Frances Glasgow Patterson

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1899 – 1975

Robert Glasgow Patterson
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PART ONE

FRANCES GLASGOW OF LEXINGTON

Frances during her college days.

Chapter 1

The Glasgows of "Green Forest"

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"Green Forest"

In the late eighteenth century, Arthur Glasgow (1750–1822), an early settler in the Valley of Virginia, managed to accumulate considerable land holdings, a large tract which we would now speak of as a being bounded by Buena Vista and Glasgow. In the mid-1790's, Mr. Glasgow built a large, white-columned mansion overlooking the North River, locating it on a knoll in Buena Vista. He called it "Green Forest," the English translation of a Celtic word that later came to be pronounced "Glasgow."[1] The name "Green Forest" nicely suited the many tall trees surrounding the mansion, and in due time the mansion became the Glasgow ancestral home. At a time when hospitals were rare, and obstetrical hospitals nonexistent, Arthur's descendents often returned to Green Forest as the place where their children should be born.

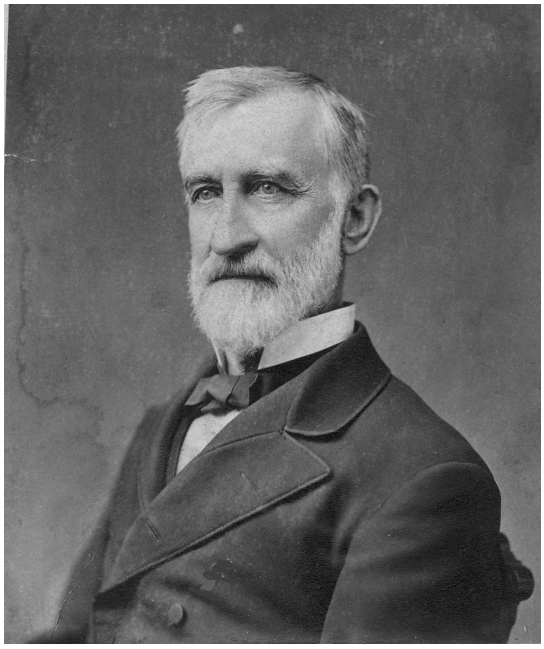

Fig. 1. William Ånderson Glasgow, Sr., Frances's grandfather (!825–1910).

Arthur's son Robert (1790–1839) was not born at Green Forest, simply because in 1790 the mansion had not yet been built. Robert, with his wife and children, later moved southwestward to an open area that we now call Fincastle. Six of Robert's children grew to maturity, and one of the six was William Anderson Glasgow, Sr. (1825–1910) [*Fig. 1*]. William later moved his law practice from Fincastle to Lexington. William's first wife, Elizabeth Spears, followed family custom when she went to Green Forest in 1857 for the birth of her fourth child. The child was a son and they named him "Robert," after his grandfather. He was known later as Dr. Robert Glasgow, M.D. After Dr. Glasgow's first wife died, he married a second time, to Nancy Jane Morrison. She had three daughters, and that begins to get us to where we wanted to go. The youngest of the three daughters, born 25 January 1899, was Frances Thomas Glasgow. Most of us know her by her married name, Frances Glasgow Patterson.[2]

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[1] The Celtic word is "cleschu." See George West Diehl, *Rockbridge Notebook* (typed copy, 1969), p. 7.

[2] Frances was married to Craig Houston Patterson. His parents and siblings called him "Houston," and Frances expressed her married name as "Mrs. Houston Patterson." But when she wrote letters to Pat, or spoke directly to him, she always said "Pat." In the main text, I will also speak of "Pat." In the footnotes, I will say "C. H. Patterson." I will use the name "Houston" to refer to Houston Jr., C. H. Patterson's son.

Glasgow family history has produced an overabundance of Roberts, so I will tell how I intend to identify them. I will speak of the grandfather who died in 1839 as "Arthur's son Robert." The child born in 1857, who became an M.D., marks the beginning of a whole new series, so I will speak of him as "Robert Sr.," or, perhaps more often, "Dr. Glasgow." I speak of *his* eldest son, Frances's half-brother, as "Robert Jr.," and his grandson, Frances's nephew, as "Robert iii."

Glasgow Relatives

The Glasgow Aunts and Uncles. Eight siblings were born to the Lexington family of William Anderson Glasgow Sr. [*Fig. 1*] His first wife, Elizabeth Spears, bore five: *Margaret, Katherine, Francis, Robert,* and *Elizabeth*. Three of these were girls: Katherine, who died young; Margaret, the older of the two sisters who grew to maturity; and Elizabeth (Bettie), the younger of those two. Margaret married a doctor and lived in Staunton. Bettie lived in Lexington and never married. She was a bridesmaid for Nancy Morrison in Dr. Glasgow's second wedding. The two men among these five siblings were Francis Glasgow, a lawyer, and Dr. Robert Glasgow, a doctor.

Elizabeth Spears Glasgow died in 1862. William Glasgow subsequently married Grace Ellen Shanks, the widow of Thomas Woodson. This later family had three children, all male: *William Anderson Glasgow Jr., Joseph Anderson Glasgow*, and *Samuel McPheeters Glasgow*. William Jr. was Dr. Glasgow's best man in his 1890 wedding to Nancy Morrison. In 1890, William was living in Fincastle, probably already practicing law. He later moved to Philadelphia, where he had a very successful legal career. In Chapter 6 we will say more about how he divided his estate among his nineteen nieces and nephews, one of them being Frances Glasgow. Joseph, a groomsman in Dr. Glasgow's wedding, was living in Lexington in 1890. He later opened a law practice in Staunton. McPheeters, an usher in the wedding, also was still in Lexington in 1890. He later studied medicine in Nashville and afterwards located his practice there.[3]

Frances's Half-Brother Robert (Robert Glasgow Jr.). Dr. Glasgow's first wife, Kate Lavinia McPheeters, bore Robert Jr. on June 18, 1881. Robert Jr. attended W&L, 1897–1900, afterwards moving to Charlotte and helping to found the Charlotte Hardware Company. In 1909 he married Jessie Jean McKay. They had three sons, Robert iii, Douglas, and Samuel.

About 1923, Robert Jr. learned that he had tuberculosis. In those days, medical doctors who faced TB recommended three primary lines of treatment: bed rest, fresh air (whether out on the ocean or up in the mountains), and sun bathing. Colorado could offer all three, and tuberculosis patients often traveled to Colorado in search of healing. Robert's family accompanied him and stayed with him in Colorado for five years.[4] The treatment, however, finally failed. Robert, Jr., died in Charlotte on May 10, 1929, at the age of forty-seven.

Despite the fact that Frances was seventeen years younger than her half-brother, she loved him deeply. She also loved Robert's widow, Jessie McKay Glasgow.

Frances's Cousin Nell Landis (Grace Ellen Glasgow Landis). Ellen Glasgow of Richmond, the novelist, had a name substantially the same as that of her first cousin once removed, Ellen Glasgow of Lexington. The Lexington Ellen's nickname was "Nell," and after marriage she was known as Nell Landis. Her father, Frank Glasgow, a Lexington attorney, was Dr. Glasgow's brother, so Nell was Frances's first cousin. She was the eldest of the five children born to the Frank Glasgows. Born in 1880, she was nineteen years older than Frances.

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[3] A full list of participants in the wedding will be found later. See Chap. 2.

[4] Robert Glasgow iii spoke of the Colorado trip in a 1987 letter to C. H. Patterson. See pp. 138-139.

Young women who grew up in Lexington often married Washington and Lee students. Two of Dr. Robert Glasgow's daughters, Katherine and Frances, did that. Earlier, Nell had done the same, marrying Edwin Carter Landis of Nashville. Samuel McPheeters Glasgow, Nell's next younger brother, overlapped Mr. Landis as a student at the college, and the two may also have been fraternity brothers. If they were, it probably helped Mr. Landis in his courtship of Nell.

After graduating, Mr. Landis opened a business in Detroit that sold adding machines. The Landises named their first child Mary McPheeters Landis. She was born in Detroit, in 1911. That same year, Mr. Landis, only twenty-seven, died unexpectedly from a ruptured appendix and was taken to Lexington for burial. When he died, his little daughter, Mary, was just three months old.

Nell and Mary returned to Lexington and lived with her parents, the Frank Glasgows. After the senior Mr. Glasgow died, in 1927, Nell and Mary moved to Knoxville to live with her ministerial brother, Samuel McPheeters Glasgow. Samuel Glasgow and his wife had no children, and Nell and Mary moved in with them. When the Samuel Glasgows moved to the Independent Presbyterian Church in Savannah, Georgia, Nell and Mary moved with them. In 1948, shortly after the death of his wife, Samuel Glasgow retired to Charlotte, and Nell continued living with him until his death in 1963. In 1964, Nell moved to Mebane, North Carolina, to be closer to her daughter Mary, Mary's husband, and their three children.

Mary's husband was Stephen A. White 5th, the chief executive of White Furniture Company in Mebane. Mary's marriage to Stephen took place at Glen Eyrie, the Montreat home of Robert Glasgow Jr.'s widow, the widely loved Jessie Glasgow.

About 1943, Frances began going to Montreat for a month or so each summer. Nell also made summer visits there, staying with Jessie Glasgow at Glen Eyrie or at Assembly Inn, and her visits often coincided with those of Frances. Over the years, the two cousins visited with one another many times, particularly during the summers of the 40's, 50's, and early 60's. Nell died in Burlington, North Carolina, in 1971. Frances recalled her visits with Nell as one of the more rewarding activities of her summers in Montreat, bringing back pleasant recollections of her Lexington childhood and helping her to keep abreast of recent developments among the Glasgows.

Frances's Cousin Tom (Thomas McPheeters Glasgow). We noted that Dr. Glasgow's older brother, Frank Glasgow, a lawyer in Lexington, was the father of five children. Nell was the eldest, and Tom, born in October 1890, was the youngest. He earned a bachelor's degree at Washington and Lee, later a law degree, and he chose to follow a business career in Charlotte, North Carolina. Tom was older than his cousin Frances by a little over eight years.

In January 1941, Pat Patterson wrote a letter to Tom from Tengxian, China. Later we will be telling how the prospect of war led Frances and her children to leave China in late 1940, while Pat stayed on overseas until the following summer. During that period, Pat wrote a letter from Tengxian to Tom Glasgow, asking him to keep an eye out for Frances lest the difficulties of rearing a family by herself might become too much for her. Pat added, "I do not know anyone that she respects and honors more than yourself."[5] This surprisingly strong affirmation suggests that when Dr. Glasgow died, Frances had turned to Tom as a mentor.

In January 1946, Frances and Pat moved to Westminster Presbyterian Church, Bluefield, West Virginia. Westminster's membership included doctors, lawyers, and bankers, and in time Frances began to rely on their professional advice, perhaps lessening her need for Tom's counsel. Or maybe it was Tom who, in view of changes taking place in the Southern Presbyterian

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[5] C. H. Patterson, letter to Tom Glasgow, Jan. 19, 1941. See p. 102.

Church, found that Montreat was a less attractive place for him to go than it had once been. In any case, Frances's relationship with Tom in later years seems to have become less compelling. Tom died in Charlotte on 14 June 1973, just a year and a half before Frances died.

The Glasgow Clan, Strong-Willed *and* Compassionate

Among Frances's Glasgow kinfolk, the one best known is the novelist Ellen Glasgow (1874–1945), Frances's first-cousin (once removed). Ellen's father, Francis Thomas Glasgow (1829–1916), came from the Shenandoah Valley and was Presbyterian. By way of contrast, Ellen's mother, Anne Jane Gholson (1831–1893), came from the Tidewater area of Virginia and was Episcopalian. A recent literary critic, Professor J. R. Raper, characterizes the Episcopalian mother as having "highly developed moral sympathies with an infirm personal will,"[6] and the Presbyterian father as having "a strong will but indifference to the needs of others."[7] Having tagged Ellen's parents as "temperamental opposites," Raper suggests that many of the leading characters in Ellen's novels fit conveniently into one of these two personality types that she had first seen in her parents.

I will let Raper's description of Ellen's mother go unexamined. But her father was a Presbyterian and a Glasgow, so I will give that description more attention. Was Mr. Glasgow "indifferent to the needs of others"? His descendants have explicitly denied this. But what about the general run of the Scots-Irish Presbyterians in the Valley of Virginia? Raper implies that on the whole they were strong-willed, but seldom compassionate. Is that true?

Let us begin with Raper's first proposal, that the Scots-Irish are strong-willed. Actually, there is considerable truth in that. The Valley Presbyterians established "strong civil and moral authorities"[8] in their various communities. We can see this clearly in the descendents of Arthur Glasgow. Many of them became lawyers, or state governors, or ruling elders within their Presbyterian churches, or all three of these at once. Wm. Anderson Glasgow, Sr. [*Fig. 1*], is a case in point. He was an attorney at Fincastle, later in Lexington, a state senator, a forty-three year trustee of Washington and Lee University (1865-1908), and an elder in the Lexington Presbyterian Church. His son, Dr. Robert Glasgow, was a medical doctor rather than a lawyer, but that did not keep him from organizing the medical profession in his territory, or being a committed citizen or an active church member. We will see all this more fully in the section about Dr Glasgow just below.

Glasgow women were as strong-willed as their husbands. They reared children, founded schools, and participated with their husbands in the accomplishment of community purposes. And probably even more than their husbands, they could do several of these things at once.

So much, then, for Raper's first proposal, that the Scots-Irish are strong-willed. But what about his second proposal, that they seldom display compassion? That is simply not true. Virginia Presbyterians were not "indifferent to the needs of others." Within their own families they formed close and supportive ties, and in the wider community they were alert to people's needs. Furthermore, they used their heads to find ways to help meet those needs.

Dr. Robert Glasgow engaged actively in community service. But what about his daughter, Frances? As our story unfolds we will see that (1) she manifested a strong desire to help others and (2) she used her mind to find the best ways to do it. Going back to Raper's language, Fran

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[6] J. R. Raper, *Without Shelter: The Early Career of Ellen Glasgow* (Louisiana Sta. Univ. Press, 1971), p. 19.

[7] *Ibid.*

[8] *Ibid.*, p. 5,

ces had *both* "highly developed moral sympathies" for those around her *and* an effective "personal will." These characteristics would become particularly clear during her years in China.

Frances's Father, Dr. Robert Glasgow, M.D.

Robert Glasgow, no middle name, was the fourth child of William A. Glasgow, Sr., and Elizabeth Spears. When he was born at Green Forest, 6 June 1857, he was given the name "Robert" in remembrance of his Glasgow grandfather. Early in Robert's life his father, a lawyer, moved to Lexington, bringing along his family. Robert attended Washington and Lee University from 1874 to 1878, earned an M.D. degree from the University of Virginia in 1879, and finished his medical training with an internship at Bellevue Hospital, New York City. Robert, now Dr. Glasgow, began his practice of medicine in Fincastle. That was where his first marriage took place, to Kate Lavinia McPheeterson on 1 June 1880. We earlier devoted several paragraphs to their first child, Robert Jr. He was born at Falling Spring, Rockbridge County, on 18 June 1881. Their second child, Elizabeth Spears, was born on Christmas Day, 1883, and named for her grandmother. The little girl died when she was only two years old. Their third child, William Graham, was born 19 December 1885. This was just about the same time that Kate Lavinia McPheeters died, making us wonder whether Kate's death may have been connected in some

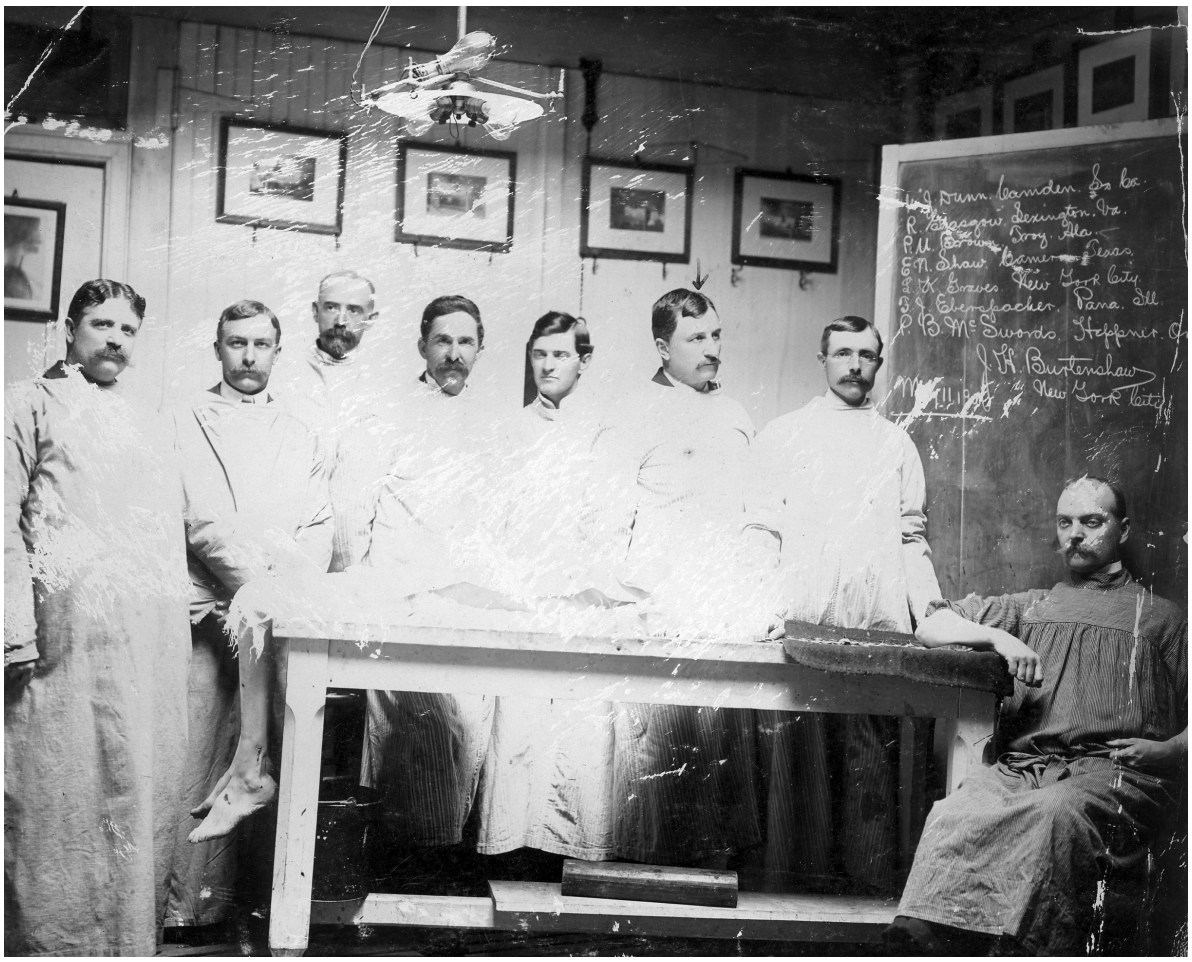

Fig. 2. Frances's father, an intern at Bellevue Hospital, New York City, May 11, 1879. Professor J. H. Burtenshaw sits to the far right. Viewed from right to left, Dr. Glasgow is second among the interns. (Frances sketched an arrow just over his head.) The body on the table implies an autopsy.

way to William's birth. Anyway, her death may have contributed to Dr. Glasgow's decision in 1887 to move from Fincastle to Lexington.

Dr. Glasgow's second marriage, at Rockbridge Baths on the 5th of November 1890, was to Nancy Jane Morrison. A full description of the wedding will follow in Chapter 2. Dr. Glasgow brought along two sons into his new marriage, Robert Jr. and William. Two years later, William died at the age of seven.

Three children were born during Dr. Glasgow's second marriage: Mary ("Mamie"), Katherine ("Kack"), and Frances. All three were girls, all three were born in Lexington rather than Green Forest, and all three grew to maturity.

Dr. Glasgow was well known and highly respected in Lexington and in the State of Virginia.

Figs. 3, 4. The handwriting is that of Frances. Dating from her parents' marriage (5 November 1890), Frances suggests that her mother is pictured at about age twenty-eight (born 27 March 1862), and her father at about age thirty-three (born 6 June 1857).

During World War I, he was a member of medical Advisory Board No. 28. During the same war, he was a surgeon for the Washington and Lee unit of the Student Army Training Corps.[9] For about twenty years he was a member of the Virginia State Board of Medical Examiners, and from 1919 until his death in 1927 he was president of that board. Since 1922 he had been the official physician for Washington and Lee. Apart from medical activities, he was a director of the Rockbridge National Bank in Lexington, beginning in January 1905. In addition, for sixteen years, 1911 to 1927, he was a ruling elder in the Lexington Presbyterian Church. The State Board of Examiners said in a memorial that he was "a beloved physician, who impressed those who knew him with his simplicity, wisdom, and Christian dignity."[10]

Frances Patterson kept among her papers the only surviving letter of Dr. Glasgow's that I have seen.[11] It is a 1909 letter, written in pencil, often difficult to decipher. But it provides a good sketch of what his daily activities were like, and it states for us how much he loved Nancy.

LETTER FROM ROBERT GLASGOW SR., AT ROCKBRIDGE BATHS, TO NANCY MORRISON GLASGOW, HIS WIFE, 13 DECEMBER 1909.

Dec. 13, 1909
Lexington — Sunday night
I am out at Mama's at [*Rockbridge*] Baths.

Dear Wife — It is now 9 o'clock & I have had a very busy day. Didn't get to church either this morning or tonight. Have had two 5-mile trips today in the country and some 7–8 calls in town. So I am pretty tired tonight.

I got your letter last night, and also this one I enclose from Eliz. Bruce. You better answer it at once, as she ought to know if she is coming.

Ro. Steel is here sick. Better today. Has had a very sore throat. Came to my office day before yesterday & when I suggested to him to come up, he seemed to take to the idea at once. I know he has been more comfortable here [*p. 2*] with his Mother. I look after him, though he could have been at Castle [*?*] Hill.

I sent Lily [*?*] Rust a beautiful cut glass vase the other day. Helen Booker & Weis [*?*] Miller were in at Johnsons [*?*] when I got it. They thought it beautiful & said she hadn't gotten anything of the kind as yet.

Aunt Beck [*not the same person as Aunt Bets*] is sometimes [*?*] better. Her trouble is diarrhea. She talks much about dying & seems rather anxious to go I think. She is right forlorn, though she appreciates her kind friends.

We are looking now to your homecoming & will be [*p.3*] so glad to have you back. Home is so difficult without you. The older I get the more dependent I am upon you for my happiness, & the more I love you.

Lovingly yours, Ro. Glasgow

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[9] The Student Army Training Corps, or S.A.T.C, was a World War I program. It functioned similarly to the more recent Reserve Officer Training Corps, or R.O.T.C., except that the R.O.T.C. limits its training to officers.

