tension as he waited to hear what papa would say. “It looks like gold, but let’s test it,” said papa. He weighed it, then got a pan of water and weighed it in that, then looked up the weights in a book and said he was pretty sure it was gold. Of course it was dangerous for him to let anyone know that he had such a valuable thing, yet he needed the money very badly. As I remember, papa advised him to take it to a rich Christian business man in town whom he trusted to give the man a fair price. We never heard from him again.

One of the great disappointments of papa’s life was when the University of Pennsylvania’s science department belittled his study of the scarab. Papa had been greatly interested in comparing scarabs of Egypt and China, figuring there must be some ancient connection between the two countries, long before the time that modern studies put it. He sent all his material to Bob Mack who was in medical school there at that time, but the scholars poohpooled the whole thing. Papa also was intrigued by the rubbings that he took off of the old grave stones that were dug up in Tenghsien when they were excavating for the new seminary building. These dated back hundreds of years. Then he found references to Christianity when the Jesuits were in high courts of China. Why did Christianity die out so completely, he wondered.

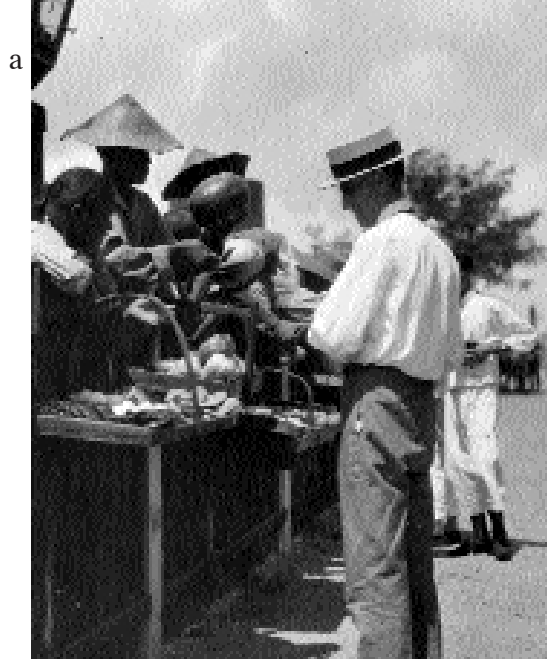
In 1939 when mama was in Peking for her cancer operation, papa was there part of the time. As he walked to the hospital, he passed a man, squatting on his heels, polishing a piece of cloisonné. Papa asked if he could put any design on it. He said, “You draw it and I’ll put it on.” At that time Papa had three granddaughters—Anne Patterson, Pat Mack, and Kitty Patterson. Papa wrote their names and explained that he wanted pale blue on a round box this big (holding his hands in a circle about five inches across.) Soon they were ready. Can you imagine having your own personalized piece of cloisonne? What would Antiques Roadshow do with that?

Things! There’s a brass temple bell, rather, a model of one, in my living room here at Sunnyside (in Harrisonburg, VA) that mama and papa gave Aunt Alice (mama’s sister, Alice Spessard) one furlough. When Henry and I moved to Richmond in 1934, Aunt Alice said, “I want you to have this. Your mother and father gave it to me and I’ve enjoyed it, but now you must have it.” I loved her for that.

Sometimes papa would buy something that he was sure was one-of-a-kind only to have the man come back the next day with another one just like it. Or he’d buy an old crackleware

vase that he was sure went back hundreds of years only to find later that it was a clever fake. But he loved the exercise and we all enjoyed the outcome.

His bargaining took place mostly on Kuling where vendors would come around to the different houses with their baskets of wares, on the ends of a long pole over the shoulder. They would struggle up the steps to the shade of the porch, ease the pole off as they put the baskets down and settle in for a long session of bargaining. Papa had been practicing his bargaining now for many years. He was a past master. The



Papa bargaining for treasures

Chinese loved it because they are tops in that too, so big time was had by all. They had lovely things—ivory, brass, china, linen, bronzes, embroideries. Papa bought as long as the money held out. There were many relatives in the States to be remembered. Papa had grown up on the farm, son of respected members of the Tinkling Spring Presbyterian Church, so had a deep love of the Lord and the land. He had many stories to tell about bringing in the corn, wheat, hay, about stirring up hornets and wasps and watching for rattlesnakes when they went to the mountains for huckleberries. There was one story he liked to tell about a little old black man who worked with them in the fields. A young neighbor who also worked, had a foul mouth. Every time he would say something irreverent, the old man would bow his head, snatch off his hat, hold it over his heart and say, “Oh, Lawdie, please, please forgive that young fellah ‘cause he don’t know what he’s saying.” Then

he would put his hat back on and go on working.

Papa had a flower garden in our front yard in Sutsien that he and I played tag around. I thought of it as huge until Henry and I went back when Pat was a baby and it had shrunk to tabletop size! He had roses and lily of the valley, a pomegranate tree and a pi bah tree with a stone bench at one side. I’ve just seen one other pibah tree anywhere and that was in Dad Mack’s back yard (in Pacific Grove, CA), by his fish pond. It has magnolia-like leaves and a tan fruit with firm meat in sections under a thin skin.

Papa loved it when they retired and he went back to “God’s country” and had the chance to plant whatever he wanted. He always talked about the Shenandoah Valley as God’s country.

On one furlough, when I was little, we went back to visit grandma. The B&O train pulled into the Staunton station in the middle of a cold, bleak night. The station was a tiny shed-like place with one dim light bulb and a small stove. As we huddled there, waiting for baggage, I looked up and asked, “Papa, is this God’s country?”

Papa’s job took him away from home for weeks at a time, but when he was home, he always made time for me. I feel sorry for children whose fathers are “too busy” for them. Papa would take me on his lap after supper, move up to the old pine table, pull out the scratch paper drawer, and draw pictures. Funny little cartoon people that we giggled over, together. Just being there on his lap, with his arms around me, gave a warmth that I still treasure.

When I was little, there was a game that papa and I played called “Filipino.” I don’t know why that name. When we cracked open an almond and found two pieces, he’d eat one piece and I’d eat the other and we’d agree on some word that we could not use, like “yes” or “no” or “maybe.” We chose a “punishment” for the use of it, then tried to trick the other into using it. I don’t know why I liked to play it so much because papa always won. Maybe it was

because it was something that was just between him and me, and that was special. I still smile over the way his eyes would crinkle up when he caught me!

Some of the best acrobats come from China and they start very young to train for all the contortions that they have to go through. They would have shows on the street. Since Papa didn't want us out there with the crowd, he would pay for a few of the acrobats to come into our courtyard and perform for us. Standing on four-inch-wide benches they would stoop backwards and pick up a cup in their mouths, from the ground!

He would buy firecrackers for us and put them off in our yard. The boys always liked these better than I did, but I loved the little barrel that sent up a high shower of sparks that we could dance around. And sparklers. The Chinese have the last word, and the first, in fireworks.

He made stilts for my brothers and me and we stumped around for hours. They were such high ones that we had to climb on a chair to start out. He had carpentry tools that the boys learned to use. My brothers even made simple chairs that they were very proud of. I'd poke around in the workroom, watching and playing with the wondrously curled wood shavings. Pat is still using a kitchen stool that papa made 60 years ago when he retired.

Papa encouraged us to use our hands to whittle, fold, stitch, dig and plant. He paid me a penny for every ten plants that I dug up in the grass. There were so many that we soon had to stop as I was earning more than his salary! He insisted, as I got older, that I learn how to keep accounts because living within an income was important to him. He also insisted that I learn to type, and bought me my first typewriter.



Agnes and Nettie Junkin, Norman and Margaret Patterson, John and Julia Bradley with Annie and

Papa loved to plant things and watch them grow. Once he found a green rose. I didn't think it was pretty, but he was so happy about it that I kept quiet. We had a south window in our living room—we called it our sitting room—and I can still smell the freesias that he had there in the winter and see the glazed aqua pot that they grew in.

Papa and mama took the English language very seriously. "Let's use the correct word and pronounce it right." There was a dictionary close by for answers. Even when we were eating dinner, the word had to be looked up.

Sometimes the dictionary was wrong, in one person's opinion anyway!

Papa was a student of Confucius' writings. That made him a respected scholar. Being constantly questioning, he was ready to look up answers to anything we asked. This showed when he bought his books to take to China—the 1891 edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica.

One day I was trying to learn the books of the Bible. papa passed by and asked, "Does the book of Hezekiah come before or after Psalms?" I thought I knew the answer to that one. I knew Hezekiah was a good king of Israel—or was it Judah?—but I couldn't place his book. I searched. Mama said, "Come on and eat your dinner," but I was challenged. They were almost through eating before it dawned on me that papa was teasing me. I can still see his silly grin

when I finally went to the table.

Tobacco was a sorrow for papa long before the furor of today. One day some travelling salesmen came by our place in Sutsien, selling cigarettes. In the course of the conversation papa asked them why they sold something that made people dirtier. A year later the same men came by and said, “You will be glad to know that we’re selling soap now.”

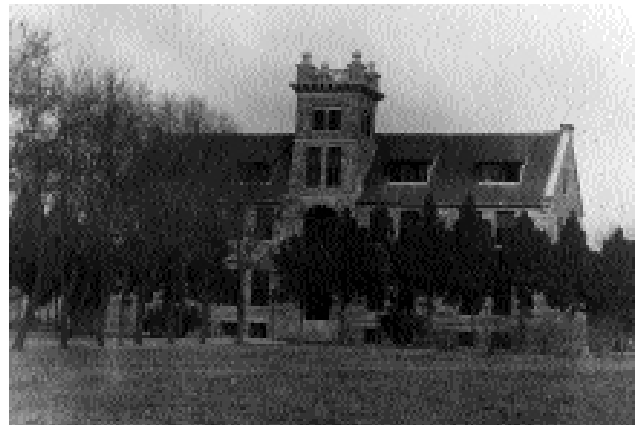
Another story about smoking was when papa was talking with his nephew about giving up cigars. At that time papa was teaching in Tengersien at the North China Theological Seminary and was eager for a telescope so that the young men could learn about the stars. Papa: “How much do you spend on cigars a year?” Nephew: “About a hundred dollars, but what would I use the money for if I saved it?” Papa: “You could send it to me for a telescope for the students.” And a year later, in came the hundred dollars!

His faith showed through everything he did and was the basis for his long life of 87 years. He led family prayers every day when he was home. Mama led when he was in the country. The only thing about World War I that I remember was hearing his earnest prayers that it would stop. He and mama had us memorize Bible verses and passages and learned them along with us. They felt that the ten commandments were as relevant for us as they were in Moses’ time. When he was a little boy there was a picture of an ancient relative on their wall with eyes that followed you around the room. You’ve seen pictures like that where the eyes keep looking at you. He connected this with a Bible verse that his mother taught him — “The eyes of the Lord are on those who fear him and who hope in his steadfast love.” (Psalms 33:18) He said it was very helpful to think of having God watching him all the time, just like the picture. He wasn’t morbid or fearful about it, just felt it kept him on the “straight and narrow.”

One day he heard that one of my brothers had told a lie. Papa called us in, sat us down very solemnly and, almost in tears, stressed the importance of always telling the truth. His love of the Lord and his determination to raise us in the “fear and admonition of the Lord” was the guiding purpose of his life. Even after we all left home, he wrote every week to keep in touch and share words of insight often. We didn’t always listen, but we knew he was there for us.

In 1922 the mission asked papa to move to Tengersien to teach in the North China Theological Seminary. This had been started by conservative Northern Presbyterians and several from our southern church were cooperating. There was a preparatory school there too, the Mateer Memorial Institute, where he also taught. The academic work was a challenge for papa, beyond what he had been doing in his country itineration work and kept him struggling but he enjoyed it. It was here that he wrote his texts on archeology and geology, subjects that had been tickling his brain for many years. He wrote in his memoirs (p. 94) about this:

I had as my special lines two new courses, archeology and historical geology. Both courses were without textbooks in Chinese. To develop these courses required many technical words and names and I had to find, or create, approximate equivalents for them in Chinese. However, as I had the usual graduate theological student’s acquaintance with Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and as I had studied German, French and Anglo-Saxon at Washington and Lee, this language work was not too hard. It gave me a pleasant insight into the wisdom of a great people with a three thousand year history to delve into the hun-



In Shantung the Mateer Memorial was built in 1913 to the memory of Dr. Calvin Mateer, longtime missionary in Shantung. In 1924 it burned, was rebuilt in 1933 by the North Kiangsu mission.

dreds and hundreds of proverbs and literary quotations and citations.

Just a footnote here—when I visited Pat and Charles in the '60's when they were teaching in Taiwan, I met one of papa's students! He was the only one I ever met. But he's the one who said my pronunciation was correct, in spite of what Pat and Charles said! They were learning the Beijing tones and mine were North Kiangsu—true Chinese!

When Henry and I went to China in November 1933 with our little Patty Ann, Houston met us in Shanghai and put us on the train to Tenghsien where mama, papa and brother Bill lived. He rode with us as far as his junction then told us to get off at the second stop. It would be around four in the morning and there would be no lights or announcements, but we were just to get off. I remember a deep sense of uneasiness as he left us and we went on into the dark unknown. I suppose not having lights on the train conserved energy, but there is an eeriness to it. We passed Linchung and the next was ours. We hoped it would be soon and that we would be awake. Then there came someone down the aisle, carrying a lantern and looking at every



Henry, Patty Ann and

passenger. When he reached us, I looked and there was papa! Can you imagine the joy, relief, assurance and gratitude! Houston had wired from Shanghai that we would be on that train. Papa had taken the southbound to Linchung that morning so he could board ours when we came through. What a wonderfully thoughtful man and how exciting it was for me to walk into their home and show off my husband and daughter, even though it was four a.m.

Famine always stalked the land where we lived. North Kiangsu was planted in millet and wheat, but when scorching winds came with no rain for weeks, there was no hope. Papa soon became aware of the signs. The year I was born was a terrible year for the people—crops dried up, no jobs. People streamed down through our town with all their possessions on wheelbarrows, heading south, hoping for any help they could get, yet dying by the thousands. Papa was instrumental in getting international relief for some and was commended highly by the U.S. Ambassador and in the Shanghai press. What he learned in this famine taught him what to watch for to help sooner in the future.

Papa had a good voice and had learned to read music and sing with the “do re mi.” He felt it was important for us to learn how to do this. He set this as his goal on Saturday mornings when he was home. I dreaded it! It was complete Greek to me. He would look at a note and say “do” or “sol” and I was supposed to read the next one. I never did learn. There was a complete blockage in my brain and I could see that I was a deep disappointment to him. He had a little tuning fork that he would use to set the pitch for a song, then lead us. That was fine. We liked to sing, but the “do re mi fas” really stumped me. I can still hear papa singing, “Shall We Gather at the River.”

Papa was always polite and the Chinese respected him for this. They are the essence of courtesy. One thing that really bothered him was when people on the street continued to call him “Foreign Devil.” I'm sure there were some who didn't know what else to call a foreigner with pale skin, blue eyes, brown hair, and a big nose! Here he was, trying to tell people about a loving God and he was a devil! He always stopped to speak to the person and tried to suggest a different nomenclature. We children were “Little Foreign Devils” but I don't remember being bothered by that so much. Maybe you've read Dr. Nelson Bell's book, Foreign Devil in China.

He had a teacher who came every day to help him with his characters and pronunciation. Papa asked him to paint pictures for us children. The one thing I remember his painting for me was a fan. He put one picture on the folds facing one way and put another scene on the ones facing the other way. When you looked straight at it, it was a jumble, but when you turned it to either side, a clear picture showed up. Very clever.

They were quite a team—mama and papa. He always said that mission work could not

have started in Sutsien without mama's medical work. He was always proud of the work that mama did. He often helped her with the male patients and once he even diagnosed a case of appendicitis. He delighted in that!

Papa grew up during the time when husbands made all major decisions, especially about money, and doled out what was needed. When they married, Mama had been on her own for six or seven years and was used to making decisions. Being dependent was hard for her. One of the first questions she asked me when I told her I was getting married was, "Can you write your own checks?" Wasn't that sad? Papa wasn't being mean. He was just taking his responsibility as he understood it. I saw this same situation with dad and mother Mack.

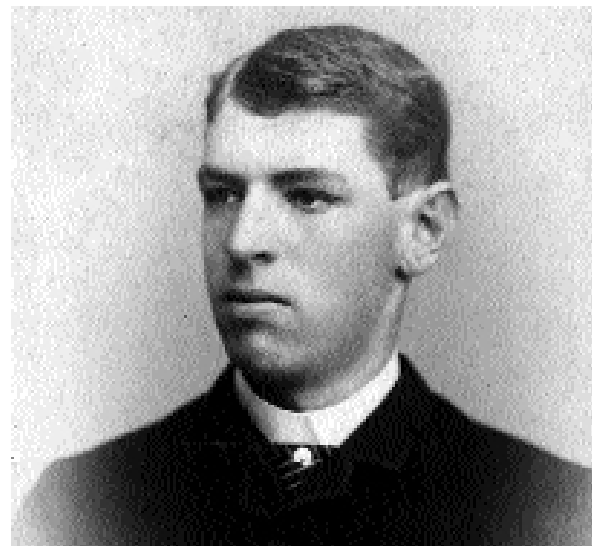
They often disagreed on things, each being sure of the right. Much of the differences concerned Bill. Bill had had a nervous breakdown in seminary and had spent most of his adult life with them in China and Virginia. Papa felt Bill could do more than he was doing and mama was trying to understand the problems and inadequacies the breakdown had left him with. Thus the arguments. Mama used to say that she was glad when women got the vote because now she could cancel out papa's vote. I think she really meant it on occasion.

Mama told the story that they laughed about of a man and wife who couldn't agree about something. He said, "Knife." She said, "Scissors." This went on, back and forth until finally, in desperation, the man said, "If you say scissors one more time I'll throw you in the lake." As she was going down for the third time, she held up her two fingers in a V, showing scissors!

Papa's undergirding was from God, the church, family and friends, in that order. Tinkling Spring had supported him ever since he went to China in 1891. His mother wrote him every week and he wrote her. His sister, Betty, had married early and gone to Atlanta, and raised four children—Margaret, Russell, Brown and George Hoyt. Margaret kept the family together after her parents died. She came to Virginia every summer and helped grandma open her house for all the grandchildren. It was across the meadow from Uncle Blackwood's. She



Papa's sister Betty



Papa's brother Blackwood

was still coming after I came to college at Mary Baldwin and was a real joy.

Uncle Blackwood had stayed on the farm and been the anchor for the family. He managed papa's part of the inheritance, too, so that we had a little extra beyond the missionary salary. His and Aunt Anna's children—Helen, Brown, Anna Compton and John Blackwood—

were all very special. When the folks retired to the old home place it was John Blackwood and Augusta, with their children Sandra, J.B. and Ginsy, who were “family” in Montezuma the big



*Papa's mother, Tirzah Willson Patterson
(in white hat)*



Tirzah Willson Patterson



*Montezuma, the old Patterson home place
where*

red brick house with the white pillars. There was a special spot in his heart for little J.B. because of his illness (Von Guerkins—liver related) and his patient acceptance of it. It broke papa's heart. At the corner where the Staunton road made a big curve, stood a white oak called the Barterbrook Oak and the old Staunton road is still called Barter-brook Road. I remember a store on the curve on an early furlough, but when they retired, the store was gone and very soon, lightning struck the tree, destroying it.



Mama
*Tirzah in sleigh,
standing left, in front* West Virginia

was just four years old when the Rutherford R. Houstons had their third daughter, born March 25, 1867—Annie Rowland Houston, my mother. This date is especially notable in our family because exactly one hundred years later, a great granddaughter, Catherine Houston Churchman, was born, then in 1997 Mama's great-great-granddaughter, Elizabeth Kate Dolack, was born to Catherine on that same date.

Her father had been born in Greece. Sam (known as Preacher Sam to distinguish him from his cousin, the other Sam) and Mary Russell Houston went under the Presbyterian Church in the early 1830's before there was a northern and southern church, waiting in Boston several months for the sailing ship to be loaded and taking many weeks to reach Scipio in Greece.



*Mary Russell
Houston and
Preacher Sam
Houston traveled*

There the Rev. Mr. Sam worked with other dedicated people to start schools and put the Bible into the hands of people while Mrs. Mary had two babies, lost one and contracted tuberculosis. She was sent to Cairo hoping the drier weather would heal her, but they had no cure for tuberculosis then and she died when her little boy was three years old. She was not yet thirty! Because little Rutherford was sickly, Mr. Sam felt he must return to the States with him, thus ending the dreams of two wonderful people. This story must wait for a hand other than mine, but this astonishing story can be found in boxes of letters from both of them in the Montreat Historical Foundation.

After mama came eight more girls and one boy. The twin girls died in infancy, but the rest lived to maturity.

Mama said she never knew her mother as she was always looking after a baby. Her oldest sister Mary was her adviser. She felt close to her father though. He was always ready to talk to any of the children when they would go to him in his study, a small building in the yard of the manse where he had his books. It was he who taught them everything they knew until they went off to school. He was a minister in Union, WVA, when she was born, but he moved his family to Fincastle, VA, when Mama was about three years old. It's Fincastle that she thought of as her childhood home. All the children studied reading, writing, math, Hebrew, Latin and Greek along with learning their ABC's. This made them very conscious of the correct usage of words. One of my keen remembrances of my parents is their looking up words that they differed about. No matter that we were in the middle of dinner—knowing the meaning of the word, or the pronunciation or the location of some geographic place was more important: One must look after things when one thinks of them!

The girls divided the chores around the place, some cooked, some sewed, some cleaned and some watched the younger ones and worked in the garden. The family had a cow, chick-



*Back row: Alice (Mrs. Nat. Spessard), Janet, Harry Rutherford, Stella, Olive,
 First Row: (insert) Jessie (Mrs. H. Bowyer Brockenbrough), Mary Russell (Mrs. William
 Miller), Bess (Mrs. S. O. Hall), Annie Rowland, Kate (Mrs. Walter Plecker)*

ens, and pigs. Grandpa didn't receive much salary. Often it came in slabs of bacon or sacks of potatoes, but everybody helped everybody and they got by. Nobody had much money in those days right after the war, in the south. It's a puzzle to me that will never be solved—how he fed and clothed and educated ten children. Some went to business school, one to art school, one to medical school (Women's Medical School in Baltimore which closed when Johns Hopkins accepted women), and the son to college, Hampden-Sydney. He was in the Virginia legislature for many years, from Hampton, VA. Mama always thought it was sad that the Houston name in her branch of the family, was gone in two generations as Uncle Harry never had any sons. Mama was a feminist long before it came into vogue. She named her first son Craig Houston. If



Houston home in Fincastle as it looks today



Building where the children had school under their father. Houston, me, and Miss Hellen Caldwell.

she'd known the European custom of giving the mother's maiden name as the middle name of all the children, I'm sure she would have done it!

A few months ago, in 1998, my son Bob and I stopped by Fincastle to see the old place and it is still there, looking very much as it did in the painting that grandpa made of it in 1882. The house has changes but the study looks the same. The occupant of the house was most cordial and showed us all his plans for fixing up the study as an office with electricity and heat, to be used by them both in their education work. Their enthusiasm was extremely warm and made us very happy.

In 1937 Mama wrote an autobiography and I'd like to quote from it about her early life



Painting done by the Rev. Rutherford R. Houston when he was serving as pastor of the Fincastle Presbyterian Church. Given to Craig Houston Patterson by his Aunt Jessie because he was the only grandchild

(Collected with letters by Olive Houston and typed by Jane Breckinridge).

My father had charge of two churches in West Virginia and we moved to Fincastle when I was about five. I never was pretty, but I had curls and a certain sturdiness so Mrs. Spears, one of the good members of Fincastle church (who afterwards married Mr. Lewis) was very much attracted to me and often she would take me to her father's home about a mile in the country. (Prospect Hill). Her old father, Mr. Gray, every time she returned from town would ask, "Did Ann come?" Mrs. Lewis was my life long friend—always corresponded with me and helped me thru Medical College.

There is in my possession a composition that I wrote before I was seven on "SHOW" that was considered so good for my years that it was preserved.

About this time our father got a Mason and Hamlin organ. He did not know how to play but learned and taught me how to read the notes and I picked out hymns and at nine played in the church when no organist. My mother thought I was going to be a prodigy and later when we got a piano and Bettie

Glasgow gave me lessons and I made no better musician than I did—I think she was very much disappointed. But my music has been a great pleasure and I have often been the only one who could play at a gathering. Even in Baltimore, I was frequently called upon at prayer meetings or small gatherings. . .

My next step was when eight years old and for some reason we were sent to Miss Rebecca Glasgow for a six month's schooling. That was the only time I went anywhere except to our father. Will Glasgow made my life miserable by teasing me—otherwise it was a delightful time. Miss Rebecca was a lovely lady, kind and gracious. She taught me a prayer in Daniel's prayer that I have never forgotten: "Oh Lord, hear—O Lord forgive; O Lord, hearken and do."

About this time we children would go to prayer meeting and I remember our father trying to get us interested in Astronomy, and now I regret not taking more interest. He did his part.

The only punishment I ever got was at this age and that was through a misunderstanding. My mother gave me two cuts with a switch and I ran to my father in tears for comfort. Another time I cried because I was sent from the table for not knowing my Scripture verse. I do not recall whether I was happy or not as a young child.

When I was nine, a Mr. C. M. Howard, evangelist, came to Fincastle for a month's meeting. He had all the children write him letters—and in every way tried to reach them. At an after-meeting I staid and an old Methodist lady, Mrs. Shirley, talked specially to me. I had a feeling of intense joy tho I remember not a word she said. I told my father about it and he thought it was a real conversion as I was received into the church with about 30 others. I was greatly disappointed not to notice any greater change in my thoughts than I did. I hunted up a book called "The New Life" which pointed out that the new life did not destroy the old disposition, but remained to be kept under. That was a great comfort to me.

Kate was always my chum and Mary was always lovely to me—but I persecuted Bess—I have no recollection why. I remember my father taking up a switch to scare me about it, but he never did more than scare us—but that was enough.

I see I was eleven when Harry was born and I remember that quite well, as he the first boy—but I have no remembrance of Janet's arrival. Jess I recall as tho yesterday. Dr. Godwin and Aunt Becky Holmes (colored) had been called at 3 a.m. I had helped give them three meals! Just after supper, our father was upstairs, seeing to Janet I suppose, and I rushed to tell him, saying, "Oh Papa, another girl!" and he replied in the cheeriest voice, "That's all right." He gave Jess her bottle of milk til she was four years old and she herself stopped because Mrs. Lewis promised her a new dress if she would.

. . . I should mention Coz Tom and Coz Emma Houston, Maud Houston's parents. Coz Tom lived with us for several months, and Coz Em was devoted to Coz Maggie, our mother. They stopped by one morning to take us to Catawba Creek for a picnic. Coz Em said, "Now Coz Maggie, don't add a thing to the lunch. I have made ample and we will buy milk in the country." They did get milk, a whole gallon of it, but Coz Em did not realize how much growing children could eat. And I was so starved before the day of fishing was over that I ate the entire skin of an orange with no dire result. We returned home to find Bess ill. Dr. Godwin had diagnosed her case as plurodynia and I did not know what that was til I studied medicine.

. . . We had nothing but the most pleasant recollections of Dr. Godwin. He

was always cheerful and had a high sense of humor. He was asked one day about the state of health in the county. He replied, "I never saw such a state of health. I am not making horse feed." He was very successful in his practice, though an old school doctor. It was said he never lost an obstetrical case.

When I was 12 or so, he removed a small tumor from my eyebrow and used no anesthetic. He thought it was movable, but it proved to be attached all 'round so was very painful. I can see my father's face yet in its sympathy. One of my hands was too lively for Dr. Godwin, so he sat upon it. And he had some weight. It made me so mad that the pain was less. I was given \$5.00 for submitting to the operation, which I put on interest for several years and finally bought myself a ring, which I think I gave to Jess.

We all thought Dr. Glasgow the "sweetest thing." I only remember consulting him once. I got a severe scalp inflammation and finally Mama sent me to Dr. Glasgow. He looked at my head and said he did not think it would amount to much, but gave me no treatment. The itching continued and grew in severity. So Mama looked to see if she could find the trouble. And behold it needed a fine comb. Now whether Dr. Glasgow was too polite to say, or he really did not see them, I never knew. In 1876 or before, our father and mother went to Illinois to visit her people and took in an exposition. I think in Chicago. (They took the oldest daughter Mary and the baby Alice with them.) We three older children (Kate, Annie, and Bess) were put at the McFarran's who lived in the country, not even on a public road. I nearly died of homesickness and the happiest moment of my life was when I looked up and saw my father who had really come for me.

Another time I was left at the Spillers, I will never forget Miss Mary Spiller going to town and letting me ride behind her on horseback. What I enjoyed especially was Miss Mary talking to me as though I knew something and she did not treat me as a child. We all loved the Spillers. They were lovely to us and many a night we spent there.

We had a dog, Hector, that was a joy to us. He allowed no Negro in the yard, but never troubled the whites if they left the children alone. Mr. Spiller one day put his hand on the head of one of the children and Hector snapped at it, bringing the blood before one had time to think. If a baby was left in the yard, he always stood guard. When he died, he had crawled to the gate, watching for our return.

Old Molly and Selim (her colt) were our horses. Molly would stop at the foot of a hill and turn her head around, expecting our father to get out and walk and he always did.

Christmas was always a very special occasion. Our father and mother truly did all they could to make it a happy time. And he was up long before day to make a big fire and not keep us waiting. I can still feel the thrill of that filled stocking going clear down to the toe.

Our father played the flute and one of my earliest recollections was dancing to "Pop goes the weasel." Another was crying because Mama wanted me to wear a low-necked, short-sleeved dress and also have my hair curled. I objected so seriously to those curls that one day I went to my father's study and he dared to cut them off, which naturally disgusted my mother.

Mrs. F. T. Glasgow had been a daughter of the "Manse," so she was always so considerate and kind. Always sending cakes etc, when we had a visiting pastor. But of all my ideal people as a child and all through the years, Betty Glasgow was my ideal. I never saw a fault in her.

I once saved Olive's life. She had fallen head first into a tub used for catching rain water and was nearly gone when I just happened along.

Alice was the smart one—at three she could sing both tune and words of several hymns. She had a custom of throwing herself down when something did not please her. Mama would just let her lie til she chose to get up. One day she fell into some dirt and after that she would look around before casting herself down! She could beat our father in chess is what made us open our eyes.

I was definitely led of the Spirit, when about 14, to stop reading novels and to be most careful of my thoughts. I saw the Spirit guided me on this for we were brought up truly without any personal or individual advice even from our parents. The only person that ever talked to me individually about my soul's welfare was a Chinese woman who was blind and at a clinic; she thought I was an ignorant Chinese woman sitting there. I was always proud that she did not tell by my poor Chinese language that I was a foreigner! The Oxford movement is not in vain if it can remove the dumbness we Christians have of talking our religion.

At this time I formed the habit of repeating after going to bed, the following hymn:

Father, whate'er of earthly bliss thy sovereign will denies
Accepted at Thy throne of Grace let this petition rise.
Give me a calm and thankful heart from every murmur free
The blessings of Thy grace impart and make me live for Thee.
Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine my life and death attend
The presence through my journey shine and crown my journey's end.

Mama said she didn't remember whether she was happy as a child or not, but she talked about many things they did as children. There was a room over the kitchen that had old clothes in it and they had endless fun dressing up and acting. They played quoits, had croquet parties, went on trips to Lexington, Natural Bridge, Luray Caverns, and once to Charleston, WV to visit her old friend Mrs. Lewis. Mrs. Lewis was always very supportive of Mama—gave her a gold watch when she went to China and six silver serving spoons when she was married.

The Houston girls saw boys at picnics and parties though they were not allowed to go to the circus. They played the game of counting horses as they went along, then having to marry the first boy who came by after 100. Mama says: "After counting 100 gray horses and 4 gray mules, I refused to shake hands with a certain young man—not thinking he would notice it—but Oh me! He sent his sister to ask what was the reason? and I had to tell her, but that did not down him."

I'm wondering when public schools started in Virginia. Mama mentions the fact that she didn't go to public school because her father was opposed to them. I had always thought that she studied under her father because there was no other plan. She says that when she was 19 she decided it was time for her to teach, so she answered an ad in the local paper for a teacher in a home near Locust Bottom Church and got the job. It was a very hard job because the family was entirely different from the one she was used to and the students were boys, two of whom were older than she was. And she had to teach bookkeeping. She did not have this under her father, so she had to teach herself first. She also had to teach physics from a college book that had hundreds of questions and no answers! She said she would have flunked out completely if her father had not helped her. It was a terribly hard year and she felt that she did not recover from the strain for years. However, the next year she got a job with a family in Charlotte NC, which was entirely different and she really enjoyed it.

When Mama was 20 years old, she and her sister Kate decided to study medicine. I had thought this idea was in her mind long before this but "in my 20th



Annie R. Houston

summer Kate and I evolved the idea of studying medicine with a view to foreign missionary work. We were dead in earnest and very excited over it. Kate was pretty popular and never much of a student so the friends only laughed at her. All encouraged me and Mrs. Lewis at once promised to help me financially. I was very afraid that my father would object but to my surprise he answered without hesitation, ‘By all means, study medicine—every woman should do it.’”

From “The Extinct Medical Schools of Baltimore, Maryland” by Harold J. Abrahams, Maryland Historical Society, 1969:

In the year 1882 there were four medical schools for women in our country—in Pennsylvania, Chicago, and two in New York. On January 11, 1882, a meeting for the purpose of organizing a woman’s medical school in Baltimore was held in a building at the corner of Hoffman St. and Druid Ave. Mrs. Charles E. Waters, Mrs. John K. Carven and Mrs. Eugene F. Cordell attending. In addition to a medical school were postulated a hospital and training school for nurses. It was an unsettling idea for a somewhat conservative community, as reflected by the reluctance of prominent physicians, when offered posts on the faculty, to accept them for fear of losing professional and social stature.

By late February of that year, however, seven physicians having signified their interest in such an undertaking, the trustees made formal application for incorporation by the Superior Court of Baltimore, and the request was granted. Thus there came into being the Woman’s Medical College of Baltimore.

So in the fall of 1888 she packed up her poor country best and went to Baltimore. Johns Hopkins didn’t accept women students until after Mama graduated, but the women were allowed to attend certain lectures there, along with their own studies. It was just a three year course, with no textbooks but lots of practice. They took notes and observed treatments and followed the doctors in the clinics. She tells of one day when she and another student were examining a little boy with a bad rash. As they turned him this way and that, one of the doctors came into the room and from the door called, “Watch it, girls. It’s itch!” They laughed over that many times, but didn’t catch it.

She lived in a boarding house run by a Mrs. Kettlewell and got some of her expenses by advising about sick girls and being responsible for turning off the gas lights at 10 p.m. For her senior year she got room and board for overseeing the nursing. She attended Dr. Murkland’s church and helped in the Sunday School all three years there. Dr. Murkland knew of her desire to go as a missionary and offered to send her as a missionary from that church. They were independent and not members of the larger Presbyterian church. She discussed this with her father but he felt it would be better to go under the foreign mission board of their church, so this is what she did. She came home to spend the summers with the family, but later felt she should have taken jobs in hospitals for more experience. The last summer she did this—at Bellevue Asylum, the poor house for the city.

She graduated with honors. I didn’t know this until I sent her sheepskin for safekeeping to The Archives and Special Collections on Women in Medicine, in Philadelphia (3300 Henry Ave., Phila. PA, 19129). The woman there sent me the graduation notice of 1890 with Annie R. Houston’s name as “graduating with honor.” She always felt that her education was second rate as she didn’t have work in surgery and had no textbooks. Her Gray’s *Anatomy* was all I remember in our library though there must have been others. Paul says he read “all the medical books” when he was looking for something to read.

She went off to China in September 1891, filled with zeal to serve the Lord and supported by the love and prayers of the whole family. She had been away from home since she was 19, so it was easier for her to go than it might have been. However it was nine long years before she got back!



The group traveling to China in 1891. Mama and Papa are on the far right (Mama standing)

The First Presbyterian Church of Jackson, Mississippi, supported her and kept in touch with letters and gifts all through the years.

Missionaries of the southern church in the 1890s went out to their mission fields with a returning missionary who knew the ropes. So it happened that mama and papa both were in the same group that summer of 1891 who joined the Rev. and Mrs. Hampton DuBose when they sailed from San Francisco for Japan and China. The group met in St. Louis then took the train to San Francisco. Mama was an avid writer all her life and we have letters that she wrote her family about the exciting trip across the wide United States. She wrote about cities, prairies, mountains, skies, animals, people, all the way as seen from a smoky train window. But getting off at St. Louis, she wrote:

I sent papa a postal from Cincinnati and I intended to write last night, but my head was in such a whirl that I could do nothing but read a few verses and go to bed. I went through Indianapolis and enjoyed my trip very much, but I found it very hot and dusty. . . The sun went down just before we reached St. Louis. I saw it sink to rest with no mountain to obstruct its view for the first time in my life. It was lovely crossing the Mississippi by moonlight then we passed through a tunnel and into the city. . . The exposition is going on here now so I had great trouble in getting a room at the hotel last night. They turned me away at first and the hack driver said all the hotels were full so I went back to the office to look in a directory for Tom McPheeters' address but could not find it. While I was deliberating and looking, the clerk changed his mind and let me have supper, lodging and breakfast for \$2.25. The driver added \$.50 to his bill because I

kept him waiting 15 min. I intended going direct to Mr. McPheeters' house and lay the case before him and ask for a night's rest. . . Dr. DuBose was the only missionary that had arrived and he had left for Mexico, MO. The others were not expected till tonight. Mr. Haight made a mistake when he wrote "the morning of the 17th," so I could have stayed a day longer at home. I was provoked. We will leave here St. Morning for Kansas city. Mr Haight just made me go home with him for dinner. I found his wife quite nice. . . Mr. Haight is the traveling agent for the Union Pacific and is trusted with the money for our tickets. . . After supper Mrs. E and I went to the exposition.

The building covers 2 squares and they have a display of everything that is made or sold in St. Louis. It is quite interesting to one who is not burdened with much thought and care, I expect. Gilmores band, consisting of 56 men, is employed for \$30,000 to play every afternoon and evening. I heard it for one and a half hours and enjoyed it. It has a national reputation you know.

Dr. Annie Rowland Houston was finally on her way to fulfill the purpose that God had put in her heart many years before.

In this group there just happened—does anything ever "just happen" when one is in the will of God?—to be a young graduate of Union Theological Seminary in Virginia. This young man had also felt the call of the Lord to serve him abroad. As the young people traveled and talked, Brown Craig Patterson soon realized that this young doctor would be an ideal wife—clever, dedicated to service, sense of humor, a strong will and good physical health. He was very attracted. But Mama had little to say about "quiet Mr. Patterson."

"There were no dining cars then so lunches were in order. Miss Davidson had a basket and so had BCP so he took me under his wing! He thought I needed looking after and he was willing for the job!! And he has done it well." [Her sisters had teased her about him being the ONE.]

The ocean voyage was very rough. Many of the passengers were so sick that they didn't appear in the dining salon at all. Mama was sick but tried to make herself get out and walk on deck. They had one very bad storm that damaged the ship so much that water got into the hold and ruined the contents of some baggage. Drums spilled oil all around, ruining the contents of the trunks of a newlywed couple, destroying all her beautiful clothes and gifts. The passengers felt so sorry for them that they took up an offering. They also gave a gift to one of the crew members who had his leg broken during the storm. Mama was quite touched by the generosity of these strangers. Even in those days they had "tourists." That's what she called them.

Her cabin mate was Miss Emma Davidson, one of their group, and they became lifelong friends. The ship stopped in Japan and the two couples for the Japan mission disembarked and the rest went on to Shanghai. There, Mama went to Hangchow and papa to North Kiangsu to study the language and open up a new station on the Grand Canal.

Pat and Charles found boxes of letters in the attic at Maple Terrace that mama had written during her first two years in China. She commented about the newness of everything, the people, the diseases, the cold that penetrated everything she wore, the fellow missionaries, the language study, the smells, the food, but I'll hurry along with just a comment or two. Her main frustration was trying to learn the language from someone who knew not one word of English and had no idea about how to teach a language. After struggling for six months she decided that she could open her clinic if she had someone to help. This she did. They whitewashed a room, put a table, chair and cot in it and were ready for business. She had hoped that the poor suffering women would come rushing in as soon as she hung out her shingle, but only one person came—a man. She decided that if men came she would treat their eyes and ulcers, but she soon found that it had to be more than eyes and ulcers. Then, after several weeks, a desperate woman came and the ice was broken. It had been a long wait, but she was thrilled that she was finally



Mama and her women helpers

doing what she had come to do. However, she never forgot that it was people's souls that were more important than their bodies. The bodies were the opening wedge.

In the city of Hangchow the church of Scotland had established a hospital with a Dr. Main in charge. He was very supportive of Mama's clinic in the suburbs and she appreciated him very much. After a year here, the mission moved her to Sinchang, a few miles away, with the Frank Prices, to start a new work. The Prices were newly married and Mama had to share a house with them which made her feel bad, but there was no other plan. It was while she was here that she enlarged her space and had two cots in her clinic! It was also here that B.C. Patterson came all the way from North Kiangsu to ask her to be his wife. No

one will ever know how much the trip influenced Mama's decision. She couldn't be responsible for many more such trips.

It was winter—the second for my parents in China. Papa thought the time had come to make a decision about the future. Therefore, off to Hang Chow to discuss this with Dr. Annie. He made careful plans for the trip—hired a small boat to take him down the canal, explained about the trip to his language teacher who would go along, collected all the warm clothes and bedding he could carry, stocked some basics like canned milk, bread, and medicines and was off with the blessings of the missionaries in Tsing Kiang Pu. Enthusiasm quickly paled. He was huddled down in his blankets trying to study his characters, but his teacher wasn't listening. He was lying with his face to the planks of the boat and a strange, sickly odor was filling the cabin. He was smoking opium! An opium smoker on a tiny boat for two weeks? Then the worst happened—the canal froze. No boats could move until the thaw. When might this be? I can't begin to imagine the disappointment, frustration, patience needed, penetrating cold, all adding to the suffering that papa went through before he could reach the warmth of the Price household where Miss Annie was living. Things must have worked out all right because plans went forward for a July wedding.

Although wedding plans were set for July, both of them were sick, so it was postponed until August 4th. Because there had to be a consul present, they were married in Shanghai. They asked their friend Frank Price to perform the ceremony, using a wide gold band with four Chinese characters inside: "Double love, double purpose." Then off to Nagasaki, Japan, for a

honeymoon.

The change in dialect haunted Mama all her time in China as the southern sounds kept cropping up in her northern conversation. But she worked vigorously at it in Tsing Kiang Pu where they spent the first year of married life. There were several other missionary families already at work, providing good fellowship for mama



Mama and Papa—wedding picture

while papa took his frequent trips up the canal to Sutsien to try to purchase or rent property for a new mission station. The British had won the Opium War. Part of the settlement was that foreigners could own property in China. The British backed this up with gunboats along the main rivers. This was embarrassing for people who had come to preach and live the love of God, but what was there to do? Finally papa got a place to rent on the Street of the Dragon. The Chinese laughed up their sleeves at these foreigners who would rent property in the red light district. They stayed here three or four years before they could get a more suitable place. It was very hard. It had a dirt floor which they covered with lime, many newspapers and mats to keep the cold and moisture out. And a crumbling back wall that papa bolstered up with bricks. The Chinese were afraid to go down that street because they said the foreigner had put guns in the buttress. They were “foreign devils” because nobody knew anything else to call them.

Papa and Mr. Grier and sometimes Mr. Sydenstricker went on the street every day to talk and make friends. Mama had a few chances to help sick people but not many. Most of the first year was pretty grim. It was here that their first child was born. But you can see why the strangers were resented—the people had never seen pale, blue-eyed people before, who talked funny. They had to let them come in because the government said so. But the Chinese suspected their motives. The Patterson’s little courtyard was in plain sight of people who walked along the embankment of the city wall, so it was easy to throw rocks down.

One day mama was riding home in a sedan chair from seeing a sick woman when some rough men tore the curtain off of the front of her chair. This was an ultimate insult and she was terrified, but a Chinese woman saw it and lit into the men with all the vigor of her experienced tongue-lashing and they slunk off. Mama always felt that she saved her from a great insult. These chairs and wheelbarrows were the only means of transport then, and the barrow was for country travel so the chair was the only way to go that would not attract attention to her strangeness. Three sides were solid and a curtain covered the entrance. Evidently the men had seen her getting in and gone after her. She was careful to have a companion after that.

Nettie Junkin told me a story that she got from her mother. I will try to give it as she did:

One day a family brought their little boy with a terribly distended stomach and said, ‘Heal him.’ Mrs. Patterson laid him on the ground of the courtyard. She took one look at him and realized that he was almost dead from the mass of worms in him and if she’d give a real dose of medicine he would die. She also knew that if he died, the Pattersons were finished in Sutsien. This was a test case. She left him there in the courtyard for everybody to see, from the yard and city wall, and gave him a very small dose of worm medicine, explaining to the

family about worms and what would happen. She told them to wait. When a few came out they could see for themselves. Gradually more medicine, more worms, until he was well enough to get up and go home. Mrs. Patterson was really worried about this because the boy was so near death but they felt that this was the turning point of their being accepted. 'If you're as concerned about us and our sickness as this, maybe we'll listen to your talk.'

Mr. Grier had married by this time and his wife was a doctor too. She and mama arranged to be in the same town for a few months so they could take care of each other when their babies came. Fortunately they were six weeks apart, Isabel Grier coming before Houston. Soon after this the Griers were sent to another station so mama was left, the only white woman at Sutsien. She felt frightfully alone but she found that the little baby was a great help in bringing them closer to the Chinese. The Chinese love children, even little foreign devils!

A parenthesis here about Isabel. It was in November of 1993 on a trip to Richmond to attend a Chinese wedding that I met Isabel's grandson, his wife and two daughters, a most unusual chance meeting. I had gone as a companion to Anne Winn, a friend here at Sunnyside, whose husband was too ill to go. She was really eager because the bride was the daughter of a good Chinese friend. As we were standing around in the church after the wedding, we met Mr. and Mrs. Donaldson Grier Woods of Montreat, N.C. It didn't take long for me to realize that he was the son of Isabel and the nephew of my good friend, Lucy Grier. We had been together all through high school in Shanghai. I said to Mr. Woods, "My mother delivered your mother, then six weeks later, your grandmother delivered my mother of her first child." Imagine!

The first China grandchild—Craig Houston Patterson, born March 4, 1897—was very special for the folks back home, understandably. Mama wrote about him quite a lot in the letters of 1897 and '98.

For the record, let me quote bits: To her sisters, June 17, 1897:

He is sitting by me now in a chair and fussing about it, for he has been nursed so much and talked to by the Chinese that he is unwilling to entertain himself. He is a great pleasure to me, regardless of all the trouble, and the Chinese make the greatest fuss over him. My nurse was home for 2 weeks because her child had small pox. The old woman in her place left us full of lice, but she is gone and we are getting cleaned up again. You can imagine what a trial lice are for us. We have to watch constantly and for a dear little baby to have them is dreadful. I am afraid when we go home that you will be afraid of us.

July 3, '97 Houston is well—fat and happy—is cutting his teeth now. He is the loveliest baby I ever saw—always moving and kicks like a mule. He is over his colic and notices everything so is easy to entertain. I take him to the guest room and he enjoys having them crowd around and talk to him. He has been well-vaccinated so I worry about no other disease. Lice and itch are easily cured. I suppose most of the family will be at home when this reaches you. How I should love to be with you but we have 2 more years from this fall. I am so well this summer and the weather is fine so far. Mr. P. is looking thin. Being the only man to do anything, as Mr. Junkin cannot talk yet [Mr. J. is learning the language. MM] and having to help me in the dispensary, it gives him a good deal to do. . . I have been doing a little sewing—making Houston a few short dresses but I have so many interruptions between seeing the Chinese and looking after H. that I get little done. . . It is time for noonday prayers so goodbye. Love to all, P.S. Houston is 4 months old tomorrow and weighs 16 pounds without clothes.

Both Mama and Houston were sick in October and she writes:

Oct. 22: Houston no better today. All my remedies seem to do him little good,

but I think there is no reason to be uneasy.

[Think of their being there by themselves with a sick baby who doesn't respond to anything mama could do, hundreds of miles from medical help! MM]

Nov 19: [Evidently Houston got over his trouble as mama writes]; How your family is spreading out with sons-in-law and grandchildren. When I return and we all meet, we will have to use the barn and spring house to entertain us all. I wish you knew your China grandchild. We think him a rare one. I am feeding him Chinese barley water and milk which agrees with him beautifully. He is getting so fat and saucy I fear he will be spoiled as he is the only foreign child here.

Feb. 2, '98: Your Christmas bundle reached me Jan. 31 and I enjoyed so much getting it. The sacque we all think very pretty and it fits H. snug. He enjoys the red in it and was much pleased with the rattle. He is a boy all over and even now enjoys climbing around and pushing his chair. It's so cute to see him walk and push his chair.

March 14, '98: We had more than 50 patients yesterday. Sometimes there are 70 or so. Mr. Junkin will help me while Mr. P. is away.

May 20, '98: I wish you could see your Patterson grandchild. He is the largest child for his age I know and the most active. He sees so many strangers that he's not afraid of anyone, so shows off splendidly. He hardly understands a word of English as we speak to him in Chinese.

A note from papa to Grandpa Houston on Nov. 19, 1898:

As tomorrow is Sunday, Annie suggests that I hurry a note off to you all tonight to tell you that her trial is over and we are the happy parents of a fine boy—Harry Blackwood. He has only been with us a couple of hours yet. A. is doing well. Will write next week. B.C.P.

[I do not know when they changed his name to William Blackwood, Harry was mama's only brother whom she loved very much. William was papa's father's name. MM]

Now, years later, July 31, '03 [They are on MoKan Shan, a mountain resort near Hangchow MM]

We are on MoKan Shan with rain, rain, fog, mould, mould and mist. We have so much of all on this hill and very hard to get anything fresh to eat. William says this is the home of the rain, but he and H. are charmed here because they have so many children to play with. They and Frank Price's children get along splendidly together and Isabel Grier is here too. Wm is very much the same child—quite affectionate in his nature, but so hard to keep still. Paul is talking very little. He jabbers all the time but does not say English or Chinese. It is too cute the way he says his prayers, just as H & W do and then kisses us good night. It is wonderful how the little things pick up things.

[Paul was born Feb. 25, 1902. There are now three little boys. MM]

Su Chien April 22, 1903:

Mr. P. left yesterday for a two-week itinerating trip. It means a great deal more to have him go away when I am in China than when in the U.S. There is such a desolate, responsible feeling being left alone out here. Yung Li, the official at Peking who had great influence with the Empress Dowager and was such an agitator against foreigners, died recently.

We hope that means something for peace. I took the children to the canal this aft. We are more than a mile from it and nearly half the distance is in the

city. Few look at me these days but the children always attract much attention. We always get a wheelbarrow for the children when we go that far. Mr. Washbrook, an Englishman who is connected with the imperial post office of China, made us a visit recently. He has a cork leg—lost his while boar hunting. He gave the children a lot of stamps.

Just a disconnected bit here that will be of interest to you.

Jan. 16, '04: Dear Mama and Papa, Your nice Christmas presents received in prime condition and much appreciated and enjoyed. . . You could not have found anything that has brought more drawn-out pleasure to the children than the book of model makers. We have made several of the designs and they fit together perfectly. . . The children had a big Christmas. . . We had a wheelbarrow made for them this year. H. has about studied out that there is no Santa Claus, but Wm still holds to him.

Teaching H. and other family cares take a great deal of my time but I do some mission work every day.

[At this time mama was suffering from a bad vein in her leg and was six months along with Norman. MM]

Our new baby we will probably name Norman Guthrie, born Nov. 16.

You may think we have run out of names and that is about the case.

I do not know where the name Norman comes from. The Guthrie is papa's relative. Mama said she always felt the Lord made a mistake in judgment when he gave her boys. She didn't know boys and Norman was the most difficult to understand, "Sui generis" she used about him (one of a kind).

I'll interrupt mama's letters here to say that several years earlier they had moved nearer the center of town, to the house where I grew up. It was a good buy because a weasel lived under it. Chinese did not want to live in it. The weasel houses a devil so is a good place for foreign devils! This was a brick house of five rooms in a row and an ell at the end. Dr. Bradley, who had recently come to manage a hospital there, had been living in the el, but was building his house near the hospital. When he moved, the family had a room for a school for Houston and William. Since each boy had a desk, mama had hopes for more serious study.

Mama played chess. I never knew of her interest until I found this bit in her letters home: "It is quite similar but many differences. Has no queen and an enclosure that the king cannot move out of, and an additional piece called the cannon that can only take a piece when one is between it and the object taken. There are also differences in the moves of the various pieces. The castle is the only piece that is as in our English game. It is very interesting to notice the differences."

Mama says:

Oct. 4, '04: I have the children getting ready for a little entertainment on W's birthday. He and Norman celebrate together. (W's Nov. 19, N's 16) The baby loves dolls, so I am making him a big rag one for his birthday.

. . . Heard a good many compliments on the children's clothes last summer which was gratifying as the woman and I make them without a machine. We are working on coats and over-coats. . . I wish you could know Norman.

Dec. 28, 1904: We have engaged a house on a mountain near Kiukiang and we hope to go there next summer. This going off for the summer sounds like missionaries think more about their own conveniences than anything else, but there seems to be no other way to manage. We often stay during the summer but it is impossible to do any special amount of work. We feel, tho, it is a help just to be here so I hope we may always spend every other summer at the station. It is hard to say for the children, after being cooped up all year, need a change

so badly and especially to see other children. A great deal of my time goes into teaching H & W. I wish Stella could come and help me with it. If her traveling expenses could be raised, we could manage the rest. The children are out now,



Sutsien house

firing crackers. They keep so well and happy. Mr. P. is just getting over a spell of malaria. Hugh Bradley has also had quite a spell of it. The natives have had an unusual amount of malaria this year. . . I wish you could enjoy our babies. [Paul and Norman MM] They are so affectionate.

April 8, 1905: This is Saturday night. I do not teach the children on Sat. so I visited among the women. I had a delightful welcome in two homes. Visited one place where a man has been married three times and yet has only girls. We are considered especially blessed of Providence because we have so many boys. This is a reward for our good deeds. This idea is so prevalent that I have been afraid that the Lord would take some of our children to teach the Chinese a lesson. Of course we do all we can by word of mouth to show them the fallacy of that teaching. . . Mr. P. will just get home from his country trip in time to start for Nanking. He goes for a meeting of the directors of the seminary. . . The baby [Norman MM] is lovely now. He says a number of words and understands so much. Misses Agnes and Jennie Junkin make such a fuss over him. He has a cute little way of rubbing his cheek on a person's face instead of kissing. H & W are very content. Their happy spirit is a great comfort to me. H. has been daft over kite flying. He refused to go see a woman walk the rope. He preferred to fly his kite.

March 11, 1905: Dear Mama, Your nice long letter of Jan 27 came and was greatly enjoyed. I always read your letters aloud to Mr. P. and tell the children what they can understand. They remember a great deal about their visit home. Paul is a very nervous child, cries a great deal. He is still getting teeth. I hope for better things if they ever get through. I feed him myself now and put him to sleep. He is not spoiled by the Chinese, so I trust he will improve. He is

a very attractive child when he is not worried over something. I have been afraid of St. Vitus dance or some nervous trouble. Norman Guthrie is growing and developing splendidly. I teach Wm a little bit every day now. My chief reason



is to give him something to do. H. Studies, in all, about 3 hours daily. . . Paul's birthday is Feb. 25, 1902. Houston had a big birthday on the 4th of this month. All are so good to the children. Love to all and I long to see all of you.

Kuling, Aug. 5, 1905: Dear Mama, The rain is coming down today. Two girls are here playing with Wm. H. is working on a prize. He has to write down all the names beginning with A in the New Testament. He has already found 50. Wm started but it was too much for him. We are passing thru a new experience. We are here with 800 foreigners including children. There are 250 children under 7 yrs. The majority of these foreigners are missionaries. The rest are consuls, with their families, customs people, merchants, etc. It is cool here at night and most of the days. Some of the days have been very warm. There is no shade so the reflection is very great. We went on a picnic yest. on the top of a mountain where we could see a lake. [Poyang MM] The scenery was beautiful and I saw something I never saw before—a rainbow encircling the sun. It was a complete circle and very lovely. . . I'm sorry Norman's picture isn't good. He is our prettiest child and so smart. His talk is mostly Chinese. This morning he wanted something. I said, "Oh, no, you don't want it." He replied, "I truly want it."

Su Chien, May 28, 1906: Dear Mama. . .It is hard to realize that you are getting old, but when I think how old I am and how big my children are getting, it seems you ought to be most a hundred. I am enclosing the photos taken by the Misses Junkin.

Norman is just as lovely as ever and Paul is very affectionate with a will like old Dr. Dabney's. However he is more easily controlled than he used to be which is encouraging. We are leaving here this week. I have affairs for the last of June and felt it was better to go to the mountain. [That was the arrival of number five which turned out to be Margaret.. MM] I hope Mr. P. may come back. I feel for the children's sake it is best to give them some association with other children every summer. H. has studied well this year and is doing real well on his music. Of course I never expect him to do more than play hymns. Wm has started on the shorter catechism. We had the Junkin girls over for supper tonight. They are always so cheerful. We had beets and peas today, raised by a gardener

for us from U.S. seeds. The Chinese do not have them. H & W's ringworm of the head is just about over. They have been wearing skull caps. I took them off today. By keeping these well boiled they were not a source of infection to the other children. . . I have treated more women this year than any previous year—without Miss Jennie's help I could never have done it. I went to the patient's room this aft. and got 20 fleas on me. Lice have been very scarce.

[Imagine Mama, 8 months pregnant, having four boys and going every day to the clinic! She knew she had 20 fleas because she had the habit of coming home from such places, putting a big pan of water on the floor, standing over it and shaking her clothes. As the fleas fell into the water she could kill them. You couldn't do this with bedbugs or lice. They had to be picked off. MM]

It is now January 21, 1907. . .Margaret is so lovely and Norman at such a cute age. I wish I had more time to enjoy my children.

June 11, 1907: My dear Mama. . .We don't know when we are going home. H & W, in two years, will be so large that the committee will not send them back to China and they will be too small for us to leave them so Mr. P. wants us to stay on here for several years more. I don't know just what we will do. We are trying to get a teacher—a Christian boy or girl that lives out here, a missionary child. There is a school in Chefoo where teachers are sometimes gotten. We have written but have not heard yet. You ask what is the matter with me—just nervousness. Teaching the children and all my other duties drive me to distraction. If we got a teacher I feel I will be better off. My physical health is splendid. My leg is just about well. You could not send Margaret anything she would enjoy better than a picture book. She knows pictures better than any baby I ever saw and is entertained by them for 1/2 hour at a time. She kisses the babies, etc.

[This year has been most difficult because of an awful famine in that part of China. MM]

It is raining hard today and harvest just in. Our famine is over if this rain stops in time. The boys are all dressed in bathing suits out enjoying the rain. I had planned to take them to the canal for a bath today but the rain stopped it. My broken leg has a little rheumatism this wet day.

Sutsien, 1908: . . .Margaret keeps awfully nervous but is fattening some. She seems entirely over the meningitis. Her recovery is still a marvel to us all. Truly no medical skill but divine power. All of us and the Chinese as well, say this.

Kuling, Aug. 5, '09: . . .The mountains are beautiful just now—the lights and shadows. My mother heart is having a struggle just now in leaving H & W at school in Chinkiang, but we feel they need it so.

I hope you've enjoyed the excerpts from Mama's letters. These are all that I have but Pat says there are hundreds more from mama and papa at Union Theological Seminary in Richmond.

I have one more letter not in chronological order but the most heart-breaking. It was written in May of 1900. They had been in China now, nine years with all the turmoil and it was finally time to go home to see the families. Their tickets had been bought and the date for the ship set. They had gone to Shanghai to board the ship for home. Now mama's letter:

Dear Mama, it is with disappointment that I will not even try to express that I take up my pen to write a letter for the steamer that I expected to take me. I do hope you all will not feel the disappointment much. No steamer will take us

[The boys had whooping cough. MM] Houston is over his, but Wm still coughs and is not looking well. We hope he will be well enough for the next steamer, three weeks from now. We are through all necessary shopping so we leave here Monday for Soochow. We will have Dr. Davis' house. I am delighted at the prospect of keeping house again. Boarding is so difficult with children. We have a man with us who can cook a little. We will enjoy our visit to Soochow. The DuBose's are there and they are among our best friends in China. . . Our Father has some good reason for us going to Soochow. Perhaps there is some work for us there. [I just can't see how she can write like this after such a disappointment and waiting all those years! A truly great woman! MM]

Well, we came to Soochow as I wrote you and are very comfortably fixed up in the Davis' house—a nice yard for the children, a breezy upstairs but right in the heart of the city. No place to walk except on the narrow streets and meet up with hundreds of Chinese. The babies attract a crowd anywhere. Even in Shanghai with hundreds of foreign children, the Chinese would stop and stand to watch our babies. It is wonderful their love for children. Our nurse can't take Wm to our front door without getting such a crowd she even comes away from it. I think you may certainly expect us to start on June 8. H. is over his and Wm coughs very little. All the missionaries here with children, fear to see me, so I have been nowhere . . . We have no cooking stove, only a charcoal stove so we can only fry and boil, but we had a nice dinner for Dr. Bradley. Mrs. McCormick of our mission here has sent us lots of bread and a lovely iced cake. She has sent beautiful bread today for Sunday. Mrs. Britton, a Baptist, a near neighbor, has also sent bread.

Soochow has a nine-storey pagoda, octagon, the base of each side has 3 golden-colored idols. We visited it yesterday. The priests were there making some weird sounds in honor of something, I know not what. Soochow is also a place of public gardens. I went to several when I was here before. We hope to take H. to one soon. Soochow is an immense city, canals everywhere. We can go to any place in the city by boat. Steam tugs run daily between here and Shanghai. Only 12 hour ride. We had a delightful ride up—nice clean boat and just one night on the way.

Maybe that is enough about the early years of the children. In 1898 an article came out in the North China Herald of Shanghai (an English language newspaper): "One of the most heroic women of China is Mrs. B.C. Patterson, M.D., of the Presbyterian Mission in Suchien, N.K. China. Eighty miles from any other foreign lady, herself and baby exposed to the famine fever while her husband was away, helping the starving thousands, she has in nine months had eight thousand patients and expects to remain at her post during the heated term, ministering to the sick and suffering."