[10] The memorial was entered into the Journal of the State Medical Society.

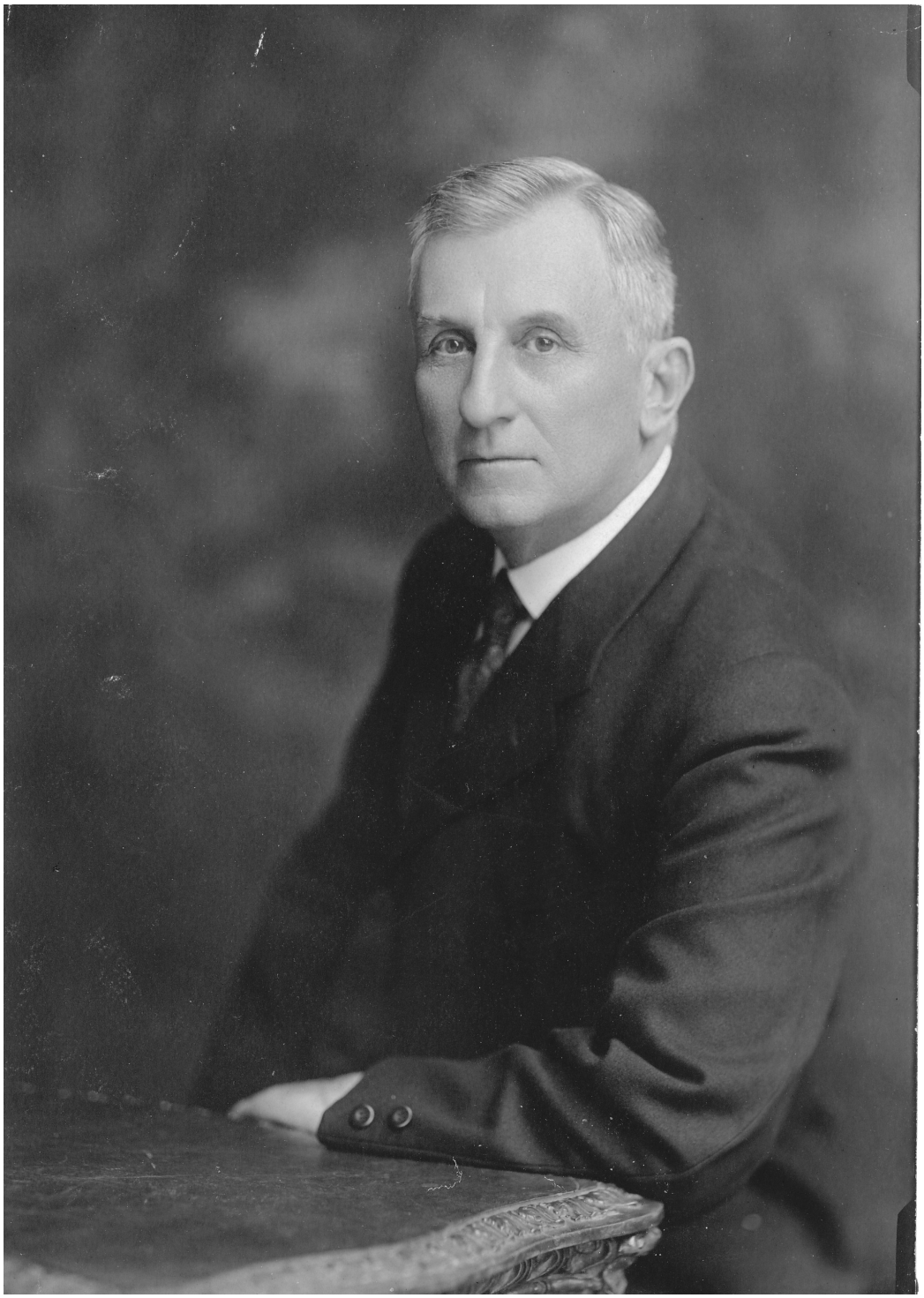
[11] I am hopeful, though, that other letters may be found in family collections or library archives.

> Monday. I enclose letter read this a.m. from Ro. I wish you were home, for I don't see from the present outlook how or when you can come.

Dr. Glasgow intended to mail his letter to Nancy, so we know that she was away from home. But where was she? There is no sure answer. The postscript designated "Monday" refers to "Ro." "Ro." could mean Robert Steel, the patient who is mentioned in the letter. If the enclosure is a note from him, then Nancy may have been in Charlotte at that time, visiting Robert Jr. and his new wife Jessie. But if the enclosed letter is *from* Robert Jr., as seems more likely, then Dr. Glasgow's sending of it to Nancy suggests that she was *not* in Charlotte. So all we know for a fact is that her visit somewhere was extensive, but we don't know where it was.

At the time of Frances's birth, Dr. Glasgow was forty-two. All three of Frances's children remember that she spoke with great respect when she was telling them about her father. Among other things, she admired his concern for people. (Please take note, Professor Raper.) Frances's mother died on June 12, 1919, a short time after Frances finished college at Agnes Scott. Frances stayed in Lexington for the next two years. She used the time to think about her calling in life, but she also used the time to be close to her father. Again, in 1927, when Nanjing insurgents forced foreigners to leave China, Frances returned to Lexington, this time married to Pat and bringing along her two small children, Houston Jr. and baby Bobby. Frances reached Lexington in late June or early July 1927, and was able to give attention to her father for the next six months. He died on 19 November 1927, at the age of seventy, and was buried in Lexington.

Frances, as an adult, always kept a framed picture of her father in the living room. After she became bedridden, she still kept his picture on a shelf near her bed, where she could see it. [*The picture on the opposite page is the portrait to which I refer.*] The waning years of her life were difficult, and I believe that being able to see her father's portrait helped her to bolster strength for the facing of those final years. Ω



Dr. Robert Glasgow, M.D., About Fifty-Five Years of Age

Chapter 2

The Morrisons of "Bellevue"

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Frances's Ancestor, Mary Moore

A study of the Morrison branch of Frances Patterson's family tree, that is, her mother's family, takes us back to Frances's great, great grandmother, Mary Moore. What brings us to focus on Mary Moore? And who was this fourth generation ancestor?

Well, for one thing, the story of Mary Moore's life was written up in a book, and people tend to increase their attention when the lives of their ancestors are published in books. In 1854, the Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work published *The Captives of Abb's Valley: A Legend of Frontier Life*. Among Presbyterians up and down the eastern seaboard, the book sold by the thousands. All of Mary Moore's direct descendants, down through the fourth and fifth generations, either owned a copy or had access to one.

Fig. 5. In December, 1963, Frances and Bob lift Mary Moore Patterson up for a wintry visit to the monument that honors the earlier Mary Moore. Jane, the mother of our own *Mary Moore, took the picture.*

Further, the story of Mary Moore is genuinely interesting. She was nine when a Shawnee raid on her frontier home killed most of her family. During the raid and during her later captivity in Canada, Mary Moore demonstrated real courage, bravery, and patience. Over time, this pre-teen girl of an early American era rose to the peak of her family's esteem. For her descendants, Mary Moore's life grew into a legend.

We will see in Chapter 8 that Pat Patterson served the Presbyterian Church in Tazewell, Virginia for a little over a year—from February 1938 to June 1939. During that relatively brief stretch of time, Frances was able to invite several of her Morrison relatives to come to Tazewell for visits. Mary Moore's childhood home was situated in a place called Abb's Valley, about twenty miles west of Tazewell. A monument dedicated to "the captives of Abb's Valley," completed in 1928, now stood at the place where the family home of the Moores had once been located. Most of the Morrison guests who came to Tazewell had never seen the monument, and more than once they joined Frances on short trips over to Abb's Valley to see it.

Abb's Valley is located on the western side of the water drainage divide that runs along the crest of the Appalachian mountains of Virginia. That is, the streams and rivers in or near Abb's Valley do not flow towards the Atlantic but rather find their way westward, gradually flowing to

the banks of the Mississippi, or northward, gradually flowing towards the St. Laurence River and the border of Canada. Native American tribes, including the Chickasaws and the Shawnees, favored this broad forested area as a hunting ground. When the Scots-Irish began to settle in the Appalachians and cultivate the land for agriculture, warfare between the planters and the hunters was probably inevitable. Three periods especially mark the native Americans' resistance to the Scottish settlers: the period of the French and Indian Wars (1754–1766), the period of the American Revolution (1774–1782), and a period of post-Revolutionary disturbances (1783–1794).[1] The attack on the Moore family took place in the third period, on the 14th of July 1786.

I will try to tell the story of Mary Moore's captivity succinctly.[2] On the morning of 14 July 1786, some twenty Shawnees with rifles emerged from the forests that flanked Abb's Valley and rushed down the hill towards the Moore residence. Captain James Moore and three of his younger children—Rebecca, Alexander, and William—were in a farmyard near the house and were taken by surprise and killed (*sidebar, nos. 6,7,8*). Mrs. Moore was inside the house, along with Mary Moore (aged 9), John (aged 18), Jane (aged 14), baby Margaret, and Martha Evans, a young woman visiting the family. They fastened the door, but it was soon clear that the invaders could break it down, so Mrs. Moore unbarred it and conceded defeat. Bringing along their captives, the invaders started their return to the Shawnee base camp. On the third day, they killed John (aged 18), handicapped both physically and mentally and unable to maintain the walking pace; and Margaret (aged 1), who was crying constantly from a bullet wound.

Mary Moore's Family Tragedy

Father: Captain James Moore, killed 1st day
Mother: Martha Poage Moore, killed by the Cherokees

Children (ages are estimated)

(1) John Moore, age 18, mental and physical handicaps, killed the 3rd day
(2) James Moore, age 16, captured two years earlier, sent to Canada
(3) Jane Moore, age 14, killed by the Cherokees
(4) Joseph Moore, age 12, away in Lexington, Va., not involved at all
(5) Mary Moore, age 9, captured and taken to Canada
(6) Rebecca Moore, age 7, killed 1st day
(7) Alexander Moore, age 5, killed 1st day
(8) William Moore, age 3, killed 1st day
(9) Margaret, age 1, killed the 3rd day

The captives were now two women and two girls. Once the braves reached the base camp, they handed the captives over to the squaws, who treated them much better than the braves had done. Later, a side battle between Shawnees and Cherokees broke out, and the Cherokees captured Mrs. Moore and her daughter Jane (aged 14). They tortured them and burned them at the stake. In all, then, eight members of the family were killed—Captain James Moore, Mrs. Martha Moore, and six children. That left Mary Moore and Martha Evans as the two remaining captives.[3] The Shawnees took them to Canada and sold them to some American Tories who had fled to Canada during the Revolutionary War.

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[1] See Robert Bell Woodsworth, *The Captives of Abb's Valley* (1942), pp. xii–xvi.

[2] Those interested in a fuller account are referred to Robert Bell Woodsworth, *The Captives of Abb's Valley, A Legend of Frontier Life, New Edtion* (Staunton, 1942), especially useful for its genealogical information; Mrs. Ernest A. Sale, "The Life Story of Mary Moore of Abb's Valley," in *Proceedings of the Rockbridge Historical Society*, Vol. I, 1939-1941, pp. 78-89; and St. Clair McElway, "The Presbyterian Captives," *New Yorker Magazine*, April 12, 1969, pp. 45-52.

[3] I do not count James and Joseph as being "remaining captives." Cf. sidebar, numbers 2 and 4.

Word eventually reached Virginia about where the two captives were being held. Thomas Evans, the brother of Martha Evans, went to Canada, freed the captives, and accompanied them home. A third captive, Mary's brother James, joined them on the return trip. He had been captured in an earlier raid and taken to Canada. On the return trip, Martha Evans stopped off with some relatives in Pennsylvania. Mary and James, still accompanied by Thomas Evans, arrived in Virginia on or about 26 March 1789. Mary Moore's captivity lasted a little less than three years, from 14 July 1786 to 26 March 1789. She was nine when captured, twelve when rescued.

No members of the Moore family remained in Abb's Valley, so James and Mary went to Augusta County to live with a paternal aunt, Rachel Moore McPheeters. Later, Mary lived for several years with her maternal grandmother, Mrs. Poage. Still later, as she approached adulthood, she lived with another paternal aunt, near Natural Bridge. The aunt was Jane Moore Walker, sister of Rachel Moore McPheeters and wife of Joseph Walker. While Mary was living with the Walkers, she joined the Falling Spring Presbyterian Church, now known as Highbridge Church, where the Rev. Samuel R. Houston was pastor.[4] On 9 October 1798, she married the Rev. Samuel Brown, thus becoming the minister's wife at New Providence, a Presbyterian church between Lexington and Staunton that even today is still active. In her later years, Mary Moore Brown suffered from tensions and insomnia, and in order to sleep she required an adult cradle, a rocking bed. She died on 24 April 1824,[5] not yet having reached the age of forty-eight.

Among Samuel Brown and Mary Moore's eleven children, seven men and two women lived to maturity. Five of the seven men became Presbyterian ministers. Among grandsons and great-grandsons, twelve more entered the ministry. To this we can add the daughters and granddaughters who married ministers, probably doubling the overall count. If we add later generations, the number of the descendants of Mary Moore and Samuel Brown who by now are Presbyterian ministers or wives of ministers has probably moved well beyond a hundred.

Evolving Views about Hostilities between Scottish Settlers and Native Americans. As time passed, descendants held various views about relations between Scottish settlers and natives. In 1854, when the eldest son of Mary Moore, James Moore Brown, published *The Captives of Abb's Valley: A Legend of Frontier Life*, deadly fighting between settlers and native Americans had barely ended in the eastern American states, and it was continuing at full strength in the western states. One of the main purposes of Rev. Brown's book was to stigmatize native Americans, portraying them as enemies. He commonly used phrases like "hungry savages" or "restless, plunder-loving warriors" to characterize American natives.

A hundred years later, Mrs. Sale of Lexington, Aunt Bets, wrote an essay for the Rockbridge Historical Society about Mary Moore and the Moore family. Rather than stigmatizing native Americans, her point was to commend the good qualities of her ancestors. She wrote:

> When we read these stories of our ancestors we little realize what they endured in establishing homes of liberty, privilege, and beauty. Shall we leave this same heritage to future

[4] Rev. Samuel Houston was a first cousin once removed of General Sam Houston in Texas. He was also the great, great grandfather of C. H. Patterson, then serving the Tazewell Presbyterian Church.

[5] The date of 1824, given by Woodsworth, seems to correspond with the date found in Chapter X of *Mary Moore of Abb's Valley*. Mrs. Sale puts the date at 1823 (*op. cit.*, p.86).

> generations? … [*Our ancestors*] practiced loyalty, self sacrifice and faith, and they were men and women of strong character and great courage.[6]

Still more recently, the tendency has been to inquire whether the settlers themselves were responsible for some of the tragedies that occurred. For example, St. Clair McKelway, one of Mary Moore's direct descendants, wrote in 1969:

> According to historians of the period, the whites in that part of Virginia had so persecuted the Shawnees that this formerly gentle tribe had become as warlike as the Cherokees.[7]

Mary Moore of Abb's Valley as Frances Came To Know Her. During Frances's childhood, she often heard the story of Mary Moore, a girl who throughout life sought to know and do God's will. In a sense, Mary Moore's life could be taken as a forecast of Frances's life. At age nine, Mary lost her parents and was stranded in a foreign land, far from home. Frances was older when she lost her parents, and her move to an alien land was by her own decision. But through it all, both Mary and Frances remained fully committed to God's purposes. As the years passed, Mary Moore devoted to God all the children that God granted her, letting her become a mother. Frances did the same. Mary Moore's earlier sufferings would lead in her declining years to the need for much personal bed-care, which she received in the form of a gently rocking cradle [*see p. 22, Fig. 7-B*]. Frances's later life was subject to a debilitating disease, requiring her to be bedridden during her closing years. Throughout those later years, both Mary Moore and Frances maintained a deep Christian faith, holding firmly to it until the very end of their earthly lives.

The Morrisons of "Bellevue"

In 1798, nine years after her return from Canada, Mary Moore married the Rev. Samuel Brown, minister of the New Providence Presbyterian Church. During their first twenty years together, Rev. Brown and his wife, now Mary Moore Brown, lived in a modest house near to the church, the place where most of their children were born. In 1812, Rev. Brown began to have a larger brick mansion constructed, about three miles from the church. In 1818, when he died, the new house was not quite complete. Mary Moore Brown, along with such of her children as had not yet left home, moved into it anyway. Mary Moore stayed in the larger

Fig. 6. Bellevue, Mary Moore's last home.

[6] Mrs. Sale, *op. cit.*, p. 78.

[7] McKelway, *op. cit.*, p. 50.

house until her own death, in 1824.

The successor to Samuel Brown and the third minister of New Providence Church was James Morrison. Shortly after arriving at the church, he married his predecessor's third child, Frances Brown, a first-generation descendant of Mary Moore. Members of the Brown family apparently let the Morrisons move into the brick mansion, perhaps selling it to them. In due time both the Browns and the Morrisons recognized the mansion as their ancestral home. They gave it the name of "Bellevue"[8] [*Fig. 6*].

James Morrison had a distinguished career at New Providence. He served the parish for thirty-eight years, from 1819 to 1857. In 1834, just after the Great Revival, New Providence Church had five hundred and ninety-one members, making it the largest church in the Presbyterian Synod. Rev. Morrison established a classical school in his home and educated at least ten ministers there. And he often represented his Presbytery at meetings of the General Assembly.

A letter written while James attended the 1834 Assembly in Philadelphia came to light among Frances Patterson's family papers. James had sent it to his wife, Frances Brown Morrison.

> LETTER FROM REV. JAMES MORRISON, IN PHILADELPHIA, TO FRANCES BROWN MORRISON, HIS WIFE, 31 MAY 1834.
>
> Philadelphia May 31st 1834
>
> My dear wife
>
> When I last wrote to you I did not expect I would have written to you again until I got home. I then expected that the Assembly would have adjourned by this time. In this I have been disappointed. We are not near through our business and it is impossible to say when we will adjourn. Not, I think, before several days to come. I have thought of asking leave of absence, but I fear it will not be granted. It is very difficult to obtain leave, and I am very unwilling to leave without leave and thus be reported to my Presbytery. If I should not be home by the 2nd of June, I hope the congregation will meet and the elders will have a sermon read or hold a prayer meeting. If providence permits I expect fully to be home by the 3rd Sabbath — so that an appointment may be made for that time.
>
> I need not tell you I long to get home. I cannot express my feelings on this subject. Still, I think that I ought not to permit my feelings to prevent me from attending to my duty. I trust the Lord will take [*care*] of my beloved wife and dear children and that he will soon bring us together with hearts full of gratitude for his goodness.
>
> It was well when I came here that I did not know how long our meeting would be. It would have increased my anxiety very [*p. 2*] much if I had known the sessions of the Assembly would have continued for three weeks. We have

[8] Several generations of doctors from New Providence interned at Bellevue Hospital in New York City. The name given to the mansion may reflect influence from the hospital name. Cf. p. 7. Fig. 2.

had a great deal of business before us and much of very difficult and perplexing character. Our sessions have been long and laborious. We commence frequently at half past eight and continued till late at night for some days past, except a short interval for dinner and supper. It is exceedingly tiresome. I have seen hardly anything of the city. I have not had time without neglecting my duties in the Assembly. This I did not feel myself at liberty to do.

I have seen a great many men and heard them too, and I find that great men after all are but men and that too many [*are*] sinful men. There has been at times considerable excitement and party feelings. I have witnessed scenes in the Assembly that have pained me to the heart. O what a pity that good men cannot unite in promoting the interests of Christ's kingdom and not dispute and quarrel with each other about comparatively small matters. [*p.3*] I have endeavored to be moderate and to take what I believed was the straightforward path of duty without following any party line. I have exposed myself to the fire of both sides.

But I will not trouble you with these matters. I trust more to talk these all over with your own dear self and in this way have far more enjoyment than in writing to you about them. I am perfectly cured of all desire to come to the General Assembly. Nothing but our serious [*this word in the text is difficult to decipher*] sense of duty will ever [*bring*] me back to it again. We have appointed the next Assembly to meet in Pittsburg.

In very great haste. My health is very good. The Lord bless you, my dearest. You know not how much I love you. You are to me as my own soul. The Lord save me from idolatry. May the Lord have my first supreme affection. Of all earthly objects, I love you most, and I rejoice to know that this is no sin. I am sure you are worthy of my love. Excuse a fond husband's weakness. Let no mortal eye but yours see this letter.

Your ever devoted and affectionate
husband, James Morrison

The letter is of interest in a variety of ways. It gives directions about how New Providence should handle Sunday services during its minister's lengthening absence. It describes how debates at the Assembly of 1834 verged on being outright fights. It affirms that James, himself, hoped never to go to another Assembly. And it closes with a statement of his love for Frances. Admittedly, the concluding love note bears a pretty heavy dose of theology. As for the loudmouthed debates at sessions of the Assembly, the main controversy was Old School versus New School theology. The Old School did not accept revival meetings, the New School did.

Two of the eleven children of James and Frances Brown Morrison died in early childhood. Of the other nine, many lived impressive lives. Lavinia Morrison (1823–1908) married Dr. Robert L. Dabney, later to be a distinguished and widely read theological professor at Union Seminary, Hampden Sydney. In later life, Dr. Dabney was still a professor at the seminary when Frances Patterson's father-in-law, Brown Craig Patterson, was a student there. Harriet Newell

Morrison (1833–1912) remained unmarried and for thirty years conducted a home school for both boys and girls in the Bellevue mansion. Many family members attended her school.

The Morrisons of Rockbridge Baths

Samuel Brown Morrison, M.D. Dr Samuel Morrison (1828–1901) was the first boy born to Frances and James Morrison and their fourth child. He was a second-generation descendant of Mary Moore. He and his wife, Mary Elizabeth Gold, are the Morrison grandparents of Frances Glasgow. He moved with his family from Brownsburg,[9] near New Providence, to Rockbridge Baths, that is, about twelve miles to the west.

Dr. Morrison was born at Bellevue on 13 September 1828. He attended Washington College in the class of 1847, received an M.D. from the University of Virginia in 1854, and completed his internship that same year at Bellevue Hospital, New York. He opened his medical practice at Brownsburg in 1854. On 19 October 1854, he married Mary Elizabeth Gold, of Brownsburg. During the Civil War he fought with the Confederates as a surgeon, afterwards returning to Brownsburg to continue his medical practice. In 1874 he established a sanitarium at Rockbridge Baths [*cf. Fig.7-A*]. Dr. and Mrs. Morrison moved their church membership to Bethesda Church, Rockbridge Baths, on 2 January 1881. Dr. Morrison died on 4 February 1901, and his wife on 27 February 1910. Both are buried at New Providence.

Fig. 7-A. A residential house built at Rockbridge Baths by Dr. Samuel Brown Morrison, ca. 1874.

Samuel Morrison and Mary Elizabeth Gold Morrison had nine children, eight of them born before the family moved to Rockbridge Baths. Probably all of those eight, including Frances's mother, Nancy Jane Morrison ("Nannie"), were born at Bellevue. They were third-generation descendants from Mary Moore, and all eight grew to maturity. The ninth child of the family, Samuel Brown Morrison, Jr., was born at Rockbridge Baths in 1876, but at age seven he died of scarlet fever.

Several of the Morrison aunts and uncles were important to Frances, and I will include brief bio-sketches of them. Afterwards I will turn more explicitly to Nancy Morrison herself.

Uncle Rud. Henry Rutherford Morrison, M.D. (a.k.a. Uncle Rud), was born 28 March 1865. He was the fifth child in the Morrison family lineup, the next after Nannie. He attended Hampden-Sydney College, afterwards earning an M.D. at the University of Virginia. At the time of Nannie's wedding, 1890, he was practicing medicine in Goshen. In 1894 he succeeded his father as director of the Rockbridge Baths Sanitarium. Rud, a lifelong bachelor, had no children of his own and enjoyed receiving visits from nieces and nephews. Uncle Rud was a favorite of Frances

[9] The town was probably named for Rev. Samuel Brown, an early minister at New Providence.

and Katherine Glasgow and other children who came to visit their uncle. A member of Bethesda Presbyterian Church, he died on 11 November 1925. He is buried at New Providence.

Aunt Hal. Harriet Newell Morrison (a.k.a. Hallie, Hal, or Mrs. Wait) was born on 3 May 1867. She was the younger sister of Rud, sixth in the Morrison family lineup. On 22 December 1891, just one year after Nannie's wedding, Hal married Prof. Charles Edmund Wait, Ph.D. (b. 3 Nov. 1849, d. 23 Nov. 1923). For the last thirty-five years of his life, Dr. Wait was a professor of chemistry at the University of Tennessee, Knoxville. The Waits had one son, Charles Wait, Jr. Later in life Hal moved to Florida, presumably so that she could be nearer to her son and his family. During those later years, Hal regularly returned to Lexington for an annual visit with her sister Bettie. Aunt Hal died in 1954, in Dade, Florida.

Aunt Bets [*see p. 50, Fig. 17*] Bettie Walker Morrison (a.k.a. Bets or Mrs. Sale) was born on 29 May 1871. She was eighth in the Morrison family lineup, the youngest of the eight children who grew to maturity. Bettie was educated at home, and then attended several privately operated schools, finally going to Augusta Female Seminary, now known as Mary Baldwin College. Before marriage, she lived with her parents at Rockbridge Baths. For a time she was the principal of Rockbridge Baths High School. On September 12, 1917, she married Major Ernest Adair Sale (28 Mar. 1871–17 Oct. 1935), a purchasing agent for the Virginia Military Institute.

Bettie was forty-six when she married, and she and Major Sale had no children. But Major Sale brought along two children from his previous marriage, Ernest Adair Sale and Frances Cochran Sale. Bettie became a second mother for them. Frances Cochran married Royster Lyle of Danville, Virginia, and their son, Royster Lyle, Jr., looked to Bettie as his grandmother. Royster, Jr., was later the director of the George C. Marshall Research Library at V.M.I.

At the time of her marriage, Bettie joined Major Sale in his Lexington home at 305 Jefferson Street and moved her church membership to the Lexington Presbyterian Church. After Major Sale died, Bettie continued to live in Lexington. In 1941, when Frances and her children came through Lexington on their way to Staunton to meet Pat as he returned from China, they stayed for a time with Bettie. Bettie welcomed me generously through all four of my years at Washington and Lee, 1944 to 1948. Bettie's niece, Katherine Glasgow Owens, returned later to live in Lexington for several years. However, by that time Bettie was suffering loss of memory, and it was she who needed help from Katherine rather than the other way around. Bettie died in 1967. She is buried in Lexington.

A Marriage at Rockbridge Baths (5 November 1890)

Nancy Morrison and Robert Glasgow, Frances's mother and father, were married on Wednesday evening, 5 November 1890. The next day's report in the *Lexington County News* appears below. Additional information about members of the wedding will be inserted following the newspaper article.

A Pretty Autumn Wedding

Article from the *Lexington County News*

Bethesda Church of the Rockbridge Baths was on Wednesday evening at six o'clock the scene of a very pretty wedding. The contracting parties were

> Dr. Robert Glasgow, a prominent physician of Lexington, and Miss Nannie Morrison, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Dr. S. B. Morrison [*Samuel Brown Morrison*] of the Rockbridge Baths. The bride entered the left arch of the church leaning upon the arm of her sister, the maid of honor, Miss Hallie Morrison, whilst on the right came the groom with his brother, Mr. Wm. A. Glasgow Jr. of Fincastle. They met at the pulpit, which was made beautiful with a dressing of flowers and plants, and were married by Rev. W. M. McElwee. The bride was handsomely attired in a dress of white silk entrained. She wore a bridal vail [*sic*] and carried a bunch of white roses in her hand. The bridesmaids were Miss Katie Slaughter of Lynchburg, Miss Annie Walker of Staunton, Miss Bettie Glasgow of Lexington, Miss Ruth Smith of Hampden Sidney, Misses Fannie McNutt and Bettie Morrison of Rockbridge Baths. All were attired like the bride in white. They carried bunches of white chrysanthemums. Mr. H. W. McCrum, Dr. W. S. Bacon and Mr. Joseph Glasgow of Lexington, Dr. H. R. Morrison of Goshen, Mr. D. W. Shanks of Lexington and Mr. W. T. Paxton of Buena Vista were the gentlemen attendants. Mr. Aglionby of Strausburg, McPheeters Glasgow of Lexington, William Brown of Buena Vista, and William Morrison of Rockbridge Baths acted as ushers. Miss Ida Horn presided at the organ and rendered beautiful selections of music. After the ceremony an elegant reception was given the bridal couple at the residence of Dr. Morrison after which they left at nine o'clock for Goshen where they took the C. and O. [*Chesapeake and Ohio*] Express on a trip north.[10]

The Morrison family. *Dr. H[enry] R[utherford] Morrison* (*"Rud"*), groomsman, and *William Morrison*, usher, are brothers of the bride. *Harriet Morrison* (*"Hal"*), maid of honor, and *Bettie Morrison* (*"Bets"*), bridesmaid, are sisters of the bride. For more about these Morrison members of the wedding, see earlier in the present chapter. Family names such as *Walker*, *Smith* (of Hampden Sydney), *McNutt*, and *Brown* suggest Morrison cousins.

The Glasgow family. *Wm. Anderson Glasgow, Jr.,* best man; *Joseph Anderson Glasgow*, groomsman; and *McPheeters Glasgow,* usher, are all half-brothers of the groom. *Bettie Glasgow* is the groom's full sister. For more about these Glasgow members of the wedding, see Chapter 1, above. Family names such as *Shanks* and *Paxton* suggest Glasgow cousins.

The Wedding Minister. The *Reverend William Meek McElwee* came to Bethesda Presbyterian Church in 1880. He was the minister for the Morrison/Glasgow wedding in 1890. Ten years later, in 1900, infirmity compelled him to resign from his service at Bethesda, and he entered honorable retirement.

Frances's Mother, Nancy Jane Morrison

Nancy Jane Morrison, a third-generation descendant of Mary Moore, was the fourth child of Dr. Samuel Morrison, M.D., and Mary Elizabeth Gold. Nancy was born at Bellevue on March 27, 1862, and educated at the Bellevue School under her aunt, Miss Harriet Newell Morrison. As

[10] *Lexington County News*, November 6, 1890.

we know from the newspaper article just above, Nancy Morrison married Dr. Robert Glasgow at Bethesda Church, Rockbridge Baths, on the evening of November 5, 1890. She moved her membership to the Lexington Presbyterian Church, and we learn from her daughters that she was an active worker in the Sunday School of that church. Her three daughters, all born in Lexington, were Mary Morrison Glasgow, later a resident of Hendersonville, North Carolina; Katherine Anderson Glasgow, later a resident of Rome, Georgia; and Frances Thomas Glasgow, later a resident of Suqian in Jiangsu Province, China, and afterwards of Bluefield, West Virginia. Nancy Jane Morrison and Dr. Robert Glasgow shared almost thirty years of married life. However, Nancy did not live to see any of her three daughters married. She died on July 12, 1919, at the age of fifty-seven.

These facts about Nancy Morrison Glasgow do not tell us much about her personal character. But we know from Robert Sr.'s letter to her (*above, pp. 9-10*) that he loved her deeply.

Two sentences in a brief autobiographical essay that Frances Patterson wrote in 1926 tell us how deeply Frances was attached to her mother:

> My mother, a few weeks before her death, had helped to fix my purpose in a way she little dreamed of when she said she thought it would be the most "glorious thing in the world" if I should go to China as a missionary. Surely I can never forget those words and their effect will live as long as I do.[11]

Frances Patterson always kept on her bureau a small personal picture of her mother. I think we can safely say that she had strong love for her mother, and that she was grateful for whatever time she had been able to share with her mother before her mother died. **Ω**

Fig. 7-B. Mary Moore's cradle-bed, now preserved in a Lexington museum. Both women in the picture are great-grand-daughters of Mary Moore. The one on the right is Mrs. Sale (Aunt Bets), in about 1941.

[11] The two sentences come from "My Life History." For the full text, see Chap. 4, pp. 25-26.

PART TWO

EARLY YEARS ON THE MISSION FIELD

Frances and a fellow student from the Peking Language School, on their way to the Great Wall, October 13, 1923.

Chapter 3

Frances's Call to China

•

Her "Life History" at Age Twenty-Seven

While Frances was in Suqian, Jiangsu, in 1926, Dr. P. Frank Price requested her to write a "life history" describing her work in China. The essay was intended for *Our China Investment*, a book that Dr. Price was editing. At the time of Dr. Price's request, Frances was twenty-seven years old. She and Pat had been in China for only three years and in Suqian for only two, so the essay's first paragraph tells very little about Frances's actual missionary work. It focuses instead on how she discovered her life's calling and what it means to be a missionary. In the second paragraph, Frances briefly sketches the first twenty-seven years of her life.

MY LIFE HISTORY

By Frances G. Patterson

I was born in January, 1899, in Lexington, Va., a strong center of Presbyterianism and missionary zeal. The old Presbyterian Church there has sent out more than forty members into the ministry and mission field, and hardly a year passes that missionaries on furlough do not visit the church and community. Thus the whole atmosphere in which I was brought up was decidedly conducive to interest in missions. As I look back over the influences that led to my decision to come to China, one person stands out prominently in the foreground of my thought. Dr. P. Frank Price, our church's representative in China,[1] spent several months in Lexington when I was eleven or twelve years old, and my desire to some day go to China dates from that visit. Eight years later, when he returned, he was again a great inspiration, and I then decided definitely to get ready to come. My mother, a few weeks before her death, had helped to fix my purpose in a way she little dreamed of when she said she thought it would be the most "glorious thing in the world" if I should go to China as a missionary. Surely I can never forget those words and their effect will live as long as I do.

My education consisted in attending the high school in Lexington, followed by four years at Agnes Scott College, Decatur, Ga., from which I received my B. A. in 1919. After this I stayed home for two years, being occupied most of that time teaching in high school. In the fall of 1921 I went to the Assembly's Training School. A year later, my last year there, I felt that I was ready to apply for appointment to come whenever I could be sent, and I received my appointment early in the spring of 1923. In the meantime, a most important and unexpected development had taken place,

[1] "Church's representative" refers to the Lexington congregation, not the larger denomination.

> so I sailed from Vancouver August, 1923, not as a "single lady missionary," but as Mrs. Houston Patterson. Thus goes my life history.
>
> We are already experiencing the real joy of being in the place God has led us to, and trying to serve Him in every way we can. Surely no life could be happier.[2]

Pat agreed that Frances's interest in missions had begun long before she met him. He also noted some other influences that may have played a part in her life.

FRANCES'S DESIRE TO BE A MISSIONARY
Selections from the Memoirs of C. H. Patterson

> For as far back as she could remember, Frances had always wanted to be a missionary. She was a fourth generation descendent of Mary Moore of Abb's Valley. In 1786, a Shawnee raiding party had captured Mary Moore, then a child of ten [*correction: nine*] and living on the frontier in a place that would later be part of Tazewell County, Virginia, and carried her off to the Chillicothe area in the Ohio River Valley. Mary Moore was sold as a slave in Canada, but eventually she was rescued. Frances grew up taking pride in how that little girl had endured and how God had blessed her, and how God had blessed the man who was later to become her husband, the Reverend Samuel Brown.
>
> In addition, the stories of John G. Paton, a missionary among the cannibals of the South Pacific, were lodged among Frances's earliest memories.[3]...Perhaps with John G. Paton in mind, Frances had an idea that missionaries would face terrible privation, little hope of creature comfort, and quite possibly martyrdom. When she reached Sutsien [*modern transliteration: Suqian*] and found that people could live fairly normally,[4] in houses that we might describe as more or less rustic American in comfort, she was surprised and gratified.[5]

Pat went on to suggest that Frances's very relationship with *him* may have contributed to her growing conviction that God was calling her specifically to go to China.

> When Frances learned that her father had known my mother,[6] a missionary to China, and that my early life had been on the mission field, she

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[2] The essay is found in P. Frank Price, *Our China Investment*, pp. 146f.

[3] John Gibson Paton (1824–1907) was a Scottish Presbyterian missionary to the New Hebrides. His first wife and their infant child were killed on the field. When Paton visited the United States in the year 1900, church audiences widely acclaimed him as a pioneer missionary.

[4] That Frances could secure a piano in Suqian has some bearing on this. See Chap. 4.

[5] C. H. Patterson, *My China That Was* (second edition, 1993), pp. 70-71.

[6] Annie Houston, C. H. Patterson's mother, was the third child of the Rev. R. R. Houston, pastor of the Fincastle Presbyterian Church. Annie lived at home and was educated at home, including her college years. In 1888, she left Fincastle and went to Baltimore for medical school. Dr. Robert Glasgow

> felt that in some way the Lord was bringing us together. I will not try to answer how she came to agree to marry me, but she did, and I am deeply grateful.[7]

In the remainder of this chapter we will be going back to fill in some of the earlier parts of Frances's life — her time in college, her work as a teacher in Lexington, her preparation for missionary work at the Assembly's Training School in Richmond, and her marriage,

Four Years at Agnes Scott College

Frances followed her sister Kack's example in choosing Agnes Scott College, Decatur, Georgia, for her higher education. Their older sister, Mamie, had chosen to go to Randolph Macon Women's College in Virginia. Frances was at Agnes Scott for four years, earning her Bachelor of Arts degree as a member of the Class of 1919. Agnes Scott was then well known for its academic quality, as no doubt it still is. Frances chose to major in history. In campus life, she was a member of the student government. During her years at the college, she attended Central Presbyterian Church.

Music was the strongest area of Frances's talent. Kack mentions in her letter of 27 February 1975 that when she and Frances as little girls sang a duet for visitors, which they sometimes did at the request of their mother, Frances sang alto (*see Appendix A-2*). Kack did not mean that Frances's childhood singing voice tended to be in the alto range, but rather that Frances, even at age four, could tell what sounded right when two voices sang in harmony. Frances never had any formal training in music, and yet as she grew older she had a remarkable ability to play the piano. If she heard someone play a piece, she could immediately play it herself, using both hands, playing all the parts, never having to glimpse at the sheet music. If she heard someone sing a tune without accompaniment, she could improvise an accompaniment on the spot, finding appropriate harmonies and conveying the mood of the piece.

It is no surprise, then, that during her college years Frances became the pianist for many of the campus music groups. She also taught herself to play a guitar, so she was able to contribute to hayrides and dormitory sing-ins. Frances's musical ability proved to be of even greater usefulness to her later on, when she was the preacher's wife in Grundy, or in Williamson, or a kindergarten teacher in Bluefield. When playing for herself, she included pieces from Mozart or Beethoven or Haydn, but her public piano playing was for the most part as an accompanist.

Agnes Scott alumnae tend to value throughout life the college experience they received at Agnes Scott. Frances was pleased, while at Westminster Church, to learn that the congregation there included several alumnae of Agnes Scott — Jaqueline Shires, Eleanor Hall, Eloise Sluss; and, in nearby Burkes Garden, Mrs. Moss. Perhaps Frances's feeling about Agnes Scott showed up most clearly in the encouragement that she gave to her daughter Anne to go to the same college.

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began to practice medicine in Fincastle in 1881, and moved from there to Lexington in 1887. The Glasgow home in Fincastle was directly across the street from the Presbyterian manse, so Dr. Glasgow and Miss Houston were close neighbors and fellow church members for seven years.

[7] C. H. Patterson, *op. cit.*, p. 71.

A Teacher at Lexington High School

After Frances earned her degree at Agnes Scott, she returned to Lexington. About a month after she had reached home, on 12 July 1919, her mother died. We don't know what caused her mother's death, but Frances's reference to it in "My Life History"[8] seems to suggest that the illness was a lingering one.

At that stage of things, Frances did not have a clear idea of what the future held for her life, so she settled down in Lexington and sought a wage-earning job. She was gratified to receive the offer of a teaching position at Lexington High School. Well, somewhat gratified. We noted above that Frances's college major was history. Now she was asked to face the high school students and teach them mathematics, physics, chemistry—and agriculture. (The physics and chemistry may have been combined into "General Science.")

But, as people say, a job is a job. Frances accepted the offer. For mathematics, physics, and chemistry, she could secure copies of the textbooks students used and bone up beforehand. But agriculture was something else. Many of her students had previously lived on farms, or still lived on them. For Frances to try to teach *them* agriculture was a bummer. Further, being an agriculture teacher required that she also be an agricultural tester, that is, one who tries out samples of seeds to see if they sprout and grow properly. Later on when Frances told people about this, she would break into outright laughter. She said she knew *nothing* about testing seeds. But apparently she learned enough to hold her job for two years.

Another complication for Frances's teaching was that she was beginning to have a serious relationship with Pat Patterson. In the year that Pat and Frances both finished college, 1919, Pat accepted a teaching and coaching position for the 1919-20 school year, fairly far away in Danville, Virginia. The complication for Frances's teaching, however, was not that Pat was away. It was that two of his younger brothers were right there among her students at Lexington High. The B. C. Pattersons had chosen Lexington for their 1919 furlough from China because William, their second son, was a student at Washington and Lee. In the process, they brought along their three younger children, Paul, Norman, and Margaret. The B. C. Patterson family stayed in Lexington from October 1919 to February 1921.

The ages of Paul and Norman suggest that in high school they were probably a senior and a junior. Paul, on the way to becoming a biological scientist, was well advanced in his knowledge of that area, so he could tease Frances by posing questions that she could not possibly answer. And Norman was well known as a trickster. For instance, there was the time when, not holding up his hand, he set out to attract the teacher's attention by sticking a glove on the tip of a stick and waving it around the classroom. Frances considered this to be inappropriate classroom behavior. Paul and Norman felt they could get by with moderately outrageous stunts because they knew about Frances's deepening relationship with their older brother, Pat. Well, eventually everything got worked out. After Frances and Norman were both married, which in Norman's case would be about ten years later, the two families were stationed together in Suqian for a period of years, and close family relationships developed.

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[8] "My Life History" is found at the beginning of this chapter.

"A Most Important and Unexpected Development"

In "My Life History," Frances speaks of her marriage to Pat as "a most important and unexpected development." This way of putting things surprises all of her children. After all, Frances and Pat had known each other during all four of their college years. They had arranged their postgraduate work so that both would receive their degrees at the same time. During those years in Richmond, they had dated in Dr. Taliaferro Thompson's home. So what did Frances mean by "unexpected"? Her meaning seems to be that for some time, well along before she ever met Pat, she had been thinking seriously about becoming a missionary and going to China. When she then found a person with whom she shared objectives in life, a person with whom she could fall in love, and a person who fell in love with her—*that* was the unexpected development.

Pat enrolled at Union Seminary in Richmond, Virginia, in the fall of 1920. The following year, Frances enrolled at Assembly's Training School, just across Brook Road from the seminary. The two graduated at the same time: Pat completed his work for a Bachelor of Divinity degree in 1923, and in 1923 Frances completed her work for a Master of Religious Education[9] degree. Frances received her missionary appointment early in the spring of 1923, and Pat was ordained as a foreign missionary at the 1923 summer meeting of Roanoke Presbytery. The two of them were ready, then, for the wedding that took place in the Lexington Presbyterian Church on the evening of 17 July 1923.

Fig. 8. Frances in her wedding gown.

The following description of their wedding comes from the next day's newspaper, the *Lexington Gazette* of Wednesday, 18 July 1923. After presenting the newspaper article, a few comments about the persons who are named in it will follow, arranged by family groups.

PATTERSON-GLASGOW MARRIAGE LAST EVENING AT 8 O'CLOCK

Lexington Gazette News Article

A pretty marriage was solemnized in the Presbyterian church last evening at 8 o'clock, when Miss Frances Thomas Glasgow, daughter of Dr. Robert Glasgow of Lexington, was wedded to Rev. Craig Houston Patterson, son of Rev. and Mrs. Craig Patterson, D.D., missionaries to China. Rev. W. T. Thompson, D.D., of Richmond, was

[9] Twenty-odd years later, A.T.S. renamed the degree. It is now "Master of Christian Education."

the officiating minister. The impressive ring service was used. Miss Emily Penick played the wedding music. The church was tastefully decorated in white and green.

The bride was lovely in a wedding gown of white duchess satin with point lace, and carried a shower bouquet of bride's roses and lilies of the valley. Her attendants were her sisters, Mrs. T. F. Sanford of Chattanooga, Tenn., gowned in orchid paulette chiffon, and Miss Katherine A. Glasgow of Lexington, in almond green paulette chiffon, both carrying orphelia roses.

The bridegroom was attended by his brother, Mr. William B. Patterson of Tuscaloosa, Ala., as best man. The groomsmen were Messrs. Charles S. Glasgow of Lexington, Robert S. Hutcheson of Rockbridge Baths, Paul Patterson and N. G. Patterson of Staunton.

The bride entered the church with her father, who gave her in marriage. She is a very attractive young lady; was educated in the Lexington High School and for several years was a teacher in the school. Later she took a course in the Assembly's Training School in Richmond.

The bridegroom was educated at Washington and Lee University and at the Union Theological Seminary of Richmond, and has consecrated his service to mission work in China under the Presbyterian Church.

A reception was held at the home of the bride on Jefferson street following the marriage, after which Mr. and Mrs. Patterson left on their bridal trip. They will sail shortly for China.