Mama's belief that the Lord had commissioned her to do a particular work for him kept her plugging away through seemingly insurmountable problems. She told of a time when some perplexity faced her and she prayed in desperation. "Oh Lord, I can't face it! I just can't get around this wall! I see no way to get through it!" And it was just as clear to me as if I'd heard a voice, "Why don't you jump over it?" I almost laughed." That was her attitude; whether it was fear—and there was always something to be afraid about—robbers who sneaked over walls, prejudice against foreigners, diseases of all kinds, vermin, loss of faith and purpose, health loss—or an ill husband or child—and there was much malaria and fevers of all kinds and intestinal diseases—or there were wars over the whole north country or famines where thousands of starving people swarmed through town. She would jump over the wall.

But on the other hand there was much, during those early days, to encourage her. The



Sutsien Hospital

main thing was the openness of the women to her help in their physical problems and their eagerness to learn to read and hear about the gospel. Grandpa Houston used to write and ask about the work in medicine and Mama always told him that medicine was not her main purpose. Her purpose was to tell the people about a God who loves them, that the medicine was just an opening. In her words, “Medicine is a small part only as it will assist me in evangelical work. Medicine is a good help in that way but my aim is to be instrumental in saving souls. I shall try to prevent the medical part

from ever interfering with the higher—but medicine is good to break down the walls of prejudice and gain their confidence. A trusty physician is very much loved by the Chinese, I think.”

In the early days the matter of clothes was a subject of great discussion. Some felt they should take on all the customs and costumes of the Chinese, even having the men wearing queues. Papa and mama always wore Chinese clothes at Sutsien because they felt more comfortable with the people. Mama told of a Mr. Potts of Shanghai: “He is going to stop wearing Chinese dress because he cannot remember and conform to all their rules of etiquette and this is more noticeable if he wears their garb. He has a long enough queue to make some profit by selling it.”

About money, mama commented: “It’s surprising how the Chinese trust us in money matters when they are naturally so suspicious of each other. Mr. Caldwell gave a merchant change for about 80 cash the other day and told him to count it to see if it was right. The merchant brushed it into his cash drawer without doing it, saying if he was a Jesus man he knew it was all right. I went with Miss French to a silver smiths and he left his box of silver trinkets with us while he went to another part of the store, which greatly surprised us.”

Mama’s days were full. She always had a child or two to teach, and her clinic to care for, then there were visitors who would come and sit by the hour. It was impolite to express your purpose unless you had passed the time of day several times over. This called for the greatest patience. Mama told of one time when some women had come and she was serving tea. In the process, a cup was broken. Mama picked it up and put it aside and went on with the visit thinking the ladies would go after a while. Well, they didn’t go. They sat and sat until finally Mama asked if there was something else on their minds and they burst out with: “Oh, Mrs. Patterson, we are waiting for the Mister to come home. We want to explain to him that he must not beat you for the broken cup because it wasn’t your fault!” This touched mama very much.

One way of amusing her guests was with the music box, the kind you see in antique stores today. It sat high in the corner of the dining room above the cabinet that held the wide, flat tin disks with holes in them, that were put on the machine. We’d wind it up and the music would come tinkling out to the great delight of our family and any visitors who were there. A few years ago I visited in Baltimore and one of the biggest stores had a whole roomful of these music boxes. I don’t know what happened to ours—maybe the Japanese got it—but we loved it.

Another way of amusing her guests was to show them the contents of our “curiosity shop.” It was a three-shelved book case with closed doors below, that housed books in the early days but, as interesting items accumulated, the shelves were taken over by them so that when I

remember it, the shelves were full of curios. Stones with fossils, or strange shapes, turtle shells cleaned and painted, carvings of wood and stone, pictures, wooden toys. Mama collected stones when she was teaching in North Carolina and brought some with her. Early on she had ordered some through a magazine, "Harper's Young People," and continued her interest. These were all strange and gave endless delight. But these visits led to mama making dates with the women to meet them in their homes and help them to learn to read. The fact that so few women were literate distressed her very much. She wrote a primer, using simple characters that explained the Christian faith, had it printed and began using it when she went into the homes. Her Bible women could use this too and it became quite popular with other missionaries. This made mama very pleased.

It was always fun to watch a wedding procession go by. I'm sure mama had us write this up. The bride would be in an elaborately embroidered red sedan chair that was rented for weddings. After her came her dowry, each piece of furniture carried by a different carrier. The



Wedding Procession

longer the line, the wealthier the bride. The curtain was closed over the front of the chair so that she did not appear until she reached her husband's home, where she was led to a bench, sitting with head bowed in all her red finery, with her beaded headdress of spangles that hung down over her face. Everybody came in and made remarks about her and her dowry and her new quarters and she could say nothing. For hours she had to endure this. After the wedding, she lived with her husband in this room off of the courtyard of the family and was subject to her mother-in-law for as long as the old lady lived.

Some of the saddest stories that mama heard were of the relations with a cruel mother-in-law. But now and then there would be a very understanding one. The old lady had once been the daughter-in-law so was passing along her own experiences. The old lady made the major decisions for the whole family.

Have I told you about our Scottish ladies, Miss Johnston and Miss McRobert? They were our good neighbors all the time I was growing up and they were very good to all of us kids. It was early in the 1900s when mama and papa were in Shanghai at the missionary rest house that they met these two ladies. Mama asked them where they were planning to work and they said that they were waiting for the Lord to guide them. Mama immediately spoke up and said, "The Lord has sent me to you as an answer to your prayer." Then she told of the great need in Sutsien. The ladies were quite hesitant because, "We are faith healers and you are a

doctor. We fear you will make us take medicine. Let us pray about this tonight and we will let you know.” Mama promised them that she would honor their conviction and would not force medicine on them. The ladies came and they had a most happy relationship for a lifetime. Mama nursed Miss McRobert through a bad case of typhus [I think it was typhus] fever with much prayer and loving care.

I have mentioned, I think, mama’s struggle over learning another dialect after the Hangchow one. She enjoyed telling of one experience she had with a workman. She had asked him for a ladder, probably using the Hangchow tones. She said she wanted a “teetze” with the tone you would use saying, “Please bring me a pizza.” He looked blankly at her. She repeated her request, getting louder each time until finally she drew a picture “Oh,” he said, with elaborate exaggeration, “You mean a teetze,” and he started the word at his toes and came slowly up. That was one tone she never forgot!

The Southern Presbyterian church in the late 1800s and early 1900s was happy to have women work for it, but they were treated definitely as second-class citizens. Mama had been a doctor in China for two years but when she married, she became an asterisk after her husband’s name! In a letter to her parents in 1892 she commented on an article that she had read by a Dr. Parker: “I think Dr. Parker’s views on female doctors was written by a man thoroughly ignorant on the subject, too prejudiced to want information and moreover, not a gentleman. I trust no one paid any attention to his remarks in a public way, but set him out to cool off in a private way. The mission here you know, does not give me my title, except my letters are usually addressed that way, which is just as I want it. But for Dr. E. Woods to oppose my being called doctor, raises my ire. I like it from laymen but I do not from the male M.D.’s. I will tell him a thing or two when I see him, however, do not think I will say anything imprudent.” I wonder if she got the chance?

Mama did the same kind of work in Tenghsien as she had been doing in Sutsien. She taught in Mrs. Romig’s school for Bible women, treated sick people, entertained visitors to the seminary and took care of papa and Bill.

She always made endless scrapbooks. We have tried to save one for each grandchild as a souvenir. I was reading one recently that was made near the end of their stay in Tenghsien and found some things that I’m sure you will want to save.

One day’s entries included Norman’s five successful cataract operations and noted a woman patient who was having her 19th miscarriage!

Met a man old and well dressed counting his beads as he walked the street. Also saw one washing his water pipe. Saw very few beggars.

Had first hygiene exam this aft. All 18 present. Will have another tomorrow.

Visited the cook. All 3 children mourning their mother. The coffin cost \$25.00 and will take \$24.00 to carry it home—will take 32 men.

New organ came. Not what I hoped but easy to play. Sent old one to Feng-chang-lao. May charge a few dollars for it.

A lovely tea for Mrs. McLaughlin and Mrs. McFadyen. [and she noted all who were present.MM]

I want to tell of an experience I had this morning - April 4, ‘36 - unique—the only one of the kind in the more than 40 years I have done evangelistic work in China. I was teaching two women Revelation. They are here taking Bible in the M.M.I. [The Mateer Memorial Institute, a Bible school in Tenghsien MM] One is a helper of Mrs. Bradley’s at Sutsien and the other, Mrs. Tang, used to be with me as a helper and I was the first one to teach her the gospel. We were reading where it says Christ is the Alpha and Omega and I said, “The New Testament was written in Greek and these are the first and last letters of the alphabet. You know we received the Bible just as you have— someone took it to our ancestors,

and it was translated into English just as yours has been translated into Chinese.” As I said this Mrs. Tang looked like she wanted to shout, her face became flushed, her eyes overflowed with tears, and she shook her hands at Heaven and at me and said, “I do thank the Heavenly Father and you Mrs. Patterson for this gospel. Just suppose you had not come. Just suppose you had not come!”

I have been pondering that question—just suppose we had not come? I am writing hoping this question will sink into the heart of every reader—suppose you had not sent us. “How can they hear without a preacher, and how can they preach except they be sent.”

She also saved letters from special people. Several I noticed were from doctors who were answering her questions about eyes and how to deter the development of cataracts. One suggested eating carrots. In March, 1936 Mama got a letter from a Dr. N. S. Hopkins of the Methodist Episcopal Church Hospital in Peking, answering her questions about opacity of her eyes.

Dear Mrs. Patterson,

I thank you for your letter of March 3rd. and will say in reply that those web-like opacities before the eyes are usually due to a thickening of the corneal corpuscles and do not mean anything in a pathological way.

In regard to your own condition, I am interested to know that your eyes are no worse. I have been using in cases of immature cataract, a preparation called “Carotene in Oil,” which may be secured from the American Drug Company, 226 Nanking Road, Shanghai. In a number of cases I have found that this has definitely hindered if not stopped the development of the cataract. I would like to recommend it to you. With good wishes, Cordially yours,

N.S. Hopkins, M.D.

A poem that Mama had in her scrapbook fits her attitude in looking for the beautiful and “I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me.” The poem is by Laura E. Armitage.

The Step of the Morning

Up and down the street they come,
Hundreds and hundreds; some alone,
And with a hurrying tread, as if not now they have.
But just an end must reach. Their faces drawn,
Their shoulders drooped, their hands hang loose;
Their step or fast or slow, as case may be.
But lacking all the spring of joy.
These people and their burdens!
And their life! A change—a gift—
Of only once to live.
And yet their fate is lack of any quickening pulse—
Inspiring end!
Oh God! I fear! Will youth departed leave me thus?
Will trouble mould my being into pulseless dust!
Grant me, I pray, whatever
Trouble will creep into my day—
Whatever sorrow threatening and blear—
Give me the quickening knowledge
Of the passing joy along the way!

It being only but the tint of some rich fruit
 Within a vendor's cast
 Or else a crevice with some green
 Made greener by a sunbeam's art.
 Or else a little child at play
 Or sweet expression on a mother's face.
 Ah! God! The years come on
 They must—why not?
 And sorrow comes—But let my lot—
 But let my eyes—
 Be lightened by the glow of Thy bright skies!
 Let my head held high
 See beauties half divine.
 And let my heart reflect
 The knowledge I am Thine!
 Ah God! I pray the step,
 That ere the stepping springs
 And brings new courage to the heart of things.
 I know, as evening comes
 The shadows must be met,
 But God, I pray, I want
 The glory of the morning in my step!

Her Writing

When I think of Mama's writing, I think of letters—to her family through all the years in China, to her children, every week. Houston and Bill in the States from high school days, then Paul and Norman, then me. She didn't have a typewriter until late so all this was done individually to us, by hand. There were the articles that she wrote to church papers, very often. Many of these are in the archives at U.T.S. in Richmond.

She was a correspondent from the north country for the North China Daily News, an English-language paper published in Shanghai. She told of farmers and famines, of poverty and suffering, of faith and superstition, of daily acts of filial kindness and fear.

She was an avid Bible scholar, studying the Word for herself and so that she could give it more clearly to others. I remember her lists of Bible verses, each beginning with a different letter of the alphabet; her taking a word like JOY or PEACE or LOVE and making a study of it; of her lesson plan for the book of Hebrews. I think she had this one printed. Many people wanted to use her study of Revelation. I have mentioned her primer for the women to use as they learned to read. It had the basics of the Christian faith in simple terms.

Then, after she went to Tenghsien, she got out a Guide for Hygiene for the students in the Bible school. And her diaries! Hardly a week passes that she doesn't include the outline of a sermon she heard or read. At college I complained one time about how boring Dr. Fraser's sermons were. She told me to try to write down the outline as he went along, that I would get much more out of it if I did that. Her diaries had lists of people who attended circle meetings or parties and she always remembered everyone who was there. If it was worth seeing or hearing, it was worth writing down.

Her Health

When I think of Mama's illnesses I wonder how she continued through it all to be 86 years old. Her first trouble came in Hangchow with her teeth. Her front teeth were deteriorating and the only dentist was in Shanghai where she couldn't go for two weeks, so she asked her

house mate, Miss Davidson, to work on them! Of course Miss D. didn't know anything about dentistry, but Mama had some tools and cement and told her what to do until she could get to Shanghai. Later in Shanghai, the dentist botched things up so much that Mama never had front teeth her whole life, just some that were on a plate and very uncomfortable.

She had an abscess of the lung and a British doctor offered to work on it. He cut the lower part of the breast loose and laid it up so he could reach the abscess which of course caused her great suffering every time she had a baby. She said the worst insult of the whole thing was that the man charged her for the operation. No medical courtesy! She broke her leg. Did I mention a stillborn baby after me and a miscarriage? She had endless vermin to struggle with. And on the little boats she frequently ran into ningpo varnish. This varnish was especially virulent with her allergies. She would always ask if the boat had been varnished and of course "never with ningpo varnish!" It made her swell and itch unbearably. Frequent fevers from malaria of course. Then once she had a pain behind her ear—mastoid—and Dr. Bradley lanced her eardrum to relieve the pressure. Her diabetes was later on in life. She was aware of cancer as her mother had died of it. One Saturday night in early 1939, she found a lump in her breast as she was bathing. She said, "I won't mention this to Craig because he is preaching tomorrow and it will worry him." But as soon as he came upstairs, she blurted out, "Craig, I have a lump in my breast!" Early Monday morning they were on the train for the Peking Union Medical College, leaving Bill to take care of things at home.

The Japanese were swarming all over that part of China and had cut the railroad to the south but it was still open to Peking. A young Chinese doctor operated and did a thorough and good job, taking everything you take on a full mastectomy. Papa had to go back to Tchengsien because it was near the end of the term with all the exams. They were to retire in the summer. Think of all the packing to be done! The Japanese were demanding passes and examining everything. When the time came to get mama, the railroad had been cut to the north and there was no way for papa to get her. Mama was very weak, of course, and knew she just couldn't go back to Tchengsien and tell all of her friends good-bye who had been so close for so many years. Yet how could she go without a good-bye? She always said that her not being able to go was a blessing. But what was papa going to do? Just that week, Houston and Frances and their children had come back and were in Shanghai. He wired Houston and asked him if he could possibly get her. Houston couldn't do anything else. Leaving his family at the missionary home, he got on a coastal steamer for Dairen (Now called Dalian.)

He tells of this trip in his book, My China That Was. It's his story.

When I arrived at the Peking hospital, I found my mother in her usual good spirits including this time a fatalistic acceptance of what had to be. It took me five days to get all the passes I needed—from the city government, the national government, the Japanese and maybe one or two others—in order to leave the city.

My mother was a heavy person, and her hospital experience had not slimmed her overly much. She was still recuperating and could walk only 50 or 75 yards, so the question that bore down on me was how on earth I could get her on a train in Peking, then onto a barge for a 50 to 60 mile trip up the coast from Tientsin, onto a train again for a long trip through Manchuria, and finally onto the coastal steamer for Shanghai. I was overwhelmed and overcome. I really was afraid that she might die on the way. She was prepared for this because her grandmother, Mary Russell Rowland, the wife of Samuel Rutherford Houston, a missionary in Asia Minor in the early 19th century, had died under more or less similar circumstances. Mary Rowland Houston is buried in Alexandria, Egypt.

Getting on a train in China is quite an experience in the best of circumstances. Once or twice Frances got on a train by being pushed through a window

and landing in the coach at someone's feet. I knew that the situation in Peking was worse than usual. So I went to the station and found a nice looking porter and gave him a tip. He promised to get her on without the usual confusion and battle if I would bring her to a certain little back gate. I did and we got her on the train early one morning and she was even able to lie down until we got to the terminal near Tientsin.

We managed to get her to the fishing barge, moored half a mile from Tientsin, but then there was no place to sit, much less to lie down. In my desperation, I searched the boat and found the door to the captain's cabin open. I brought her and put her in his cot and sat outside, waiting for the captain to come back any time and explode. Actually, he never came and she was able to rest there all three hours of the trip.

When we got to the temporary terminal in Manchuria, things went smoothly again. Our times were good. She shared her compartment with a 25-year-old missionary woman with whom she was already acquainted. There was even a dining car on the train. After 24 hours we arrived in Dairen—after dark, and in a rainstorm. I found a coach drawn by a rather anemic horse. When I told the driver to go to the international hotel, he laughed. "You don't have a chance for a room. There is a war going on and the place is overflowing." I said, "We'll go anyhow."

The hotel had a tremendous lobby, with fifty or seventy-five people sitting around, and baggage stacked up to the ceiling in the center of the room. It was obviously hopeless to find accommodations—everybody was fuming and fussing. I decided to try to pull a rabbit out of a hat. I walked up to the registration counter and spoke cheerfully, "Well, I'm back. I have my sick mother with me and I'm ready for that room you promised."

The fellow behind the counter looked at me cross-eyed, and said something to two or three other people, who did the same. Then they shrugged and the fellow said, "All right, bring her in."

They even had an elevator and they took her upstairs to a two room suite. The young missionary companion stayed with her.

A week later I was able to get a private cabin on a passenger boat bound for Shanghai. When we embarked and went to our cabin, we found it full to the brim with suitcases and furniture, and a Russian woman and her daughter standing arms akimbo in the doorway, daring anybody to come in. I said it was my room and she said it was hers. I found the captain and brought him back and after a battle of words and fussing and fuming, we agreed to let the Russians have the upper bunk and give my mother the lower, for which I had a ticket. (I had a ticket for the upper also.) Actually they were very pleasant and as far as I know, they didn't even snore. I sat in a chair on the deck and continued sitting in it until we arrived in Shanghai two days later.

Houston always referred to this trip as one of the greatest miracles in his life.

With mama still weak from her operation, she, papa, and Bill left Shanghai for retirement. Papa had dreamed of going back to the farm and having a cow, pigs, chickens and a gar-

den, so he entered into all of this with gusto at his old home place. Mama wasn't so sure. She remembered the cold house, kerosene lamps, long garden path beyond the kitchen steps, but

this was their home now and she'd make the best of it. The house had been built by papa's father when papa was in college.



The home place called Maple Terrace is on Rt 608 between Fishersville

Papa resented the fact that the church made him retire at 75. Then he met a few who were trying to preach at 75 and realized it was a good rule after all. He milked every day, cured hams, tried new vegetables, preached when asked, helped with canning corn, beans, tomatoes, visited the shut-ins and tracked down relatives near enough to find. It was late in life when he had learned to drive. Now he was brushing up on his skill, making his children very nervous.

For mama it was a time of much adjustment. Cooking after many years of telling another how to cook. Being crippled up with her operation and a stiff knee, she let papa do the shopping and tried to make something of what he brought in. She rejoiced in electricity and the ease it gave in lighting. Indoor plumbing was a godsend. After a few weeks we children got together and gave them a refrigerator. This was almost too much—the first one in her whole life. “All this and heaven too!” was her summation.

Bill pitched in and worked all over the place in garden, house and kitchen, helping with all the chores with both parents, and taking his turn at church in leading the men's Bible class. When mama got a bit stronger, she also had a class and to this day, forty years later, the classroom is called Mrs. Patterson's. She felt that one place where she could help most in the church was in visitation. She didn't drive, but she told the ladies that if they would take her, she was sure she could make a difference. She had regular schedules with one or two ladies for certain days of the week. The ladies told me that she was a shot in the arm.

Papa loved to watch the birds. One winter day I found him on the sunny back steps, cracking black walnuts. He motioned for me to sit beside him and soon the chickadees appeared. They had heard the cracking and flocked in to eat out of his hand.

He found the oak woods where the school house had been where he studied as a boy. It was run by the minister of Tinkling Spring Presbyterian Church as there were no public schools



Papa and his favorite horse before going to China

then. He used to ride through the woods on horseback, feeling very brave under the tall, whispering trees. Now someone had bought the plot, torn down the school house and was cutting down the trees. Papa asked for a cross-section of one of the oaks, took it home and marked the rings for important dates. It went back two hundred years. The slab is now with Pat and Charles, fifty years later, with the dates in his handwriting, still showing.

Mama found it very challenging to have a big crock of milk at her disposal every day. It was war time when butter was rationed. What better use of her time than to churn butter for her children? All of us were in the States at this time for the first time in our lives. Think of going to the post office and finding a package of home-churned butter waiting for you? Sometimes she didn't get all the water out and it would leak around the seal, but who's complaining? She had no electric churn. It was up and down by hand, for all four of us who lived away. What a work of love!

But now she finds out that she has diabetes! Wouldn't you think this was the last straw? Nobody knows the inner wrestling of her spirit with this latest problem, but on the surface, she accepted it with resignation and determination to keep it under control by diet and exercise. No shots. She had papa and Bill to look after and, by the hardest, she would do it. Every afternoon she'd don her oldest clothes, tie on a big straw hat, pick up the hoe and go to the meadow to chop out thistles.

She would stay until she was dripping wet, get cleaned up and go get supper for papa and Bill. When we visited, we tried to help, but she always did most of the planning and work. She'd cook good things for us, but gave herself the most basic things like cottage cheese, and an awful looking black bread that she made out of who knows what, for her diabetes! We could have been more helpful if we'd been thoughtful, but we were so happy to be there and she was so uncomplaining that we just let things go. I still feel guilty about that.

Since we were in Richmond for about five years after they came back, we tried to get over as often as we could. The children weren't happy about going because there were no children for them to play with and nothing to do but go to the spring to catch tiny crayfish, chase butterflies or pick potato bugs in the garden. Papa did his best to interest them in the garden. Norman and Athalie came too, from Bristol, and we planned to be there together for the sake

of the children. We feared it would be too much for mama, but she said breakfast and supper were fine. We'd just have to take the tribe out for the day. This is what we did, picnicking all over that part of Augusta County.

Rationing of gas during the war limited our trips, but we had to be over there for our parents' 50th Wedding Anniversary. Henry and I had written to all the family and friends we could think of or find addresses for, asking them to write a letter of remembrance to go in a book. People were most cooperative and by the time for binding, we had a fat collection of letters. Came August 4, 1941, and we were there. Houston came, but no other children. We



Papa loved to tell them stories, sitting in the front

had planned a tea for the afternoon with the neighbors for the presentation. We came down for breakfast and mama began hinting about the date. Nobody took her up on it until finally she began singing, "Happy anniversary to us!" This was too much. I dashed upstairs, came back with the book and put it in her lap. Surprise. . . joy. . . disbelief. . ."Are these real letters?" "Where did you get all the addresses?" "How did you know all these people?" On and on. It was VERY exciting for all of us. Poor papa and Bill didn't have a chance for a peep for a long time. Each one of you grandchildren has a letter in it, I'm proud to say. They spent hours reading and reminiscing together. It made us very happy until we realized that they felt they had to answer every single one! They had a picture taken on the front porch and enclosed a copy in every response.



At the 50th Wedding Anniversary celebration, August 4,

One morning when Houston and Frances and their children were there, mama was rolling out biscuits for breakfast and little Bobby (Pat) came into the kitchen, climbed up on the corner of the table and said, with his beatific smile, "I've never had real biscuits for breakfast before." Mama never knew what Frances felt about that, but it gave her a glow.

August, 1950. The children and I are with the folks getting ready to say goodbye and leave for the Philippines. Henry went in March to be there for the beginning of the school term, different from ours. We knew this was the last goodbye but none of us wanted to think about it. Mama said, pensively, one day, "Why don't you wait and bury me before you leave?" Just quietly, like that. It stabbed my heart. How do you face being torn in two like this? "But, Mama, you left YOUR mother and went to China." A very weak statement. Neither of us ever mentioned it again, but it has been a soreness for fifty years. If there had been airplanes then, I could have come back for a while when she was in her last days of blindness. Her worry was that Bill couldn't get along by himself. After a short hospital stay and he got along fine, she felt

relieved about moving to a nursing home. Papa had died and she was holding on for Bill's sake. Even from the nursing home, she continued to write every week. After she lost her sight, a kind resident continued to write me, at her dictation. They and Bill are all buried in the beautiful old cemetery at Tinkling Spring. Papa died September 18, 1953, mama February 4, 1954, and Bill October 3, 1972. An end or just a dawning?



In 1995
*Tinling Spring
Presbyterian
Church*

Bob Patterson went to Richmond and found in the inmost recesses of U.T.S. some copies of a magazine that the church put out about a hundred years ago. In them he found articles written by Mrs. B.C.P. about mission work between 1893 and 1921. She tells of the joys and disappointment of mission work, of failures and successes, of sickness and health, of superstition and faith. Mama was the first foreign woman that the people of Sutsien had ever seen so they came in droves at first to see her. They were surprised to see that she had two hands. “Why don’t you wear earrings?” “How old are you?” “How many mouths in your family?” “I answer these and similar questions about 30 times a day.” One woman gave up her faith because she couldn’t take the persecution of the family. Another because Christians don’t worship ancestors and “who will worship me when I die?” Another gave it up when she was taunted because she prayed before eating.

She described the three causes of disease in that part of China. It is caused by the devil, by the ferret and anger. Devil possession is a real experience there and certain people claim to be able to cast him out. The ferret, a pretty little animal, is the dwelling place of evil spirits and if there is one at your house, too bad for you! And anger—if you can see someone in a fit of uncontrolled anger, you can well understand why the people think it is the cause of disease.

But she tells of encouragement from unexpected places, the villages that have one or two witnessing Christians, someone who resists temptation and lives a peaceful life and of many diseases cured.

Once she gives the cases that came to her clinic in one day. I will just list the complaint: A woman with complete paralysis in arms and legs, pushed ten miles on a wheelbarrow; a girl with gangrene of the toes from frostbite; a six-year-old child, idiotic, dumb, both legs paralyzed and a bad cystitis besides; erysipelas of face; a baby with dropsy of the entire body; cancer—this disease quite frequent here; enlarged tonsils; a mother and baby suffering because of

sin and the baby's not inherited but contracted; ringworm of scalp; a child with hair turned gray from scalp disease; a child deaf from wax deposit; malaria; indigestion—terrible indigestion and gastralgia is also common; woman with lupus on neck and chest; an old woman with corneal opacities; an old woman with chronic bronchitis.

She concludes the list with “Their physical suffering, their poverty, the continual bickering and strife in their homes and their utterly hopeless and dark condition spiritually—these make us have the greatest sympathy and yearning for the patients.”

Bob found the following letter in Dr. James Bear's collection that I think you will like to keep. Written in 1919.

We are going home! Seven years since our return to China. Seven years since we saw our two big boys and other loved ones. But this home-going is not unalloyed happiness. Such a wave of interest is just now spreading over our entire field that we really have a feeling akin to that expressed by Paul, ‘of being in a strait betwixt two.’

Our church here in these seven years has made a long step forward. It is supporting its own pastor, and every one now is planning and praying for a new church building which is estimated to cost \$5,000. Our native pastor is ideal as a personal worker and he preaches well, too. I have never known anyone to visit among the congregation as he does.

One hundred and twelve delegates attended the Home Missionary Society meeting recently. This newly opened village, mentioned above, has invited them to meet there next time. They are planning to use rolls of cloth and also use mats, to make a tent to entertain them in. The delegates always furnish their own food. Tea and firewood are furnished by the entertaining church. . . .

I overheard two little tots, just able to talk, discussing me. One asked, “Is she a foreign devil?” and the other replied in the cutest way, “Why no, that's Mrs. Patterson.”

Bob Pat sent me an autobiography that Mama wrote. Kitty shared it after finding it in a scrapbook that Athalie had saved. She wrote it early then updated it in the '40's. I want to end this memory with a few quotes from it as it shows a little more of herself.

My mother was quite pretty and my father fell for her when she was horseback riding! In reviewing my mother at this long range (I never lived at home after I was 19). I see her as always in a good humor. She managed the children and punished them when necessary but I did not see her do it. The way we knew, they came running to my father for sympathy and he was never too busy to give it!! There was practically no punishing in our family and why we were always so obedient seems unusual. We never thought of disobedience. When a small child I told my mother I could swallow a bitter dose if she would let me go stand under a large pine tree. It was dark so she could not watch me but she let me go, never once thinking I might pour it out!

[Maybe this is why she let me take MY medicine to the back yard and why she trusted ME! MM]

In “Clerical Errors” by Rev. Louis Taylor, occur these words: “The really important element in any life is not events but people. Money and occupation come and go; successes and disasters strike and fade; excitement passes and even love itself. This is a universe of utter change. The one thing permanent is character.”

Outside my own family the one who influenced my life the most was Bettie Glasgow, truly a rare gem she was and many were helped by her life. Her brother, F.T. Glasgow, started me in work. He became superintendent of the S.S. and as teacher material was scarce, he gave me a class of boys not much younger than I. As I remember I was about 17 at the time. When they scattered for school I had a class of girls, teaching till I left home.

Beauty and love are more lasting than ugliness and hate. As I look back I see the beauty and the love.

That's the way I remember her—the beauty and the love.



Annie H. Patterson
March 25, 1867-February 4,

Mama and Her Fifth

It was early in the morning of a hot June day, 1906, when papa bundled mama and his four sons, aged two to ten, onto a canal boat and headed for Kuling, many arduous miles away. Mama had an “affair” to take care of and they agreed that Kuling would be the best place for it. Today she would have said she was pregnant and wanted to be in Kuling for the birth, but in those days it wasn’t nice to mention that. On the 19th I appeared and they named me Margaret for both grandmothers—Margaret Steele Houston and Margaret Tirzah Willson Patterson. We have a picture of papa holding me and there is a big smile on his face, but he always told me how sorry he was that I wasn’t a boy. This was his pet joke with me.

I don’t know very much about my first five years. I know that I had meningitis and they thought I was going to die. Someone sat by me and watched hour after hour, hoping for some sign of life. Nothing would stay down that they tried to feed me until the Ladies [Miss Johnston and Miss McRobert, mentioned elsewhere] brought over some beef tea that they got from England. This is the same thing that we have today in bouillon cubes. They trickled a little at a time down my throat and it stayed down. One day I sneezed. Mrs. East was watching me and she dashed to Mama and said, “Fifth sister will live! She sneezed.” And sure ‘nuf I did.

Mama had a stillbirth. I saw the little blue baby in his white dress. I must have been three? Then we went on furlough. This was the one where we left Houston and William with Aunt Kate, mama’s sister, in Richmond, to go to high school. Mama’s letters about this time show the desperation that is in parents’ hearts when this decision has to be made. But all through the years, mama kept up a continual writing, to each child as we left home. Papa was very good about that too. Their letters were always full of love and yearning for us, of local news, of admonition on how to live a clean, righteous life. What I remember best about this furlough is my birthday party. Aunt Alice made ice cream and cake and we celebrated in June! Imagine having ice cream in June! We never had it unless we could get ice from the canal, at Sutsien.