Among the out-of-town visitors present were: Dr. and Mrs. W. T. Thompson, Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Hutcheson, Mrs. W. A. Plecker and Mrs. George Haynes of Richmond; Mr. and Mrs. Blackwood Patterson and Mrs. M. T. Patterson of Staunton; Mrs. D. A. Overby and Mrs. H. A. Lanier of Danville, Va.; Miss Margaret Hoyt of Atlanta, Ga.[10]

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Participants and Guests at the Wedding

The Glasgow family, mainly in Lexington.

Frances Thomas Glasgow. The bride.

Dr. Robert Glasgow. The bride's father.

Mrs. T. F. Sanford (Mary Morrison Glasgow Sanford, "Mamie"). The bride's sister, the eldest of the Glasgow girls. She married Thomas Frank Sanford in 1921 and lived in Chattanooga until about 1930. At the time of Frances's wedding, the Sanfords had one child, Frank, Jr., born on 13 November 1922.

[10] My appreciation goes to the Washington and Lee Library for sending me a copy of this article from the *Lexington Gazette*.

Katherine A[nderson] Glasgow ("Kack"). The bride's sister, the second Glasgow girl. Katherine married attorney Dean Owens on 8 November 1924, the year after Frances's wedding,

Charles S[pears] Glasgow. Frances's first cousin, the son of her Uncle Frank Glasgow, who lived in Lexington. Charles had a younger brother, Tom Glasgow, who was older than Frances by eight years [*see p. 5*], so Charles would have been older than Frances by ten years or so.

The Patterson family, mainly in Augusta County.

Craig Houston Patterson. The groom.

Rev. and Mrs. Craig Patterson, D.D. The groom's parents, who were in China. After their furlough in Lexington, October 1919 to February 1921, they had returned to Tengxian, China.

William B. Patterson ("Bill"). The groom's brother. The article identifies Bill as living at Tuscaloosa, Alabama. He had finished at W&L and was attending Union Theological Seminary, Richmond. I think Tuscaloosa was a summer job, part of his seminary training. Bill joined his parents during their 1927 furlough in Staunton, and in 1928 he returned to China with them.

Paul Patterson and N(orman) G(uthrie) Patterson of Staunton. These are the younger brothers of the groom. They were probably both at Davidson College at the time of the wedding. Their parents were in China, so for vacations they would go to the homes of either Tirzah Willson Patterson, their grandmother, or John Blackwood Patterson and Anna Compton Patterson, their uncle and aunt. Both of those homes were south of Staunton in the Tinkling Spring area.

Miss Margaret Hoyt of Atlanta. B. C. Patterson's older sister, Bettie, married Will Hoyt and lived in Atlanta. Before Bettie died of tuberculosis in 1904, she had four children. Margaret was one, so Margaret was the groom's first cousin. She was active in family relationships, and it is interesting, but not surprising, that she came clear up from Atlanta for Pat and Frances's wedding. She was thirty-three years old at the time. Never marrying, she died in 1967.

Mr. and Mrs. Blackwood Patterson and Mrs. M[argaret] T[irzah] Patterson. See the comments on Paul and Norman Patterson, above. Blackwood was the brother of Craig Patterson, and thus the uncle of Pat Patterson, the groom. Tirzah, who had been a widow for years, was the grandmother of the groom. Born in 1843, Tirzah was eighty years old at the time of Pat and Frances's wedding, but she kept on the go till the end of her life, in 1929, aged eighty-six.

The Morrison family, mainly in Rockbridge Baths.

Robert S. Hutcheson ("Bob") of Rockbridge Baths. Frances's first cousin. He made a living in the lumber business, located at Rockbridge Baths. Later he moved to Lexington. About thirty years later, when Bob Hutcheson was a widower and Katherine Glasgow Owens a widow, the two of them were married and lived together for a period of years, in Lexington.

Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Hutcheson. Dr. James Morrison Hutcheson, M.D., was Frances's first cousin. The line of kinship was through his mother, Mary Moore Morrison, and Frances's mother, Nancy Morrison, who were sisters. The Hutchesons lived in Richmond.

The Houston family, mainly in Richmond.

Mrs. W. A. Plecker and Mrs. George Haynes of Richmond. The groom's mother, who was in China at the time of the wedding, had about six sisters who lived in Richmond. Mrs. Walter

Plecker was one of them. She and her husband, Dr. Plecker, with no children of their own, had taken care of Pat and Bill during their high school years. Mrs. Plecker was known as "Aunt Kate." Mrs. Haynes may have been a person who accompanied her to Lexington. (I can understand why Mrs. Plecker made a special effort to attend the wedding, but I am somewhat surprised that none of the other Houston aunts in Richmond are listed as guests.)

Minister, organist, friends.

Rev. W. T. Thompson (Wm. Taliaferro Thompson, D.D.; "Tolly"). He conducted the wedding. He was appointed Professor of Religious Education at Union Seminary, Richmond, in 1920, the same year that Pat started there. He and his wife, Anne Claiborne McIlwaine, had six children. Many of them were still young while Pat and Frances were in Richmond, and the Thompsons sometimes asked them to baby-sit for them. Then, too, Pat and Frances sometimes used the Thompson house for dating. So the relationship that the Thompsons had with Pat and Frances was close, and it continued that way in later years.

Miss Emily Penick. Organist. In later years, Mary Monroe Penick was organist at Lexington Presbyterian Church. Miss Emily may have been a relative—perhaps Mary Monroe Penick's aunt?

Mrs. D. A. Overby and Mrs. H. A. Lanier of Danville. Pat had one full school year and three summers in Danville. During that time he made many good friends, especially Mrs. Overby. Pat said in his memoirs: "Mrs. D. A. Overby and I became close friends. She was a distant relative and very active in First Presbyterian Church of Danville, and she would be a loyal supporter for me while I was on the mission field in China."[11] Mrs. Lanier accompanied Mrs. Overby on the trip to Lexington.

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And the Honeymoon?

The 1923 newspaper account of the wedding mentions that "a reception was held…after which Mr. and Mrs. Patterson left on their bridal trip." So where did they go for their honeymoon? Eighteen years later, in 1941, when Pat and Frances were about to reunite after being separated in China and America for seven months, Pat wrote to Frances that "maybe it would be best for us to plan a few days vacation just by ourselves. We must…have another honeymoon…Personally I would love to go back once again to Nimrod Hall and take a look around and maybe spend the night."[12] Nimrod Hall, in Bath County, Virginia, is about thirty-five miles northwest of Lexington. It abounds in lakes, rivers, and woods. However, Pat must have spent much of his honeymoon fixing tires. Frances once mentioned to Houston Jr. that the car she and Pat used during their honeymoon had had three blowouts. (Maybe a Model T?) **Ω**

[11] C. H. Patterson, *My China That Was* (revised edition, 1993), p. 33.

[12] Letter from C. H. Patterson, in Tengxian, to Frances Patterson, in Hendersonville, 5 April 1941.

Chapter 4

The Warlord Period

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The Tokyo Earthquake of 1923

Pat and Frances were to travel to China on the *Empress of Canada*, a Canadian vessel, so they crossed the continent on railroads and went to Vancouver to embark. Along the way they made a temporary stop at Yellowstone Park. Frances later told her children that she had a hard time keeping Pat under control. He wanted to climb the damp areas of rock behind waterfalls and to make solo hikes to the tops of mountains. She wanted him to stay safe. Her thought was, "If he slips under those waterfalls and seriously hurts himself, or if a grizzly attacks him while he is climbing mountains, will I be able to handle it?"

Perhaps newly married couples have to work their way through such questions. Anyway, Frances and Pat made it to Vancouver. There they joined another missionary couple, Agnes and Pete Richardson, also newly married. Pat and Pete had been in the same class at seminary, and Frances and Agnes had been in the same class at Assembly's Training School, so the Pattersons and the Richardsons knew each other well. They soon settled into their separate cabins on the *Empress of Canada.*

Their trip, as far as we know, began smoothly, but it was not to continue that way. An overwhelming natural disaster in Japan intruded. On a Sunday night, about two weeks into their trip, the *Empress of Canada* was heading for the harbor at Yokohama, expecting to reach it in about twelve hours. But the bulletin board posted a communication from the Captain, information he had received from the radio room and intended to convey to both passengers and staff: "Stand by! Stand by till further notice! The Yokohama harbor is in danger! The bluff has collapsed, oil tanks have burst, and the oil is burning in the waters." How could a harbor collapse? How could an ocean burn? The 1923 Tokyo Earthquake, that's how.

The earthquake occurred on Sunday, September 1, at 11:58 A.M.—one might as well say "noon." The magnitude of the quake was 8.3. The quaking is thought to have continued from four to ten minutes, destroying government offices, commercial buildings, and residences throughout the territory of Tokyo and Yokohama. People all over the territory had ignited small kitchen fires as they prepared for midday meals. The earthquake rapidly turned the fires into blazes, and the blazes were still further heightened by strong winds from a nearby hurricane. On the bluffs of Yokohama, large oil storage tanks had been dislodged and rolled into the ocean, spreading their oil. Those who tried to escape the mainland by swimming, or even by launching small boats, discovered that their paths were blocked by oil burning on the ocean waves. It is estimated that one hundred and fifty thousand people died in the next several days, and two million people were left homeless.

The *Empress of Canada* quickly fired up its great steam engines, seeking to move more rapidly towards Yokohama to evacuate refugees. At about breakfast time on Monday morning the

ship arrived in the Yokohama harbor and offered help to those in need. It moved slowly and cautiously in order to avoid the burning oil on the water. Passengers standing on the deck of the *Empress* saw men and women paddling boats or frantically swimming towards the ship, and the sailors threw ropes over the side to drag desperate people aboard. Those who were pulled up were completely destitute except for the soaked and oily clothes they had on. Officers on the liner estimated that about fifteen hundred people were finally brought aboard.

Before Presbyterian missionaries left the United States, they had been advised to bring along clothes for seven years, the expected interval between furloughs. But now they began to raid the clothes closets in their cabins, as other passengers were also doing, in order to make gifts to the refugees. In later years, Frances would say with a smile that the dresses she had brought along in her trousseau were not really appropriate for work on the mission field. At dinner on Monday night, passengers on the ship took up a monetary collection to help those in need. Agnes Richardson tells us that as night came on "we gave up our cabin to share with those who had no bed. I went in with Frances Patterson, while our husbands, Pete and Pat, went up on top deck and took refuge under the lifeboats."[1]

During the night, the ship moved on to Kobe, a city near Osaka. Along with Tokyo and Yokohama, Kobe is located on Honshu Island. Its harbor faces southward towards the Inland Sea. The overnight trip to Kobe took about ten hours, permitting the ship to come to dock on Tuesday morning, September 3. Refugees did not have any luggage to claim, so they disembarked rapidly. Some would then have begun the long trek back to Yokohama or Tokyo, taking a walking route known as the Tokaido, desperately searching along the way for family members. Others simply continued the international travels that had been disrupted.

In the years that followed, Japanese government leaders drew up an entirely different layout for Tokyo. They envisioned the capital as a metropolis with wide boulevards for traffic, with subways, and with large urban parks and museums in various sections of the city. To accomplish all those things required a strong centralized government. Some commentators have suggested that an increasingly centralized government may have supported certain Japanese leaders' ambition to establish imperial rule over all of eastern Asia. This, in turn, may have contributed to a growing propensity for war, at least in the inner circle of the Japanese government. We cannot say with any certainty that the earthquake was a factor contributing to these other developments. But what we *can* say is that the Japanese ambition for territorial gains and increased access to natural resources, already in operation before the earthquake, now grew and expanded through all the seventeen years that Frances was with Pat in China.

The *Empress of Canada* remained at its Kobe dock site for several days. On Friday, September 6, it sailed for Shanghai, taking the route of the Inland Sea. This is a saltwater sea surrounded on all sides by islands of Japan, and a day-long cruise through the Inland Sea is a day filled with breathtaking views of the passing scenery [*see Fig. 9*]. The *Empress of Canada* reached Shanghai on September 11th.[2] An ocean liner normally requires fewer than five or six days to

[1] Agnes Rowland Richardson, *The Claimed Blessing*, p. 2.

[2] C. H. Patterson tells the day of arrival in P. Frank Price, *Our China Investment*, p. 146.

Fig. 9. Sailing the Inland Sea on the Empress of Canada, *Sep. 6, 1923.*

cruise from Kobe to Shanghai, so perhaps the ship stopped overnight at Nagasaki to replenish the supplies of coal that fed its steam engines.

At Shanghai, Craig and Anne Patterson met the newly arrived Pattersons and warmly welcomed them to China. Pat and Frances had come to an area of the world in which the civilization was more than five thousand years old. They had also come to an area of the world that Pat had not seen since he was fourteen, and an area of the world that was entirely new and unknown to Frances.

Language School (1923-1924)

Craig had reserved a room for Pat and Frances at the Missionary Home on Bubbling Wells Road. Located in the bustling midtown of Shanghai, the Missionary Home was an inn of sorts, managed by a Miss Spurling of England and designed for departing or arriving missionaries who needed temporary quarters in Shanghai. The Home was congenial for missionaries, and inexpensive. Pete and Agnes Richardson also took rooms there. Frances always remembered the Missionary Home for the heat and humidity of the guest rooms during the Shanghai summer months. Her children remember it for the large punkah suspended from the ceiling of the dining room, pulled back and forth by a servant at mealtime in an attempt to produce cooling breezes for the guests. ("Punkah" is a word from India that British expatriates introduced to Shanghai. Other Indian words that they brought along to Shanghai included "the bund," the waterfront; and "tiffin," lunch.)

Let's consider Pat and Frances's travel schedule in the weeks that followed. They arrived in Shanghai on Tuesday, September 11. Newcomers usually needed four or five days to secure identification papers and, if they planned to go inland, shop for items likely to be scarce in the hinterland. When all was ready, the senior and junior Pattersons set out for Tengxian by train. At that time there was no bridge over the Chang Jiang (Yangtze) at Nanjing, so passengers go-

ing north spent the night in Nanjing and ferried across the river the next morning. The train's coaches had already been ferried across, overnight. Depending on how pushed for time the Patterson group was, they may have stopped at Xuzhou, a Southern Presbyterian mission station. Among the missionaries that Frances might have met was Nettie Grier, M.D., who traveled from Xuzhou to Suqian in 1897 to help Annie Patterson, M.D., when Pat was born. The remaining section of the trip, from Xuzhou to Tengxian, took only a few hours.

Craig and Annie had been reassigned to Tengxian in 1922, just a year earlier. Frances and Pat were probably able to stay there for only a few days. We know from annotations on photographs that on September 21, 1923, Craig accompanied Frances and Pat on a visit to Qufu. This was a town about thirty miles north of Tengxian and located on the same rail line. It is where Confucius lived and died, and the multi-columned Temple of Confucius there is famous throughout China [*see Figs. 10 and 11*]. Probably Craig headed back to Tengxian after visiting the temple, and Pat and Frances went on to Beijing. Their year of language study was about to begin at the North China Union Language School.

Fig. 10. Frances and Craig at Qufu, Sep. 21, 1923. Confucius lived and died here.

In 1923, almost all of the newly arrived Southern Presbyterian missionaries in China were assigned to *Nanjing* for their language study. This included the Richardsons, the James Bears, the Raymond Womeldorfs, the "Ham" Hamiltons, possibly Helen Bailey,[3] and others. But Pat and Frances were assigned to *Beijing*. The Mandarin dialect of Suqian, their intended place of work, was closer to the Mandarin of Beijing than to that of Nanjing.[4] Pat had grown up in Suqian and could speak the Mandarin Chinese of Suqian like a native. But his knowledge of Biblical and theological terms in the Chinese language was limited, and his ability to write Chinese by using Chinese characters was even more limited. Frances, of course, was totally unacquainted with the language. So they both had their work laid out for the year ahead.

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[3] Helen Bailey was a friend of the Pattersons from their days at Union Seminary and Assembly's Training School. She went to China in 1923 and was stationed with the Pattersons in Suqian for about ten years. She studied the Chinese language in 1923-24, but I'm not sure whether at Nanjing or Beijing.

[4] Rev. George A. Hudson, a Southern Presbyterian missionary who arrived in China in 1923, attended the North China Union Language School that year. But this was an anomaly. Mr. Hudson grew up in Zhejiang Province, at Jiaxing, south of the Yangtze, and he returned to Jiaxing for his mission work. The language there is entirely different from the Mandarin of north China. However, during Mr. Hudson's year at the Beijing language school, he married a Miss Katherine E. Hodgson, then Secretary of the school [P. Frank Price, *Our China Investment*, p. 145]. Perhaps that explains why he chose to attend the Beijing language school.

Prospective missionaries who were students in the Beijing language program were encouraged to remain together as an interdenominational Christian group as they selected Beijing living quarters. Many did so. Pat observes: "Our living allowance from the Mission Board was minimal. To make ends meet, Frances and I took a job for the year as resident managers of a guesthouse where many of the language students lived."[5]

Fig. 11. Craig and Frances at the Temple of Confucius, Sep. 21, 1923. They stand by a column carved from a single stone.

The group of language students chose Saturdays as the time to visit temples, monuments, the forbidden city, and other sights in and around Beijing. Several times we have mentioned a little booklet of annotated photographs that goes back to Pat and Frances's early days in China. The booklet enables a reconstruction, at least in part, of the sequence of places that the students visited. Not surprisingly, the first place they went, on Saturday, October 13th, was the Great Wall [*Fig. 12*]. The next Saturday, October 20th, they had a moonlight picnic at the Altar of Heaven [*Fig. 13*]. There is also a picture of the widely admired Temple of Heaven [*Fig. 14*]. Frances's annotations on this picture mention that formerly the temple was used for rites associated with the Chinese New Year, so perhaps it was on the Chinese New Year's Day of 1924 that the students made their visit.

When the Beijing school year came to an end, Pat and Frances had some vacation time before they needed to go to Suqian, and they went to Kuling to join the senior Pattersons. Kuling was a mountain retreat, about six hundred miles west of Suqian, located on a mountain range that spread over to connect with the Himalayas. Pat and Frances probably left Beijing by

Fig. 12. The Great Wall, built 200 B.C.E. to 1600 C.E., visited October 13, 1923.

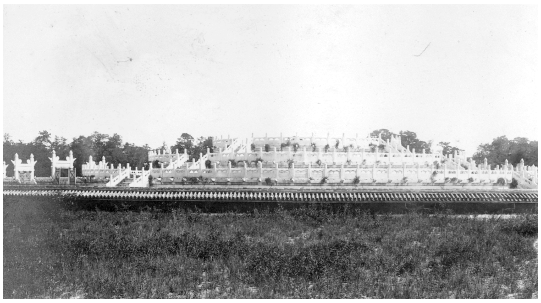

Fig. 13. Altar of Heaven, built 1420 C.E. The group ate here by moonlight, Oct. 20, 1923.

[5] C. H. Patterson, *My China That Was* (second edition, 1993), p. 39.

train and rode southward to Nanjing, then boarded a river steamer to cruise westward on the Chang Jiang (Yangtze) for two or three days, finally arriving at Jiujiang (Kiukiang). To get up the mountain to Kuling, one either climbed the mountainside on stair steps or was carried up the mountain on a litter. Younger men often wanted to climb, women usually chose to be carried, babies were carried in their mothers' laps, and older children were placed on the litters in groups of two, being first admonished to behave themselves with each other.

While Frances was still in Beijing, she wrote a note to Agnes Richardson. It tells about some of the plans that the Pattersons and Richardsons developed for that first summer. Here is how Agnes recalled that note for her memoirs, told many years later to an amanuensis:

> We invite you [*Frances said*] to come spend the months of July and August in Kuling with us in Mother's cottage on the mountain. She is going to take her cook, who knows the ropes, but she wants us two wives to do the housekeeping. We can take week about and manage the old cook, or probably he will manage us. It will give us experience and be good to be up there together, don't you think? We can share expenses, and Mother, being a good doctor, will be fine to have around. I told you my secret in my recent letter, and now you replied in like manner; isn't it fun to know we're both expecting about the same time? December and January! Dad Patterson says the men can have a spare room to have the language school teacher come in for a morning lesson.[6]

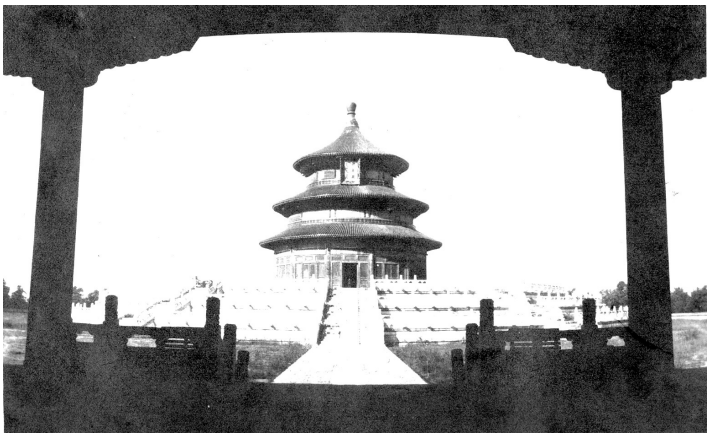

Fig. 14. The New Year Temple of Heaven, built ca. 1420 C.E.

The reference to a language teacher who would come to tutor the men but not the women is probably realistic. A married woman missionary was expected to know enough Chinese to deal with the cook, carry on family responsibilities, and go to church. Male missionaries were expected to take on more responsibilities outside the home. But how do we understand that

[6] Agnes Rowland Richardson, *The Claimed Blessing*, p. 38. This note is useful for the information it contains, but the style of writing is not really that of Frances. Frances never spoke of "Mother's cottage" at Kuling. It was always "the Patterson cottage." Frances never spoke of her father-in-law as "Dad Patterson." It was always "Father Patterson." (Did the amanuensis perhaps think "Father" sounded too Catholic?) And some of the phrases in the letter just don't sound right. Frances would not have said that the cook "knows the ropes," but she might have said, "he is well trained" or "is fully experienced." Frances would not have said that her mother-in-law "will be fine to have around." That's a little too casual. On the other hand, to say that Annie asked her guests to do the housekeeping sounds authentic. I suspect that an amanuensis or editorial assistant produced the final copy of the note.

Pat and Pete, who had been sent to different language schools in order to learn different versions of Chinese, were now supposed to take their lessons together in one room and with the same teacher? I suspect that their 1924 summer language program focused on reading the language and writing it, not speaking it. Varying pronunciations of Chinese dialects only occasionally have an effect on how the characters are written or on their meanings.

As the end of August approached, the time came for missionaries to hire litter-bearers once again, get downstream tickets on a Yangtze steamer, disembark at Zhenjiang (Chinkiang) instead of Nanjing (this is what the Pattersons would have done, in order to reach the Grand Canal), switch over to a junk, and for a week or more be propelled northward towards Suqian by wind power, by oars or poles, or by ropes strapped to the backs of coolies.

Warlord Feng Yuxiang, a "Christian General"

Pat's and Frances's 1923 arrival in China was during a stretch of time now known as the Warlord Period. The period that goes by this name is spoken of as having lasted about a dozen years, starting in 1916 with the death of Yuan Shikai, a military strongman of the early republic, and ending in 1928 with the completion of Chiang Kai-Shek's Northern Expedition [*for information on the Northern Expedition, see Chap. 5*]. When historians designate 1928 as the closing year for the Warlord Period, they do not tell the whole story. In various parts of China—Manchuria, far-northern China, far-western China — some warlords continued to be active as late as 1949, the year that the Communists took over.

The term "warlord" is pejorative when used for military leaders in China. It implies a self-serving, violent, oppressive ruler who dominates a section of the country for a time. However, the warlords differed considerably from each other. It is a fact that some were entirely self-serving, but a few of the more constructive ones seem to have been seeking a path forward for the nation. In any case, despite the fact that the warlords were a divisive group, the Warlord Period did not lead China into any permanent revisions of the country's geographical boundaries. During the twelve years from 1916 to 1928, about ten warlords managed to achieve national prominence.[7] One of those ten was a certain Feng Yuxiang, a man who was a relatively constructive warlord on the whole.

Fig. 15. Feng Yuxiang.

I was already an adult when my father mentioned to me that he, Pat, had once seen Feng Yuxiang in Beijing and perhaps had been introduced to him. Pat added that Feng was both a warlord and a reputed Christian. When my father spoke to me about Feng, he did not say anything about Beijing being hit by cannon balls, or about hearing military rifles fire away all through the night. In this detail, I believe he was historically accurate. In 1924, Feng was already partially in control of much of the land

[7] See Graham Hutchings, *Modern China: A Guide to a Century of Change* (Harvard, 2001), pp. 459f.

area around Beijing, and he captured the city by a sudden seizure, avoiding an actual battle. He held the city for only a few weeks, during which time his main political accomplishment was expelling Pu Yi, the last member of the Qing Dynasty to claim the throne in Beijing. Within two or three weeks, Wu Peifu, a powerful warlord from north China, forced Feng out of the capital city. Once again, Feng managed to avoid an active battle inside the city walls.

Frances never said anything to her children about Feng. Perhaps she did not actually see Feng in Beijing, or perhaps it was just that her conversations with her children about Chinese politics usually did not reach back much earlier than Chiang Kai-Shek.

The citation below gives us an interesting description of Feng as a "Christian general." It was written by Northern Presbyterian missionaries in Changde, Hunan, a city of south central China. It was published in the denominational mission reports for 1921.

> Probably in all the long centuries of [*China's*] history there has never been witnessed the sight which became comparatively commonplace to our eyes—of a thousand Chinese soldiers marching through the city streets, singing "Onward Christian Soldiers" as they marched. [*Here is*] a Chinese city where no opium could be smoked, where the city streets were clean, where vice [*prostitution*] was compelled to hide its hideousness, where the church was invited to preach to those in prison…and where reform was the order of the day.…We gladly bear this testimony to the genuine Christianity of General Feng U Hsiang [*Feng Yuxiang*] and his officers.[8]

Feng converted to Christianity in 1914, at the age of thirty-two. It may be worth noting that in earlier years Sun Yat-sen also professed Christianity for a time, and in later years Chiang Kai Shek did the same. Two years after Feng's conversion, that is, in 1916, he became a warlord. He continued to be a Christian after that, but the combination of "Christian" and "warlord" sometimes produced unexpected results. For instance, he is said to have used a hose to shoot water over his troops, adopting this as a form of baptism. We will have more to say about Feng's career in Chapter 5, when we get to Chiang Kai-Shek's Northern Expedition.

The Piano

When the Pattersons arrived in Suqian in September 1924, they were assigned to a house in a compound that lay about a quarter of a mile to the south of the main city wall. The compound had its own protective wall, and it provided space for both the hospital and the boys' high school. The headmaster of the boys' school at that time was Mr. Hugh McCutchan. Mr. McCutchan was due for a furlough and Pat Patterson was asked to take over the school for a year, so he and Frances settled into the headmaster's house, a residence adjoining both the school and the hospital. Frances was expecting to have her first child in December, so she was particularly glad to see how close their residence was to the hospital. Dr. Charles Voss was now Suqian's missionary doctor, replacing Dr. Bradley for a time.

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[8] Cited by G. Thompson Brown, *Earthen Vessels and Transcendent Power*, pp. 193f. Tommy Brown, as G. T. Brown was known in his early days, grew up in Xuzhou as the son of Rev. and Mrs. Francis A. Brown, Southern Presbyterian missionaries whom Pat and Frances knew well.

Wooden furniture was available in Suqian, meaning that the house was adequately supplied with beds, tables, chairs, and bookshelves. Pat and Frances had brought along supplies of clothes, blankets, and bed linens from the U.S.A. But one thing that Frances really missed was a piano. In just a few brief sentences, Pat's memoirs tell us how that vacancy was filled.

> Frances was a musician to the tips of her fingers, and she had a remarkable natural ear for the piano. One of her real gratifications in China was that we were able to have a piano, sent to her by her father, brought up the canal to Suqian.[9]

Pat's brief statement answers several questions. Pat and Frances would not have been able to afford a piano on their missionary salary. So who paid for it? We now know it was a gift from Dr. Glasgow. And that helps to answer another question: when did Frances actually get the piano? Pat and Frances reached Suqian in 1924, and Dr. Glasgow died in 1927. So the gift must date from some time in between, perhaps 1925.

And then another question arises: how did the piano reach Suqian? Pat tells us "up the canal." Such a trip would not have been easy. Pat and Frances very likely placed their order in Shanghai. They would have done this in Shanghai, not Beijing, because during their year in language school Frances had not yet visited Suqian and would not have known how practical it would be to have a piano. Frances wanted an upright piano, and she chose a Moutrie, an Australian make. The Australian piano company would have shipped the piano to Hong Kong by ocean vessel. (Hong Kong and Australia were both parts of the British Empire, so Hong Kong would have been the preferred port of entry.) The Shanghai music store would have followed up by having the piano sent via train to a port on the Grand Canal, perhaps Zhenjiang (Chinkiang). It would have been transferred from the train to the freight deck of a Grand Canal junk, where it would have rested for the next hundred and fifty miles. But that's still not quite the whole story. At that time Suqian had no motorized vehicles of any sort, none. Cobblestone streets barred delivering the piano by wagon. So porters using bamboo poles to lift the piano with their shoulders would have hoisted it up from the deck of a Grand Canal junk and personally carried it the last few miles.

During the 1928 third stage of Chiang Kai-Shek's Northern Expedition [*see below, Chap. 5*], Chinese soldiers overran Suqian some twenty times. In 1925, the Pattersons had been assigned a missionary house in north Suqian. In 1927, when the Pattersons fled from Suqian to find safety, the house had been left empty except for a servant looking after it. But "empty" is the wrong word. There were those twenty-or-more times when soldiers from both sides of the civil war commandeered every room in the house. So what happened to the piano? A local Christian family took it over for safekeeping. When the Pattersons returned to Suqian in 1929, there it stood in the Patterson living room.

Frances's effort to teach her children how to play the piano did not have much success. But the children found other ways to make the piano attractive. Houston and Bob remember using the space under the keyboard as a living room playhouse. Anne, at the young age of three or

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[9] C. H. Patterson, *My China That Was* (2nd edition, 1993), p. 71.

four, learned that when she and one of her parents had differences of opinion, she could use the same area as an "Isolation Zone."

Houston Jr. also recollects a full day of entertainment that was provided for the children, at least once, by a piano tuner. Suqian is an inland town, and at that time the whole town boasted of just this one piano. How did it happen that a piano tuner appeared? As Houston recalls it, the tuner looked more European than Asian. The communist revolution in Russia had recently driven a number of White Russians out of the country, and many of them emigrated to Shanghai.[10] Could it be that a Russian piano tuner in Shanghai, looking for business, found his way to the lonely instrument in Suqian? Well, perhaps. (Or perhaps Frances had previously made arrangements with the tuner.)

When Frances and her family moved to Tengxian in the spring of 1940, the piano went along. But it was only about six months later that the U.S. consul in Shanghai instructed Frances to leave Tengxian and return to America, taking her children with her. The intention was to avoid Japanese internment if and when the U.S. became engaged in the Sino-Japanese war. In the summer of 1941, when the attack on Pearl Harbor was just six months away, Pat also returned to America. Frances and Pat were never again able to get back to China.

But the piano was still there. Its later history is of interest. In Tengxian, Pat had become acquainted with Pastor Zhang Xuegung. The pastor had graduated from the North China Seminary of Tengxian in 1929, and had been able, with financial help from a Tengxian missionary, to pursue graduate work at both Princeton Seminary and Moody Bible Institute. Returning to China, Pastor Zhang later became the president of the North China Seminary. During World War II, he protected the piano from Japanese looters, and his twin sons became very much committed to learning how to play music. After the war, Pat and Frances knew they would not be returning to China, and they wrote to Pastor Zhang, giving him the piano.

While the war with Japan was still going on, Pastor Zhang led a portion of the students and faculty of the North China Seminary out to West China. In the years following the war with Japan, China continued a long-running civil war between the Communists and the Nationalists. In time, Communists began to defeat Nationalists, and finally, in 1949, the Communists emerged victorious. When Kunming, in western China, fell to the Communists, Pastor Zhang is thought to have gone to Singapore, along with some other members of the seminary faculty. I do not know if any members of Pastor Zhang's personal family were able to go with him.[11]

In the early 1950s, Frances's older son, Houston Patterson, Jr., was living in Chattanooga. He once attended a church service in which Pastor Zhang was the visiting speaker. After the service, Houston introduced himself and mentioned that several times as a child he had visited Tengxian. When Pastor Zhang saw the similarity of Houston Jr.'s Chinese name to that of Houston Patterson Sr., he recognized that this was Houston Sr.'s son, and he told Houston Jr. with genuine enthusiasm how much the piano had meant to his family.

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[10] The White Russians were anti-Soviet Russians. Many emigrated from Russia and clustered in Shanghai until the end of World War II. After that, many emigrated again, this time to the U.S.A.

[11] Most of the information about Pastor Zhang comes from *Craig Patterson in China*, p. 136.

Bombardment of Suqian by Warlord Sun Zhuanfang (1925)

Since the Chinese revolution of 1911, Dr. Sun Yatsen[12] was known by the sobriquet, "Father of the Country." But "father" though he may have been, he was never able to solve the problem of warlords. When Dr. Sun died, 12 March 1925, a particularly difficult period of warlord activity began. Among other things, Suqian was actually subjected to shellfire on the night of November 10, 1925, just eight months after Dr. Sun's death.

An account of the attack must go back to about a month earlier. In the middle of October 1925, Suqian people began noticing, as evenings approached, that military personnel were setting up bivouacs in the fields outside the town walls and moving on the next day towards Anhui Province, sixty miles to the south. Along the way, the soldiers looted stores and invaded private homes, often raping the women they found.

A footnote in Pat's memoirs suggests that these looting soldiers "had some loose connection" with Sun Zhuanfang,[13] a warlord who operated from Shanghai and the coastal provinces. Warlords often formed alliances with other warlords in order to gain power, and such a group was spoken of as a "clique." The Zhili Clique was based in Hobei, a north-central province of China, and its influence reached down into the coastal provinces of Shandong and Jiangsu. Wu Peifu was the leading warlord in the Zhili Clique, and Sun Zhuanfang was his associate. In the 1920s the Zhili Clique often engaged in battle with the Anhui Clique. The latter was based just west of Nanjing, in the province of Anhui, and it was powerful in central China. Pat's footnote does not mention the Zhili Clique, but he quite convincingly suggests that the soldiers who were passing Suqian and heading south for an attack on Anhui had some kind of connection to Sun Zhuanfang. They may have been directly associated with Sun, or they may have been some of Wu Peifu's northern troops, sent southward to help Sun Zhuanfang.

The women of Suqian were deeply alarmed by the thought of after-dark intrusions, and some three hundred women in Suqian began to seek refuge each night in the Protestant compound at the north end of the walled city. The women brought along their children, and any available space in missionary homes was quickly filled, as were school buildings, the church building, the compound's courtyards, and a recently completed residence across the street, now occupied by the Pattersons. When this quest for safety had continued for about two weeks, and the number of women had grown to about five hundred per night, missionaries thought that the compound had reached the limit of its capacity. But worse was to come.[14]

Word came that the Anhui troops had defeated the Zhili troops, and the defeated Zhili soldiers were retreating northward in considerable disarray, carrying on a rampage of vigorous looting as they came. Women spending nights in the compound rose to a thousand. On November 10, the general who had charge of the troops arrived, and that night the number seek-

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[12] The current Chinese version of this name is "Sun Yixian."

[13] "Sun" is a Chinese family name, but Sun Zhuanfang was not related to Sun Yatsen. Cf. C. H. Patterson, memoirs (1993 ed.), p. 43, n.1.

[14] This paragraph and several following paragraphs rely mainly on R. G. Patterson, *Partnership in the Gospel* (unpublished ms.), pp. 81-85. The primary sources are missionary letters written by Nettie Junkin, Will Junkin, and Agnes Bradley. See also C. H. Patterson, *op. cit.*, pp. 42-44.

ing refuge in the overcrowded compounds jumped to fifteen hundred. The city fathers sent a delegation to talk with the military officers and seek peace, asking one of the Suqian missionaries, Mr. Junkin, to accompany the delegates as an observer. The general demanded a payment of more money than existed in the town. Mr. Junkin came back about midnight and reported that the town would probably be shelled.

Fig. 16. A Special Service, Nov. 29, 1925.

Here is Pat's description of what the people in the Patterson home did:

> We all went into the cellar of our house, hoping for the best. We formed a really motley crowd. In the center was Frances, holding eleven month old Houston. Various friends were nearby. Chinese visitors were jammed into the room. All at once we were stunned by an explosion that broke most of the exterior glass on the south side of the house. A shrapnel shell had landed there.…Things were tense for the next few hours. Renegade soldiers did much looting in the town.[15]

The city delegates, including the mayor (the city *Xian*), and also including Mr. Junkin as an observer, had been pleading with the general for about two hours. During that time, a fusillade of canon shells had been showered on the city. For the most part, the canon shots were directed at the *yamen*, the police headquarters, but unfortunately those headquarters were immediately adjacent to the Patterson residence and almost adjacent to the north-end compound, across the street. About thirteen shells exploded in the vicinity of the compound, three directly in it. Remarkably, not a single one of the fifteen hundred people jammed into the compound was killed or even seriously wounded, not even by flesh wounds from the flying glass.

The invading soldiers carried off the mayor in a canal boat, along with five additional members of the Suqian gentry who were taken as hostages. Three or four days later, soldiers from the south, presumably Anhui troops, reached Suqian and established order in the city. The mayor was still in the hands of the fleeing soldiers. But wait! Unexpectedly, the mayor and the five hostages were able to bribe the keepers of their boat of imprisonment, and to escape. They worked their way back to Suqian by dressing as beggars and following country roads. All told, they had been away from Suqian for about ten days.

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[15] C. H. Patterson, *My China That Was* (2nd edition, 1993), p. 43.

On Sunday, November 29th, a special Thanksgiving service was held in the courtyard of the Protestant north-end compound, to give thanks for the safe return of the mayor and the safe return of the five hostages, and for the safety of the city [*see Fig. 16*]. Over two thousand citizens of Suqian gathered for the service. It was an all male gathering, so it did not include Frances. But she, too, was thankful for the safety of her child, and of her family, and of herself. She was also thankful that the month of tension that had affected all the people of Suqian could now subside. And she had seen, in her own experience, the contribution that foreign missionaries could make towards peace.

Refugees in Kobe (April, 1927)

When Frances sailed from Vancouver at the beginning of her first missionary term in 1923, she expected her term to last for seven years. Instead, it lasted four years, with only three of them in Suqian, and it ended in a desperate flight to escape troops engaged in a xenophobic civil war. Pat's description of the China that Frances experienced during those four years is both direct and emphatic: "Missionaries to China…had known nothing but civil strife, plague, famine, and social upheaval, for many years."[16]

A decisive element in the 1927 exodus from Suqian by Pat and Frances was the fact that Frances was seven and a half months along in her second pregnancy. The most explicit account of their unexpected flight from Suqian and their dangerous journey to Kobe is found in Pat's memoirs. I will include his account here.

A Miracle Escape

Selection from C. H. Patterson's Memoirs

> The month was April and the year 1927. Our inland town of Sutsien [*Suqian*[17]] was pretty well isolated, but we could get the *North China Daily News* by mail, and we could sometimes hear more timely news reports over short-wave (if you are willing to discount a pretty high level of static interference). So we knew there was trouble at the national level. We had been following the rise of communism and the influence of Russian advisors far to the south.[18] We had seen in the papers about Chiang Kai Shek, who at that time was a tool in the hands of the Russians to bring China under the sway of Moscow.[19] We had heard reports about communist attempts to take over Japanese-owned textile mills in Shanghai, and it seemed clear that they would sooner or later find a way to confiscate property that belonged to anybody but the Chinese.

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[16] C. H. Patterson, *My China That Was* (2nd edition, 1993), p. 54.

[17] I will use C. H. Patterson's spellings for the place names. The first time a place name appears, I will enter the modern spelling, bracketed and italicized.

[18] Notably Michael Borodin, probably the most prominent adviser. Borodin's base was Canton, far to the south. He was in China from September 1923 through July 1927.

[19] Chiang's son, Chiang Qing Guo, who later was president of the Republic of China in Taiwan for many years, received his higher education in Russia and was married throughout life to a Russian wife.

As for us, even though we knew that brigands roamed the countryside around Sutsien, life in the city itself seemed relatively normal. Doctors had changed in the interim. Dr. John W. Bradley had come back to his old stamping ground and Dr. Voss had gone to another station. There was a missionary nurse in Sutsien at that time, and we knew that Dr. Bradley had many years of obstetrical experience. We felt fortunate in this, because Frances was some seven and one-half months pregnant with our second child. We little realized that one of the most dangerous crises that we would ever face in China was rapidly approaching.

In early April, six or eight weeks before the date set for the new baby's arrival, we got an urgent message from the U.S. consul in Shanghai, via Dr. [*L. Nelson*] Bell[20] in Tsingkiangpu [*Qingjiangpu*], for everybody to get out. Dr. Bell's message came as a great shock to us. We had not heard of any specific anti-American activity, or of the actual killing of missionaries. However, those of you who can remember Nanking [*Nanjing*] in 1927 will know that it happened. Soldiers raped the town, looted it, stole it blind, and killed any foreigners they came across. Quite a number were killed. And the same soldiers who had raped Nanking moved northward from there towards Sutsien.[21]

The consul decided that finally the time had come for missionaries in his jurisdiction to be cleared out of China. His instructions were absolutely positive: GET OUT! Just two words. And go by the north, not the south.

None of us wanted to go, but the Chinese said it was necessary. We immediately called a station meeting, and the consensus was that I should get Frances out before there was need for a lengthy overland trip. We got ready within hours, and left. Little Houston was aged two. We had a house full of wedding presents, but naturally we just left those. We only took what we could put in our suitcases, a few knives and forks.

With Frances in the condition that she was in, the only possible way for us to leave Sutsien was to get a boat and travel up the canal ten or twelve hours to Yün Ho [*the modern name has been changed to Peixian*], a place about forty miles east of Hsuchowfu [*Xuzhoufu*] where the canal intersected the Hsuchowfu-Haichow [*Haizhou*] railroad line. There we would catch a train to go one hundred miles east to the coastal city of Haichow, where there was a mission station. From Haichow, we hoped to catch a coastal boat and go on up to north China.

The first thing we had to do was find a canal boat. We didn't really believe we would find one because most of them had been hidden from mutinying soldiers. But believe it or not, we found a little wreck of a boat that had been

[20] Dr. Bell was a medical missionary. He later became the father-in-law of Evangelist Billie Graham.

[21] For more about Nationalist troops in Nanjing in 1927, see Chap. 5.

hidden in some marshes. The owner kindly brought it out and we rented it, got our stuff on, and spent the night about thirty miles up the creek.

The next morning we rose early, got going, and by about 12:00 arrived at Yün Ho,[22] where the railroad station was, intending to wait for the 1:00 o'clock train. We piled out of our boat, took wheelbarrows, and went the half-mile ride to the station.

Some of the train porters asked, "What are you coming here for?"

"We want to catch the train going to Haichow."

"There isn't any train to Haichow."

"What?"

"No, there hasn't been a train for two or three days. The soldiers are mutinying up and down the tracks and breaking things up. Nobody wants to be riding a train and have the engine taken. There isn't a chance of a train going out of here today."

If anybody was ever floored, that was yours truly. What on earth could I do? Two days trip from our station in Sutsien and ordered by our consul to clear out. No way to go north, because there was no place up north to which we could go. No way to go east, because the only possible way to go east was by horse cart or wheelbarrow, and I knew there was no way that Frances, in her condition, could live through it.

I have found that the best thing to do in situations like this is to put things in proper perspective. Look up first. Look up. Look up and ask God what it's all about. Talk things over with God and ask Him what you're supposed to do about it. Look up and ask God if you have strength enough to go through with what He's asking you to do. I looked up. True, I didn't get much consolation, but I looked up.

We went to the station, ate a little lunch, and sat down to think and talk things over. About that time we saw an engine backing into the station with two little cars and a gang of soldiers jumping off. One of the porters came over and said, "Why don't you get on that train and ask them to take you to Haichow?"

I said, "That's a military train and I don't have a ghost of a chance."

He said, "I don't know. Check it out. Go see what you can do."

So I did the oriental stunt. I sent the station master (after giving him a little present in his palm, which is also oriental). "Please go down and see if these

[22] "Yün Ho" is simply the Chinese name for the Grand Canal. The town that the Pattersons were heading for had grown up as a transfer point between the canal and the railroad. Apparently the town borrowed its name from the canal.

fellows are going back to Haichow tonight, and if they are, whether or not I can take my family?"

He came back and said they were very agreeable, that they would be going in about an hour, and that I should be on the train. "You won't even have to buy a ticket. The officer in charge won't even look. He'll just see that the coach stops at Haichow."

If God ever answered a prayer, he surely did it that time, because we had absolutely no other hope in the whole wide world. We got on and the train got to Haichow, and we were even met by friends in the mission station there! Not only were we met, but there was a mission doctor who checked my wife. That happens to be the only time in my life that I was prepared to be an obstetrician. Dr. Bradley had given me a suitcase that I could open up and use what I wanted for any emergency. I've always been grateful that I didn't have to open that suitcase, and I'm also perfectly certain that Frances was deeply grateful.