One other memory from that furlough. The circus came to town. Of course, the boys were going and I was dying to go, but there was no way she could ask the boys to take a baby sister for the day. She said, “Margaret, you may have anything you want, just for yourself, when the boys go.” What could take the place of a circus? Olives! “Mama, I want a bottle of olives just for me.” And that’s what I got.

When we went back to China, we left Paul with Aunts Stella and Olive and Grandpa Houston because he had a terrible cough with much congestion. As mama feared tuberculosis, they hoped good country air and food would fix him up. Two years later he came back with a returning missionary family, to great rejoicing at home. Norman and I had spent hours working on a big welcome sign that we put up across the back wall of the sitting room. When he came in, he was so excited and exhausted he never noticed the sign. We never forgave him!

Now mama had three to teach. As she still had her clinic every day, she would give assignments, go to her clinic, then come back to check on the work. The afternoons were taken up with play, projects, reading, memorizing whatever came to mind. When Norman and Paul were ready for 7th grade work, they went to Shanghai to the American school. When Houston and Bill were ready for advanced grades, they had been left in the States because there was no school in China they could attend, though they had spent a couple of years in Ching Kiang studying with Hall Paxton. Mama begged Aunt Stella to come teach them so they would not have to be left in the States at such a young age, but nothing came of that. It was so sad!

Our school was not the Calvert system which some missionaries used. Mama used what she had and what she could order from home. As she had studied at her father's knee and done very well, she figured we could do the same. Paul was our smart member of the family and read everything in the house at an early age. After the boys went to Shanghai Nettie Junkin and I studied together, mama and Mrs. Junkin taking month about in teaching. Nettie and I would read a book together, but she read so much faster than I did that she'd be ready to turn the page when I was just beginning the second one. I was so ashamed to admit that I hadn't read it that I'd say I was ready and we'd turn the page. I never have learned to speed read.

Because our parents felt it was important for us to learn how to stand on our feet and speak, we had "Performances." The patient missionaries of our station would faithfully come to be audience and we would say our little piece or sing our little song. This would be verse about. As we had each memorized the whole thing, we would audibly correct the other on occasion.

Writing was another part of our education. We would go walking and mama insisted that we notice what we saw and describe it. If we didn't see enough, she would probe. We always had to find something pretty as she emphasized the positive. It wasn't always easy to find something pretty at that time in this small country town. We walked between high gray brick walls, shutting off homes of the rich. The stores had big tins of wares, lined on shelves. Crocks of water held fish for sale, swimming to prove their freshness. Garbage littered every available spot. Scruffy dogs snarled at passersby; beggars in rags cried for help as the dogs bit at their sticks; little children all had runny noses in winter and flies in summer. We couldn't even look into front gates to see the yards inside because there was a spirit wall in front of the gate. This was to keep evil spirits from flying into their courtyard. Fortunately, these spirits could only fly in straight lines, so the wall stopped them.

Later, when mama was invited into these homes to teach the women to read or to see a sick person, I would go along. How beautiful these places were! Here were fruit trees, pots of flowers—chrysanthemums were a specialty—benches against gold columns, children in bright colors, oiled-paper windows opening into family rooms with many quilts folded on the bed against the back wall, with curtains held back by brass rings. As sons would marry, another room was added for that family, opening into the same courtyard.

But I'm looking for something pretty on the street. There sits an old man with his top garment in his lap while he searches the seams for lice. When he finds one, he bites it and hears it crack to be sure he got it. There is a woman, sitting in the sun, holding her nursing baby. Now there's a pretty picture. And the little children's shiny black eyes as they look up at the passing stranger. And above our head is the graceful upturned tiled corner of a small worship center.

After supper was game time. Papa was away a lot, itinerating, but when he was home he'd take me on his lap and draw pictures. There was a drawer in the table with scrap paper and opened envelopes for that purpose. I can still see the little pagodas and donkeys and city walls and kites and stick people that he'd draw. I feel the heat of the rayo lamp, yet, and hear the bugs fried by the chimney as I delighted in the fold of his arms around me. Then Mama took over and we'd play Rook or Flinch or she'd read to us until the clock struck 7:30. I sat tight, hoping she hadn't heard the ping of the clock, wanting her to read some more, but she always heard.

Sometimes Nettie and I would go to the girls' school and play jacks with them, only we used smooth stones. The school girls were very clever at this. We kicked a little puck made from two cash [Chinese coins] fastened together with chicken feathers standing up in the hole. Boys had fancier steps in their form of the game than we girls did. We didn't play much with the Chinese girls because they were so busy with their study and chores. Our yards had brick walls around them, about eight feet high, the width of a brick, and we'd walk along the tops of these. We climbed trees and hid from the little kids [Agnes Junkin and Julia Bradley] who couldn't climb as high as we could. We did this because Paul and Norman and Hugh Bradley

had done this to us. Papa made us stilts and we pegged all over with them. We made bows and arrows out of bamboo. Our arrows were never straight enough to hit anything, but we had fun anyway. Our fathers paid us to dig plantains out of our yards. We had to get the roots.

We made and flew kites. Chinese are famous for kites, all shapes, sizes and colors. We have a picture of all of us kids with our kites. Houston had an eight-cornered one that he had made that was taller than he was. Bill had a centipede that had 20 or 25 sections, fastened one after the other, with a very fancy head. The sections were round with bamboo balance sticks out either side, with tufts of feathers on the ends. One of my favorites was the dove kite, made of soft gray paper that fluttered in the wind. Between the tips of the wings ran a thin reed that whistled in the wind, with a mournful sound.

All Chinese children made their own kites that would fly in the slightest breeze. It was easy to make kites because all the thin bright paper and bamboo was right there. Some of the kite experts would go to the country to launch their kites and then bring them into town. They had to come to the city gate and hold the string while throwing the spool over the wall to someone inside, then quickly release a hand, dash inside and pick up the slack. I never learned to do this.

We had a croquet set in the Junkin's yard because ours wasn't big enough. At our house we'd drape blankets over the sitting room table and play house, or open all the doors and play tag. Our house had five rooms in a row opening into each other to run through. I don't know why Mama put up with this, but maybe she was out with her Bible woman. We played dictionary where you have a big word and see how many little ones you can make out of it. This was especially helpful on canal trips when there was no space to play. "Presbyterian" was my favorite lead word.

The amah taught me how to embroider with silk floss and I'd make tops for baby shoes or put a flower on my dickie that I had to wear to cover my high-necked winter underwear. How I hated that underwear! But it was so cold in winter we had to wear it. Even with it we had chillblains.

Papa had a dirt-floored work shop off the ell of the house where he had a few simple tools to teach the boys the basics of carpentry. Papa bought white rabbits for us that we kept in the tool room. Mama rabbit dug a hole in the floor for her babies and lined the nest with hair that she'd pulled from her body. I'll never forget the thrill of going in one day and seeing tiny baby rabbits climbing out of the floor. How we loved those rabbits! Once we had chickens. Mine died and I cried. Norman, in a very disgusted voice said, "You cry over a stupid little chicken and your grandma died and you didn't cry at all!" (Mama's mother had died and word had just come. I was four and never knew her. I rush to my defense.)

We'd have chinaberry fights. The tree grew in the Junkin's yard. We'd set up barricades, get behind them and throw berries at each other. At least Hugh, Paul and Norman would throw



Kites—Houston and his 8 star, William and his dragon, Paul and his double fish, Norman and his 6-pointed kite, Nettie with her 8 points, and Margaret and her dove. Bill has an extra four cash

them. They gave Nettie and me the privilege of pulling stems off the berries as mama had said we couldn't throw berries with stems for fear of hurting our eyes. Stupid girls. We wanted to play so badly that we'd sit and pull stems and pass the berries over! This tree had small purple flowers in the spring then clusters of yellow, squishy berries in the fall, about the size of cranberries.

Mrs. Junkin had a toy-sized cast iron kitchen stove that we girls loved to play with. We could even make a fire in it, in the yard, and scramble eggs. We never had anything but yolks because, at that time, Mrs.

Junkin was taking dozens of whites every week so what do you do with the yolks? We thought it was the nicest toy we had. Mrs. Junkin had incipient TB and mama was trying the albumen treatment. It must have worked because Mrs. Junkin lived to retire in Tazewell, VA at a ripe old age.

Our back yard was a fun place too. It had high walls to separate us from the girls' school and the magistrate's court. A brick walkway led from the kitchen, past the house and down a slope to papa's study by the front gate. We would ride two wheels, from an old cart, fastened to an axle. By the time we reached the bottom we really felt reckless! In the corner of the back yard was our woodpile—not a small pile with a tarp over it, but a real pile that gave endless hours of building pleasure as we rearranged it. A stick with a knot hole would be a secret hiding place for treasure. I'm surprised that all of us didn't turn out to be architects. On hot days the cook would put a gong—a crock about 3x3 feet—in the yard and fill it with water for us to “swim” in. Cool and refreshing to us as we jumped up and down and in and out. What else can you do in three feet? We loved it, but I'm sure that mama had qualms as she watched, knowing where the water had come from.

And then there were the walks and the trips to the south end where the Bradleys lived near the sand piles. We delighted in the sand piles which were left when the old Yellow River changed its course, further north. You might wonder if we had time to do anything else besides play, but we ate.

We ate what could be bought in the street shops and cooked it the “American” way. We didn't know about stir-frying then. We had a few canned things that we ordered from Shanghai and kept locked in the pantry. When mama opened the pantry to get something for the cook, it was exciting to see cans (we called them tins) of milk or peas or corned beef.

We had a cow at one time when Houston was a baby, but this soon became impossible with the care and feed and sickness of the cow. And she wouldn't give any milk unless her calf had nursed first which didn't leave very much for the human infant. After Houston it was canned milk.

And peas. When we came to America and had fresh ones, I thought they tasted funny. Condensed milk was there for the sole purpose of making the medicine go down. As a treat we would have corned beef. Mama was funny about these cans. Even then they had a key to work around the sides to open it, but never did the cans open properly. Always at a strategic point the key would twist off, leaving mama to get the meat out the best way she could. She was sure the



My beautiful white rabbit

devil used this to tempt her to lose her temper.

Our sugar was in a big barrel—not fine sugar but little crystals, squared off, about the size of half a grain of rice. That came from Shanghai too, as the sugar from downtown had too much foreign matter in it! Then there was rice, wheat, corn. Northern Chinese used wheat instead of rice as their staple. Rice was for feasts or rich Americans up there. For breakfast our cereal was ground wheat. I don't know why our cook could not cook it without lumps. We children hated the lumps. Mama told the story of Bill when he was quite sick one time saying, "Please, Mama, I'm so hungry I'll even eat the lumps!" Mama's eyes filled up every time she thought of Bill and the lumps.

The cook could buy chicken, pork and fish and occasionally a piece of tough beef. We always had eggs, but you never broke them into the pan. You used a separate dish, just in case—sweet potatoes, bean curd, bean sprouts, turnips and all kinds of cabbage, except what we think of as cabbage. A treat was to go to the front gate where the gatekeeper's wife was making djien-bing [jien bing] and look so hungry that she'd give us some. It's a big, thin taco-like bread, made from ground wheat and corn, mixed with water and spread over a round metal plate that had a hot fire under it. She used a thin bamboo spatula to spread the gruel and it cooked in no time because it was paper thin. We'd take this and fold into it some salted turnip sauce then roll it up into the size of an ear of corn and sit on the wall by the front yard and eat it. Most people's mouths don't water when they contemplate the thought of salted turnip sauce, but it was the crunch of the turnip and the flavor of soy sauce that we found very appealing. My sentiments about salted turnips last until now. Pat will remember when I visited them in Taiwan, my going through the market in Tai Chung, looking for some.

When Norman and I were there without the big boys, mama let us go to the gate for a little cone of steamed rice, for breakfast. The man sat at the gate with his kerosene can stove (nearly everything the common people used at Sutsien was made from kerosene oil cans) steaming his little rice goodies. Mama let us have a spoonful of sugar to put in, just before steaming, then we'd wait and take it home for breakfast. I don't know why we liked this because it had absolutely no taste except for the sugar, but going to the gate by ourselves was the event of the morning.

Mama learned how to use the flours and yeasts that she could get, then taught our cook "our way." But the Chinese make delicious breads. If we got them while they were hot, we could eat them. A soft, steamed bun made from rice flour, had a dab of meat in it or some sweetened soy bean paste. Shao bing was a flat, glazed bread, a rectangle about the size of one's hand, with sesame seeds scattered on top. It was cooked in an earthenware, barrel-shaped oven that had a charcoal fire in the center. The man would make the bread then slap it against the wall of the oven, inside above the fire. It cooked fast and came out shiny and delicately brown and delicious.

Then there were the noodles, the mien tiao-tze, the wonderful staple of north China. It was fascinating to watch the man make them. His dough was always just the right consistency to fold over on itself and not stick. When he had a big flat roll, he'd pick up his sharp cleaver, put his brass ring on his thumb to keep from cutting it off, guide the cleaver through the roll, slicing flat, narrow noodles, just the right width. Then he'd pick up a handful and shake them into a big cauldron of boiling water and soon they were ready. A bowl of steaming noodles with a little meat or salted vegetables was what a man ate for the day. If he were a bit richer, he'd have two bowls. We often has these at home. The favorite dish our cook made we called jiu-tsai baotze. (jiao zi) Boiled or fried half-moon meat pies that we could eat by the plateful. They were filled with such things as ground pork, dried bean curd, bean sprouts, Chinese cabbage, soy sauce and the tops of leeks or green garlic, chopped, that gave the pungent flavor that we loved. I understand that we were supposed to call them jiao zi, but we called them baotze.

This reminds me of an experience I had after I was grown. I was in Hong Kong, com-

ing back from the Philippines and found a North China restaurant. I said, “Aha, now I can have some baotze,” so I asked the waiter and he said, “How many?” I said, “Twelve.” He looked askance, but politely bowed and left. Soon he was back with twelve baotzes the size of hamburger buns and put them before me. You can imagine my reaction as I was expecting little half-moons the size of ravioli! We had a good laugh.

There were fruits in season—peaches, apricots, persimmons, pears, dried lei-chi, and pomegranates. Once or twice a year, papa or Mr. Junkin would go to Shanghai for a meeting and bring back some oranges. The height of luxury was to have a whole orange to myself, take it by the sitting room fire, cut it into six pieces and eat every one myself. There were san-szas too, a kind of crabapple that was sold on the street. They had been cooked in a heavy sugar syrup, then stuck on a thin bamboo stick. A man sold these, carrying them along the street, stuck into a basket, for all the world like a red porcupine. We could never eat these, of course—flies you know, but we made san za jam out of them.

Feasts were marvels of gastronomic mystery. Chinese have always been famous cooks. Sometimes if mama had been invited to a feast and couldn't go, she'd let me represent her. This was memorable, from the tidbits served before the meal of peanuts, dried, salted squash seeds, dried meat tidbits and candies, through the seven or eight courses of soups, meats, vegetables, to the climax of several dishes served with a small bowl of rice. Somewhere along the line came Eight-Precious-Rice. Rice with eight kinds of fruit in it, sweet and very special. Ba-bao-fan it was. As each course appeared the hostess would reach to the center dish with her chopsticks and pick out a choice morsel for me as this was the courteous thing to do for guests. I delighted in those feasts.

Now shall we talk about school? Mama had taught me until I was ready for the seventh grade. She had taught all of us. I don't remember much about those school days. She would give an assignment then go to the dispensary and expect the assignment to be done. Norman and I studied together until he went to Shanghai then Nettie and I shared books. I remember spelling better than Norman which made me quite pleased with myself. Norman never did learn how to spell very well. He said he went into medicine so he could have lousy handwriting and people wouldn't know about the spelling. I remember mama reinforcing a point with a thump on my head with her thimble. She didn't have a sewing machine so did all the patching and darning by hand. I guess having something like this in her hands kept her from going completely berserk with all our stupid answers.

I must put in here about my time in Keezletown school (an elementary school near Harrisonburg), where I was helping the children with reading. One little boy was especially quick in saying what came into his head without thinking so I told him about how my mother helped me think, with a thump on my head, and with that, I gave him a thump. You can imagine his shocked reaction and my quick explanation to his teacher that I was illustrating a story that I was telling! Times do change!

When Nettie and I studied together, mama would take us on walks and have us write up what we saw. One day we went to the egg-drying factory. The heat that came out of the ovens was almost unbearable. Yet the men, dressed in shorts, had to move around handling big trays of yolks to see that they did not burn. The whites were dried separately. The men, dripped with perspiration and were bleached white from the constant exposure to the heat. The eggs were then packed and sold for baking.

Another factory near us was a glass factory that had been started by some Europeans, by the canal where there was a beautiful patch of sand. The factory had closed, but, except for the people, the place was a favorite picnic spot because of the sand. It isn't much fun to eat when you know that every one watching is hungry and you don't have enough to go around.

People ask me why I can't read Chinese, after living there so long. I always feel guilty about this. It's no fun to be illiterate! But characters are memorized and if you don't keep after

them, you forget them. I learned to count and sing “Jesus Loves Me,” read some simple things, and then got into John’s gospel and read the first chapter before I quit. I’m not justifying myself—that’s just the way it was. I still like to talk Chinese with people from the north country and they say I have a good accent! But our time was taken up with trying to be good enough in English to compete with other Americans in school. But some “mish-kids” studied Chinese and kept it up and were very good. Pearl Sydenstricker (Buck) did herself proud and Frank Price.

Then there was Sunday. We’d had our bath on Saturday—cleanliness is next to godliness, you know. People today don’t know what it was like in days of no water running in the house and no shower anytime one felt like it. A bath was planned and special. A tin tub was set by the sitting room stove. Two buckets of hot water carried from the water shop, poured in and we were ready. Then there were Sunday clothes and church in Chinese and English and no noisy games to disturb others. Mama would read longer to us on Sunday afternoons. It’s hard to know what to give kids to do that is “Sunday.” My folks were of the old school that took seriously the rules for keeping the Sabbath.

Once when we were trying to get down the canal there was a complete blockage of the canal with boats. Nobody could get through. Then Sunday came and things opened up. Could we move? No indeed. You could go a “Sabbath day’s journey” and that was it. I still hold this against papa, but I have to admire him for his convictions. Nobody seems worried about this today, but when we were little, it was important that we did just certain things on Sunday. Reading the right books was one of them. Mama would stretch out on the cot against the back wall in the living room and read from the “Christian Observer” and anything else she had. Reading, propped up, made her eyes water. I thought she was crying. I’d feel bad because she was unhappy. Sunday evening was the time, after English church, when we’d gather around the organ and sing hymns. We had a little folding organ that mama was very proud of that she’d ordered from Moutrie’s in Shanghai. Many of the old hymns are buried deep in my heart because of these “sings.” It was more fun if other people came, but if they didn’t, mama played and sang and we all entered in. Papa had a lovely voice, but he was away a lot.

English church in the afternoon was in different missionary homes. The missionary men took turns leading the service. This was hard for them to do because all week they were immersed in another language. When church was at the Scottish ladies’ house, I loved it because they had beautiful pictures of Scotland on their walls and I’d dream of going there some day. (John Churchman and I went to Edinburgh in 1969. We had only one day, but it was the fulfillment of a dream of many years.)

When church was at the Bradleys, at the south end, we’d have a long walk. The hospital was down there and the boy’s school. The old Yellow river bed was just beyond with all its sand piles, but no digging on Sunday! Sometimes when there was a special meeting that mama had to go to, she’d tell us to make something quietly. One thing I was pleased with was a little croquet set that I whittled with balls half an inch through. I wonder whatever happened to that masterpiece?

The Chinese church was located by the front gate, in the same compound with our houses and the girls’ school. It was built with money from churches and our families in America and local money. The man in Sutsien who had the agency for Standard Oil was a warm Christian and very generous. His boys and Houston and William had been fast friends.

The church was in the shape of an ell with the women on one side and the men on the other. The pastor was at the heel so everybody could see him. On the wall behind him were big posters, covered with characters, quoting Bible verses. Backless benches were set on a brick floor. As there was no heat in winter, people came bundled in cotton-padded garments and carried little brass braziers with charcoal fires in them to put hands or feet on. They had to be 8-10 inches wide or they wouldn’t hold enough coals to last through the service. I had a little one that was cute but too small to be effective. Granddaughter Beth has this. We children didn’t

always have to go to Chinese church but we did the English.

Every morning we had prayers at home where papa read and prayed. We knelt for prayers. Once when we had a visitor from the US he got up from his knees and felt roughness on his forehead. With great concern he said, "Mrs. Patterson, please look at my forehead. Have I caught a horrible skin disease here?" Mama laughed and said, "No, Sir, you leaned against the rattan weaving on the back of your chair!"

These visitors would watch the little lizards that scampered around on the ceiling, catching moths and mosquitoes and flies. One man was so nervous about one falling on him that he finally went to the safety on his mosquito net over his bed. We children were fascinated by the way they could creep up on a moth, flick out their tongues and catch it. How could they stick to the ceiling and glass without falling off? Sometimes one would lose its tail but soon another would grow in its place.

Of course Sunday was a special day for memorizing Bible verses. We all learned the child's and shorter catechisms and wrote to Mr. Converse of the "Christian Observer" and had our names come out in print. The only answer I can say today is, "God is a Spirit, infinite, eternal and unchangeable, in his being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness and truth." You can't beat that—maybe add love?

Being in a Christian home meant that we should know what was right and DO it. Our parents didn't preach at us but we clearly understood what was expected of us—that we'd tell the truth, be honest and fair, unselfish and forgiving, and admit when we were wrong.

Mama's pet peeve about me was my whining. She'd squash it in a hurry with, "Margaret, I can't stand whining! You'll never get anything by whining. Now, let me hear you ask in a pleasant voice." I was even surprised myself at how much better I sounded.

Our white-washed living room was a cheerful place. It faced south so had a lot of sun through the narrow windows that held papa's flowers. I remember the freesias the best because they smelled so good and were in a lovely aqua-glazed pot with raised white flowers on it. In the middle of the room sat a table with papa's desk chair and mama's rocker. On one wall was the bookcase with the encyclopedia and the cash box on top. This was kept locked until papa would open it for a country preacher or mama would give the cook some market money.

Opposite the front door was the coal stove and coal box, the only heat in the house, and a small day bed under the high window that opened to the back yard. Sometimes in the winter we children would add our touch to the decoration by growing a sweet potato vine or hollowing out a fat carrot that we'd fill with water and watch the feathery leaves grow out the end.

All the water for Sutsien came from a huge pond west of the city. In this everybody washed his clothes, his vegetables, his night soil bucket, himself, then took water home in two buckets hanging on a pole over his shoulder. We paid for our water by the two-bucket load. Each bucket had a little flat piece of wood tied to the handle that floated on top to keep the water from splashing out on the way to our house. We stored it in big gongs in the wash room by the kitchen then stirred alum in to settle the mud. Of course, it had to be boiled and strained before we could drink it. Our dining room had a pottery crock with a tight lid and faucet for the drinking water. When we traveled we took a tight can for our drinking water. I can taste the tepid, metallic flavor of that water yet! This was more important than the food box with its sliding tray, holding all the necessities of travel-eating, like a milk can, bread, jam, butter. Yes, butter. We bought it in cans from France. It was liquid in summer. There was no margarine then. If you didn't have butter, it was lard.

The country around Sutsien was wide and flat. Here and there were farm houses, surrounded by low walls, with a big cesspool nearby. We had the habit of holding our breath as we went by and wondered how the people stood it who lived there. These pools were filled by the man going from door to door in the city, collecting "night soil" as it is euphemistically put and saved to put on the field. The night soil of China has grown the food that has kept teeming mil-

lions alive for millennia. When papa came back to the US for retirement, he was distressed by the fact that indoor plumbing did not use its good possibilities. One more thought about indoor plumbing. Townspeople had tiny rooms beside their houses called waste rooms and farmers collected from these daily. For the poor people who were out all day, there was no plan except to go when they had to, beside the road or street. There was always a little boy with his scoop and pail to pick it up. He made his living this way.

When a piece of china would break, the cook would send word to the repair man to come fix it. He would bring his little pot of hot glue, his drill and brass brads, squat on his heels by the kitchen and mend whatever we'd saved for him. We were fascinated by the skill of this man with his drill—a stick with a metal point on one end and another tied to the first that he'd pull back and forth at right angles. This drill, working through some moisture, put a tiny hole beside the crack. He'd fit the pieces together and measure just right on the other piece and drill holes there. After he'd put holes along each side of the break, he'd daub glue in the seam and pound the little brads in. If we broke the dish again it never was along the mended crack. Henry was fascinated by this process and we kept cups and plates mended like this for many years.

In spite of all the tragedy around us of wars, robbers, fires, disease, our parents kept us free of worry. We lived in the security of their love for us and for each other and this was enough. They didn't express their love openly because people didn't do that then, but we knew it was there—a solid rock for the family to grow on. They were open about disagreements but not disagreeable. I think this makes it all right! They would find something to laugh about with us or something to be awed by or something we'd read or thought about. They encouraged us to speak up. I'm more aware, now that I'm grown, of the anxiety that was there, mama being alone with us while papa was away in the north country weeks on end—the awful diseases we were exposed to, the constant threat of banditry, the fear of fire, the isolation from family, the difference of standards of living between the people and ourselves which could have made us choke with every bite we put in our mouths if we'd thought about it, but these didn't come through to us. Mama made life as full and as safe for us as she could.

I haven't told you about the amah we had when I was little. Mrs. East—Dong Sau-tze. She combed my hair until long after the time when I should have been doing it myself because she was looking for lice. She'd spread newspapers over her lap, take a very fine bamboo comb and scrape my scalp until I thought she was going to take it with her. Then a few days later she'd do it again for the nits. She taught me to read the few characters that I knew and how to embroider with thread and fine silk floss, over intricate paper patterns that she'd cut out and paste into place. She potty-trained me and chewed up beans for me to eat that were too hard for me to chew—until mama learned about it, that is.

Let me tell you one more thing about our home. It was in the dining room. A pung-ka, a wide fan, hung over the table, low enough, when it was waved, to scare off flies and give a little breeze to those sitting there, sweltering. It was made of a light wood frame, about 4x2 feet, covered with light cloth with a paper fringe about six inches wide along the bottom. The pung-ka had a rope running through a pulley on the ceiling and down to someone who would pull it. This contraption was used all over China in days before electric fans. In hotels, men or boys were hired to pull them for customers but mama was the one who pulled in our house. I can see her now, trying to do her eating with one hand while her other went back and forth, moving the pung-ka. It really did help to stir the breeze, but we'd see flies sitting on it, enjoying the ride, though it did scare some away.

I guess all children are afraid of something, whether there is cause or not—of the dark, of the bogeymen under the bed, those things. When they put me to bed in the dark room next to the sitting room, I was afraid, but then I could see the light through the cracks in the wall and hear mama's rocking chair creak as she moved ever so easily. This creak was a most comforting sound. There wasn't anything to be afraid of because mama was there, rocking. Little did I

know that she was tight with fear when papa was away because there was always the threat of robbers and fires. She'd walk along the porch every evening to check on the window latches. We had bars in one window so we could have a little air on breathless nights. But this didn't sink into my consciousness then. Mama was there, reading or sewing or writing by the light and everything was fine.

Of course the diseases that we might catch were a constant fear for mama. smallpox was all over our part of China. Nearly everybody we met on the street had pock marks on his face from it. We children were all vaccinated early in life to protect from it. Papa did the vaccinating. He put mine on my leg between my ankle and knee. "Nobody will ever see it there," said he. He gave me two for good measure and the boys three. I got a minor form of smallpox from mine and have never had a vaccination take since those first ones. If a child had smallpox, his mother would make him a little red cap and he'd wear it as she held him and people would know to pass down the other side of the street. Many people died from it, that and tuberculosis. For foreigners who knew that diseases were spread by sputum, the hocking and spitting everywhere was most disturbing. Eye diseases were common, often causing blindness. Paul had trachoma while in Shanghai at school. He endured very painful treatments but they worked.

Malaria was constant. Papa had it very badly, for years. But there was quinine which saved our lives. Once when I was to take my quinine, I looked at the big spoon and was sure that I could get it down better if I went into the back yard. I asked mama if I could go and she said "Yes." Can you imagine letting your child do that? She trusted me and I took the medicine. How do you teach trust? By trusting?

People in our area lived in fear all the time. If you were rich, your child could be snatched and held for ransom. If you were poor and had a little grain, roving bands of robbers would take it. Little boys were called "little dog" or "cat" to fool evil spirits. Every few weeks some bandits would be caught and executed and their heads hung on either side of the city gate to warn others. Mama always asked Mrs. East if there was a head on the gate when we would be going to the Bradleys. But that worried her more than us. In fact, Paul and Norman watched an execution one day, from the city wall, where the men knelt as their heads were cut off. I never saw this. I just went by afterwards where there were big spots of blood.

White was the color for mourning. The tragedy of death for those who had no hope still haunts me. A woman would go to the grave, burn some gold paper money, to be cashed on the bank of heaven, then rock back and forth, wailing in her grief, mucous streaming from her nose, reaching the ground, as she wept in utter abandon. I've thought of this many times as I think of the difference that Christ makes. They tell me that part of her weeping was to show that she had been a dutiful wife and part was for herself, wondering what would happen to her now. Widows had nothing.

Sutsien was on the Grand Canal, that waterway dug hundreds of years ago, to connect Peking with Hangchow. Sutsien was called the cross-over spot for people moving from the Yellow River to the Grand Canal because the two were just a couple of miles apart there, before the river changed its course, leaving us our beautiful sandpiles to play in. In fact, tradition has it that Marco Polo crossed here—but there's no plaque stating this! The way we had to go anywhere was on little boats on the canal. Between Sutsien and Tsing Kiang Pu were three locks that checked the flow of the water. When the water was low, it was simple to go through, but when it was high, the cascade of water was impassable. We would have to leave the boat on one side and hire another below the locks. They were not lakes that filled and raised the boats as on the Panama. They were wedge-shaped embankments, built out from the shore, to within about ten feet of each other. This crowded the canal into a narrow opening, giving a drop of about two feet at low flow. The boatman had to be very clever to make his boat hit the middle of the lock or he'd smash his boat to sticks. There was always much excitement and shouting and, I'm sure, prayer to the gods of the water. The rudder didn't help because the boat was moving at the

speed of the water. Going up was a different matter. You had to be pulled through by winches and capstans on the embankments. Dozens of people would man the poles sticking out around the capstan and walk round and round, pulling the rope that was fastened around the boat. It was truly nerve-racking. Mama always walked around the locks because once in the early years, she'd seen a boat break in two as it was being pulled up and the boat woman and her baby were washed to their deaths. It was always a relief to get through the locks going either way. Below them we would transfer to barges with little cabins that were pulled by launches. These took us to the Yangtze River and across to Chinkiang where we caught the river steamer to Kuling or the train to Shanghai.

Coming back up the canal, if the wind was right, the boatman would put up his ragged sail and we'd move briskly along. If there was a head wind, he'd pole, endlessly, walking to the prow, putting down his pole with the double-pronged metal end, to grip the bottom of the canal, then push as he walked to the stern. Drag his pole up and repeat, hour after hour. Sometimes, for a change, he would attach a rope to the mast, get out on the towpath, put a harness across his chest, made of a flat board, and walk, straining to move the boat against the current and the wind. Sometimes we kids would join him with our harness attached to his. I'm sure we were a big help to him! But we got exercise and out from under mama's feet for a while.