The missionaries in Haichow, among them Mr. and Mrs. Ed Currie, could not promise a boat to Tsingtao [*Qingdao*], one hundred miles up the coast. But the next day a smelly fishing boat offered to take the trip. Fifteen of us piled on. There was only one cabin, but it was too cold to stay outside, so everyone stayed in it. The fish smell did not help seasickness. We reached Tsingtao the next day.

We met my father and mother there. My mother of course was a doctor and had much experience with childbirth, so I was especially glad to see her. There seemed no way of leaving Tsingtao, since there were no boats. But that same day a passenger freighter from Japan dropped anchor, and we were able to get tickets for Kobe, Japan.

Have you ever been a refugee? It is not a pleasant experience, except to feel that physically there is a brief respite from danger. How well we remember the bemused and surprised look on Mrs. Henry Meyers's face as she watched us debark in Kobe that April morning in 1927.[23] War had never crossed the minds of missionaries to Japan. Plagues were barred from their ports. They had lived with the social stability and artistic beauty of the Japanese culture. Missionaries to China, on the other hand, had known nothing but civil strife, plague, famine, and social upheaval, for many years.

We were refugees from a land that was beginning to boil with communism. We had come as we were. We had been told to escape from China, and picking up what we could carry we had left. Two weeks of upheaval, uncertainty, danger, and discomfort lay behind us. We had passed through a no-man's land

[23] Frances knew the Meyers family well. For most of her life the Meyers had lived in Lexington, Virginia, a few blocks away from Dr. Glasgow's home.

> of disrupted means of communication and lawlessness. We had wired the Meyers that we were coming, and now here we were, refugees getting off of a Japanese freighter.
>
> The smile on Mrs. Meyers's face was more than understandable. Our baggage was back country. A kerosene lantern and food cooking facilities were part of what she now saw. The best looking piece of luggage was a suitcase filled with emergency obstetrical equipment, since I was to be the doctor or the midwife, call it what you please, in case Frances got into trouble and Bob got underway. Frances was more than happy to be in Japan! There were about six weeks left to go before May 18th, 1927, the date of Bob's actual arrival. My mother and father had traveled together with us for the last leg of our trip, from Tsingtao. That had also relieved our minds considerably.
>
> On landing in Kobe we rented a little six room Japanese house and learned the art of leaving our shoes at the door. Frances never forgot that house, because she slipped and bounced herself step by step for ten steps as she was coming down from upstairs. Why the expected baby waited after that for May 18th, we could never figure.[24]

Bob duly arrived on May 18th, and both the mother and the baby did fine. The Craig Pattersons and the Houston Pattersons sailed together from Kobe or Yokohama to San Francisco, leaving Japan by about the middle of June. Ω

[24] C. H. Patterson, *My China That Was* (2nd ed., 1993), pp. 50–55.

Chapter 5

Two Winters in Lexington

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307 Jefferson Street, Lexington, Virginia (1927–1929)

The 1927 exodus from China led to a stay of two years in Lexington, Virginia. Pat's memoirs cover the two years in a single paragraph, so that seems like a good place to start.

> When Frances and I fled China as refugees in 1927, we came back to Lexington. I served at Washington and Lee as secretary of the Y.M.C.A. for those two years. We lived with Frances's father, Dr. Glasgow, during that time. Frances's mother had died while Frances was still in college.[1] In 1927, Dr. Glasgow was in poor health, and we were very glad to have that time to be with him. Shortly before we went back to China in 1929, he passed on.[2]

In later years, the "Y" secretary's job at Washington and Lee was broadened to include the teaching of several Bible courses, but in 1927–29 the position was administrative and did not include academic work. But to be an administrator was not what attracted Pat. Rather, what he wanted was to extend friendship to students, counsel them if asked, encourage them during their college years, and help them develop meaningful lives. W&L alumni from Pat's time of service as "Y" secretary include Al Peery of Tazewell, for one, and Ran Shields, whose early life was in Jinan, the capital of Shandong, and later life in Staunton, for another. They later wrote letters of appreciation for what he had done for them. The letters mention overnight hiking trips into the Blue Ridge mountains, one-day hikes to the top of nearby House Mountain, and, in both cases, introductions to persons whom they later married.

Pat tells us that Frances's father, Dr. Glasgow was in poor health. The six months that Frances had with him after she returned from China were especially rewarding.

Fig. 17. Aunt Bets, with the boys, Bobby and Houston, in Lexington, about 1928.

[1] Frances's mother died about a month after Frances finished college. See pp. 21-22.

[2] C. H. Patterson, *My China That Was* (2nd edition, 1993), p. 29. Dr. Glasgow died on 19 November 1927, so they shared about six months with him.

Much of Frances's time during those two years in Lexington was devoted to caring for her own two boys. Houston, who grew from two and a half years old to four and a half during those years, still remembers a student from Japan who enrolled at Washington and Lee in the second of the two years, 1928–29, intending to study at an American university. But the young man had run into difficulties (cross cultural difficulties? language difficulties?). Pat befriended him, and much to young Houston's delight the Japanese student chose to live in the Glasgow home rather than in a dormitory room at the university. At the end of the school year, the student returned to Yokohama.

Fig. 18. Dr. Glasgow's home, 307 Jefferson Street. Frances was born here, her wedding reception was here, Dr. Glasgow died here. Built about 1880, sold out of the family in 1928 or 1929.

Then there was Bobby, who grew from one month old to two years old. Bob's memory doesn't stretch back to those years in Lexington, but perhaps he later compensated by returning to Lexington in 1944 for his college education.

Dr. Glasgow's home, 307 Jefferson Street [*Fig. 18*], was Frances's childhood home, and after Dr. Glasgow died she and Pat continued living there. At the time, civil disturbances amounting to civil war were rampant in China [*see on pp. 52-53,* "Chiang Kai-Shek's Northern Expedition"]. Churches often invited Frances, or Pat, or both, to come and discuss the Christian church in China and the effects that the Chinese disturbances would have on missionary work. Additionally, Pat and Frances received a number of invitations from out-of-town relatives to come visit and to bring along their children. Both the church visitations and the family visits called for a means of transportation—and Pat had one. It was a Dodge sedan. Since Pat never in his life bought any make of car except a Ford, I think we can safely assume that Dr. Glasgow had passed the Dodge on to him.

By the spring of 1929, Frances's sister Mamie was married and living in Chattanooga, her sister Katherine was married and living in Rome, Georgia, and her older half brother, Robert Glasgow, Jr., had returned from Colorado to Charlotte and was in the final stages of his long struggle with tuberculosis. And Frances would soon be heading back to China. The time had come to sell the Lexington home. I do not know who handled this, but I do know that fifteen years later, when I went to Washington and Lee, the house was no longer in the family.

Chiang Kai-Shek's Northern Expedition (1926–1928)

Ever since the Republic of China was formed in 1911, its most serious national problem had been warlords, each with his own personal army, each engaged in splintering the nation. A major effort to overcome the warlords and unify the country began to take shape in 1926. Three groups came together for this purpose: (1) a right-wing group, the Kuomintang ("Nationalist Party"), along with their army known as the National Revolutionary Army (the NRA); (2) a left-wing group, communist troops from the area around Wuhan who signed an agreement to join ranks with the NRA; and (3) the Soviet Union, which contributed advisers and military materiel. Besides these three groups, several Guandong warlords joined in, bringing along their own troops.

The NRA and these other groups joined together in the city of Guangzhou. The overall plan was to proceed from the southern city of Guangzhou to the northern capital, Beijing, in the process making an ambitious northward sweep that would clear the country of warlords and reunite China. The campaign was called the Northern Expedition. Sun Yat-Sen, the most important citizen of China at that time, appointed Chiang Kai-Shek to be the lead general. The Northern Expedition took three years to complete, and the best way to describe it is to speak of it as having three stages.

The first stage was a military campaign involving the NRA and the other groups who had met in Guangzhou. This large group divided itself into three armies—West, Central, and East— each intending to follow a different railway route northward. This stage lasted a little less than a year, from July 1926 until March 1927.

(1) The West Army. Communist soldiers, other left-wing soldiers, and the Russian advisers made up one of the three armies, the one on the western flank. Its goal for the first year was to reach Wuhan, in Hubei Province. This western army had good success during the first year of the Northern Expedition, defeating the warlord Wu Peifu and reaching Wuhan.

(2) The Central Army. The was the NRA, made up of Chiang Kai-Shek's soldiers. Among the three armies, the central army had the largest number of soldiers. As the Nationalist soldiers moved northward, their primary opponent was Sun Zhuanfang, a warlord who caused them considerable difficulty. However, in November 1926 the NRA won several crucial battles, and the central army moved on to gain the central city of Nanjing. This was accomplished in early 1927. After the city had already been captured, some of the NRA soldiers began a vicious rampage within the city walls, killing thousands of Chinese and deliberately murdering several foreigners. We might make a side comment here and note that the hostility against foreigners that surfaced in the destruction of Nanjing helped to persuade Pat and Frances to do as the U.S. consul recommended, viz., leave Suqian immediately and seek refuge in Kobe.

(3) The East Army. The smallest of the three armies was the one on the eastern flank. It moved gradually northward, following the line of the coast and aiming for Shanghai. A serious problem for this army was that its route moved through Xiang Gang (Hong Kong), where a full year of heavy rioting had begun and was continuing.

The second stage of the Northern Expedition occupied an entire year, from March 1927 to March 1928, and it was utterly different from the first stage. The second stage was not a battle

against warlords but rather a fight between the right and left wings of the NRA for control of the Nationalist movement. In April 1927—the very month in which Pat and Frances fled to Kobe—Chiang Kai-Shek linked up with the coastal army, which by then had reached Shanghai, and the combined troops wiped out communist soldiers in Shanghai. This was the first step in the Nationalists' complete break with Communism. Within a year, Nationalists expelled Communist forces from Nanjing, accomplished the same in Wuhan, dispatched Soviet advisors back home to Russia, and caused a proposed left-wing government in Wuhan to collapse. One factor that weakened left-wingers in Wuhan was that warlord Feng Yuxiang abandoned communism and agreed, on 21 June 1927, to unite with Chiang Kai-Shek.[3]

The third stage was a swift and successful offensive against warlords in the Beijing area, carried out by a reorganized NRA. This final stage lasted from March to June, 1928. The NRA was divided into three armies, the First Army under Chiang, the Second Army under warlord Feng Yuxiang, and a Third Army under another warlord, Yan Xishan of Shanxi Province. On 6 July 1928, Chiang declared from Beijing that the Northern Expedition had accomplished its goal and that China was now united. It is true that Chiang had driven some of the stronger warlords into exile and that he had won some of the others into cooperation with the Nationalists. But many movements that were still going on in China raised substantial doubts about Chiang's claim that China was united.

None of the major battles of the Northern Expedition were fought in Suqian. However, Suqian's position on the Grand Canal meant that many troops passed through it, both "northerners" (warlord troops) and "southerners" (Nationalists). Pat noted later that soldiers from both sides assumed that they could occupy any building they wanted. A caretaker who was protecting the Patterson house in Suqian did well in his handling of local thieves or beggars, but there was no way he could prevent occupation of the house by groups of soldiers. The caretaker kept a record of how many times that happened, and it mounted up to twenty-two. Their stays in the house ranged from overnight to two weeks at a time.[4]

After Chiang captured Beijing in 1928, Feng Yuxiang differed with him on the question of troop demobilization, and the two generals split. In 1930, Chiang defeated Feng on the battlefield. That ended Feng's political career, though Chiang did continue appointing him to minor governmental positions. We noted earlier that some missionaries backed Feng rather vigorously. But after 1927-28, missionaries in China tended to move their support to Chiang Kai-Shek, so Feng's withdrawal from Chiang in 1928 probably diminished the missionary goodwill he had earlier had. Nevertheless, Feng's lifetime of activities establish him as one of the more constructive warlords. As for his public commitment to Christianity, it seems to have continued for the remainder of his life. Perhaps the tentatively positive remarks that Pat made to me about Feng reflect that. Feng Yuxiang died in 1948.

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[3] For more on Feng Yuxiang, see above, pp. 39f.

[4] C. H. Patterson, *My China That Was* (2nd edition, 1993), p. 55.

A Letter of Consolation and Perplexity

When the B. C. Pattersons came back to America in 1927 for their furlough, Craig's mother, Tirzah Willson Patterson, was still living. Craig and his wife, Annie, settled into a house in Staunton, and Tirzah moved in from her Barterbrook home to stay with them in the Staunton home for the winter of 1927-28. When Craig and Annie returned to China in the summer of 1928, Craig knew that he probably was seeing his mother for the last time.

Tirzah died on 21 March 1929, after a three-day bout with pneumonia. She was eighty-five years old. Pat, knowing that Tirzah was not well, had previously come to Barterbrook, bringing along his four year old, Houston, Jr. Frances drove up from Lexington to Tinkling Spring Presbyterian Church, where the funeral was held, perhaps bringing along little Bobby.

After Frances returned to Lexington, she wrote a letter of consolation to Craig Patterson, her father-in-law. Craig, along with Annie, had returned to Tengxian, China, and Frances's letter would have taken approximately a month reach him. Two of its sheets, that is, four pages of writing, have been preserved. They appear below.

PARTIAL LETTER (*incomplete manuscript*) FROM FRANCES G. PATTERSON, LEXINGTON, VA, TO THE REV. BROWN CRAIG PATTERSON, TENGXIAN, CHINA, 25 MARCH 1929.

March 25, 1929

Dear Father,

Many people said they were going to write you about Grandma's last days & the beautiful ending of her earthly life. From all I could hear there was no suffering, not even a consciousness of her condition. Her going was [*p. 2*] so quiet and peaceful. She had the sweetest expression I ever saw and looked exactly like she did when she would drop to sleep on the sofa. The funeral was an occasion I don't expect ever to forget. While there were many tears, still we couldn't feel sad that she had reached Home & there seemed to be an atmosphere of victory over death. I came away [*p. 3*] feeling that death was a glorious entrance into a fuller & more perfect life. You were especially remembered in each of the prayers. Uncle Blackwood was remarkable. He seemed stronger to me & many others & more alert than I have seen him since I came home.[5] We brought Miss Winifred[6] & little Helen[7] home & they stayed several days with us. Certainly did [*p. 4*] en-

[5] When missionaries said "came home," it meant "came back to America." "Uncle Blackwood" means the first John Blackwood Patterson, Craig's brother. He was seriously afflicted with Parkinson's disease during the last years of his life.

[6] Miss Winifred Goodwin, a member of Tinkling Spring Church, was a neighbor who lived near to Maple Terrace. She lived alone in a well-built two-story house on a hill. In the 1940s, children in the neighborhood sought her out for the occasional rides she would give them in the rumble seat of her Model A Ford coupe. The automobile dated back to about 1930, but it was still impressive.

[7] I think "Helen" means Helen Gilkeson, granddaughter of the first John Blackwood Patterson.

> joy their visit. Norman spent one night here, then went on back to Richmond from Tinkling Spring.[8]
>
> We certainly feel perplexed over our summer plans & are praying for definite guidance. Pat wrote you a letter several weeks ago asking you to cable him. At first I didn't want him to mail the letter, but then I decided that if he really felt what he wrote, he had better [*end of manuscript*]

In the spring of 1929, the Southern Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions informed the Pattersons that they could now return to China. Frances's letter to Craig says that she and Pat were searching for the will of God about whether they should do this. As of 1929, demobilized troops and roving bandits were plentiful in China. Craig, nevertheless, may have sent Pat and Frances an encouraging message, maybe more than one. When summer came, the Pattersons were to be found headed for China aboard the *U.S.S. President Taft*. Ω

[8] Norman Patterson was C. H. Patterson's younger brother. Norman earned an M.D. in Richmond and later went to Suqian as a medical missionary.

PART THREE

HER SECOND TERM IN CHINA

During her second term in China, Frances contributed greatly to the growth of the faculty and student body of the Suqian Women's Bible School, as well as improving the campus. The three women above are teachers. Miss Huang, on the left, also assisted Frances in administration. The moongate seen in the wall above, the new classroom/dormitory building visible behind Miss Huang, in addition to some dining hall facilities not included in the photograph, were formally dedicated on November 9, 1935.
{Fig. 20 on page 68 will show Frances among the teachers.)

Chapter 6

On the Mission Field (1929–1936)

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Getting There

The 1929 trip on the *President Taft* was Frances's second westward crossing of the Pacific. The Mission Board helped missionaries plan overseas trips, recommending the best and most economical ways for them to go. For ocean trips, missionaries were issued "tourist class" tickets. The Board wavered between the U.S.A. and Canada, that is, between the Dollar Lines, known for their "President" ships that sailed through the Golden Gate, and the Canadian Pacific Lines, known for their "Empress" ships that sailed around the southern tip of Vancouver Island. The *President Taft* provided a U.S.A. trip. [*Cf. Appendix F.*]

Frances sometimes had problems with seasickness. But the 1929 trip posed quite a different problem. The voyage itself was smooth enough, but during the trip Frances and Pat needed to look after two rambunctious boys, aged four and two. We can see something of the problem in one of Pat's stories. When the family crossed the continent by rail on that 1929 trip, Norman Patterson, Pat's younger brother, traveled with them. By 1929 Norman had earned his M.D. degree, and he was now traveling to China to join Dr. Nelson Bell at the missionary hospital in Qingjiang [*now named Huai'an*] to complete his internship. Norman's plan fit perfectly with his intention to stay in China as a missionary doctor. As the train they were on rolled westward, the Pattersons disembarked for a time at the Grand Canyon. In a letter that Pat Sr. wrote to his granddaughter, Mary Moore, we learn what happened.

RESTLESS SOULS

BY C. H. Patterson, One of the Stories Sent to Mary Moore

> Houston and Bob were both very active and restless as little children. Many illustrations come to mind. This was especially obvious during periods of travel. ... We stopped to see the Grand Canyon on our way back to China in 1929. The old hotel still stands next to the railroad tracks where we stopped. Norman was with us. Frances and I wanted the afternoon off, and Norman offered to look after the two boys [*in his room*]. We should have known better. As soon as we left he locked the hotel door, lay down on the bed and went to sleep, leaving the two boys to fend for themselves. There was nothing in that room that was not turned over, pulled out, thrown on the floor, taken off the walls, with suitcases opened to add to the confusion.
>
> I said they were restless boys. We did get them to Shanghai alive, however.[1]

[1] A typed ms., now among family papers. C. H. Patterson sent it to Mary Moore on 9 Sept. 1980.

There was more to happen before they got to Shanghai. Here is another of the stories that Pat sent to Mary Moore.

TWO LITTLE BOYS AND A FOUR-FOOT RAIL

By C. H. Patterson, One of the Stories Sent to Mary Moore

> What would you do, if you were on an ocean liner, looking after two little boys, aged 2 and 4, realizing that they were active enough to crawl up on the rail, to look over the ocean and possibly fall in? As a matter of fact, that is not just a theoretical possibility. I looked up at the pilot house one day and saw my little son Houston trying to climb up the rope ladder on the mast. He didn't go very far, but he certainly had it in the back of his head.
>
> We were on the deck one day and looked around and couldn't find the two-year old. He had been with us just a moment before. There were plenty of holes he could have fallen into and the rail that he could have fallen from. We looked and looked and were getting more desperate. Finally as we and various friends were searching every deck and cranny, a member of the boat crew came by and said, "I don't know whom you are looking for, but there is a little boy in the main section of the dining room on deck A [*i.e., up in First Class*], beating on the drums and blowing the horns. You might check there first." Sure enough, there he was, in all his glory, learning how to be a bandmaster when he was two. We were delighted to find him, but that didn't alleviate the tension when we were trying to be good parents on a boat that was going 4000 miles through waves and rolls and occasional storms.[2]

Bob, aged two at the time, doesn't remember his adventurous foray up to First Class. Houston, aged four and a half, does remember two other events during this trip. One was the time that he was at the stern of the tourist deck, sitting in the deckchairs that were clustered around the small swimming pool. As Houston recalls it, he bolted out of his chair and jumped into the pool, landing at the bottom on his back — and he didn't know how to swim. Pat reached him before he drowned, picked him up by his feet, and shook him a little to clear his lungs. As Pat said of his boys, later, "We got them to Shanghai alive."[3]

The other event that Houston remembers was a stopover in Yokohama. We spoke earlier of the Japanese student at W&L who lived in the Glasgow home with the Pattersons for a time. The student's family in Japan had learned, probably with the help of their son, that the Pattersons would be coming through Japan on the *U.S.S. President Taft*. As an expression of appreciation for the help that had been given to their son, the family invited the Pattersons to

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[2] This was number four in a series of stories called "What Would You Have Done?" that C. H. Patterson wrote for his granddaughter, Mary Moore. He sent them to her in the fall of 1980.

[3] Curiously, Bobby had a quite similar experience that same summer. Pat and the two boys were at the Shanghai Y.M.C.A. pool, and Bobby fell in. Pat saw him walking along the bottom, his head under water, and rescued him. Bob, himself, doesn't really recall the incident.

come for a visit and for a meal at their home in Yokohama. Pat and Frances always enjoyed stopovers in Japan, and they gladly accepted the invitation. That is where young Houston's recollections begin. When the Pattersons reached the front door of the Japanese home, it was necessary for them to remove their shoes before entering. But when Houston took off his shoes, Frances saw with chagrin that one of his socks had a big hole in it. Frances suggested that he take off both socks and go barefoot. I am confident that the Japanese family met the situation with utmost courtesy. But Houston was left rather dispirited because he felt that he was being treated differently from other members of the family.[4]

In Suqian

When the family returned to China in 1929, Frances and the children stayed in Xuzhou for about six months before going back to Suqian. Frances and Pat were seeking to find out whether Suqian really was safe. All five of the events listed below occurred in or near Suqian between 1923 and 1929, that is, during the half dozen years since the C. H. Pattersons first arrived in China.

• **A warlord shells Suqian.** In early November 1925, one year after the Pattersons arrived in Suqian, warlord Sun Zhuanfang's troops shelled the town, landing at least one shell near the Patterson home. Also, the troops kidnapped the magistrate. [*See Chap. 4.*]

• **Bandits imprison Mr. Junkin.** A year later, in October, 1926, armed bandits at Han-kou-ye, a small country settlement about fifteen or twenty miles to the northeast of Suqian, accosted Will Junkin, a veteran Suqian missionary, and used rifles to hold him as a prisoner. Fortunately, they let him go before long.[5]

• **The Pattersons become refugees.** Less than a year after that, in April, 1927, civil war forced the Pattersons to flee from Suqian as refugees. [*See Chap. 4.*]

• **Farmers rise up in an insurgency.** In February 1929, just when the Pattersons in Lexington were thinking of possibly returning to Suqian, farmers in the rural areas of the town rose up to protest increased taxes and other new laws. The farmers entered Suqian, trashed government records, tore down two public buildings, and burned several public schools for girls. (The farmers apparently thought that if girls spent time at school, it would interfere with the work they did at home.) After a few days, rural peasants from a group known as the Small Swords Society joined the Suqian farmers, bringing along extra rifles and supplies of ammunition. Earlier, the Suqian city gates had been closed and barred. But the insurgents, now better equipped with arms, continued their siege on the town and in just a few weeks drove the autocratic governors and several hundred Nationalist troops out of town.[6]

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[4] Houston and Bob recently tried to rediscover the name of the Japanese student. He probably was at W&L during the school year 1928-29. Houston thought that if we knew his name, we might learn what he did in later life. However, the search at W&L has so far not uncovered his name.