New Year has always been a favorite time in China. People pay their debts, visit relatives and friends, give gifts and no matter how poor, the little boy of the family must have a new coat. Even poor families borrow to buy a piece of meat or a few sweets or a big good luck character on red paper to paste on the front door. Memories linger in my mind of the delicious half-moon crunchy cookies filled with dripping honey and the sound of endless firecrackers.

I will elaborate further on our long anticipated summers spent in Kuling, the mountain resort in Kiangsi Province later favored by high ranking Communist officials and their families. It meant a long trip down the canal on buggy little boats, a change to a river boat to Chinkiang, a couple of days on a very crowded Japanese boat to Kiukiang. We went Japanese because their boats were cheaper than the British. The ship never came in Chinkiang until the early morning hours, but we couldn't count on it, so we had to sit on the pier and wait, with all our baggage and impatient children, fighting off mosquitoes and curious Chinese who spoke a different dialect from our own because we were "north-river-talk." The food on shipboard was all Chinese and we were allowed to eat it. Once I got appendicitis after one of these trips and mama was sure it was from the hard rice.

Other missionaries often traveled at the same time and at night, we would gather on the prow of the ship and sing the old songs of the south and favorite hymns, everyone harmonizing as the spirit led him, under the stars. I'll never forget the feeling. When we finally reached Kiukiang, we could see the mountain off over the plain about ten miles away, but we always had to spend the night at the rest house there. This waiting in Kiukiang was the longest time in my life, because we were so eager to get to Kuling. Mama and Papa tried to ease the time by having special treats there, like walking through the crowded markets—looking in china shops, Kiukiang's specialty—and finding new fruit. We'd bring it back to the rest house and wash it carefully, then mama would peel it with her little silver knife that had characters on the handle and give us bite by bite. How to peel a pear without transferring germs from the skin to the meat was an art. Sometimes she'd take a bite, but mostly it went to us children. Dates were another mouth-watering delicacy there—Chinese dates with heavily-lined meat and a thin, sharp-pointed seed. But these were so sticky sweet that flies fought for a foothold. Mama had the cook steam them for a long time to kill the germs. We got water chestnuts here too—juicy and crunchy. We didn't have them in Sutsien, but we can even get them raw in the States now.

Finally night would come and we'd spread our bedrolls on rope-bottomed beds on the veranda of the rest house, put up our mosquito nets and go to sleep with the noise of the big city swirling around us, interrupted now and then by the quavering voice of a woman, accom-

panied by a flute. Tomorrow we go up the mountain! To us kids all of this was pure bliss. We didn't know how much agony our parents went through to give us the pleasure of the hills. Papa would make the trip with us, then go all the way back to Sutsien for a few weeks' work before returning to get us.

It must have been sedan chairs across the plain. I was always in a fog until we began bargaining with the coolies for the chair ride up the mountain. (The mountain was Lu Shan in Jiangxi Province, regarded as one of the most beautiful in China.) Mama was large, so papa had to get extra carriers to swap out along the way for her. Four men usually carried one chair. The argument always was whether it would be six or eight for mama. "But you are a very wealthy man, Sir, with such a large wife! Surely you wouldn't begrudge two extra carriers!" We kids always wanted to walk, but papa knew we couldn't make it all the way, so we had chairs too. I was glad in some of the steep places that I could ride, but when we were older, papa let us walk down. It was a narrow zig-zag path up into the hills with thousands of slick rock steps and canyons that fell off into nothingness on the turns. Today there is a motor road up, I hear. The coolness of the air after suffocating in Kiukiang always lifted our spirits. It seemed to go along with the sound of the cicadas and the yellow of St. John's wort blossoms and the crispness of the bracken ferns. Often it would rain, but we didn't mind. The last pull up to the gap where the stores were was the longest, then, there spread out the beautiful valley and our little house—205A—just ahead! The little stone bungalow that we'd dreamed about for a year. Papa had bought high enough up the ridge to get a clear view of the Yangtze Valley. We darted everywhere, checking on the neighbors, the creek that ran between our house and the Ladies' just below. We couldn't wait to get to Duck Pond, the swimming pool at the foot of the valley. The house was musty and moldy, but papa was always relieved that it hadn't been broken into and that there was no leak in the roof. Papa had a pair of binoculars that we used to try to label the ships that we saw on the Yangtze. They had distinguishing company colors on their smoke stacks.



Mama being carried by bearers in a sedan chair

Kuling—freedom to roam the hills, go swimming, see other foreigners, go to a real store, picnic in places like the Big Trees, Incense Mills, Lions' Leap, the Falls or Sunset Ridge, over by the Griens where we could see miles and miles of the winding Yangtze. Then there were the tennis courts. Kids couldn't play when the grown-ups wanted the courts, but we didn't mind sizzling our brains under the tropical sun at noon if we had a court. Then, nearly everyday was swimming. Nettie lived across the valley from us. Her mother would let her go if Norman and Paul were there to rescue us. At lunch time I'd step out on our porch and yoo-hoo until she came out, then, if the boys could go, I'd wave a towel. If she could go, she'd wave back and we'd meet at the Whites. I'm sure if I saw Duck Pond today I'd call it a tiny mud hole, but to us it was big and deep and heavenly. After all, my alternative had been the three-foot gong in the muddy back yard! Jumping off the dam was worth every step of the hike down and back.

I'll never forget how delicious the cook's rolls tasted as he took them out of the oven when we got home. Mama never minded our eating them then, though she was strict at other

times, for fear of spoiling our appetites.

But mama didn't love Kuling as we did. She was heavy, hard for her to move up and down the hills. She went every day to the tennis courts in the late afternoons as that was where people met and visited even if they didn't play. Part of our job was to help her back up the hill with a push in the small of her back. She vowed this helped on the steep places.

She'd often have other ladies in for tea, as this was something she couldn't do at Sutsien. I'm sure her clothes were an embarrassment to her. She didn't mind in Sutsien because she wore Chinese clothes there, but on Kuling she should have something more "American," and she didn't have anything but hand-me-downs or things she'd made with no pattern and sewing was not her forte. But she made the best of it for our sakes—bless her!



Duck Pond on Kuling

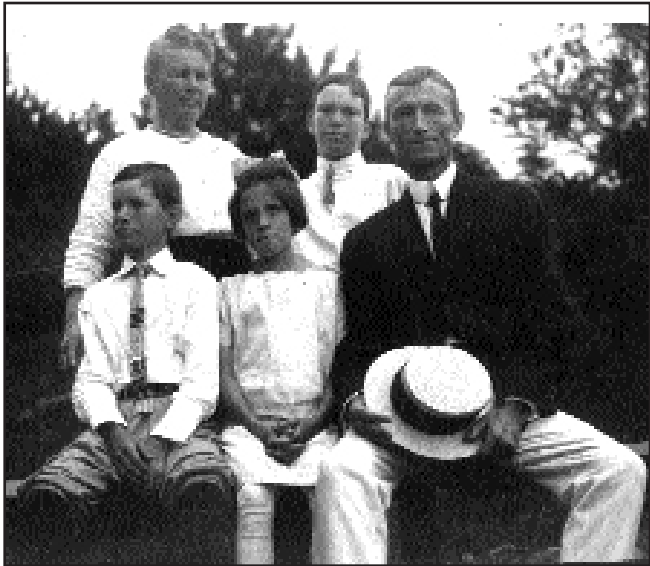


View across the valley from our house at Kuling

Kuling had vicious thunder storms and I'm frank to admit I was scared of them. I'd crawl into the back corner of the closet and pull the door shut behind me. I remember the torrential rains that swelled the creeks into roaring torrents. We'd step out on our porch and hear Hankow gorge roaring beyond the hill. Then we'd go down to the McFadyen's house and take the path around to see the crashing, awesome sight of a placid creek turned into a raging dragon. I remember the fog that was so thick you'd have to slice it to get through. Once, late at night, the church bell began to toll. This meant that someone was lost. All the men gathered with their lanterns to search. We sat tight until the bell rang again, saying the lost was found. A couple had gone over toward Lion's Leap, up behind our house, to take pictures, and the fog had caught them and disoriented them so that they had gone the wrong direction. They sat down to think and the man put his camera down beside him and heard it crashing hundreds of feet below. Needless to say they sat very still until the men found them and brought them back safe and wiser.

The church was down our hill at the valley floor and we'd go for Sunday school and church in the morning, then back again in the evening. I liked the evening better because it was cool then and I could watch the shadow of the mountain as it climbed up toward our house. The Church of England hymnbook had many hymns unfamiliar to us little Presbyterians, but there's one that always brings to mind the evening shadows of Kuling—The Day Thou Gavest Lord Is

Ended. The World Day of Prayer uses this as their hymn. When I was living in Bluefield with Houston, Paul wrote and asked, "What was that hymn that we loved so much on Kuling?" I knew in a minute what it was. We all loved it. Well, the weeks flew and the time for school had come again. This time it was Shanghai for the boys and Nanking for me. Mama will be free to give full time to her clinic, women's Bible study, and visiting.



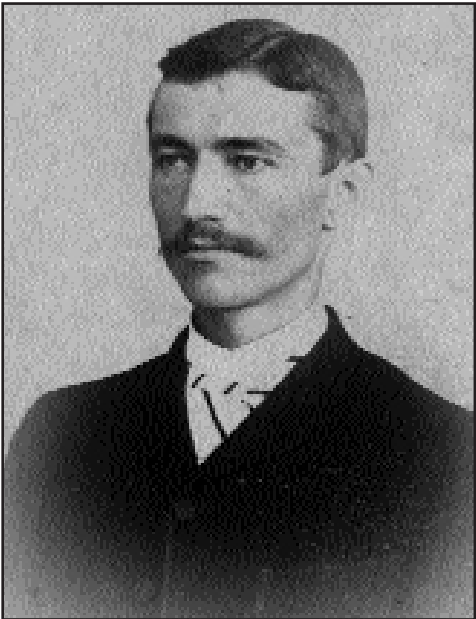
Norman, Margaret, Paul, Mama and



Mama as a young woman



Family in traditional Chinese garb with Houston and William



Papa as a young man

Nanking 1917-1919

1917—Nanking. Mama had taught all five of us over the last twelve years in Sutsien and was just about exhausted. Houston and William were in the U.S. Paul and Norman in Shanghai American School and we had two more years before furlough. Nettie and I had been studying together but now the Junkins were on furlough. Mama still had her clinic. She wrote the boys every week. She had Bible women who went with her in the afternoons to visit in homes and teach women how to read.

Mama had taken me through the basics of the R's and decided I should be going to school with other children. Her old friends, the Frank Prices, lived in Nanking where he was professor in the Seminary. Mama and Mrs. Price had been in Hangchow together in 1891-92. Mama had attended her wedding and lived with them when a new station was opened near Hangchow. They each had four sons and had followed each other closely, so she felt free to ask Mrs. Price to take me and let me go to Hillcrest School. The Prices were already keeping Evy Shields, a missionary daughter from Tsinan. They kindly agreed. September found me going to a real school as I entered the 7th grade. And what a lovely school it was. Standing on a hill not far from the seminary, a good walk through the fields and graves. it overlooked the old city and the University of Nanking buildings, with the Purple Mountain beyond. We had grades one through eight and missionary wives as teachers, with one paid principal, brought out from the States for that purpose—Miss Mabel Culter. They had leveled the top of the hill for a playground and that's where we worked off our excess energy with races, hop scotch, jump rope, tag, king of the castle, blind man's bluff, kick the can and prisoner's base.

Evy and I were in the same grade and others from other missionary homes and University of Nanking faculty and a couple from the Quaker compound. Catherine and Charlie DeVol lived with all the strict old ladies there and could get out only for school. Their parents were both medical doctors in the interior. For a long time we didn't realize what a tough life they lived. They were both very dear. Their father died of a carbuncle the first year I was there. Catherine, Evy and I would meet and pray together. This was Catherine's idea. I don't know what we prayed for but we had our picture taken as "The Prayer-meeting Girls."

The Blackstones had five or six children, one for nearly every grade in school. They lived in the city and we loved to go to their house because it was so pretty—lovely pictures, furniture, flowers, a real piano and good food every time our Christian Endeavor would meet there. As I remember, they were not with any mission board but had their own income which must have been ample. I always thought Bill was so good looking. All of us girls had eyes for him though Charlie came in second with me. He had auburn hair and was very serious.

A few years ago when I was in Pasadena to visit the Appletons from Dumaguete (Philippines), I found that Bill Blackstone was retired and just across the street. Of course I looked him up and told him how he had been my heart throb at Hillcrest and he didn't remember me! I was crushed. His wife told me that Bill had reached "that stage" so I forgave him!

I loved Evy, but stood in awe of her somewhat because she was so pretty. She had a cute little turned up nose, long blond curls that had to be curled around a stick every morning. Mrs. Price did it until she taught me how. My hair was straight brown, pulled back with a bow. Evy—we called her Piggie for some unknown reason—and I shared our joys and sorrows in our little room over the kitchen and longed for our mothers. Mrs. Shields would come down every few months for a short visit and encircle us both and listen to our frustrations about Mrs. Price

while we wept on her shoulder. After the Shields retired and Dr. Shields died, Mrs. Shields came to Sunnyside and spent her last days. Her son, Ran, Evy's younger brother, was a surgeon in Staunton and came often to see her. She's the one who gave Catherine Churchman her first Beatrix Potter book. Catherine and I had gone to see her. She looked at Catherine and said, with a dear smile, "I have a little book that I decided to give to the next little girl who came to see me and you are it." Catherine has continued to collect Beatrix Potter books until now.

I digress. It's strange but the only teacher I recall is Mrs. Price. She taught math and was a very good teacher. Miss Culter called the girls together and told us the difference between girls and boys and how it was important to take exercises to strengthen our tummy muscles. I can still see us all leaning over, after taking big breaths and rising slowly, holding in our tummies.

The other day I saw pictures in the paper of young people wearing t-shirts with W W J D down the front, explaining that it meant What Would Jesus Do? This was interesting to me because that's what we had in Nanking, sans t-shirts. Miss Culter was concerned about our spiritual lives and this was one thing that she did that affected me very much. She gave us each a small framed motto, with holly decorating it, saying—WHAT WOULD JESUS DO? I kept mine for years. I even used it at Massanutten Presbyterian Church, recently, in a children's sermon! Not the same plaque, but one made by a friend on her computer, to give out.

Evy and I loved Dr. Price. We called him "Uncle Frank" but we always said "Mrs. Price." He would tell us to call her Aunt Essie but it stuck in our throats. There was a coldness and a distance. I'm sure there was concern for us but we didn't feel any love. She seemed to find something lacking in our upbringing and the Lord had led her to fulfill the task. She had a way of talking to us that was unique. She'd call one of us over as she stood by the stove, one hand holding up her skirt to get some heat. The other hand took our chin as she stared at us through the bifocal part of steel-rimmed Ben Franklin glasses, her lips pursed as she clucked in the back of her throat while thinking what to say. It was always sobering. I'm sure we were a real problem to her. Imagine being the wife of a seminary professor with all the responsibility connected with that, being hostess to visiting dignitaries, having two sons at home, two ladies in the home studying Chinese, teaching math everyday, and on top of that, two spoiled kids from up country! The sons were Harry, her youngest, our age, and Frank, the oldest who had just graduated from college and was back in Nanking for a year to work with students.

Evy and I shared a little room over the kitchen, heated from below. We could look over the back wall into a field. A chimney came up through our floor then swelled into a drum that stood between our beds and gave some heat when the fire was going. In the summer, that was taken out and left a hole in the floor under a bed. Evy and I found this quite intriguing. We could look down and see what was going on. One day we got a bright idea—we would drop a little basket to the cook and see what happened. It was a tiny little thing, two or three inches wide. He thought that was cute and put two cookies in it. We thought it was terrific and relished the cookies. This became a habit that we enjoyed until one day we let down our basket and nothing happened. We looked down and there was Mrs. Price looking up! "Stay right there, girls," said she. There followed a lecture on the evils of eating between meals, of begging, of appearing to be hungry when we were given plenty to eat at mealtime and we must never do that again. Why is it that I've felt this was unjust, felt it for 80 years?

She was truly concerned about what other people would think of us. One day we had come back from school and found the man selling dried tofu with a delicious salty turnip sauce. I happened to have a couple of coppers in my pocket so I bought a piece and was eating it when Mrs. Price came home and saw me. She was chagrined that anyone who lived at her house would appear to be hungry—in public no less. What would everybody think! Every day we had family prayers and everyone had to repeat a Bible verse. Of course we didn't remember to look for one until almost the last minute. How many times one of us would say, "Jesus wept."

(John 11:35) Uncle Frank always recited a new verse. He marked every verse as he said it and his Bible had marks on nearly every page. We also had to pray out loud. This scared me silly because Papa always prayed at home. But it's a good thing to do, I'm sure.

It was at the Prices that I met with two elders and joined the church. Papa had written Uncle Frank about this and Uncle Frank asked two Chinese gentlemen to meet with me and question me. He interpreted for me. Then I joined, going forward in fear and great reverence. Mrs. Price had been very kind in trying to find a dress and shoes that would be appropriate for appearing in public. I have no idea what I had on but I know I felt close to the Lord as I knelt in front of the pulpit.

One day I came bouncing down the steps into the living room where Mrs. Price was reading. She looked up and said, "How much do you weigh, Margaret?" I was pleased that she was interested in me enough to want to know. After I told her, she said, "Well, I weigh about 20 pounds more than that and I'm sure I could come down the steps more quietly than that. Why don't you go back and try again?" I was crushed and mad and dumbfounded and almost slid down the banisters but didn't have the nerve!

The first year I was in Nanking, Mrs. Price had two young lady missionaries living in the front room who were going to Language School. Miss Eliza Neville and Miss Frances Stribling. Evy and I thought they were the nicest people we'd ever met. I'm sure we pestered them but they never let on. Right away a young man, Lewis Lancaster, who lived next door and was also studying at the Language School, began courting Miss Neville and soon they were engaged to be married. Harry was determined that Miss N. who had been playing tennis with him, would play a set on the morning of the wedding. He set 5 a.m. and she agreed. Eliza Neville was "Cousin Five" to him from that time on. She really did play with him that morning. It was an exciting day for us because she had decided to get married right at home. She planned that we children would hold daisy chains to mark her approach from the front hall. Evy, Jack Stuart, Harry and I were in the line. There must have been others but I can't think of them. Jack lived next door, the son of John Leighton Stuart who later became the U. S. Ambassador to China. It was an exciting time for all of us and is the only wedding that I have been a part of except my own and Danielle's (My granddaughter—Danielle Mack Francis), though I was a sponsor for five or six in the Philippines. When the Junkins came back from furlough, Nettie joined Evy and me and we moved to the front room. It was bigger and had nicer furniture and we even had an alcove where sat a washstand with a big pottery bowl and pitcher, the kind you see in antique shops today. One day I was washing my hands, picked up the basin to pour out the water, my hands slipped, the basin fell against the soap dish and broke it. **BROKE IT!!**

Our room was next to the Prices and if she had been in, she had surely heard it. If she hadn't, I'd have to tell her because my mother had trained me properly. But what an awful spot to be in! I picked up my courage, walked slowly around to her door and knocked. She said, "Come in." She was there!! I haltingly explained to her what had happened and I was very sorry. She looked tenderly at me and said, "I know, Margaret. I heard it. And I'm so glad you told me. It's all right. It was just a soap dish." Bless her. I'll always remember that.

Mrs. Price had a sister, Rebecca Wilson, who had just come as a missionary. She was jolly and friendly and giggled with us girls about silly things and we loved her. The best was when she was at the table. Elbows on the table? Never! Well, her dear sister relished her morning coffee with both elbows on the table as she cradled her cup in her hands. Mrs. Price could hardly rebuke her grown sister about something so trivial. We loved it.

Lets see, what did we do for fun? We had to see important places in Nanking of course—Purple Mountain, Lotus Lake and the Ming Tombs with all the stone animals. Then Harry had a bicycle that he let me try to ride. I say "try" because I rode it down the long drive to the gate, but ran off the side of the road landing between a tree and a wall. I'm a bit hazy as to what happened after that but I don't remember riding again until we lived in Richmond, dur-

ing the war, when I put little Bobby in the basket for our grocery trip.

We made May baskets on May first. Evy and I thought that was a neat idea. I don't know where we got the baskets or the flowers but we'd get up early, scrounge some flowers, sneak up to a neighbor's door, then run away.

We had spitting contests. That sounds crude but you must remember that spitting is an honorable custom learned early in China. Outside our room was a narrow balcony into which the back stairs came. We would line up along the railing and see how far we could spit. If there were seeds to spit, fine. If not, we'd spit anyway, to see who could win. Of course Harry always won but I remember the contests and the cook dodging us below.

We heard that the soldiers in Europe needed scarves and we could help if we knew how to knit. Someone taught us and we knit scarves. Maybe scarf? To prove it I have a picture of Evy and me sitting in the yard, busily knitting away. Later I taught mama how to knit. That was great. I'd start something then she'd take over and do the boring part then give it back to me.

One thing we talked about doing at school was to make a flag. We'd make a silk one, home raised, home dyed, home woven. Nanking was a center for silk but we wouldn't buy the silk, we'd raise it ourselves. If you raise silk? We had seen old women with their loose garments stuffed with silk cocoons, keeping them warm until the right time. We'd seen the huge pots of boiling water where the cocoons were thrown to scald before removing the silk threads. We'd seen the process of finding the thread and winding it off. We were pretty sure we could do it until we got right down to the point of who was going to nurse the cocoons for weeks. Then the whole idea fell apart.

Mama had taught me well. I was good in spelling and math and writing though a bit slow in reading. But good enough to tie with Bobby Wilson for first place in class. This was humiliating because Bobby was about half my size, had bright red hair and was always holding up his hand to answer questions. People like that do stimulate one to do one's best, though, don't they?

As Evy's folks lived in Tsinan, up the railroad from Nanking, she could go home for Christmas, but mine lived on the Grand Canal which often froze in winter so Mrs. Price said I could stay there. She'd invite Paul and Norman to come up from Shanghai for the vacation. This was a most generous thing to do. It was exciting for me to have them there and I remember once our going hunting at the foot of Purple Mountain. I can't imagine Mrs. Price letting me go but Harry and the Pattersons went. I put the gun to my shoulder, at the insistence of the boys, and pulled the trigger as I aimed at a dove. I hit it but didn't kill it. The boys had to find it and wring its neck. I've never tried to shoot another thing.

One day the boys were fooling around in their room and opened a cartridge, pouring the powder along the window sill then lit a match to it to see what would happen. Well, it happened. The curtains caught on fire and there was great commotion. Soon thereafter the Patterson boys were on the train for Shanghai. Surely it wasn't Harry's idea to do such a dastardly and stupid thing! I can truthfully say that was the only invitation extended to the Patterson boys from Nanking.

The older I get the more I realize what a trial we girls must have been to the Prices, but we all survived and friendships lasted through the years. When I was in New York I heard Harry was there so I looked him and his wife up and had a pleasant visit. From what I hear he's still living in retirement in N.C. (in 1999) Evy's step-daughter is searching for material to write a story about Evy. I lost Evy for a while but found her again as she was fighting a brave battle against cancer in Charlottesville. A nostalgic and moving time for both of us.

Two years in Nanking passed and it was time for the Pattersons to go back to Virginia for a furlough. Paul and Norman were seniors in high school and I was ready to begin. We lived in Lexington, just across the street from the school. Bill, in his last year at W & L, was at home

too. Houston was working in Danville and came home as often as he could. That was the year he brought a cage of white mice for his young siblings. Mama, in horror, said, "Houston, why in the world did you bring WHITE MICE?"

"But Mama, you never told me not to!" The white mice didn't last very long.

Frances Glasgow (who was to marry Houston) was teaching her first year there and Norman and Paul were in her agriculture class. Outside of the book, Frances knew very little about agriculture, so you can imagine the time she had with those young fellows, brothers of her fiance! I'm surprised she ever married him.



Papa and Athalie (Norman's wife), Papa and Mama, Papa and Norman (my brother who went back)



Paul and Harriet



Houston



Frances



Bill



Papa with Houston Jr., Anne, and Robert G.

High School in Shanghai, 1920-1924

The first three years of high school went very fast. We had just come back from the States, leaving all the boys—a very hard time for mama and papa. It was something new for me to be in Shanghai with all the surroundings of the big city and new friends from all over China.

My roommates were three girls from North Kiangsu, like me, children of Presbyterian missionaries—Lucy and Elizabeth Grier and Sarah McFadyen. We had known each other all our lives, but hadn't had much time together because we lived in different towns. Now it was classes, gym, walks, dining and rooming all together. Great! We had one habit that we enjoyed immensely—that of reading out loud together after homework at night, before lights out. One book has stayed in my mind all these years that sent shivers up and down our spines—The Hounds of the Baskervilles. We'd read to the very last minute then have to put out the light just as the hounds came baying toward us!

We ate together with all the students in the basement of our dorm and ever so often, the cook would serve Chinese food. We loved that because we could eat as many bowls of rice as we wanted and use chopsticks. The boys would vie with each other to see how many bowls they could eat. I think the record for one meal was eight.

School was on North Szechuan Road near Hong Kew Park, in a densely-populated part of the city. For races and games we went to the park, but for shooting baskets and limited games we had the yard connected with the classrooms. Our school backed up to a Jewish family. I remember this because we looked out one day and saw our neighbors building a wood and straw shed in their back yard. Our teachers explained that this was for a Jewish festival when they built booths. But mostly we were surrounded by Japanese. All of us little Americans hated them with the hatred that we felt the Chinese had for them because they were swarming in. Even then we had the feeling that they wanted to take over, but this didn't break out into war until about ten years later.

Two people here at Sunnyside were in Shanghai American School when I was there—Margaret Blain Kepler and Tom Grafton. I remember both of them as being leaders among our athletes, Margaret in girls' basketball and Tom in track. Athletics were a big part of our social life as we would attend meets and cheer for our team. One special time stands out when the boys were going to Kaingyin for a meet and they were allowed to invite girls to go along to cheer. This was an overnight trip up the railroad and we were to stay with missionary families at that place. Tom invited me and this was very special! He was a year ahead of me in school, but was awfully good to me in seeing that I had company on walks, to Christian Endeavor meetings, special plays downtown, or for a treat to the Chocolate Shop. We always did things in groups at S.A.S. which built up a wide base of friends, but it was a warm feeling to know that I had someone who was there for me.

We had a singing group that we all enjoyed. Our director would stand very straight in front of us and act as if she were pulling a thread out of the top of her head, saying, "Make your voice come up like this and not flat down in your throat like this," and she'd put her head back and emit a very flat sound. We must have gone to church, but I can't remember anything about it. I asked Tom the other day and he said there was a union church close by that we attended, but for special occasions we went to the Episcopal cathedral.

We had a couple of new teachers that came my sophomore year that we all liked. I think of Mr. Miller especially because for our science class he would sometimes take us to Hong

Kew Park for experiments. One was about how long it takes for sound to travel. We divided into two groups and stood at opposite ends of the park, within sight of each other. Our group had the stop watch and the other the gun. We could see the puff of smoke and check the time when the sound reached us. Mr. Miller was shorter than all of us girls and had one blue eye and one green one which fascinated us.

There was much excitement our junior year because they were building a new school in Frenchtown and our class was going to be the first to graduate there. When we came back to school that fall, it was to brand new brick buildings, surrounded by unfinished grounds and piles of debris. This unfinished business was to be the basis of our exercise for most of our senior year. We raked, broke up clods, hitched ourselves to the big roller, pulled it across the quadrangle and planted shrubs around the edges. The girls' dorm was connected to the dining hall at one end and the classrooms at the other with covered colonnades. I think the boys didn't have their dorm complete for several months so they had to "live around." Our dorm rooms were for two so I roomed with Eunice Smith from Foochow (south China). We called her Happy and she was just that. She is in a retirement home in Connecticut now and we still correspond. A great roommate.

One thing that impressed me about our new grounds was the rat population. One night I felt something crawling over my feet and before I could explore, it had come up over my head and tangled its feet in my hair before it jumped off to the floor. You can be sure I tucked my mosquito net in very tightly from then on!

Life was freer in Frenchtown. We seniors could take the "little kids" downtown for outings to the big department stores—Wing On and Sincere's. There was more space to take walks which we did, in groups, after supper sometimes. Visitors to Shanghai would come out to see the school and we would have to show off. Rodeheaver came once and performed for us with his horn. He used to travel with Billy Sunday (the evangelist who was once as well known as Billy Graham.) We loved him. I remember the church in Frenchtown as a welcoming place. Big plans were made for a play our senior year and, of course, everybody wanted to have a part. I was disappointed over not being chosen. They had some kind of party for all of us who weren't in it, but it wasn't the same!

A tradition that brought fierce rivalry between juniors and seniors was the Bust of Juno. It was a small plaster bust that was supposed to be kept by seniors then passed down to the juniors at a special ceremony. The point was for the juniors to steal it beforehand and make the seniors lose face. Word would get around that it had been stolen and was here or there. Everyone had to be on the alert. I recall one night, I tied a string to my big toe and put the other end out the window so it could be pulled to wake me up in case I was needed. I wasn't! I don't know what I would have done anyway.

We loved and admired our teachers. In fact, when I got my first job in North Carolina teaching geometry, I did it as my high school teacher had taught us. Young college graduates would be enlisted to come for a few years which was great for us who wanted to know more about our homeland. One year three of them were from South Carolina and would ask three of us girls to go places with them. Sally and I didn't keep up with ours but Leland Edmunds persisted and finally convinced Elizabeth to be his wife.

Many of the foreign business people sent their children to S.A.S. We boarders didn't have much chance to become acquainted with them because we didn't have much time for visiting, but now and then some of them would ask some of us to go home with them for a while. One was especially nice to me, giving me a chance to see a really attractive home. Most of our missionary homes didn't have much to make them attractive! I saw her about ten years ago on a visit to California! There was a closeness of our relationships at S.A.S. that people in high school in the States could not have. This was because of our being foreigners together, working

hard to make grades that would be acceptable in American colleges, realizing that we would probably not see most of them again, after that year. We'd make the most of it. I've kept up with more high school friends than college ones.

The mission board in 1922 asked papa to move to Tenghsien in Shantung Province, to teach in the North China Theological Seminary. This was a very conservative Northern Presbyterian Seminary with four or five missionary families already there. The town, on the railroad between Shanghai and Peking, was easy to reach. They were assigned to a big gray brick house with a yard large enough for a garden, but all I remember about it were the scorpions in the basement. I don't know why they didn't come upstairs where the family lived, but I remember seeing them crawling around with their stingers held proudly high. It was easy to go home for Christmas here—just get on the train. One Christmas was especially cold and Mama had given me a mason jar of hot water to take to bed with me. In the middle of the night, I rolled over and knocked it to the floor which scared the daylights out of my parents because they were sure someone had sneaked in to abduct me. Just a while before this there had been a big train hold-up when foreigners on their way north to gamble had been abducted and held for ransom. My folks looked in my room and found me sound asleep, but didn't find the jar until the next day.

Houston and Frances came out in 1923 and went to Peking for language study. They invited me to come and visit during the vacation of my senior year in Shanghai American School. I had one of the most exciting weeks in my life. I've never been back, but I remember the beauty of the temples, the Forbidden City and trip to the great wall and the gorgeous shops. Let me put in here that Frances and Houston gave me a mandarin coat with all the elegant embroidery, for a wedding present, that they had bought in Peking. Somewhere there is a picture of me in it which makes me look like the Empress Dowager herself!

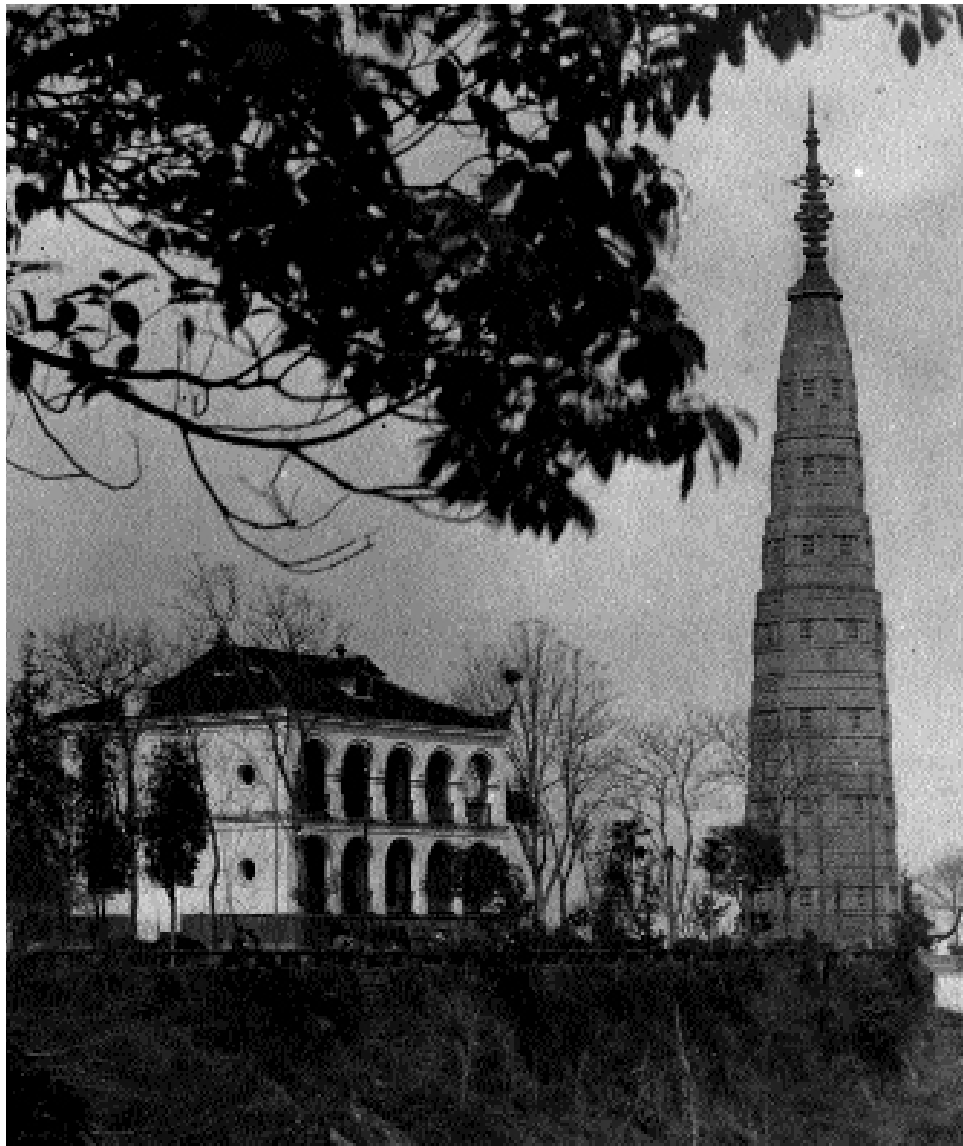
Ever since the last furlough mama and papa had been in Tenghsien where papa was teaching in the North China Theological Seminary. When summer came, they would come down the railroad to Nanking and we would go to Kuling for a month or two. I've told of the thrill of everything at Kuling. On one trip back to school I got appendicitis. Mama diagnosed it and took me to Soochow where there was a young missionary, Doctor Young, who operated on me. In those days one took one's illness seriously. He put me to bed for one month! Dear Mrs. Young took mama in and sent food over to me in the hospital. Mama read to me day after day and waited for me to get well. When I think of Norman taking Pat's appendix out and pulling her up out of bed the next day, I shudder! One book that mama read, Speaking of Operations, was so funny I would have to hold my scar to keep from breaking it open.

Everybody was talking about college, of course, that year. The Griers and Sally Mc were planning on Agnes Scott and I wanted to go with them. But papa said it had to be Mary Baldwin because I had to be near a relative to whom I could turn in case of trouble. Uncle Blackwood, his brother, was just ten miles out of town. I understood this, but that didn't make it any easier.

There was a scholarship offered for one of the seniors to be chosen by the faculty. We all began thinking of who might win it. I hoped I had a chance because I was president of the student body, my grades were pretty good, and I had been on the basketball and hockey teams. I feel the tightness yet, of waiting, while the principal led up to the name of the chosen one. Good grades, athletics, southern college (I thought for sure it was MBC), then he said "Agnes Scott" and my heart hit the ground. It was Elizabeth Grier! She really was better than I was because she was skilled in the piano as well as other things. I was happy for her because she was one of my best friends, but it was a real disappointment anyway.

I don't remember anything about graduation because we were all getting ready to leave for the States. Every senior was going to some college except one girl who stayed with her

aunt in Shanghai. We stretched from California to Maine to Georgia. One of our class was from Minnesota and she said the furthest east she had ever been, was Wisconsin! We four Southern Presbyterian girls packed up and boarded a liner for the States, then went our separate ways to various relatives who were kind enough to take us in. I went to mama's sister, Kate Plecker, in Richmond. She had already had Houston and William when they first went to the States then, when I got there, she had Janet Hall, another sister's daughter. Norman was in Richmond at that time too, going to the Medical College. He was over at her house a lot. Bless her, she took me in too and set to work to make some clothes to cover the deficiency of my college wardrobe. It was a big job because I looked very "missionary!" One dress that was stolen soon after I got to college was my favorite. It was a rose-colored linen dress with a wide band of embroidery all the way down the front.



Needle pagoda in Hangchow

Mary Baldwin College, 1924-1928

Mary Baldwin is in the glorious and historic Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. The buildings are on a steep hillside that looks out toward the twin hills of Betsy Bell and Mary Grey. The story goes that they were named for two little Scot lasses who were lost many years ago. The school had been named for Miss Julia Baldwin, an early teacher at the Female Seminary, as it was first called. When I got there in the fall of '24, it had been a college for three years. Our class was to be the first to graduate after the name change, but many of the rules of a "finishing school for young ladies" were still in effect. I soon found out that I needed two uniforms, one for spring—white—and one for winter—black; that I could not go down town which was just two blocks away without a chaperone; that I could not correspond with anyone who was not on a list approved by my parents; that I could not have a date outside the parlor where everyone else was entertaining guests; that I couldn't get packages without opening them in the presence of the matron for fear I would get food that was spoiled; that I had to march across the street to church with everybody else (there were a few exceptions to this if home permission came in writing); that we must not speak to the S.M.A. boys as we marched. These were from the Staunton Military Academy up the hill from us and they delighted in lining the streets to watch the girls go by.

Miss Higgins, who was the principal at that time, placed me in a room with two sophomores who had asked to live together. I never have understood why she thought this would be a good place for me. Her explanation was that these were fine girls and could help this "foreigner" learn the ways of America. But every time I went into our room I felt I wasn't wanted. They were very kind, but I could understand why they would resent my being put on them. This lasted a few weeks until she moved me to another dorm with a dear girl from Lancaster, Pa. I loved her. We would hang out the window, looking at the night skies and share and share. Our dorm was just across the street from the Catholic church which rang its bells every morning at five o'clock for the faithful. I was sure that I would never get any sleep after five o'clock but it is strange. The bells never rang at five again after that first day!

I mentioned packages. The reason for the rule the matron said was that one of the girls had eaten some meat that had spoiled. It was for our protection. Norman was in Medical school at that time and he was so shocked by this ruling that he said he was going to take a finger from one of the cadavers in the lab and send it to me. He was dissuaded from this by the school rule that anyone taking parts from cadavers would be summarily dismissed. After my day, there was a missionary daughter from China who was so hungry for salted turnip sauce that she asked her mother to send her some. When the package was opened, such a rank odor overcame the matron that she was tossing it out when such a cry went up that she called another girl to verify the fact that people really did eat this vile stuff and she was allowed to keep it.

Pictures flit across my mind:

— of dashing to the dining room for breakfast—everybody had to eat breakfast and had to have her stockings on. Teachers stood at the door to catch us. Girls were wearing flesh-colored stockings then with seams up the back which didn't show until we were safely past—no seams, no stockings.

—snuggling into our coats as we slipped and slid down the hill to class;

—trying to think of subjects for endless English themes. I never would have passed English I if it hadn't been for my China background to dig into and for mama's pounding "what did you see?" into me.

—checking our history teacher’s watch as the hands moved at a snail’s pace, only to realize that she kept it set 40 minutes ahead for some unexplained reason;
 —listening to our art teacher explaining great art of the past, trying to appreciate it;
 —enjoying the peace of the library and standing at the table for twenty minutes after eating, holding in my tummy so I wouldn’t get a bulge. Someone had told me that I’d keep flat if I gave my meal a chance to digest while standing. It was also at this time that all of us made bras for ourselves out of straight pieces of heavy cloth and put them around ourselves as tight as we could. It must have been Twiggy who was influencing us at that time. . . no figures!

—Going to church and listening to Dr. Fraser preach his long, deep sermons. When I complained to mama about having to endure these, she told me to pick up a hymnbook and read a hymn or take notes on the sermon. I had hoped I could go to some other church, but I had to have permission from home for that. I could see that it was not forthcoming.

—Playing basketball. We had two teams, the white and yellow that played each other. We did not go to other schools. I was tall, so played center. In those days women were delicate, so the court was divided into three parts and the center could pass the ball, but couldn’t move outside of the center third of the court. When I see girls flying all over the courts these days, I think about how lazy our games were. But we had fun and one year we were victors. Each of us received a little gold basketball to wear on a chain.

Those of us who lived in dorms didn’t have much chance to meet day students, but I became good friends with Patty Irvine who lived out toward the Patterson place and one week end she invited me to go home with her. Patty drove her horse and buggy to school every day, so this is the way we went. I had never been in a buggy. It must have been ten miles, over bumpy country roads and through two or three gates that we had to get down and open and close, but such a warm welcome awaited us! Her parents and brothers were cordiality itself and the warmth of the hospitality and fire and food lingers yet. I went back with a new appreciation of my advantages—not having to hitch up and drive home every day in all kinds of weather and of a lasting friendship.

The folks had sent me to be near relatives, but I didn’t see them except in the summer. Granny—Margaret Tirzah Patterson—lived with Uncle Blackwood and Aunt Anna during the winter, but in the summer she moved across the meadow to her house which we call Maple Terrace, and opened it to welcome all the grandchildren who wanted to come. It was a wonderful place for all of us “foreigners” who had no place to go. Houston and Bill had been the first of our family to go. They had many tales to tell of their exploits with the cousins from Atlanta—the Hoyts, the Blackwood Patterson children and the young people from Tinkling Spring church; of the trips to the swimming hole on Christian’s creek; of the endless flat tires on the old “tin lizzie” that Grandma had; of picnics to the mountain; of hiking over to the B & O station at Brookwood to get the train back to Lexington. Then Paul and Norman were there a few years before me and made many other friends. By the time I got there, the Atlanta relatives had stopped coming except for a short visit by Margaret Hoyt whom we all adored. For two summers I spent several weeks at Massanetta Springs Conference Center where I waited tables with many other college girls. We all stayed in the 4th floor attic rooms, suffocatingly hot, but accepted as there was no other way in those days. When I came to Sunnyside I found one of our group here, Banna Price Massey (Trotter), with her red hair still showing through the grey.



A picture that always hung in the

I told you how disappointing it was not to have a part in the senior play in high school. Well, Mary Baldwin was different. An all-girl school needs tall, thin and handsome characters for their heroes, but they have to use what they can get. It was really fun playing the lead in several plays over the years.

A big event in the Patterson family took place in December of 1924—the arrival of the first grandchild. Craig Houston Patterson, Jr made mama and papa grandparents for the first time and me an aunt! I didn't realize how old and important becoming an aunt would make me, but I went down the halls with a certain aura around me!

Mama, papa, and Bill came home in 1927 for their furlough year and decided to spend it in Staunton. This was great for me because I could move out of the dorm and stay at home. They rented a little house on the edge of Gypsy Hill Park. That was when I got to know Mary Garland Taylor and Frances Ruckman, also day students. Frances was a senior and Mary Garland a junior, so Frances and I had many classes and activities together. Our May Day dresses stand out in my mind because this was the prettiest thing I'd ever had. The seniors were to march in the procession dressed in gold and lavender dresses made with a stand-up collar in the back, no sleeves and a full skirt that was short in front and sloped longer toward the back. Mine was lavender and I still have a cut-out picture of me in it for anyone who wants to see me in all my glory!

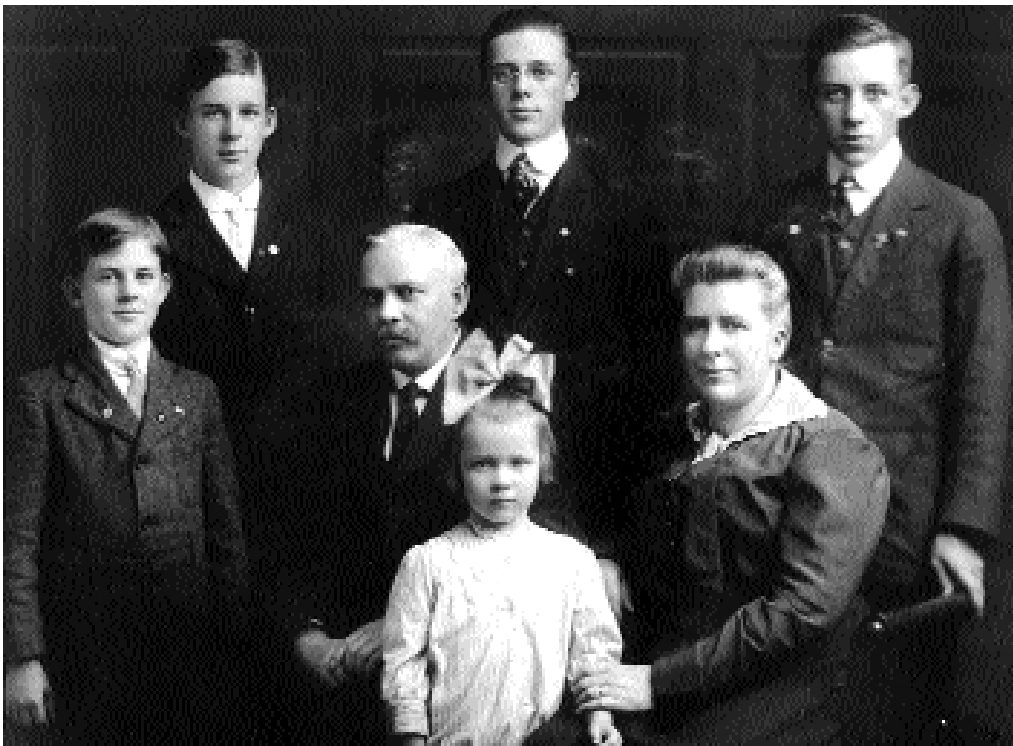
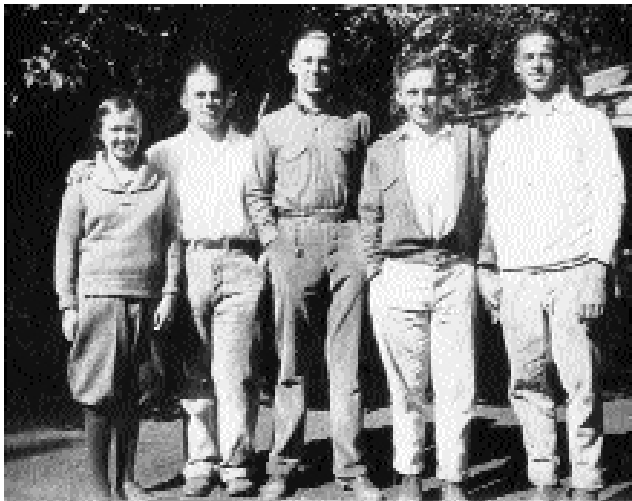
Everybody was talking about what she was going to do—teach, go to graduate school, get married, whatever—but I had nothing. I wanted to go to Biblical Seminary in New York to train to be a missionary, but I thought I should get a job first, get some experience and pay off some debts.



The family went back to China for another term when Houston and Frances came to my rescue. They had a way of doing this on several occasions in my life. Houston had a job for the summer at Montreat, directing the young people's activities. Frances wasn't very well and asked me to come and look after little Houston and Bobby. This was a life-saver for me. It was while there that I met the Presbyterian preacher from Clarkton, N.C. who told me of the need for a Latin teacher and that's where I spent the next year.

Have you noticed as you read my story how many times family members have come up with help when it was most needed? I don't know how people get along without families! I've had a wonderful one and the children and grandchildren continue to be loving and helpful and supportive and I thank the Lord every day, many times, for you!

Photo taken for MBC annual



Top left: Henry as a youth; top right: Henry on left (in photograph) at Underwood Park in the Coastal Redwoods; middle row; Mack siblings: Dorothy, Arthur, Henry, Wilfred, S. Franklin Mack; Henry in swimming attire; Left: Mack family: Arthur, Henry, S. Franklin, Wilfred, Silas

My Husband—Henry Whitcomb Mack

“What about Grandpa Mack, Grandma, we never knew him?”

After I had taught school for a year in Clarkton, NC, I went to Biblical Seminary in New York to get training for being a missionary, as that was what I thought was my “calling.” I had a class under Mr. Henry Mack who was a graduate of the school and was working on his Ph.D. from New York University. He was tall and serious and balding, and wore glasses and didn’t have much to say to us after class. All the students ate in one dining room and the faculty who lived in the building had a separate place so we didn’t have a chance to meet casually except on the roof, after lunch, when many of us gathered to play volleyball. He was there then.

I soon began dating a fellow named Pat McGuire from Ohio and we had a very happy time together. We’d take long walks; we’d sit on the back steps and compare ideas. We’d go to Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church which was many blocks away, and walk home along 5th Avenue, window-shopping along the way. We’d stop by holes-in-the-wall and get a cup of tea and giggle over funny things. I really liked Pat, but I knew he had a girl back home, so we kept it that way. Then one day he asked if I had a friend whom I could invite for his friend, Henry Mack. He was shy. I thought of Elizabeth Grier, my life-long friend from China high school days who was studying at Columbia. The four of us went out and before we reached Biblical, Elizabeth got something in her eye. Pat always had solutions for such problems. We went in and spent the rest of the evening with him hovering over Elizabeth. This was my first date with Henry! We began going out for walks after I was



Taken at time of engage-

through my library work at 9:30. Then he took me to dinner and to musicals and hockey games and we had lots of good times together.

I didn’t think he was serious until one night we had gone the few blocks to the East River and he asked me to marry him. I said, “But you haven’t even told me you love me!” He said, “I thought I was supposed to ask you first!” I’ll always remember that because I thought it strange. I told him I’d have to think about it because I was planning to go to China as a missionary and felt this was what God wanted me to do. I also felt guilty going out with him at first because one of my good friends at the seminary had been “his girl” in college in California and expected the relationship to continue in New York. Paul was the closest member of my family to talk to, so I asked him to come up and meet Henry. He gave him a thumbs up. I didn’t know his family as they were in California, but I met his older brother, Franklin (Si), who was working for the Presbyterian church foreign mission board. This still didn’t take care of my call to missions! But I remembered that mama had said, when we talked about my going to

China, that she did not think it was wise for a single woman to come to China. She hoped that, if I came, I would be married. I don’t know whether that was because of her early experience of going out single, or whether she had been observing others over the years. Anyway, it eased my conscience. I said “Yes!” because I really did love and admire him. This was toward the end of the semester and I had agreed to go to Lake George with Dr. White (the head of Biblical Seminary) to work in his camp for preachers for the summer. We set September 8, 1930, as the

date.

As I think about it now, it might just as well have been Mary Garland's wedding because she made all the plans. I was stuck up in northern New York in the country and wouldn't be finished with my job until just a few days before September 8, so I wrote copi-



(Right) Fancy Mandarin jacket, gift from Houston and Frances (Left)



ous notes to

M.G. and she carried them out along with Aunt Anna Patterson and Augusta (J.B. Patterson's wife), because we had decided on Tinkling Spring Church, and Aunt Anna had said I was to be married from their place. My cousin, Anna Compton, had said I could use her dress as we were about the same size and that's what I did. My two college friends, Mary Garland Taylor and Frances Ruckman were attendants and Nell Morton whom I'd met at Biblical. (By the way, Biblical is now New York Theological Seminary and is in the building owned by the Marble Collegiate Church on Fifth Avenue. The school occupies two floors of the building, moving from East 49th Street.)

Paul was there and gave me away. He had grown a moustache for the occasion to look more mature! Si married us and Aunt Anna and Augusta gave us a beautiful reception at their lovely old place. Uncle Blackwood was in the early stages of his Parkinson's but, by the hardest, he made it. We had parked our car at the manse, to avoid any tampering and the best man, Pat McGuire, drove us over to it. We spent a week in Richmond (Aunt Kate put us up at the famous Jefferson Hotel), meeting aunts, and at the beach then back through Washington, D.C. to New York, spending the next year finishing up our degrees. I got another bachelor's and Henry got his Ph.D. We had set up two typewriters in our tiny room and worked on his thesis. This took every spare minute after classes.

If you remember your history of the U.S., a crash came along about that time, with millions of people losing their jobs, but the seminary hung on for another year and Henry had a job. We moved to Pompton Lakes, NJ, into the manse of the Dutch Reformed minister, Gary Heemstra, and kept house for him. It was a sad time for him and Henry with me as cook! I'd never cooked. I

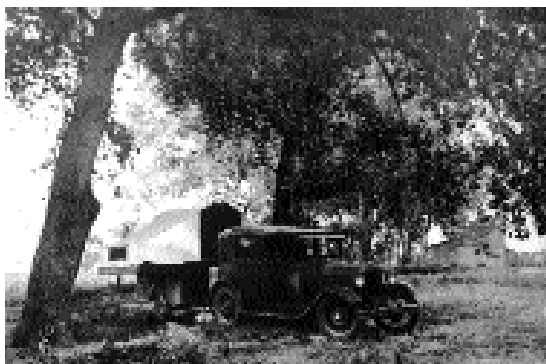


could barely boil water without scorching it, but we all survived and parted as friends. Henry had been let go by then, as he was the latest hired, as the seminary had no money. What to do? Where to go?

I'll always be grateful to Kitty and Franklin (Henry's oldest brother) who invited us to their home in Somerville, NJ to stay until we could find something. We tried every church in New Jersey, but no one wanted a married man when they could get a single one. Kitty moved Jack into David's room and gave us his room and we stayed with them until May of '33. To keep from going crazy, Henry built a small fold-up trailer that we could tow behind our Ford. As the work went on beside an elementary school, you can imagine the constant questions from the children. Both Kitty and Franklin played the piano. Every night we went to sleep with the music of one or the other coming up the steps. I think we were not as sympathetic with their efforts as we might have been, but, of course, it was their house which they were so generously sharing. Little Patty Ann was born in January 11 of '33 and Kitty took over the training of the new parents with all her experience. She was wonderfully kind and patient and taught me much about cooking and babies and housekeeping.

Henry had wanted to come to the hospital and watch, but when I said, "No," he said, "No watching, no pacing" and went home to bed! The doctor and I would have to do the best we could by ourselves! What a precious bundle went home with me!

Henry's hobby, besides building, at that time, was photography, so this baby had more pictures taken of her than anyone I know. The day after he finished the trailer, we hitched it to the Ford and started out for California. You always feel that life is better some place else and we hoped for something in Pacific Grove. Anyway, his folks had asked us to come and we were happy to go. Pat's baby book has the pictures of the cross-country trek and we were given a gracious and warm welcome by his folks. Grandma Mack was the kind of person that every grandmother is supposed to be—warm arms, wide smile, comforting lap, and love oozing out of every pore.



car and homemade trailer

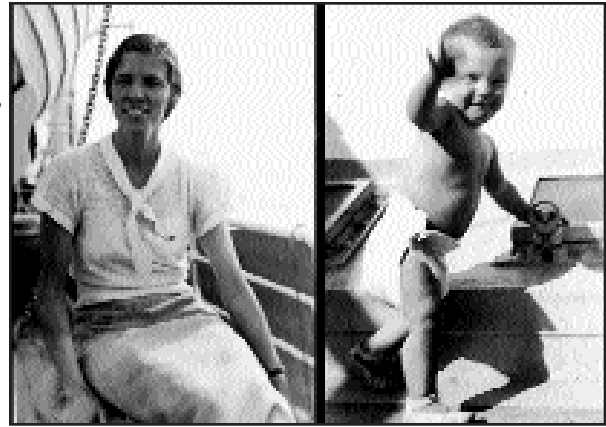


Nearing California

Henry got an assignment from the Board of Christian Education of the Presbyterian church to write a series of lessons on the Gospel of John. This he did and sent them in. We had been on the west coast now for several months and I would look out at the ocean and say, "Just one ocean between us and China." As I hadn't seen my folks since they went back in '28 and of course they didn't know Henry or our precious baby, the idea grew—if Henry gets paid right away and there are no corrections in the lessons that will delay us, why can't we use the money to go to China? The more we thought about it, the better the idea looked. Word came back that they were pleased with the lessons and they sent a check that was enough to buy tickets on a freighter to China! Dad Mack sent us to the department store where Mother Mack charged things, and outfitted us for the trip. Wilfred drove us to San Francisco and we were off in late

October.

This was Henry's first ocean trip and he delighted in it. Patty Ann was crawling everywhere, picking up whatever she could find on the deck. I spent my time trying to keep candy wrappers and cigarette butts out of her mouth. But soon the other passengers became very friendly and cooperative and loved having a cute little girl on board. This particular freighter had a doctor so they allowed us to bring our baby. The crew had a big load of lumber on deck which they shifted around to put in a canvas swimming pool for the passengers. Since our ship was taking a southern route, the weather was balmy most of the time. We had the best engineer of the line on our ship, because we had the worst engine. Once we spent a day just rocking on the waves while he worked down below. It took five weeks to make it to Shanghai. No land or ship in sight the whole time. Dear Houston had left his mission work to come to Shanghai to meet us. He sat around an extra week, waiting for us as our ship hadn't reported any arrival date. But he was gracious and uncomplaining when we finally got there.



Aboard ship on the way to China

We took the train for Peking—Beijing they call it now. Houston was going to leave us at SuChowFu, but we had two more stops before Tenghsien. A fellow ship passenger, a retired Methodist minister, was on the same train with us, going to Peking to visit his son who was in diplomatic work there. Houston got off at one stop and bought him a bunch of dried chicken feet and told him that he was going to have to learn to eat them because that was what they ate in Peking! The old man wasn't at all sure that he was glad he had come! I understand that today one of the exports to China from Rockingham County is chicken feet—tons of them!

I have told you about our arrival in Tenghsien with Papa coming down the railroad to meet us, and the thrill for me of getting home with my family. All the sights and smells and people were so new for Henry that he was a bit overwhelmed, but he took it all in stride and reveled in it. We spent a couple of weeks with mama and papa then went down to Sutsien to have Christmas with Houston and Frances, Norman and Athalie. We all had babies about the same age. Great! Houston Jr. and Bobby were precious. Henry learned a little about mission work when Houston took him out to one of his country churches. They had communion and there was a man with leprosy sitting down the row from Henry. He asked the Lord to forgive him when he didn't really put the cup to his lips.



Henry sightseeing

Back in Tenghsien we had time to meet all the faculty of the seminary where Papa was teaching; time to visit Miss Dodds' orphanage, climb the pagoda which was outside of town and visit the home for the leprosy patients. At that time the treatment for leprosy was a painful injection of chaulmoogra oil, but the attitude of the patients was amazingly cheerful, I thought. They had this destructive disease yet they had food and shelter and had learned of a loving God who cared. It's amazing what they have been able to do with treatment these days! Then it was hopeless.

An interesting thing happened while we were in Tenghsien. An American woman came, saying she was working for some international group that was interested in missions and she would be happy to ask for money for any projects that they might present, if she could just have a few dollars to send the cable. She said she'd just been all over Africa and had raised umpteen funds for them. We went to hear her speak about Africa and she was interesting, but Henry saw

through her right away. Others didn't believe him when he said she was a fake, that everything she said was what she'd gotten out of a travel booklet and they must not give her any money. Miss Dodds was so desperate for money for her orphanage that she gave her a goodly sum to send a cable, then sat back and hoped and prayed. A few weeks later the woman was picked up in Shanghai because of fraud and shipped out of the country. I was proud of Henry that he'd seen through her.

About this time we were invited to come to Hangchow to teach in the Christian college there. Henry was to teach sociology and English and I was to teach English to the high school students. This sounded good because we were just sitting around Tenghsien, using up money and energy of the Pattersons. We went for the second semester which was just beginning. I think this time in Hangchow was a high light of our lives. Henry was getting his view of life tremendously stretched and the McMullens were wonderful to us. First thing, they didn't charge us anything for food and lodging because they said we needed the money. Which of course we did! Then we were learning about Chinese and their customs and about the orient and the way Japan was coming into China in such a tidal wave and about the beauties of the land and her people with her lakes, rivers, pagodas, rice fields. There were girls studying at Hangchow Christian College which surprised some people. This was in the 30's. They would come over to the house and talk about what it was like to live in a home with all the concubines. I'm sure all of this has changed now.

Mrs. McMullen served very good food, but the main thing I remember about it was the thick cream that we had for anything you'd normally put milk on. It was carabao cream and was delicious. We had nothing like that in the north where my family lived. The students were most respectful and grateful and at the end of the semester my classes gave me a party at a local restaurant. I asked Mrs. Mc if I should go and she said it was all right if I had another faculty member along. It turned out to be something unique in my sheltered experience—each young man—there were no young women in the class—came to my seat, poured a tiny cup of rice wine and toasted me. I was supposed to drink with him but it turned out to be a one-way affair as rice wine is very strong, especially for my missionary tonsils!

The Mcs had two children at home that year—Henrietta and Bobby—and we really enjoyed them and they were very cute with our little girl. We have a picture of a big round birthday cake with a candle about a foot tall in the middle and Chinese characters of good wishes around it that they gave her.

We had one memorable trip to the Chien Tang River to see the bore. It was not at its highest as the moon wasn't right for that. As we watched the big wave come up, reaching across the river which was about two miles at that spot, the water level rose 11 feet in 20 minutes. Boats that didn't want to move, tied themselves securely to the bank. The others were in the middle, turning slowly round and round as they were washed inland. A marker on the bank showed measurement of over 20 feet that the river rose during full moons.