[5] R. G. Patterson, *From the First Day Until Now,* pp. 88-90.

[6] *Ibid.*, pp. 94-97.

• **Troops occupy mission buildings.** From 1927 to 1931, intermittent occupation of the town by Nationalist troops was an ongoing plague. In a 1935 pamphlet, Pat speaks of occasional incursions by those troops: "Soldiers … between 1927 and 1931 constantly quartered themselves by force in many of our mission buildings."[7]

Notice the wide diversity among the various groups responsible for these attacks: left wing *warlord* troops, right wing *Nationalist* troops, local *bandits* from surrounding villages, local *farmers*. It was a discouraging series of events.

Over in Xuzhou, the Rev. and Mrs. Oscar V. Armstrong, evangelical and educational missionaries, were on furlough, and their house was available for use. Frances and the boys temporarily moved in. Pat still had his Harley Davidson, and he could get his fall work started by itinerating to Suqian. As for Xuzhou, it was a good place to spend some time. For one thing, both men's and women's hospitals were established there, and there were doctors in residence. Dr. Nettie Grier was on furlough, but Dr. A. A. McFadyen, an experienced and well-loved doctor, was there. During this time in Xuzhou, Pat came down with a case of scarlet fever. He had caught it while itinerating in the Suqian field, but he was able to make his way to Xuzhou on his motorcycle, and Dr. McFadyen nurtured him back to health.

Xuzhou was a good place for the children, too. A large compound provided space for three of the city's missionary homes, the three adjacent to one another. One home housed "Ham" and Estelle Hamilton. Their two oldest children, Bob and Minnie, were close to the ages of Houston and Bobby. "Ham" was an interesting person to have around. He had a guitar and enjoyed group singing. Also, he could offer the children rides in his newly imported Model A Ford. Another home was occupied by the Lancasters, Lewis and Eliza. They had been away from Xuzhou for several years, but they came back to the city at just about the same time that the Pattersons arrived. Of their three children, Julia, Page, and Lewis Jr., the two Patterson children were fairly close in age to Page and Lewis. Lewis Sr. was famous among missionaries for his ability to reel off by memory the timetables of all the main railroads in both China and America. The third family, the Frank Browns, had two sons. They were older than the Patterson children, but they were companionable. Houston and Bobby made friends all around, and the friendships proved stable even after all these missionary families had been compelled to return to the United States.

Frances and Pat did not expect to stay in Xuzhou permanently. They were persuaded that God had called them to work in Suqian, and they were willing to put themselves, and their children too, in the hands of God. Furthermore, there was a glimmer of hope that peace and harmony was gradually emerging in the northwest segment of Jiangsu Province, the area that encompassed both Xuzhou and Suqian.

In the spring of 1930 Frances and the two boys packed their belongings and joined Pat in Suqian. The motorcycle trip by which Pat brought them to Suqian was destined to become an oft-retold family story. The distance from Xuzhou to Suqian is about seventy-five miles, and

[7] The pamphlet is *The Mustard Seed Growing in Sutsien.* Some copies still exist among family papers.

with luck a Harley Davidson could make it in half a day. Luggage had been sent ahead. Pat operated the motorcycle. Frances sat in the sidecar, with the two boys squeezed in beside her.

Going from Xuzhou to Suqian involved traversing a dry, desert-like area. (I believe that more recently some artificial lakes and irrigation canals have been made, and the area as a whole may be a bit more agricultural now.) When the trip to Suqian was about halfway done, winds began to rise and sand began to blow. Before long, a full-blown sandstorm was underway, covering the entire area with a blanket of sand. Even with goggles Pat could barely see his way. But they had come too far to turn back, so they kept moving. All members of the family had to struggle to keep sand from damaging their eyes, or their breathing, or their food intake. Frances curled the two children into the front end of the sidecar, the place where passengers usually put their feet. With Houston and Bobby occupying that space, the family was amazed that Frances could still squeeze herself into the sidecar. She protected her own face with scarves as best she could, and they were able to complete the trip to Suqian.

When they got there, the Patterson house was not yet ready to be occupied. Just across the street the Junkin house was available, so the Pattersons settled into it for a few days. The only recollection that Houston and Bob have of those early days in the Junkin house is a sad one. Houston had brought along a little duckling from Xuzhou. Neither he nor Bob remembers how the duckling could be fitted into the sidecar during the sandstorm, but it did get to Suqian. On the afternoon of their arrival, Houston was keeping company with his duckling in the Junkin front yard when a bird of prey, a hawk or an owl, swooped in and snatched it. The children called to their father for help. There was a wall that separated the Junkin yard from Miss Johnston's yard next door, and Pat, making a gargantuan leap over the wall, tried to save the duckling. But the duckling was not to be saved. However, in the months and years ahead Houston and Bobby (and later, Anne) would have many opportunities for pets.

A New Arrival

On the morning of October 16, 1932, Houston and Bobby woke up to discover that they now had a younger sister. The boys were permitted to go quietly to see the new baby in the room where their mother was. And after breakfast and morning prayers, they were permitted to go running across the street to call out to Miss McCutchan and Miss Johnston, "The baby has come! The baby has come! And it's a girl!" Pat's mother, Annie Houston Patterson, M.D., had come from Tengxian to help Frances with the birth of the new baby.[8] Norman Patterson, who had become the station doctor in 1931, was ready to help when needed.[9] The new little girl was given the name of Anne Rutherford Patterson—"Anne" for Annie Houston, "Rutherford" for Annie Houston's father. In later years, Anne herself chose to become a doctor. She remembers with appreciation that her grandmother was one of the relatively small number of family kinfolk who encouraged her in that decision.[10]

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[8] Houston remembers his grandmother was there. Anne remembers Frances telling her the same.

[9] C. H. Patterson tells us this about Norman in *My China That Was* (revised edition, 1993), p. 162.

[10] Anne says her brother Bob also encouraged her. I do remember having done what I could along that line. I was in Yale at the time, and I had come down to New York for a visit with her.

When Houston, Bob, and Anne recollect their Suqian years, one of the things they think about is their exposure to various diseases. Pat and Frances tried hard to protect them from contagion. Every child was given a smallpox vaccination at an early age, and the vaccination was repeated until it "took." All drinking water had to be boiled first and then stowed in containers with lids. Only water that had been previously boiled could be used for drinking or for brushing teeth. Mosquito nets were used to protect against malaria. The mosquitoes found their way into the nets anyway, of course, and the family kept a supply of quinine on hand, a drug that in those days was still effective against malaria.

Apart from contagious diseases, there were accidents that involved broken bones. When Bobby was about five, his brother invited him to put on some shoes equipped with springs and try jumping from the front porch. The idea was that his leap from the porch would get him bouncing, and if he kept on bouncing higher and higher, maybe he could bounce clear over the gatehouse in the front yard. But instead of getting those invigorating initial bounces, Bobby got a broken leg. It stayed in a plaster cast for about six weeks. Houston had his turn as he was doing flips on an exercise bar in the side yard. When he fell off the bar he broke his arm and had to have it reset twice. With the help of Dr. Norman Patterson in Suqian and Dr. Nelson Bell in Qingjiang, the arm was brought back to a usable condition.

Fig. 19. Anne in her mother's arms and exploring a leaf, at about nine months, probably in Suqian at the hospital compound, 1933.

Little Anne, young as she was, had her turn, too. When she was about three years old, she was left at home with her regular amah, Chang Sauze [*this may be roughly translated "Sister Chang"*], while her parents went to Sunday morning services. It was a pleasant autumn day, and Anne was making full use of the yard and the masonry wall surrounding it. Anne saw some planks leaning up against the wall, and she decided to climb a plank. When she was about to reach the place where she could peer over the top of the wall, the plank slipped, Anne fell, and the tip of the little finger of her right hand was caught between her plank and a pipe lying on the ground. Anne pulled her finger free while she was still crouched on the plank, and the result was to split the flesh and pull it from her fingertip, revealing the bone.

A messenger was sent immediately to inform Pat at church. Pat signaled to Frances, seated in the women's section, and they rushed home. Frances urged Pat on: "Pat, Anne needs you. Run to see what you can do. I'll catch up." When Pat found Anne, her finger was bleeding. Sister Chang had done the best she could by wiping away the blood and wrapping the wound with spider webs. There was no missionary doctor at the hospital just then, so Pat examined the finger, decided it might heal, washed it with drinking water, soaked it in mercurochrome,

and bound it up with a bandage. In a postcard of 28 September 1935, Pat said to his parents: "We dressed Anne's finger again this a.m. It is pitiful to see the little bone sticking out. Norman hopes a nail of some kind may grow over the end." The finger did heal, and even the fingernail grew back, though it now grows with a small slant to one side.

After Anne was born in 1932, and before she hurt her finger in 1935, the two boys in the family faced what was to be their most serious disease: tuberculosis. In the summer of 1933, the family had followed its usual custom of going to Kuling. In previous summers, Houston and Bobby had easily walked up from the central settlement of Kuling to the Patterson cottage, running and playing as they climbed. But now they often needed to stop and rest along the way. Both boys had lost weight and looked thin. When their temperature was tested, as Frances had begun to do daily, it was found to be registering two or three degrees above normal. Conferences with Norman Patterson, Nelson Bell, and a TB specialist from Nanjing, led to unanimous agreement that this was tuberculosis. Both of the boys' were identified as having TB of the hilum. The hilum, sometimes called "the root of the lung," is a tube used by the larynx and other organs for communicating with the lung, so in effect the diagnosis was saying that both boys had pulmonary tuberculosis.

TB was endemic in China, and it was no surprise that the boys came down with it. But the diagnosis was devastating for Frances. Her half brother, Robert Glasgow, Jr., had struggled with the disease for five years, and just four years earlier, in 1929, had died. Pat's aunt, Bettie Patterson Hoyt, had struggled with TB for five years, and then died. Frances returned to Suqian knowing that her two boys had active cases of tuberculosis, and also knowing how much her baby girl needed her. Here she was, standing almost alone in a foreign land. How could she protect Anne from the disease? How should she handle the once rambunctious boys, now bed-ridden? More tellingly, how could she provide them with treatments that would give them the greatest hope of recovery? And how long would it all last?

Frances was remarkable in the way she organized the treatments. The boys were assigned to the master bedroom, formerly Frances and Pat's room. Each boy was to stay on his back, in his bed, twenty-four hours a day. Frances designed some bed-trays for a local carpenter to construct, trays that could either lie flat or maintain a slope. When flat, they could be used for a meal; when semi-vertical, for reading or writing or drawing pictures.

Each day was to include ten hours of sleep per night, then a half-hour in mid-morning and another half-hour in the afternoon. Thirteen hours of wakeful time remained for each day. Frances divided this up into regular half-hour periods. There were meals to eat, teeth to brush, bed-baths to be endured, temperatures to be taken. There were the daily trips to the upper back porch, scantily clad, seeking to absorb the sun's rays even in winter. Frances did not want the children's schooling to be set back, so there were the morning periods of reading (the Calvert System taught this well) and spelling (the Calvert System did *not* teach this well) and arithmetic (the Calvert System did OK on this). Frances even used what Lexington High had taught her about agriculture: the boys could watch living plants growing in pots on their windowsills. There was the daily morning period when Miss Mada McCutchan would come from across the street to teach the children some handiwork, such as knitting or weaving. Later Miss

Mary Melrose Johnston, a Scottish lady, would also come from across the street, to tell them a story or read to them chapters from a book.

Oh, I mustn't forget that once a day there was a dosage for each child of twenty drops of halibut-liver oil, put onto the tongue with a medicine dropper. I imagine that drops of halibut-liver oil don't count as medical treatments in the modern world, but in those days they did. Neither boy found the halibut-liver oil at all palatable. In the spring, when the boys were getting better and they were permitted to walk to the bathroom to brush their teeth, they came up with an idea for making their mother realize how bad the stuff really tasted. (For some reason, I think it may have been Bobby who came up with the idea.) They squeezed four or five drops of the halibut-liver oil onto their mother's toothbrush — but said nothing to her about it. Several days later the boys were delighted when Frances asked them, "Boys, have you noticed anything strange lately about the taste of our toothpaste?" The boys confessed all. Frances forgave the boys, but she wasn't a bit happy about what they did to her toothbrush. She boiled it, but that didn't work. Furthermore, toothbrushes were not on the market in Suqian. She had to wait until her next trip to Shanghai, months away, before she could buy a new toothbrush.

The boys spent about eight months in their upstairs bedroom, and during that time they never once saw their new sister. When they first became bedridden, Anne was just turning one year old. In the months that followed, Anne was eating in the dining room with her parents, and learning to talk, walk, and climb steps. For Anne not to be exposed to tuberculosis was of prime importance. Presumably her crib or her cot had been put in the dining room, or perhaps the living room, both downstairs. Frances successfully kept Anne away from exposure, and Anne did not get the disease. The way Francis worked this out and kept it up for almost a full year must be counted as one of her finest accomplishments.

We cannot overestimate the relief and joy that Frances felt when the boys' fever readings began to recede and their strength to return. At the beginning of our book, we said that Frances had both a strong desire to help others and an ability to use her mind to find the best ways to do it [*see above, p. 6*]. The care that she gave to her children, all three, during those months of active tuberculosis certainly illustrates this.

The Suqian Women's Bible School

C. H. Patterson's memoirs speak of the urgent need in Suqian for a women's Bible school.

> The need for this school was staggering. My mother [*Annie Houston Patterson*], Mrs. Junkin, Mrs. M. A. Hopkins, and others, had all had their turn in the struggle to bring into the emerging Chinese Christian community the presence of the Christian wife, the Christian mother, the Christian home. With rare exceptions, Christian women, even the wives of our Christian ministers and teachers, were unable to read the Bible. Husbands were not prepared to undertake to teach their wives to read. The church's day schools were mostly for children under the fifth grade, and they would not permit adult women to enroll. What Frances was doing was giving a new dimension to evangelism.[11]

[11] *My China That Was* (2nd edition, 1993), p. 75.

Before Frances reached China, Nettie Junkin had devoted much of her missionary life to the development of Christian schools. In the larger Suqian area, many of these schools were scattered around in small villages and taught children only through the fifth grade. Nettie helped to establish a central school for boys that could enroll students from the country schools and enable them to continue their secondary education. In 1908, Mr. Hugh McCutchan became the headmaster of the boys' school. Nettie then helped to develop a central girls' school. In 1911, Miss Mada McCutchan, Hugh McCutchan's sister, came to the field to take over the girls' school. Nettie was once again relieved of many responsibilities, but there were more to come. Nettie made the following comment in a 1926 essay:

> My third and final start in school work is a school for women. It is not very large yet, and another missionary is preparing to take charge of it in the future.[12]

"Another missionary" meant Frances. I do not know the exact year when Frances began to take over responsibility for the Suqian Women's Bible School, but it was almost certainly not until after her 1930 return to Suqian. During the next several years, she may have taken on some limited responsibilities, but she probably did not assume full responsibility until the fall of 1934. That was after the boys were up and around, though they still took daily naps and still had daily doses of the halibut-liver oil to swallow. By September 1934, Frances was using the Calvert System to tutor her two boys in their second and fourth grade schoolwork. Nevertheless, between 1934 and 1936 she was able to divide up her time and accomplish some remarkable advances in the work of the Women's Bible School.

The Bible School had grown slowly in its early years. It began as a small band of Christian women whom Nettie Junkin invited to gather in her living room. Several years later, the group was given limited permission to use one of the rooms in the girls' school. By 1932, a triangular shaped corner of land in the northern part of town was secured, between the yard wall of Miss Johnston's house and the Suqian city wall. The plot included one or two small mud houses with straw roofs, houses that out-of-town students could use. A major step forward took place in 1934, when the women of the Southern Presbyterian Church in the U.S. chose the Suqian Women's Bible School for one of their annual gifts.

Here is how Pat described the leadership that Frances provided during the next two years for the development of the school:

> The Women of the Church in America provided the funds through out Mission Board. It was a highly demanding job. She [*Frances*] saw to the erection of its buildings, she recruited the faculty, helped with the teaching, and participated in the running of the school. Besides Frances, there were two or three Chinese Christian women teachers; and there were about two dozen women students living as residents on the campus, and other women who came by day. Not only did she do an excellent job with the school, she also kept the Mission Board and the churchwomen in America in touch with what was happening.[13]

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[12] *Our China Investment*, p. 61.

[13] *My China That Was* (2nd edition, 1993), pp. 74f.

Fig. 20. Frances and teachers at the Women's Bible School, November 9, 1935. Miss Huang is second from the left. It is interesting to note that none of the women have bound feet.

The picture at the beginning of this chapter shows some of the same Chinese women as those pictured here, standing in front of the moon gate that became part of the new campus. Miss Huang, in both pictures, was the teacher whom the Patterson children came to know best.

Virtually 100% of the women students in the Bible School had bound feet. During Frances's years in China, younger girls had already begun to abandon this severely damaging Chinese practice. Additional time would be needed for the Chinese to establish college-education for women, or to appoint women to salaried jobs, or for the church to ordain women as Christian ministers, but in recent years these other movements have become more widespread. The potential that this school had for helping Chinese women was great. Unfortunately, the Japanese occupation led to difficult times, especially after Pearl Harbor, and the school was closed altogether after the Communists came to power in 1949.

Many years later Elizabeth Mottesheard, a member of the Presbyterian Church in Williamson, West Virginia, wrote an essay about Frances that ties together both the Suqian Bible School we have been speaking of and a Glasgow inheritance that we will come to a little later in this chapter. Mrs. Mottesheard sent the essay to Pat in 1987, on his ninetieth birthday. I will include selections from it that have to do with Frances and the school.

A Timely Inheritance

Selections from an Essay by Elizabeth Mottesheard.

> Mrs. Patterson was the sponsor and Bible teacher of our young girls' circle [*in Williamson*]. Once when speaking of the power of prayer, she told of her experiences as a missionary with her husband in China. She worked with the Chinese women and attempted to teach them [not only the message of] the Bible and the love God had for all people, but [also how to *read* the Bible. Family healthcare was an occasional topic. And Mrs. "Pat" recognized, in her early years at the school, that the resident women, who cooked their own meals, needed better cooking equipment.] But she felt that the situation was hopeless as the budget from the Missionary Board could only be stretched so far.

> Believing strongly in the power of prayer, she prayed regularly and fervently for the much-needed equipment she longed to have for the Chinese women's classroom.
>
> One day she received a message that an uncle (one she had almost forgotten she had) had died in America and she was the beneficiary of a certain monetary inheritance. The amount was not large, but her mind and heart raced as she realized it was enough to buy the [equipment] she so sorely felt she needed. She remarked that seeing and hearing the "oh's" and "ah's" of the Chinese women as they tasted ice cream for the first time more than repaid her for the money she had spent.[14]

Sometimes it is difficult to tell whether Mrs. Mottesheard's essay is speaking of women house-servants in Frances's Suqian home or of women attending the Bible School. The selections above focus on references to a "classroom" or to "teaching the Bible," that is, focus on the school. Each residential student at the school brought her own food supplies from home and prepared her own meals, and in its earlier years the school badly needed to improve food-preparation facilities.

The ice cream to which Mrs. Mottesheard refers in the closing paragraph of her essay sounds like Frances helped the women in the Bible School to arrange a party. Suqian had no public utility for the production of electricity, so ice cream could be made only by gathering winter ice. Of course Frances did not think that churning ice cream was part of the Women's Bible School curriculum. But she might have thought that an ice cream party would be good for morale all around.

An Inheritance from William Anderson Glasgow, Jr.

In March 1986, Pat wrote a letter to his children about an inheritance Frances had received some years earlier from a Glasgow uncle. The first part of his letter provides us with some of the facts about the inheritance. I will start there.

> OPENING LINES OF A LETTER BY C. H. PATTERSON, BLUEFIELD, WEST VIRGINIA, SENT TO EACH OF HIS THREE CHILDREN, MARCH 17, 1986.
>
> *CRAIG HOUSTON PATTERSON*
> *P. O. BOX 1452*
> *BLUEFIELD, WEST VIRGINIA 24701*
>
> March 17, 1986
>
> Houston, Robert, Anne .....
>
> Dear Children:
>
> Herewith an official notification for which the time has come. Your mother received from the estate of an uncle a sum of money which she valued very highly and which meant a lot to us in China when mission

[14] Brackets indicate modifications I have made to Mrs. Mottesheard's text.

> salaries were so slim. We nibbled on the principal from 1929–1942, and then realizing that it would all be nibbled away, she suggested that we limit all use of the fund to interest income. On coming to Bluefield she turned it over to Guy Lawhead in the trust dept of the Flat Top Bank. They took the approx. $30,000 and nursed it to about $60,000 at the time of her death. She left this in trust by her will, the income to come to me while and if I was living, and to be divided equally between you three at the time of my death ….

Confirmation for Pat's 1986 letter may be found in a legal document that dates from December 8, 1942, a document about the inheritance. It is called "SCHEDULE OF DISTRIBUTIONS TO THIRD AND FINAL ACCOUNT." It lists the nineteen Glasgow cousins who were recipients, including Frances G. Patterson, and tells of an identical payment going to each one, the final distribution per person amounting to slightly under $2,000. When the heading speaks of the 1942 legal document as the "third and final account," it suggests that each cousin had received a total of three distributions. Hence, (1) the first payment we know to have been in 1929, just after the death of Frances's Uncle William Glasgow, but we don't know the size of the distribution; (2) the "middle" payment was at a date unknown and for an amount unknown; and (3), the third payment was in December 1942, just after the death of Frances's Aunt Jean Glasgow, for an amount of about $2,000. A reasonable guess about the totality of each recipient's three distributions would be about $35,000 to $40,000.