Another time Henry decided that moonlight pictures showing the silhouette of the huge pagoda against the light of the moon on the river would make some beautiful pictures. We innocently set out to find a good spot on the hill above. Little did we know that all the dogs in that part of Chekiang Province would be out after our hides. Henry was carrying his big camera and I had the tripod, folded up, so this is what I used to try to protect us from the snarling mass. I still feel the fear of that night. But after we got beyond the village, the dogs and people left us alone and we got some lovely pictures. They were time exposures and you can see the movement of the stars and moon in the pictures as if the sky had been scratched by a mighty hand.

The Mcs were great, as I've said, explaining and understanding and educating. Mr. Mc played tennis under the hot sun. He told of a friend who asked him why he worked so hard at tennis. Why didn't he get a coolie to do that work for him as he had plenty of money to pay for

it? He would take Patty Ann on his lap and push his teeth out with his tongue, to amuse her. He had two plates and she would reach for them.

Because the Japanese presence was making itself very real in 1934, the college had plans to move about 500 miles up the river. They asked Henry to go with them. Here was the chance to be a missionary! As he decided that his training was in other areas than English and sociology, we came on back to California. I won't go into details about that trip on a Japanese steamer, third class, with a year old child. It was the goodness of the Lord that she survived! But the job market for a young theologian was still as bad as ever. I remembered Houston's friend at the Seminary in Richmond, Dr. Tolly Thompson. I wrote him, telling him about Henry and his excellent qualifications. Immediately we heard from him saying that Dr. Turnbull, the Bible professor at the General Assembly's Training School (now Presbyterian School for Christian Education), had been in an accident and they needed someone very badly for a few months. Could Henry come? Immediately Henry got in the little Ford and set out for Richmond. I stayed with the folks because it was too much to take a one year old for just a few months. But after a few weeks, I realized that the Yankee (Henry) needed some southern influence in his life in that southern city, so I talked everybody into letting me go.

Mrs. Turnbull was one of the most remarkable women I have ever known. Her husband was in the hospital with a bad head injury, and she had her mother, her two young children, and Henry in the house. Now she graciously welcomed me and my child, realizing that soon there would be another! I remember those days and months in her home with the greatest sense of order and peace, in spite of all the stress everywhere. Because it was evident that Dr. Turnbull would not be coming back, Henry's job was extended. Mrs. T said she could keep me at the house when my baby came, but I would have to get someone else to look after me. In those days a woman stayed in bed and on one floor for a month. Imagine! Helen Gilkeson came and stayed—a wonderful help and joy. Helen did this for many people. Just kept her car packed for trips and plenty of knitting to keep her hands busy. Nobody knows the number of Christmas stockings that she knit, intricate ones with reindeer, many-antlered, pulling Santa's sleigh.

I was so busy telling you about Helen's help that I didn't tell you that we got a precious little baby boy and named him Robert Whitcomb, after Henry's revolutionary ancestor. We came home from the hospital when dogwoods all over Richmond were in full bloom and Bobby was soon spending most of the daylight hours in his pen on the front stoop. Uncle William Miller (husband of mama's oldest sister, Mary) came by and put his hands on him and prayed for him, remarking how glad he was that Bobby's ears were close to his head!

The next year, Mrs. Turnbull with her mother, Lucy and Lennox, moved to Virginia Hall where there was an apartment. She became the dietitian, but she wasn't just that. She was the mother advisor, counselor, and dear friend to everybody in the building, students and help alike. A wonderful person. A number of years ago, I went back to the school to attend the dedication of one of the rooms to her memory and had a happy reunion with Lucy and Lennox, beautiful, handsome people.

The children were a little more than three and one when we decided to visit Art and his wife, Bella, in Gloucester, Massachusetts. Art was Henry's youngest brother whom we didn't see very often because he was with the fishing fleet in Massachusetts as an engineer, but I had met them when they visited the folks in Pacific Grove one summer. We went in one of Henry's trailers that he built—very convenient with small children. Parked in a vacant lot a block from the beach, it was perfect. One day I took the children to the beach without Henry because he said he had some work to do on one of the springs under the trailer. He jacked it up and crawled under only to have the jack slip and let the weight of the trailer come down on his shoulders, bending him double. As we came back we heard a muffled shout for help and realized that something was terribly wrong. What to do? I saw a lady walking by and frantically yelled for help. She came and the two of us pushed the trailer up enough for Henry to straighten out. In

the hospital the doctor put him flat on his back, head lower than his hips, and no moving for several days. It was a devastating time for him. One day I found him very pensive. "Paul said suffering produces endurance and endurance produces character and character produces hope. Thank God for hope!"

Later he came home in a full body cast. Of course he couldn't drive, so I had to take us back to Virginia. We had gotten safely across Massachusetts and were tooling along the parkway above upper New York City when we noticed a small sign: "No pedestrian, bicycle or trailer allowed." I knew that couldn't mean me because I'd never pulled the big trailer and I needed all the straight road I could get. But it was not to be. An alert cop stopped us and sent us down into the unbelievable afternoon New York traffic. I can't remember any other details of that trip, but we must have made it.

Henry had to wear the cast for several weeks with all the indignity of being helpless in many ways. When the doctor showed him the x-ray of his spine intact, it was a time of special thanksgiving.

Bella taught me to hang laundry. I'd take our clothes to their place for washing and hanging on their line. I had the habit of reaching in and hanging up, regardless of what I picked up. Sometimes I'd get our underwear side by side. This was too much for Bella: "What would our neighbors think of us if they saw men's and women's underwear side by side on the line?" Before the accident we had many trips around the area seeing lobster pots, fishing boats by the hundred, statues in memory of lost sailors, artists' colonies, all the special New England flavor.

Dr. Edward Paisley was president of the General Assembly's Training School in those days. He and Mrs. Paisley lived next door with their two nephews. He was most supportive of Henry and all of his ideas for the school and encouraged him to use all his talents. It was a great time of growing and contributing and teaching and building for him. He found an empty basement room which he turned into an audio-visual room. He felt that the girls needed this



Henry the photographer

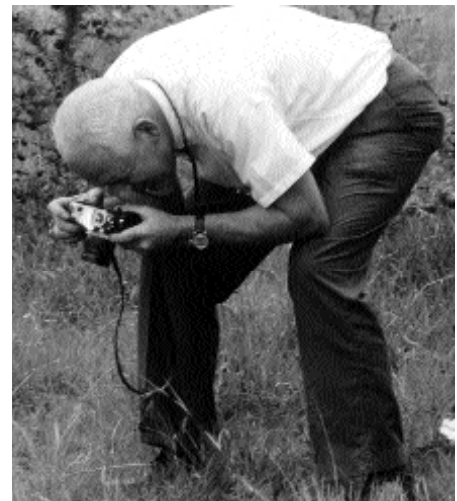
skill if they were going to be efficient in church work. I practiced along with them, learning the basics of a slide show. Even today when I attend one and things aren't set up, or the room darkened, or the picture straight and focused, I hear Henry! These are basics for a good

performance. He was learning new ways of teaching. He was determined that his students would be able to use their notes when they left school.

He remembered his studies at Biblical where the lectures were great but notes were not usable. Several of his former students are here at Sunnyside now and

they tell of their Bible notebooks that they could pick up and teach a lesson from at a moment's notice. He wrote a study book on Practical Christian Living that he put in the hands of his students to study and use.

He did all kinds of repair work around the place because the school had very little



money at that time and couldn't afford the repair work that was needed. He planted trees on our property, fruit trees. He dug a pond in the back yard and on the dirt that came out of the pond he built a rock garden.

He bought a pound of bees and put them with the queen in a hive in the back yard. Our neighbors didn't like the idea of so many bees close at hand, but he said, "Don't you worry. You just look to see if the bee that stings you has a red string on its leg. If it doesn't then it's not my bee, because I put a red string on each one!" Bobby told his teacher that his daddy had bought a pound of bees. His teacher ridiculed him and said, "Bobby, you don't buy bees by the pound!" Bobby came home practically in tears and told us about it. We straightened her out!

Speaking of bees, Henry was dressed and ready to go away for the weekend where he was teaching a Bible series, when he looked out the window and saw that his bees had swarmed in the maple tree in the back yard. He said, "You'll have to get those bees. I can't lose half my supply!" I said, "There's no way I can get those bees. Just let them fly anywhere they want to!" But he was adamant. "If I cut them down, will you put them in a hive? There's one out there near the other one. Please! I've got to go and we can't lose all those bees!" He sounded so pitiful that I agreed. He put on his gloves and mask, took a ladder, leaned it against the tree, climbed up with his saw and brought down the mass into a big cardboard box. "Now," he said, "All you have to do is wait til night when they are less active and put them in the hive." Simple, wasn't it? And he was off for his weekend.

You can imagine my state of mind. There was no way I could stay as tight as I was until nightfall. If I had to do it, I'd do it now. I donned the mask and gloves, put fire in the smoker and squirted as much smoke as I could gather at the poor innocent bees and put the whole



*1206 Palmyra Avenue,
our house in Richmond*

branch down in the hive. Henry would have to figure how to get them into the hive in an orderly manner. He was quite relieved when he called later that evening and found they were already in place.

Because our house on Palmyra Avenue had five bedrooms, the school felt it was okay to suggest that we house a student who couldn't afford to stay in the dorm. We were glad to do this and we started with Margie Glenn from North Carolina. She was a part of the family immediately, helping with the house and children. What I remember best about her was when she changed her train ticket for a bus trip, going home for Christmas, so she could have enough money to buy us a favorite lp record for our victrola. This meant she had to sit up all night. We've kept up through the years and last summer my niece Anne and I had a coke party for Training School girls (now in their '80's!) who were in Montreat at that time. Margie was there. I asked the girls to write what they remembered most about Dr. Mack and Margie said she'd have to write it later and send it to me as she had too much to say in just a line or two. I'm quoting from her page:

Dr. Mack was professor of Bible, a dynamic teacher who was thoroughly organized (and to this day I use my notebook on Romans I did under him.) He was thoroughly grounded in the Bible and knew how to make it interesting to his students. What we learned and discovered under his guidance was not forgotten. The discussions on current issues he led outside the classroom, were spirited and meaningful. . . Dr. Mack was a charismatic figure, every student loved and respected him. . . As I look back on those days, I realize what a great impact Dr. Mack made on me. . . his high standards in the classroom—and his very forceful way of translating knowledge into living. And the great many things I learned from him that helped prepare me for my life ahead, a great teacher and a memorable friend.

While we are on the porch at Montreat with the ATS girls, let me quote Henrietta

Thompson Wilkinson. She didn't live with us, but she used to come to the house:

I remember trips down to the river while you were building and clearing the grounds. One particular memory is of sitting in that beautiful location, listening to you read Psalm 104. I still think of that whenever I read that Psalm. You wanted a picture of the view from the house. I got to sit and paint while the other students cleared brush and got poison ivy! And I remember the trailer Henry built before people had trailers for travel. He really challenged me by wanting me to do a handbook for educators for my thesis.

One more from the coke party — Alice McElroy Smith:

“Dr. Mack was such an inspirational teacher. He always challenged us to think, even at times saying things to deliberately provoke us to argue with him. This impressed me so much and was so helpful. He was the sponsor for our thesis work.”

Sarah Lacy who later went to Brazil as a missionary then came back and married Gil Miller of the Hinton, VA area, stayed with us. She loved the children and they loved her. Sarah would draw little pictures for them or hold up a pot of a special shape and admire it. She was with us when Henry brought Kei Kaneda to Richmond. F.D.R. had put all Japanese-Americans in camps. Henry felt this was utterly unfair; therefore he had to do something. The only thing he thought of was to get one out of camp and bring her to the Training School. It took many months, much twisting of arms, much conversation with our government representatives. But finally she came and became a part of our family until she died just last year (in 1998). Henry would take her when he went out to make speeches so that people in the churches could see that she wasn't a dangerous character. She graduated and went on to the University of North Carolina, getting a degree in social work. She then moved to Massachusetts where she spent the rest of her life. She was very active in trying to get our government to reimburse the Japanese Americans in some way, for all that had been taken from them. Finally Washington did, in a token way. Bob visited her several times during her last illness.

We had others too, living with us. Athalie Patterson's sister, Fredrica, stayed while going to business college. Annie Belle Bradley, a childhood friend from Sutsien, studied at the Medical College while living with us, and there were several others.

Miss Lancaster was dean of Women at ATS and Henry delighted in teasing her because she enjoyed it so much. She had a habit of picking lint and whatever off of the person she was talking to. One April Fool's day as a joke Henry decided he'd "get" her. He took a spool of thread, put it in his inside pocket then ran the end through the seam of his sleeve, leaving about two inches lying there. He made a point of talking with Miss Lancaster at the gathering

they were attending. True to form, Miss Lancaster said, "Excuse me, Dr. Mack, there's a thread here." And with that she pulled and pulled and pulled until she was sure she was unraveling his whole suit. About that time Henry couldn't keep from laughing and showing her the spool.

The Paisleys had a piece of land on the Rappahannock River and convinced Henry that a cabin on the river was a very wholesome thing to have. It didn't take much persuasion, you can imagine, and soon the Macks were driving the hour or two near Whitestone to our little plot. I will admit that this was not my idea of fun. The plot was covered with scraggly shrubs



Young Bobby enjoyed paddling around on a surfboard Henry made.

and greenbrier. The gnats were in constant clouds and there were snakes. Henry quickly put up a shack and we began spending the nights down there on weekends. We met the Stiffs on an adjoining farm and became fast friends. The children would take any excuse to go over to see them as they had a huge watermelon patch and were most generous. Our place was on a small cove. Henry built a dory that the children poled around. In fact, Pat didn't enjoy the river at all, but poling the little skiff and picking up crabs was something she liked doing. Henry built a surf board and little Bobby put a folding chair on the board, with his little dog Smoky in front, and paddled himself around the cove, looking regal.

We always attended the Baptist church down there on Sunday mornings. I admire Henry for this. He taught Bible all week and went to about six worship services a week at ATS (Assembly's Training School, later renamed Presbyterian School of Christian Education), but he felt that our attending church there said what we believed and also was important to the neighbors and us.

Before we had the river property, we would get in the trailer and go to Cape Henry park. When I look on the map today I see that the little area is completely surrounded by greater Norfolk and Portsmouth, but 60 years ago it was open country. I remember one day. It was raining and we had been shut up in the trailer with Henry trying to get some studying done and the children not being terribly cooperative. I said I'd take them out for a little ride giving him time to think clearly. Well, we went and I saw a small road leading down through the swamp. As I've always been intrigued by little roads, we took it. As we went further in, I realized there was no way to turn around or stop. We went on and on. Finally we came to some houses on a sandy road and I stopped to ask where I was and got stuck in the sand. A helpful man tried to get me out and stuck me further. It was almost dark before we finally got back to the trailer, only to find Henry in his most worried look, holding a lantern by the road. I asked him what he was going to do. He didn't know, but he had to do something. I was warmly touched by his concern.

Maybe it was that same trip that I had asked the children to pack for themselves because I was too busy doing all the other things and leaving the house so the ants wouldn't carry it away. The children were about four and six I guess. When it was time to go to bed, I looked for Bobby's pajamas and found a bathing suit. Period. Well, when you think about it, what else would a four-year-old need at the beach?

Often after working long and hard on the house, Henry would jump into his bathing suit and run down to the cove, with his shucking knife in his hand. He'd fish around on the bottom with his toes until he found an oyster, pull it up, brush off the sand, shuck it open and slurp in the whole thing. Henry was the only one of any of us or our visitors who did this. I sometimes thought he did it just to get a reaction!

By the time we left Richmond for the north, Henry had constructed a guest house, where we lived while he worked on a larger house. That house was well along but unfinished. He had planned and designed it and done most of the construction with volunteer labor from relatives and friends. Since we moved to Babylon, Long Island, on the Great South Bay, his longings for the water were met there and we sold our property on the Rappahannock River.

Let's back up a bit. We tried to get out to California every other summer to visit Henry's family. Our first trip was in '31, just after we had both gotten our degrees. Henry had a good nurse friend who had graduated before I got to Biblical, who was working on an Indian reservation in Arizona and had invited us to stop by for lunch as we went west. When we reached Flagstaff, we inquired about the road to Oraibi. The man at the post office looked across the vast expanse of land and sky, saw a thunder cloud and pointing to it, said, "Well, see that thunder storm? There is a big rain just about over Oraibi. The postman went out this morning and hasn't come back. I suppose he got through. You can try it."

We felt like Abraham, going and not knowing whither he went. We soon saw a small pile of rocks in the middle of the road. Thinking that might mean something, we stopped to

look and found the road had completely fallen away into a wash about ten feet deep. We backed up and found a way around it and reached a little settlement where we teamed up with a doctor who was going to Oraibi. He told us to follow him. There must have been a trail, but I didn't see it—just sand and rocks. At one place where he had gone down into a wadi and up the other side, Henry stopped to look at some formation. When we looked up, the doctor had stopped and was unscrewing his shovel from the side of his car. He thought we were stuck and he was coming to dig us out. He said that they always carried blankets and food and a shovel, just in case. .

What a warm welcome we had from Henry's nurse friend! There were four of them living together on this reservation and instead of just staying for lunch, we stayed five days! They insisted that we must stay for the Hopi butterfly dance! It didn't take long to make the decision because the magic of the area had cast its spell over us. When we first got there, everything was gray-tan sand and high red buttes. After being there for a while, the subtle colors of the painted desert came alive for us, the sights and sounds of the Indian village, the very colorful mesas and buttes carried us into a new world. What made the biggest impression was how much the Indian babies looked like Chinese ones. The way they made their bread was Chinese too.



Henry and me at the family's place in Mt. Hermon



Mack family home, Pacific Grove,

When we finally got to Pacific Grove CA, I had a brand new delightful family to get acquainted with. I could see why Henry had such a hard time with small talk and why he had such set ideas about what the husband does and the wife. Dad Mack was of the same generation as my father. They were trained to look after the finances of the family and let the wife take care of the house. Mother Mack never had a penny to spend, but she could go to the big department store there and charge anything she wanted to.

Dad would go to the pier in Monterey on his way home (his office was in Monterey) and buy a big chunk of salmon or some abalone and bring it home for her to cook.

He had graduated in law in Montreal because when the US and Canada redrew the line between the countries, their little New Hampshire town ended up 11 miles inside Canada. Therefore Dad Mack was a Canadian. He decided that he'd go to Australia and make his fortune only to find himself short of cash when he reached the west coast. He hung out his shingle in Salinas to practice law to earn enough for his ticket. He met Miss Daisy Winham and the rest is history. Later they moved to Pacific Grove and that's where all five of the Mack children grew up. Pat and Bob remember the lovely old house at Pine Street and First, and Danielle Mack Francis and Laura Mack found it on one of their trips to the coast.

Let me say some more about Dad Mack. Every morning he had the habit of getting up at 5:30 to work in his flowers, feed the ducks and watch the sun come up. Then he'd come in, have breakfast and get to his office around 8 o'clock. He had a good practice. Someone asked him one time why it was that he had so many clients and he said, "Maybe it's because they like an honest lawyer!" The children were raised to love the Lord and obey his commandments and

Dad's rules were fully supported by Mother Mack. The boys resented his devotion when cars came on the market. They thought the Macks should have one because they were the "in" thing. Dad Mack thought it was much more important to take young people from the church to conferences than to own a car. This is what he did. He bought a cabin at a conference center north of Santa Cruz, in the redwoods, and took busloads of youngsters there every summer.

Mother Mack cooked for all of them and did all the dirty work, but she was as dedicated as he was. I remember one time she and I were at Mt. Hermon by ourselves for a day or two and in comes Dad Mack with a carload of giggling girls for the week. It was about lunch time and the cabin was just across a narrow ravine from the cafeteria. I said, "Let's take the girls over there for lunch." But she said, "Oh no, Winfred wouldn't like that. He likes for me to cook for them." And with that she set to the task of cooking a dinner for eight teenagers!

Henry and all the family loved that cabin at Mount Hermon. It had a wide porch around three sides. A long table was outside the kitchen where we ate. The other two had as many double beds as the space could hold where we stowed any number of visitors. It was delightful under the redwood trees during the day, but got cold enough at night to snuggle under quilts and gaze at the stars and wake covered with dew. It never rained while we were there.

Dad told his boys to marry girls who were not well educated because educated ones could cause problems. Three of the four married college graduates and his daughter earned her master's! He said the reason he didn't want his boys to go into church work was because he had had such a sour time with the ministers in their small Congregational church. He said they were lazy about getting up or studying and he didn't want his boys to be like that. He'd stop by the manse for something and find them still in bed and he could tell you what they were going to preach about before they even got started. Four of the five children went into church work and they attribute this to their parents' devotion to the Lord. The church came first in their lives and work with the young people of the congregation came next to family. This dedication put its imprint on the direction of their whole lives.

As Pat and Bob got older these trips took on meaning for them. They would go west and be teased about their southern accent. Then come back, six weeks later and be teased about their western accent. They met their cousins, Dorothy and Ben Mack (children of Wilfred and Eloise Mack), and they had a wonderful time in the redwoods at Mt. Hermon on the trails and in the river.

They won't remember one summer when Houston and Frances with their three children came home on furlough. Henry and I met them in San Francisco and brought them down to Mount Hermon for a little visit before they went east. Pat was just a baby that year. Anne was a baby too, but Houston and Bob couldn't believe their freedom. I can see little Houston now, picking up the garden hose and asking if the water was clean. When told he could drink it, he couldn't believe it. Drink right out of the hose? When the Pattersons had gone to China, the rule of the road was that the car from the right had the right of way. When we were coming down the highway from San Francisco, we were on a throughway, so, of course, did not stop for cars from the right. Houston clearly winced as we passed these cars until finally we caught on and explained that rules had changed since he went to China.

What did Henry do for fun? He built things! Always putting any extra cash that we might have into a cabin or trailer or garden or new camera. He took pictures, developing and printing

Pilgrim Henry and his wife dressed for a party at Biblical



them. He used oil paints to color enlargements before there was color in photographs. He came home one day with a new game that was a delight to all of us and the Training School girls who came over. It was skittles—a game of small ten pins and a top that went sailing down across the board. It was professionally made. From Britain, I think. We used that a lot, for fun.

Another time we decided to do something different for a birthday. We hid Pat's present. then tied a ball of string to it and laced it all through the house, web like, leaving the end at the front door, with a note. She enjoyed that. Other times we had costume parties. Henry liked to take pictures of people in imaginative costumes and would give them copies after the party. In fact, when he was on the ship going to the Philippines, he won first prize for his costume at the ship's party, dressed in bedspread and paper bags.

He built cages for rabbits and chickens. He felt it was important for the children to learn responsibility so what better way than caring for animals? Bobby was very good about his rabbits, but Patty Ann found smelly chickens that were getting rickets because of her neglect with the Vitamin C, not very interesting. However, both of them developed good habits from this and other household responsibilities.

Henry's mind was constantly at work, thinking up things to write. First of course it was for his students and the classes he taught. Every semester there was a new subject to teach and he loved it because it kept him thinking. He wrote paraphrases of the main lessons of the prophets—even had some printed in the Christian Century. He wrote study books for the students on Practical Christian Living from Jesus' teachings. He wrote Ten Commandments for Husbands and Wives. He said it was much easier thinking up the ones for wives! I'll include a copy in the appendix. A postscript here: When I was working in Manila, I saw a copy of a newsletter from a radio station in west Africa that had a garbled copy of these commandments, "author unknown." I immediately sent a copy to the editor. I thought it was interesting that they had gotten all the way around the world.

All of this was after his master's and two doctoral theses. Two because the committee to which he submitted his first one, would not pass it because of his point of view. They suggested so many changes that he refused and took another subject. He was a student of Dr. Herman Harold Horne who was very different in his perspective from John Dewey who was in his hey-day at that time. After his second thesis was accepted and he passed his orals and got his degree, he heard that the men who had voted against his first thesis had changed their minds!

In our "courting days" he had dabbled in poetry to me. When we were in Richmond and the children were learning to read, we sat down in front of the fireplace one night, read then burned all of them. We had a horror of our children finding them some day and laughing at us! Think of all the classic expressions of love and devotion that were forever lost that night!

The 1937 class of A.T.S. dedicated their annual to Henry. It was such a beautiful statement that I'm using it here to close the Richmond section.

Dedication

To him who came from out the great far West
And mingled with the wisdom of this age
On eastern shores, and thence found root within
This southern clime, a tree whose fruit doth yield
Each year his truth and loyalty and love. . .
To him who bears within his heart a joy
Of serving youth, of firing minds to grasp
The Higher Good, to seek the honesty
Of toil in varied fields, to think the thoughts
Great men have thought, and live within the truth. . .
To him who claims a higher fame than men

Can give him here, who leans upon the arms
 of GOD, his Strength for weakness in his need,
 Who lifts his soul beyond ethereal heights
 And tastes the air of undiscovered realms. . .
 To him who keeps within his soul a place
 Where thought and truth and love doth meet in joy
 And anyone demanding entrance there
 May find a solace, welcome and a friend,
 May see dim knowledge of a lesser mind
 Made bright, may find weak love made strong and brave. . .
 To him who blesses with his smile each one
 Who greets him in the way, whose humor lifts
 A weary soul, whose gladness interrupts
 The storms of life, strews flowers through the day,
 And sunshine all about where shadows lived. . .
 To him who in such wealth of life and truth,
 Of wisdom, joy and love can of it still
 Impart. . . and nothing lose. . . to those who love
 Him most, who bear him honor here, to him

Henry W. Mack "The Torch" is held!

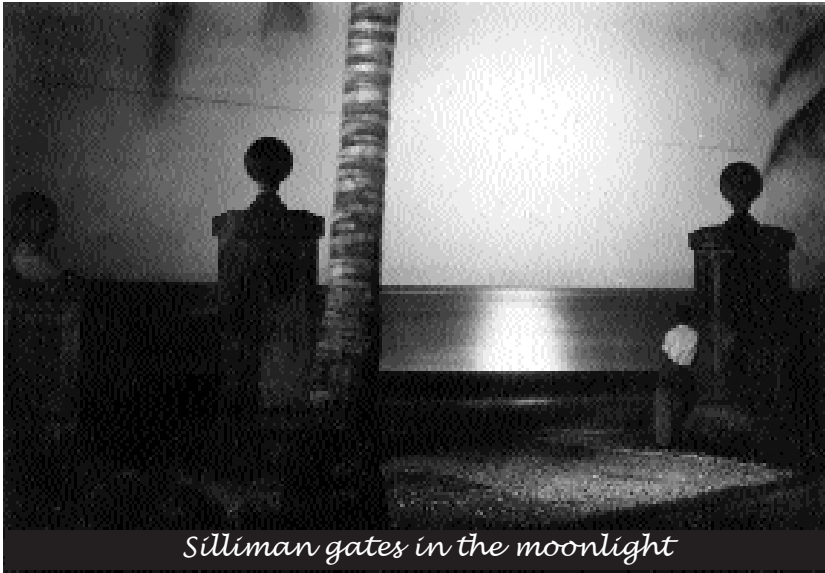
May others see in him what we have known.

Let's move on to New York. In the spring of 1946 Dr. Henry Wade DuBose became the president of A. T. S. and assigned Henry to certain classes and that was his place. For 12 years he had taught different classes, started the audio-visual department, painted and patched and built and planted, even built a pipe organ for the chapel with Jimmy Sydnor. To be assigned to these certain classes was too limiting, so when Biblical Seminary asked him to come be dean, he jumped at it. The catch was that there was no decent place for anybody to live, unless you had been a veteran. This was just after the war. Henry went way out on Long Island to Babylon, found a dilapidated frame house on a back street and put a down payment on it. He came back, got the family and we settled in time for the children to start school. It was hard for them—new friends, strange place, not very understanding minister in the church, but they were good sports. Henry knocked down the front wall of the living room, enclosing the small front porch, making a fairly decent room. Then he put in a fireplace which made it very cozy. But this called for a chimney that reached to the sky. Quite a task!

The worst part of living in Babylon for him was the long commute every day—3 hours if he caught each train right. I always felt that God used this stress to nudge him into missionary work. It was in 1950 that he heard of the need for Bible teachers in Silliman University in the southern Philippine Islands. We were both very interested and the children were cooperative. We planned to go. The board said they would pay the children's way for two years and I've always felt that these years set the tone for their entire lives. But this is another story.

The Philippines

We didn't know much about the Philippines when Henry decided to go there. Our almanac said that it consists of 7,000 islands, stretching about one thousand miles in the South Pacific, off the south-east curve of China. The people are mostly Malay, with Chinese, Spanish and Americans as minorities. "Spanish" because Magellan took it for Spain in 1521 and "American" because the U.S. got it for \$20,000,000 after the Spanish-American War in 1898. "Chinese" because they're close. The Filipinos are proud of the fact that their University of Santo Tomas is older than our Harvard University. The official language is English because when we took over the country, we started public schools. Since there was no national language then—



Silliman gates in the moonlight

each section of the islands had its own dialect—we brought in books from the U.S. Over the years the national language, based on Tagalog, called Pilipino, the dialect around Manila, has been taking over in many schools. The fact that instruction was in English made it possible for Henry and me to go there to work, at our “advanced age.” In 1950 Henry was 47 and I was 44.

Henry left in March to be there for the beginning of the semester, leaving the packing and selling of the house and the buying of all kinds of equipment that he thought he needed, for me and the children. Bob was wonderful the way he pitched in and built huge crates and packed them, for our stuff. Every letter that Henry wrote asked for another piece of something or other. The trouble was, we had no buyer for the house and I didn’t have any money. Time was moving along. The children were through school. We were to go to Virginia to be with mama and papa and Bill before we left and still no buyer for the house. It really was not in a desirable part of town!

Finally the church people used some pressure and cooperation and convinced the janitor that he should buy it. And he did. We bought, packed, shipped, visited and caught the train out of Charlottesville for San Francisco. We were tourist class on the President line and had a wonderful time. The Presbyterian Board bought the tickets. The children, mostly Pat, became friends with a group of Filipinos who had been studying fisheries in the U.S. and were on their way home. It was the first ocean voyage for the children and it was exciting. (Of course, Pat had been across but she didn’t remember that.)

Dr. Ernie Frye met us in Manila, treated us royally and put us on a flight to Dumaguete. Henry had the whole town out to meet us! The school gave us a large, open house with wide porches and a nipa roof, built up over a basement where our house girls lived. There was a group of faculty children who took ours in and gave them more warm hospitality than they had



Pat, Henry, Bob, Margaret soon after our arrival

ever seen or felt before. Henry was in charge of the Bible Department and I fit into that. We had two dear house girls who took care of house and cooking, leaving me free to study and teach and meet students and raise orchids. We lived between the Palmores and Mahys, both families having youngsters the age of ours with the Imperials, Appletons, and Utzurums down the road. Pat joined a choral group and learned many Filipino songs which she still remembers. Bob joined the church choir, played basketball, learned to type, and became quite interested in Mr. Rabor’s science trips.

It was on one of these—the one just before he left the Philippines—when they were banding birds in the mountains of Mindanao where he got a terrible infection on his leg which caused him a great deal of pain and long treatment.

We were in an ideal situation—a school already established with a good reputation, a trained faculty; a group of people friendly to the U.S. because of the war; Christians working together to train leadership for the southern islands. Everybody was working to bring the country back to normal after the ravages of war. When we arrived in 1950 there were 20

American families in all departments—administration, business, nursing, theology, arts and sciences, all supposed to be working themselves out of jobs as Filipinos came back from graduate schools to take over the positions. Now in 1999 the faculty is all Filipino. Occasionally they will get a prof from abroad for a special subject for a year or two. Silliman rates as one of the best universities in the country. Students from the School of Theology fill churches and administrative positions all over the country and in the U.S.A.

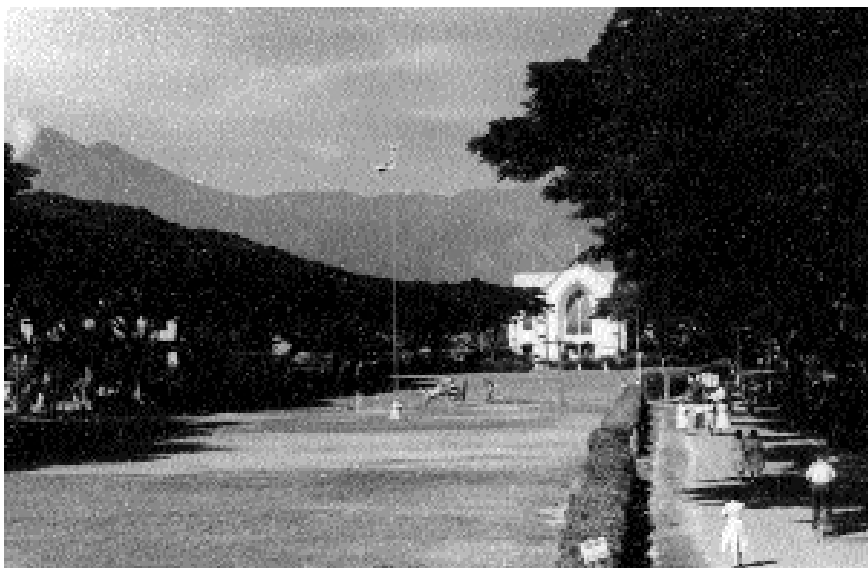
The College of Nursing always rates at the top and graduates of science get top grades



Our house at Silliman University,

in the medical schools of their choice. Many nurses and doctors hold positions abroad. They tell us that Cook County Hospital in Chicago would have to close its doors if the Filipinas left.

We delighted in living there—no winter coats, no snow and sleet to fight, palm trees everywhere, ocean waves lapping at the shore a block from the house, friendly, beautiful people, mountains to climb out the back door, a church



Looking across the Silliman campus to the church

that was the center of the campus. What more could one wish for?

The Bible Department was a real challenge because about half of our students were Roman Catholics who were required to take Bible courses when they came to Silliman. How to make the courses meaty and attractive? Many of the Catholics took the courses without complaint because they wanted a Silliman degree. Others said they must not read a Protestant Bible. Their priest told them they couldn't.

I wrote the Philippine Bible Society in Manila, asking if they had Catholic Bibles and they sent me as many as I needed. The students found that the texts were the same in both Bibles. It was the footnotes that made the difference and the Apocryphal books that the R.C. Bible included.

Often we were invited to take part in area conferences that met in outlying towns. These always amazed me because the church people could put on a conference with so few resources that you couldn't believe it.

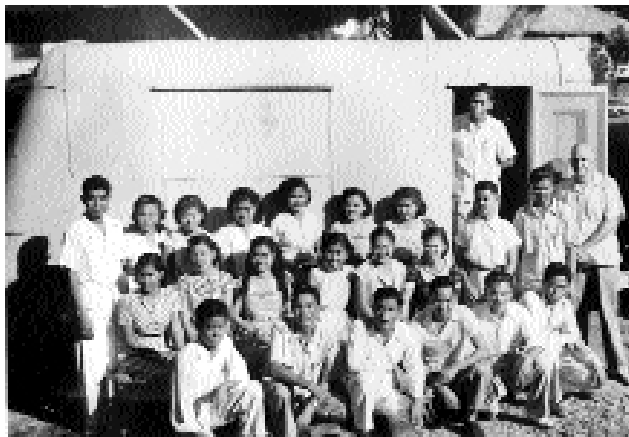
Let me describe one in Amblan where Miss Balbon turned over her bedroom to me because I was the guest and her living room to about 30 delegates. Each had brought her mat and mosquito net.

Ropes were strung across the room at the height of the net so there was something to tie the net to. Then each spread out her mat and sheet and crawled in for the night. When I looked out over the sea of nets and the closed door, I thought of Jesus' parable of the neighbor who came asking for bread as he had company and the reply, "I can't give you any because I and my children are all in bed."

The classes were held in the church and the food was prepared outside in the churchyard, with planks on sawhorses for tables and water in big drums, brought from the town pump. A great sharing, learning time.

Mr. Roy Bell had started a Christian radio station, DYSR, and when he went on furlough, they asked Henry to take it. When Mr. Bell came back, they asked Henry to keep it. Mrs. Edna Bell was a good friend and this was a very sad thing between us. She realized that the decision was the best for the station but it was hard. Henry loved all the challenge—the programming, the staff, the training, the widening of the listening audience, all of it. The financing was from the World Council of Churches, but all the decisions were made locally. We still are in touch with some of the DYSR folks.

This was before there were transistors, so the only people who could listen had to have electricity which meant only town people could enjoy DYSR. What a change came about when the Japanese brought in transistors! I remember going to the island of Cebu for a conference. As we walked back in the pitch black to where we were staying, we went by a little hut and heard music from DYSR coming out! Then the station realized that they could reach more people, if they moved the tower. This meant buying land south of town, changing a swampy area into a



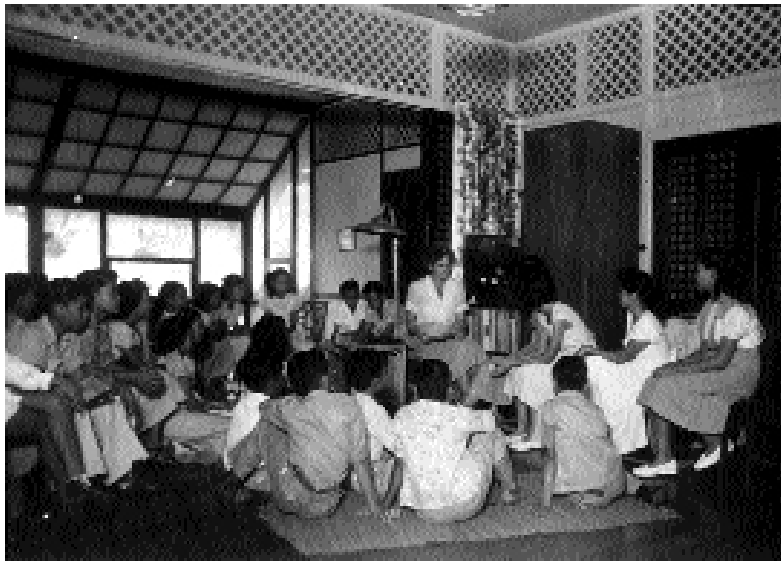
Audio-visual trailer - Wayside Chapel

transmitter site, and beautifying it with a lake, fruit trees and gardens.

Before he got busy on this, he had the idea of giving the theology students a broader field of service. He built an audio-visual trailer that could take movies and Bible teachers into the small barrios in the province. It was a real thrill for the students as they'd never had a chance for something like this. One of the students was interested in helping build it, so Henry fixed up part of the basement of our house into an apartment for him and his wife. They called the trailer the Wayside Chapel. I went with them a few times to see

what went on. They would pack up the projector, the movies, books and sheet to use for screen, the generator and some food and be off. They would stop in a barrio, select two palm trees the right distance apart to tie the sheet to, start the generator, set up the projector and be ready. By that time all the little kids in town had gathered around to watch the men work on the generator and all the parents had followed. The crowd was ready and waiting. Of course the movie was in English, but they turned off the sound and the students explained what was going on. Later they answered questions and gave out tracts. Wonderful training and outreach. After Henry died, they hauled the trailer to the transmitter site and there it disintegrated. I never heard of anyone doing anything with it after Henry. Something like that needs a moving spirit.

We had many opportunities to talk with students. The church, classes, on the campus, groups that went to the transmitter site, and the Religious Emphasis Week that we had twice a year. This was when the faculty opened their homes for breakfast to any who wanted to come



to talk about their faith. Sponsored by the church, our houses were the natural place to meet because they had big open porches that could seat 20 or 30. Our girls prepared cocoa, juice and sweet rolls. We borrowed chairs from the church and we were all set. Henry and I would lead our group in the discussions, and singing.

One other way of talking with the students was in a stamp club that met with us. And playing Scrabble. Even Henry was playing Scrabble some, towards the end.

Fred and Thelma Appleton

were another couple who had children the ages of ours and who were our first hosts when we arrived in Dumaguete. Fred was the pastor of the Silliman church and was eager to have the interior painted. It had survived the war, but nothing had been done to improve the looks of things. He and Henry discussed this and Henry said he'd build a platform with four levels where students could stand and work on the wall nearest to them. This then could be moved and the process repeated. He built it with sturdy 2x4's. The Filipinos would have used bamboo because that's what they use for scaffolding all over the islands. But the paint job was a big success and gave a project for many students.

The thing we liked to do the most, for fun, was to go to the beach, put on a snorkel and tennis shoes and look at the coral and tropical fish. Every time we went out we saw a new fish or coral formation. When visitors from the US came to visit Silliman we'd take them out "coralling." When we went back to New York on a furlough one time, the people in the mission office invited us to a gathering, to meet the personnel. We walked into the room and half of them said, "Oh, we know the Macks. They took us coralling. A once in a lifetime experience!" It was almost embarrassing because you would think that missionaries would have something more to show visitors about mission work than the bottom of the sea!

Once I was attending a conference in the province and I stayed in a big house with several ladies. Early in the mornings was the time to go to the river to have a bath. Early because it's cool then and gives time to get home by breakfast. I didn't go with them because it was a mile walk and I figured I'd need another bath by the time I got home and because I didn't know how to bathe with a swath of cloth around me. My hostess kindly set up a bathing spot in the open basement for me. She put a bucket of water and a dipper there and surrounded it with screens. Very nice and private. I heard everybody take off for the river then went down to my bath. Soon I looked in the dim morning light and saw many little eyes along the cracks of the screens. Later I was laughing with my hostess about this and she said, "Oh yes, the children wanted to know if you were white all over."

When Henry wasn't in the office or in some other part of the world on Christian radio planning, he would take the afternoon and go to the transmitter site. To get the new transmitter



Silliman Farm Beach



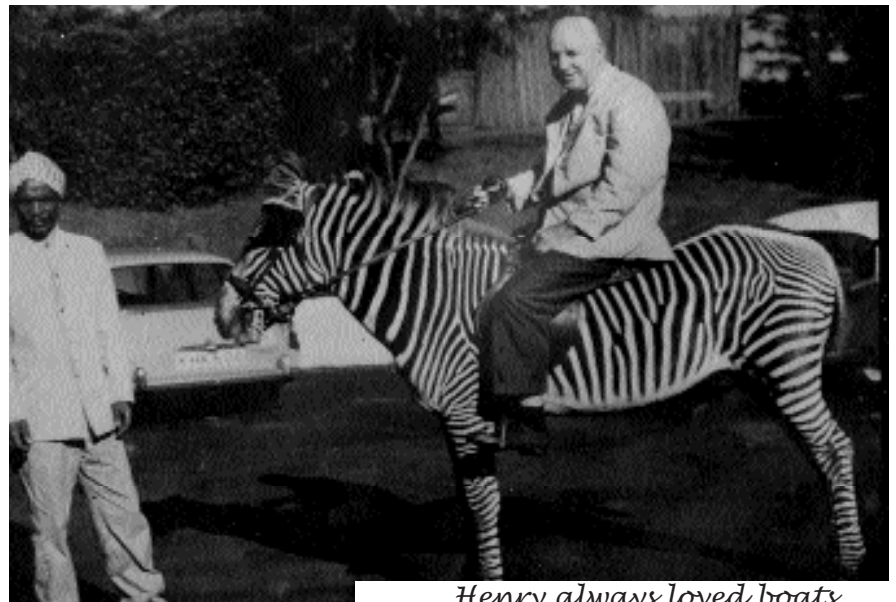
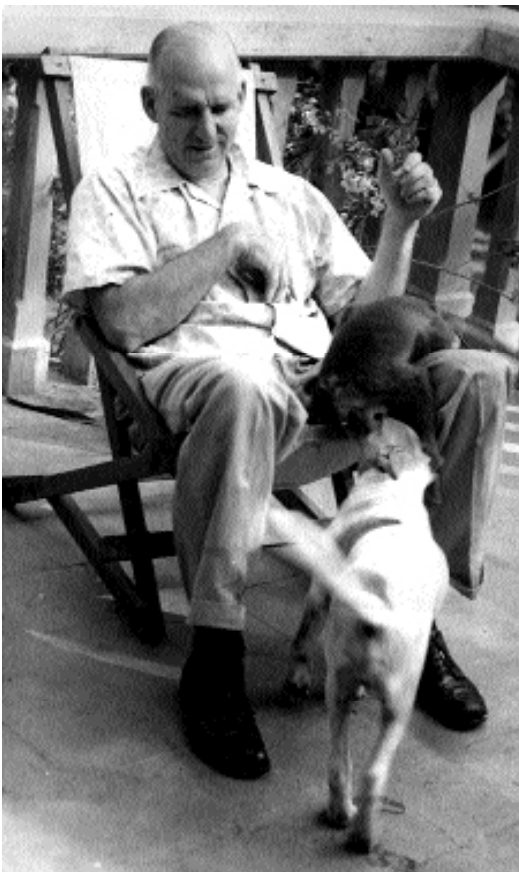
*Camp SEA-site, Dumaguete City, Philippines
Transmitter site for both DYSR "The Voice of Christian Brotherhood" and the
"South East Asia Radio Voice" OIKUMENE is the symbol of the World Council of
Churches*

site started, he asked for an international work camp group to come for a month. That sounds easy but when you think of all the preparation that went into planning for it—the equipment, the loose-ends to be tied, food, shelter, and even water that had to be carried in, with not even a path to bring it on. He bought old rails from a sugar central and put a short line to the beach, then built a box car. The campers worked all day, filling and emptying the car, to bring sand from the beach to raise the level of the transmitter building above possible flood level. They lived in the shell of the building which had already been erected and ate in a nipa and bamboo cooking area. Henry's vision was beyond me! How could he see all that was needed when he looked out at an old rice field and nipa swamp? It wasn't until a year later that he convinced the mayor that the town should put in a road to the beach. Even then he had to raise the money to pay the owners of the coconut trees for the trees that had to be cut for the road, about a thousand trees.

His idea about beautifying the transmitter site was more than raising exotic plants on the place, though he reveled in this. It was to be a place where people from town could come for retreats and conferences. Green Lake, Chatauqua, Montreat and Mt. Hermon all circulated in the back of his head and he knew the value of a place like this. The conference building was to have a place on the grounds, with beauty all around, to point to the Lord. The big window of the main room faced the Horns of Negros with its unsurpassed sunsets and ever changing clouds. He received a national prize for the transmitter site in the national beautification contest.

Continuing to improve the site was his release for several years. He'd seen parks in Japan and Taiwan with their lakes and islands and curved bridges, so he "saw" this in the nipa swamp in Banilad. Nobody knew what he was trying to do, but when he organized mud parties, the students went along for the fun of it. He was digging a lake and piling the dirt into islands. He was the one with the vision. The rest of us just cut and threw mud. Later, when he wanted to plant shrubs and flowers, the soil was too salty. He built a small luggage trailer and sent the men out along the roads to bring in extra dirt. They brought it in by the hundreds of loads.

He enjoyed donning shorts and wading into the lake to pull out the millions of weeds that were choking the waters. Two smaller ponds were clear and planted with water lilies and



Henry always loved boats. When we lived in Babylon, L.I., N.Y. He bought and rebuilt a schooner, which he kept at a berth in our town. Henry greatly enjoyed taking it out on the Great South Bay and environs.

While living at Silliman University and being involved in radio broadcasting that served the entire South-east Asia area, he attended a conference in Africa sponsored by the World Council of Churches. The zebra ride must have been a perk! He also made a trip to Borneo and Tahiti during those days..

His tomb is in the cemetery plot for foreigners on the north side of Dumaguete City. From this spot one can look off towards the "horns" of Negros—twin dormant volcanic peaks rising in the middle of the island of Negros. Bruce and Annie Beran are clearing grass.

He enjoyed relaxing on our back porch with the monkey, and dog.

lotus. The big lake was a challenge and an opportunity for exercise. The doctors at the hospital had told him to slow down because he had been asking them about his dizziness and fainting. This day we were doing what we often did. The house girls packed a picnic supper and we'd come down later to have supper by the lake. There were some visitors to the campus from New Jersey whom we invited to join us. We were all there waiting for Henry to come down from the bedroom after he came by and said he'd take his shower. When we gave him more than enough time to get back, I sent one of the engineers up, but he came back saying the door was locked. I went back with him and told him to kick the door in. He was horrified. "Oh, no, Mum! That's Dr. Mack's special acacia wood. He wouldn't like that!" But I insisted. We found Henry crumpled up in the shower. He had soap in his hand but had not turned on the water as he was already wet from the lake. I stepped into the shower and touched the wall. I got a shock. We pulled him out and one of the men gave him pressure on his chest. We called the hospital and one of the interns came down immediately, but it was too late. It was obvious that he had gotten one of his fainting spells and fallen into the metal wall of the shower. He and the engineers had been working on wiring for the new house and had goofed.

It was too much to take in. I was in another world, unbelieving. We took him back to the house and Jim Palmore with several other men worked all night building a coffin out of Henry's precious acacia wood. We had agreed earlier that if anything happened to us, we would not try to move the body across the world or get it embalmed. Therefore, the funeral was to be the next day. What tremendous outpouring of love and concern from the whole community! Mimi Palmore spent the night with me.

Dra. Florendo had given me a pill that removed me from any sense of anything going on around me. I have no idea what it was. Our Thai student who had been with us several years was there, not knowing what to do. None of us knew what to do! The house girls thought we should have a wake, but I said "No." Some people came anyway.

The church was packed and running over for the service. Johnnie Pia led it and did a beautiful job. He quoted from the talk that Henry had already prepared for his Easter message, which was most appropriate. As Henry had been a member of the local Rotary Club, we asked them to be pallbearers. Afterwards everybody walked to the little foreign cemetery on the edge of the Chinese cemetery. It has a wide view of the Horns of Negros. On the way I had an intense feeling that Henry wasn't there. I even said it out loud, tho I didn't know that I was saying it out loud until Dottie Wickler answered me and said she had the same feeling. That we were going through the motions, but he was far away on another mission for his Lord. Almost as if Henry were telling me this. It was very comforting.

Bob was in France with the army, but left immediately to come, flying standby around the world. It was more than I could have dreamed for and I couldn't recognize him when he appeared on the doorstep a week later. We had a wonderful week. There is a huge pink bougainvillea growing over his and Mrs. Munn's graves. (Mrs. Munn had died of cancer just a month or two after Henry. She was the wife of Dr. Merton Munn who was on the faculty at that time.) John Churchman and I went to Dumaguete when he came to visit me in 1969 and we went to the grave.

The engineers from the transmitter site brought lotus blossoms to the Silliman church every year in March in memory of Henry for a long time. The lotus plants were the last addition that he made to the beautification of Banilad. He had brought them for their beauty and for the seeds that were a specialty for the Chinese taste. He thought this might be another source of income. We see the dried seed pods of lotus in exotic flower arrangements here in the U.S., but many people don't know they are lotus or that the seeds are edible.

From Henry Mack's Good Friday meditation on the Sixth Word: It is finished written just prior to his death on March 16, 1964:

. . . So, in a mystical way, can we not believe that the finishing of a task is but the beginning of life? Far from being the end, it is rather the end of the beginning. Even as the mother, carried through the agony of childbirth can heave a deep sigh of relief and say “That is finished; it is all over” and yet in exultation forget it all in the joy of a precious life begun.

And from Victor Hugo (facing old age and death) could understand this just because Christ was able to say “It is finished.” Hear his words:

When I go down to the grave I can like many others say ‘I have finished my days work.’ But I cannot say ‘I have finished my life.’ My day’s work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight, it opens on the dawn.’



Memorial plaque at the transmitter site with the DYSR radio staff and its director, Constantin Bernardez. Behind us is the beautiful traveler's palm.

After Henry

What do you do when half of your life falls away after 34 years together? The board gave me six months at home with family and friends to recuperate and get a footing, then suggested I move to Manila and work with the radio station there. I wanted to stay in Dumaguete and try to finish up some of Henry's projects, but the powers there realized that I couldn't do it and would be a pain in the neck trying, so they urged me! I gave away all of Henry's effects, left the house furnishings, packed my things with a cup and plate and went off to the guest house in Manila, looking for a place to stay.

A friend suggested the International YWCA. I thought, of course, one had to be younger than I was, to live there, but they said age didn't matter as long as I paid my rent. I moved in with eight or ten young professionals—secretaries, lawyers, dentists, chemists, two Protestants, and the rest Catholics. We each had a room and shared a cooking-dining area where we gathered every night.

Nora Horrilleno from Dumaguete was especially thoughtful of me because I had known her and her family at Silliman. We went out to church and dinner every Sunday. It was a fun time after supper—Scrabble, talking, knitting and embroidery and jigsaw puzzles. Many of them had never had a chance to work them. When I put one out, it was for all. I'd get tired and go to bed, only to come out the next morning and find the puzzle finished except for one piece. "We couldn't put that in. We had to save it for you because it was your puzzle!"

One of the girls enjoyed Scrabble as much as I did. She would not speak English with me because she said her English wasn't good enough, but she won every game. She has since come to the States, married, and plays in national Scrabble competitions.

The radio station was in the classroom building of the Christian college there, within several blocks' walking distance of the YWCA. Dear Bill Matthews, the station manager, took on his newest greenhorn with grace and good will and set to work to train me in programming—interviews, short devotionals, family programs, health, things like that. It was a growing, healing time and I'm grateful to all who nudged and supported!

It must have been two years that I stayed at the YW. The Missionary Guest House needed a hostess until they found a permanent one. They asked me to sit in there. The Poethigs went home on furlough and wanted me to keep their house and house girls while they were gone. It was here that Mabel Metze joined me and we shared living quarters until I left in '71. She came out to teach at the Seminary and was a warm, loyal friend. During our first year together John came out to join me for a quick trip home—a memorable trip. A note to grandparents: Don't take a trip with an eleven-year-old unless you are prepared to climb every mountain and tower on the way. But it was exciting for me to see things through his eyes. I treasure the memories.

It was while I was living with Mabel in an apartment near the bay that a typhoon came through. I'd never been in a typhoon before. Wind screaming, laying trees flat, rain hard enough to come through the brick walls. I stood in a doorway, hoping it would stand when the walls blew in. The roaring of the typhoon sounds like a freight train, smashing closer by the second, then, all of a sudden absolute silence. It's almost as if the world stands still. We knew this was the eye of the storm passing over and we'd be in the thick of it again, which we were. Soon the worst was over and we looked around to see what was left. We were spared any real harm, but as we went out to see the city, there was much devastation and several big ships washed ashore in the Manila Bay.

Another year the Olsons of Cebu asked me to keep their two children (Becky, a senior in high school and Billy, 8th grade) while they attended the international school in Manila.

They had been living in dormitories and had been promised that they could live in a home for Becky's senior year. Becky was very much in love with one of her classmates and I figured I was crazy to say "yes," but her mother said she trusted her, so I did. It was a delightful situation. The Olsons had rented a convenient apartment in a nice neighborhood in the suburbs, had hired a dear Filipina to keep house. All I had to do was be mama and keep on with my radio job. It was here that I saw my only big snake in the Philippines—a 22-foot python! Someone had killed it in a deserted section of town and stretched it out for all to see. And we all came to see! It was also here that Pat called to tell of the birth of their Catherine Houston, born on mama's 100th birthday!

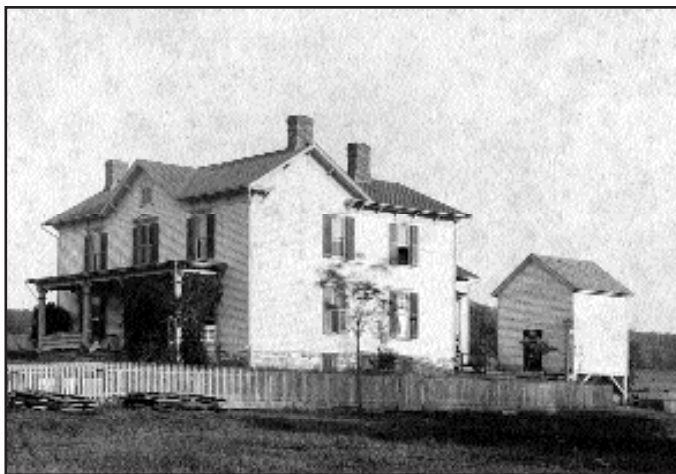
It was also in Manila that Judy Croot started the education of Margaret in the field of leprosy. Judy had come out as a physical therapist to work with leprosy patients after they had foot or hand operations. This meant that she lived at the sanitarium, and massaged hands and feet every day, after the repair work. This was unheard of. Nobody touched a patient! If there was touching to be done, another patient was called over to do it. Even prescriptions passed to the pharmacist were received with tweezers. The whole place was on the Biblical concept of "unclean, unclean," and they carried it out to the letter. Until Judy, that is.

She went about her work quietly, working on the patients while training a group of girls who weren't too sick, to be therapists. She adopted me as her mama and invited me out on various occasions and made my place her home in town. I loved her and admired her tremendously because she was breaking down walls that I thought could not be broken down.

One day she called and invited me to tea. I said, "Of course, I'd be delighted to come." Then she said, "You'll be glad to know that this is the first time that the patients have prepared all the refreshments!" Icy fingers clutched my throat! Patients prepared the refreshments? I'm sure she heard the agony in my change of voice, but I hasten to add that I did go and I did eat the refreshments! Judy was pushing ahead on her education of M. When she left after two years the CEO made a glowing speech about this angel of mercy who had been among them. I asked if habits were going back to the old ways when she left and he said, "Oh, no! We'd be ashamed!"

Christian work on the campus was under a member of the United Church of Christ, Soli Grino. And the work was under an interdenominational group, representing most of the churches in the area. I was very thankful for this opportunity to be with the larger group of Christians in the Manila area.

It was while at the Poethig house that I got to know the house girls who worked for them. Dear girls from Leyte. After Manila, they got jobs with the World Bank people and went to Spain. From there it was a few years before they moved to the Washington, D.C. area where they have been ever since. They've come to see me here at Sunnyside several times.



Maple Terrace before the maples!

One married a Vietnamese refugee and has two dear little girls. The other married last year, a neighbor of ours here in Augusta County and is living happily as a dairyman-farmer's wife. I love the way the past overlaps with the present, giving meaning and continuity and shared times. I retired in the summer of 1971 and came to Maple Terrace, the Patterson home place in Augusta County, to live with brother Bill, only to find that he had cancer. He lived just a little more than a year. If I had only known I could have come home earlier. But he never mentioned it,

unselfish fellow that he was. We buried Bill in October '72 and Houston asked me to come to Bluefield and help him look after Frances who was getting progressively more helpless with Lou Gehrig's disease. I had written the date of my coming, but had put it in the margin and they hadn't seen it. When I arrived, Frances was in her bed for the afternoon and Houston was out visiting. We talked for a while when Frances had to go to the bathroom. I said I'd help her and we got along fine until she got to the door coming back and slumped to the floor. I was helpless with her solid weight. I made her as comfortable as I could and sat down on the floor beside her while we continued catching up. Soon their real good friend from the church, Mayble King, came. "What in the world are you two doing on the floor?" The three of us then waited for the strong arms of Houston to come home and put things in order. Frances was wonderful the way she accepted her condition. She would spend the morning typing a letter to the children, telling of all the town happenings, never once mentioning that she was struggling with every key.

They had Mrs. Perdue come in to clean and wash and cook. There wasn't much for me to do except be there, cook occasionally, read and write for Frances and talk to visitors.

Bluefield people were tremendously loyal to both of them and accepted me as part of the family. They are still wonderfully loyal and friendly. Against the strong feelings of the pastor and assistant pastor who did not believe in women officers, they elected me an elder in the church. But he wouldn't "lay on his hands," because, he said. "She has already had that rite."

(The Silliman Church had made me an elder.)



*Houston and Margaret at Bramwell
Presbyterian Church
where he served as pastor for thirteen years after
retiring from Westminster Presbyterian Church in
Bluefield, West Virginia.*

Houston was always special somehow. When he invited me to come help him with Frances, I didn't know he was going to change my whole life as a wonderful companion for many of my last years. It was not what he wanted—coming to Sunnyside with me—but his being here for three years and paying for most of the house and leaving it so I could stay in it for seven more years was an enrichment for me that I hope he knows about. In fact, in my thinking, I sometimes confuse my Henry with Houston! Bless them!

It was also in this retirement time that I had opportunities to

take trips. One of the Bluefield ladies asked me to accompany her with a group going to Israel in 1975. Houston said he could get along all right for ten days, so I went—the most wonderful ten days of my life, I think!

Then Bob and Carole asked me to come to Pakistan while he was doing medical work with the government. The girls, Danielle and Laura, were there in an international school. A great time! I must tell you about my return. The plane came in to Dulles Airport. When I came through customs, a young woman looked at my list of purchases and said, "Where in the world did you find eleven skirts for \$44.00?" "Pakistan." "Oh, my boyfriend has just gone to Pakistan." "Well, I wasn't really in all of Pakistan. Just in Lahore." "But it was Lahore where he was. He was visiting his uncle who is the ambassador to Pakistan from the U.S." "I went to a party for him at the home of his uncle just day before yesterday and met him!" You can imag-

ine the screaming on both sides of the customs counter and the shocked travellers!

I visited Bob and Carole twice in Hawaii and Bob and Nan twice. Bob and Nan gave me a cordial welcome in Ghana and Indonesia. This last visit—Indonesia—started in the idyllic island of Bali and continued over into Java and up to the Indonesian part of Borneo called Kalimantan. Nan's son, Drew, was with them in the first three places, but had left for the States when Eleanor Hall, a friend from Bluefield, and I arrived. My abiding gratitude for the wonderfully broadening experiences with them in exotic parts of the world!

Since coming to Sunnyside, it has been Pat and Charles and their "younguns" who have made my life rich and full with meals on all important dates, calls and visits in between and always being here for me. I thank God each day for every member of my family and praise Him for all they have meant to me and continue to mean to many people in their daily contacts.

Retirement? The Golden Years? Very few come to Sunnyside to sit and rock. Our volunteer office has 45 areas of service to choose from. The place is swarming with people doing helpful and interesting things. I've chosen to take my turn leading devotionals, Bible study, visits to Health Care, and reading with children in a local grade school, the gift shop, slide shows. And I've dabbled in stamps, sewing, knitting, crocheting, puzzles, and. . . writing?

Early in our marriage Henry and I were fixing up our kitchen and he asked me to paint a chair. "I don't know how to paint." "Have you ever tried?" "No." "Then how do you know you don't know how? You don't have to be an expert in a field to enjoy it. Just do the best you can and have fun." Sage advice. When he died he had all the "makings" for a telescope. I bet he has a beauty now! A celestial one.

Everybody here, busy in the twilight, looking toward the dawn.



*With Grandson John Craig
Churchman at
Sunnyside in 1998*



In Granddaughter Beth Trissel's garden, hoeing with avid gardener Great-Granddaughter Elise standing ready and able to help



*This photo was taken by Henry W. Mack during our visit to China in 1934.
It is from a path leading to the Yuan Shi Temple outside of Hangzhou.*