Which Glasgow uncle left these inheritances in his estate? I have not seen any family papers that answer this question, but I believe the donor was William Anderson Glasgow, Jr. He was Dr. Robert Glasgow's half brother, and thus Frances's uncle. He was a lawyer in Philadelphia, and his connection to Philadelphia shows in the fact that the 1942 Schedule of Distribution was mailed to Frances by John Harper, another Philadelphia lawyer. The same 1942 document mentions Mr. Glasgow's widow, Jean Glasgow, as being now deceased. In a 1941 letter to Frances, Pat refers to "Aunt Jean's Estate."[15] Finally, we know that Wm. A. Glasgow Jr. had a well paying legal career, which helps to account for his ability to make generous gifts to nineteen recipients. The recipients included his son, perhaps his daughter, and seventeen nieces and nephews. [*For a full list of the nineteen first cousins, see Appendix C.*]

Mr. Harper, the Philadelphia lawyer who wrote the 1942 letter to Frances, enclosed a check for $1825.97 and, in the same envelope, an accompanying final check for $55.11. He specifically (and appropriately) addressed his letter to "*Mrs.* C. H. Patterson"—not "Dr. and Mrs." As we have said, the total sum of the three distributions that Frances received came to about $35,000, perhaps somewhat more—a substantial amount in those depression days. She experienced deep satisfaction that this gift would help with the children's educational needs or with other family needs. She also was pleased that the gift called attention to the Glasgow side of her family. I am inclined to disagree with Mrs. Mottesheard that "Frances had almost forgotten she had (this uncle)." When Frances's father and mother were married, William A. Glas-

[15] Letter from C. H. Patterson, Tengxian, to Frances Patterson, Hendersonville, 16 Feb. 1941.

gow Jr. was the "best man," and I believe that family ties continued to be important and strong between this uncle and his extended family, even though he moved to Philadelphia.

When Frances, in conference with Pat, put money into family projects, the two of them often discussed these projects with their children. Sometimes they mentioned the amount of money about to be spent, but they never identified the particular sources that the money came from. In retrospect, it seems likely that funds from the Glasgow inheritance helped to pay for Houston's and Bob's going to McCallie, perhaps helped with Bob's and Anne's college and professional education, and with Houston's final year at Stevens Tech in Hoboken, after the Navy was no longer paying his way. A few "nibbles on the Glasgow funds" [*as Pat put it*] may also have helped the family to buy cars in 1936, 1938, and 1941. And perhaps the $2,000 that arrived from Philadelphia in 1942 played a role in the decision to buy a Montreat house, a decision pleasing to the entire family but especially important for Frances.

Having said that, let me admit that I have no evidence for what I am now about to say, but I will say it anyway. I suspect that Frances tithed her funds, setting aside one tenth of each distribution from her uncle's estate to be used for gifts to the church, or to the Mission Board, or for particular projects on the mission field. As Mrs. Mottesheard suggested, the Suqian Women's Bible School had an urgent need for contributions in the early years for which Frances held responsibility. If Frances did indeed tithe her Glasgow inheritance funds, it seems quite likely that a good portion of her contributions would have gone to the Women's Bible School. Ω

Chapter 7

North American Homes (1936–1937)

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The Trip "Home" (Summer 1936)

The Pattersons were due for a furlough in the summer of 1936. About a year earlier, Frances felt strongly that Houston Jr. needed to attend school with children his own age in order to prepare for the furlough that was coming. The Hillcrest School in Nanjing (Nanking) provided English language schooling for missionary children. A conference with the headmaster convinced Frances that Houston's four years with the Calvert System qualified him at Hillcrest for the sixth grade rather than the fifth. The Frank W. Price family invited him to stay with them, and he went to Nanjing for his sixth grade. Houston's departure left Bobby pretty isolated, and in the spring of 1936 Frances arranged for Bobby to spend several months with the James Montgomery family at Huai'an.[1] Bobby's age was just between that of the Montgomery boys, Nelson and Bob, and the visit worked out well. As for Anne, she was three in October 1935, and she had friends her age right there in Suqian—Norman Patterson, Jr., and Ann Woods.

The trip "home" in the summer of 1936, aboard the *U.S.S. President Pierce*, was smooth and uneventful. Houston may have been overly ready to sneak around to the seaward side of the upper-deck lifeboats, sometimes with Bobby following, thereby giving them both a good view of the ocean — and a good chance of falling into it. But that did not happen, and the *President Pierce* eventually passed through the Golden Gate uneventfully and glided to its pier in San Francisco. Henry Mack, the husband of Pat's younger sister Margaret, met the Pattersons in an automobile/trailer combo and drove them to Monterrey, where the senior Macks lived. The Patterson family enjoyed visiting with the Mack family for the next few days.

The final segment of the Patterson trip was by railroad. Their train was called "The Southerner," and, as one might have known, it took the southern route across the country. It left from San Francisco, crossed the Great Salt Lake on an earthen causeway that had been built up in the lake, and went on to New Orleans. There the family changed trains and continued northeastward to Richmond, not making a side trip to New Orleans. Throughout the train trip they slept on bunks in the Pullman cars and had meals in the dining cars, and the whole journey across the country took only about three days and nights. After their experiences with rickshaws, river steamers, Grand Canal junks, Chinese passenger trains, and a motorcycle sidecar in a sandstorm, this trip seemed to the family to be first class.

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[1] In those days, Huai'anfu was a small town about ten miles south of its larger neighbor, Qingjiangpu. Huai'an was merged into Qingjiang in about 1960, and later "Huai'an" became the name for the single large city.

Mission Court, Richmond, Virginia

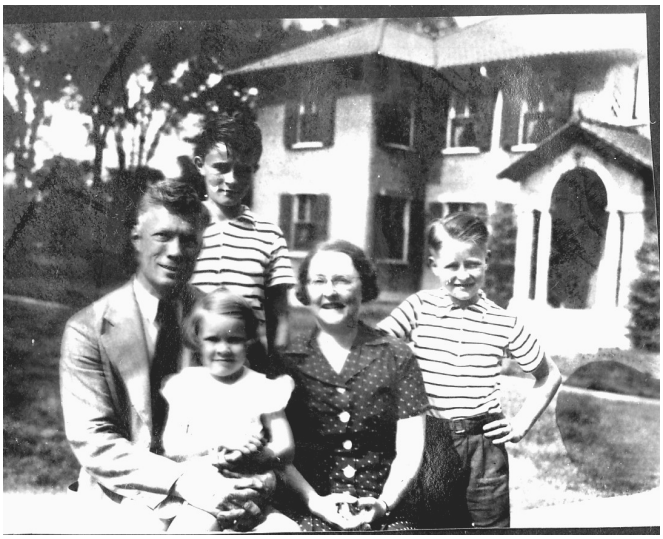

Fig. 21. Pat, Frances, Houston, Bobby, and Anne at Mission Court, 1936. The family apartment was on the lower floor, left end.

Why did Frances and Pat choose Richmond, Virginia, as the place for their furlough? An obvious answer is Mission Court, located on the campus of Union Seminary, with eight modest but comfortable apartments, relatively low in rent, and providing missionaries a chance to associate with other missionaries coming from Africa, Brazil, Mexico, Japan, or China. Having said that, it needs to be added that when missionaries complete seven years abroad, they yearn for that furlough year "at home," and they think hard about where to go. They want to be near their aging parents in the home country, or near their adult children, or near other relatives and friends. They want satisfactory schools for their younger children, and they sometimes want to enhance their own education at the graduate level. They or their children may have a special health need. Finally, they like to be where they can make appearances at church gatherings and discuss recent developments on the mission field.

Richmond satisfied a good many of these objectives. "Aging parents" were not part of the picture for Pat and Frances. Frances's parents had died, and Pat's parents were in China. But there were a good many opportunities in Richmond for contacts with other relatives, on both sides of the family. For Pat, there was his sister Margaret, now Mrs. Mack, whose home at the Assembly's Training School put her in easy walking distance of Mission Court. Then, too, there were half a dozen Houston aunts. For Frances, there were Hutcheson first cousins, namely, three doctor-families: Dr. James Morrison Hutcheson, M.D.; Harriet Morrison Hutcheson, wife of Dr. Page Mauck, M.D.; and Emma Gold Hutcheson, wife of Achile Murat Willis, M.D. Going back one generation, the mother of these three Hutchesons in Richmond was Mary Moore Morrison (Hutcheson). She was the sister of Frances's mother, Nancy Jane Morrison (Glasgow). Houston and Bobby enjoyed trips to the beach with one set of these cousins, Dr. and Mrs. Mauck and their three sons, Page Jr., Bob, and Bill. And Dr. Mauck rode them to the beach in a Packard, no less! Other relatives, those of both Frances and Pat, were nearby in Lexington or Tinkling Spring. Frances's sisters, however, were further away, Mamie at Hendersonville, North Carolina, and Kack at Rome, Georgia.

An important factor in the decision to go to Richmond was Pat's resolve to extend his studies of Bible and theology at Union Seminary. He had access to the seminary library, and used it. However, as the year progressed he realized that his strengths had more to do with con-

tacting people than with reading books. As for the boys, the school they went to was the Ginter Park Grade School, on Brooks Road, four or five city blocks north of Mission Court. Houston's sixth grade experience at Hillcrest School had not worked out well, and at Ginter Park he enrolled again in the sixth grade, this time with rewarding results. His teacher was Miss Roundtree, a name that the schoolchildren teased about when they were behind her back. Bobby had finished three years of the Calvert System, and the principal of the Ginter Park School advised Frances to enter him in the fifth grade. His teacher, Mrs. Clark, was very helpful, not just in reading, writing, and arithmetic, but also in her occasional prompts to Bobby on the etiquette of how to live together in this land of America.

The missionary families who shared Mission Court with the Pattersons included, that year, the Lewis Lancasters of Xuzhou, China (*cf. p. 62*); the Ed Curries of Haizhou, China (*cf. p. 48*); the Jim Grahams of Yencheng, China; the Hershey Longeneckers of the Congo, Africa; and the Hervey Rosses of various towns in Mexico, including Morelia. Every one of these families had children, and many had sons who were similar in age to Houston and Bobby. The grassy meadow that gave Mission Court a lawn also gave the boys a good place for ball games. And the kids could occasionally look up and see a gyrocopter pass overhead, or, a little bit different, an autogyro. The distant buildings in Fig. 22, behind Ed Currie, are a part of Union Seminary.

Fig. 22. Some of the boys at Mission Court, 1936-1937. Reading from the left, Houston and Bobby Patterson, of Suqian, China; Hervey Ross, of Moralia, Mexico; Ed Currie, of Haizhou, China.

The great reward for a week of good behavior was permission to go downtown for a Saturday movie. The two boys only once had seen a movie in China, a Tarzan film in Shanghai, and maybe, for Houston, a second time, a Mickey Mouse film. The Saturday film they went to in Richmond was always a cowboy film, and it included both international news shorts and a new chapter of the serial that was currently running. The serial that most caught Bobby's attention was "The Spider Gang." Each week's version of the serial began with the gangster leader's wooden peg leg thumping against the sidewalk, ominously signaling by a silent pause after each thump that doomsday was near. The detective who defeated the gang each week was an early film version of Dick Tracy, the cartoon character, played by Ralph Byrd.

Sunday was church day. As spring rolled around, Houston and Bobby both made professions of faith and on Palm Sunday they joined the Ginter Park Presbyterian Church.

At the end of the school year, Pat loaded up his car with Houston and Bobby Patterson and with their cousins, Frank and Bobby Sanford, and took them on a trip to Washington, D.C. They went to see the standard things — the Washington monument, the Halls of Congress, the Declaration of Independence, the Smithsonian Institution. Pat had in mind that the next

time his sons came to America, they would be entering college, and he wanted to use this opportunity to let them visit the national sights and monuments.

Autumn in Vancouver

The arrival of summer in 1937 meant that the one-year furlough was over and that the time had come to return to Suqian for another seven-year term. They had reservations to travel on the *Empress of Asia*, and the family made final visits to the Sanfords and the Owenses. Pat decided to drive the 1935 Ford to Vancouver, where perhaps he would sell it or perhaps he would have it transported to Shanghai and sold there. He took the two boys across the country with him on a trip that included the South Dakota badlands, Mount Rushmore National Monument (the four presidents carved into the mountainside), and Yellowstone Park. The two boys agreed with their father on an allowance of a dollar per day for their meals—25¢, 25¢, and 50¢—and on the whole they fared pretty well, particularly the 50¢ evening meals.

Frances and Anne came by rail and reached Vancouver about a week later than Pat. The Ed Curries and the George Hudsons were also in Vancouver, planning to board the *Empress of Asia*. The three families had a few picnics together in Vancouver parks, where the younger members of the families could cool off by dipping into the Pacific Ocean, and they jointly waited for their *Empress* liner to come in. Then came the shocking news. The missionaries in Vancouver already knew that since early July the Japanese had been making attacks on Beijing and other places in North China. The shocking news was that Japan's naval ships, marine forces, and air force had traveled down China's east coast undetected and had mounted a major surprise attack against Shanghai. The attack began on August 11. The Japanese bombardment of Shanghai began while the *Empress of Asia* was at port in Hong Kong, and the British government requisitioned that ship to help rescue Canadian and British citizens who were stranded in Shanghai [*cf. 1937 entry in Appendix F*]. As for the missionary families who were in Vancouver, their reservations on the *Empress of Asia* were immediately cancelled.

Dr. Darby Fulton was at that time the Secretary of Foreign Missions of the Southern Presbyterian Church, and the missionaries in Vancouver kept in touch with him to get information about what they should do. Conceivably the Japanese might withdraw from Shanghai, as they had done in 1932 [*see Appendix F, the 1932 entry*]. Living in a hotel in Vancouver would be unnecessarily expensive, so the Pattersons rented a place at 1870 Laurel Street, Vancouver, British Columbia. The widow who owned the house lived alone on the second floor and rented out the first floor. Within several blocks of their new home there was a school, the Cecil Rhodes School, and Houston and Bobby enrolled in the seventh and sixth grades. This turned out to be probably the best public school they ever attended. Anne, now almost five, entered a nearby kindergarten that met in a large room that had once been the nave of a church. Pat liked to have some work to do, and he volunteered to serve as a supply minister for a small Canadian Presbyterian church.

The family stayed in Vancouver for about three months. At the Laurel Street house, Houston turned the garage into a carpenter's workshop and began to build a rowboat. For reasons now lost to history, he named his rowboat the "Blue Moon." When it was more or less com-

plete, he took it to one of the parks by the ocean to try it out. We have to report, regretfully, that the "Blue Moon" was only moderately successful for ocean travel. It usually turned over.

Bobby, meanwhile, got involved in a *Liberty* magazine door-to-door sales program requiring one or two afternoons a week. In Vancouver the magazine sold for about 8¢ Canadian. Bobby earned a penny for each *Liberty* he sold. He discovered that if he knocked on doors all day, he could make a total of perhaps five cents. After a few weeks, he quit.

Anne turned five on Saturday, 16 October 1937. One of the more notable events on Laurel Street during the family's period there was the time that Anne invited all the girls of her kindergarten class to come to her birthday party. However, she neglected to mention this to Frances. When Saturday came, Frances's first clue that something was in the air was the arrival at the front door of a mother bringing along her little daughter all dressed up in a party dress and with a bow in her hair. In the course of the afternoon, some seven or eight mothers and their little girls turned up, the little girls all in party dresses and all of them shy and clinging to their mothers. Frances had never before met any of the mothers, and she had no idea how many guests to expect, so she began to ransack her brain. She already had a birthday cake for Anne, and that could be cut into smaller pieces. During her years in China she had learned to serve tea British style, boiling hot and with cream and sugar, and she now knew that Canadian style tea followed the British example. But did she have enough teacups? Did she even have enough paper napkins? She may have sent Pat out the back door on an emergency shopping trip. The party was rather formal, or at least I don't remember seeing games for five-year-olds out on the front lawn, but the children did finally recognize one another and start up conversations. Frances must have been gratified when the minimal pieces of birthday cake seemed to be popular with the children, and when the mothers accepted refills for their cups of British style tea. Anne's birthday was a social event that Frances did not soon forget.

On Monday, 1 November 1937, about when Houston was trying to finish the "Blue Moon," Pat's brother, Norman Patterson, a medical missionary in Suqian, arrived in Vancouver for *his* furlough, along with his wife Athalie, and their three children, "Little" Athalie, Norman Jr., and three-month old Kittie. Margaret Wood, a missionary nurse who also worked in Suqian, was traveling with them. The ship on which they crossed the Pacific was the *Rhineland*.[2] Japanese and Chinese troops were still battling at Shanghai, so probably their trip originated at Qingdao (Tsingtao), formerly a German colony. In Vancouver, the Norman Pattersons and Margaret Wood stayed in a hotel near the train station, and on two successive evenings came out to have supper with the Houston Pattersons. The second afternoon, as Norman was arriving at the house on Laurel Street, he made gifts of silver half-dollars to both Houston and Bobby—spectacular gifts for kids, in those days! The next morning, the Norman

[2] The *Rhineland* was a British steam freighter, launched in 1922. It sank in September 1941, torpedoed by a U-boat. The Sino-Japanese War made a 1937 crossing of the Pacific difficult at best. Freighters of that day, and still in our own day, often set aside some staterooms for passengers. The Norman Pattersons and Margaret Wood secured such rooms. That the ship's name was spelled *Rhineland,* not *Rheinland*, shows that it was British, not German. If more information about the *Rhineland* is desired, connect with <ubootwaffe.net>.

Pattersons, along with Margaret Wood, left for their destinations in the U.S.A.[3] Houston used his half-dollar to buy some supplies of wooden planks for his "Blue Moon." Bobby used his to buy some kits with which to make model airplanes.

In mid-November, the Mission Board informed the Pattersons that returning to the North Jiangsu mission area in China was still difficult or impossible, and that they should go home for Christmas. On their last day in Vancouver, Houston and Bobby gathered up all the models of World War II fighter planes they had built, wound up the propellers, and set the paper fuselages on fire. Then they stood on the outside steps of their front door and launched each fiery plane into a final flamboyant flight and crash. At Frances's insistence, the boys cleaned up the wreckages. As the family was leaving Laurel Street, they could see one of Vancouver's famously dense fogs creeping steadily across the landscape. Such a fog would entirely block travel, and they left without delay.

About fifty-five years later, when Houston retired from his career as a teacher at McCallie School for Boys, he and his wife Shirley flew to Vancouver, looking forward to a return trip on the Canadian Pacific Railway, including a stop at the Banff Hotel in the Canadian Rockies. While in Vancouver, Houston discovered that the address of 1870 Laurel Street no longer existed. The neighborhood had been demolished to create a parking area for a new hospital. He also discovered that the streets that once formed an easy two-block connection between 1870 Laurel Street and the Cecil Rhodes School had been so modified that he could no longer find the school. So, as of now we don't know whether the school does or doesn't exist.

Christmas in Hendersonville (1937)

The family's return from Vancouver to Hendersonville was in late fall, but it can better be called a winter trip. Snow was falling in all central states of the U.S., and layer after layer of ice was building up on the highways. The 1935 Ford that Pat was driving had affixed to its roof a pile of suitcases, duffle bags, and cardboard boxes. (Alas, "Blue Moon" had been left behind.) Pat had to drive through the central part of the country with extreme care, sometimes failing to cover even a hundred miles in a day, and stopping before dark each afternoon.

Frances's sister, Mamie Sanford, invited the whole family to come spend Christmas with them and stay until some kind of decision could be made about where they would settle down, an invitation that was both gracious and appreciated. The Pattersons reached Hendersonville about two weeks before Christmas.

The Sanfords had four children. Thomas Franklin Sanford, Jr. (b. 13 Nov. 1922), fifteen years old, was the serious member of the family. Nancy Morrison Sanford (b. 13 Feb. 1924), thirteen years old, was named for her Glasgow grandmother. Whatever the reason may have been, she was the one in the family who could defeat everybody else at monopoly. Laura Faucette Sanford (b. 18 Oct. 1925), twelve years old, was the studious member of the family. Robert Glasgow Sanford (b. 20 May 1927), ten years old, was the pleasantly mischievous family member. He was named for his grandfather, Robert Glasgow, as Bobby Patterson and Bobby

[3] My thanks to Catherine Farley, of Abingdon, and Nancy Patterson, of Bristol, who located information in Athalie Patterson's diaries about the Norman Pattersons' 1937 Vancouver stopover.

Owens also were. Bobby Patterson and Bobby Sanford were born within two days of each other, and Bobby Owens completed the threesome within a year.

Pat, still employed by the Board of World Missions, was an itinerant minister, speaking to churches about missions, particularly missionary work in China. In January the children enrolled in Hendersonville schools, and Pat continued his itinerant work for the Board. For an explanation of how Pat got a job by visiting Tazewell, Virginia, see the early part of the following chapter. Pat and his family moved to Tazewell by the first of February, and they were able to enroll their children in school at approximately the beginning of the second semester. Frances, who helped her children with school enrollments, was aware that Bobby, in the single year of his the sixth grade, enrolled at three different schools and in two different nations.

Houston enjoyed visiting with Nancy and Laura, who were about his age. And having been supplied at Christmastime with a new bicycle, he was now able to ride to school. Frances and Pat agreed to let him stay in Hendersonville to complete his seventh grade.

Houston had a bad accident that spring. As he was riding his bike, a driver ran a red light (or Houston ran the light—there was a difference of opinion on that subject), knocked Houston's bike over, destroying it, and with the wheels of his car ran over both of Houston's legs. The man put Houston in his car and carried him to a doctor's office, where the doctor was able to reassure Houston that no bones had been broken. So the man brought him home. The bicycle was not worth retrieving, and the man did not offer to buy him a new one. Houston nurtured bruises for a time but eventually made a full recovery.

By way of a swap in childcare, the Pattersons brought Bobby Sanford along with them to Tazewell for the spring semester. I think Bobby Sanford enjoyed the change of pace in his life, and I know that Bobby Patterson enjoyed having him along in Tazewell**.** **Ω**

PART FOUR

A CALL TO JAPANESE OCCUPIED TERRITORY

At Suqian, in 1939, a Japanese officer (on the left) arrives at the hospital compound to check out the newcomers, their passports, their travel passes. An aide on the right may be an interpreter translating the officer's words into Chinese. The officer carries something in his left hand, perhaps a surveying instrument or some other tool? Anne seems to feel that her playtime has been invaded.

Chapter 8

In Japanese Occupied Territory

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Once Again, The Call To Go To Suqian

Pat, in his self-effacing way, described how it happened that the Tazewell Presbyterian Church invited him to be their minister. " 'George St. Clair was on the Board of Washington and Lee University,[1] where I had just received my Doctor of Divinity, six months earlier. Of course, my wife Frances was the daughter of Dr. Glasgow, the school physician for many years,' he remembers with a smile. 'So they offered me the Tazewell Church, which was without a pastor. I took it, but told them at the time we had no way to set up house. Well, they had a manse and the church members pitched in and furnished it for us. It was the first home we ever had.' "[2]

Pat certainly enjoyed the time he spent at Tazewell Presbyterian Church, but his relationships with several presbyteries are complicated. Ever since his ordination in 1923, Pat had been a member of Roanoke Presbytery, a membership that continued both in America and on the foreign field. In 1937, when the Japanese attack on Shanghai blocked Pat's return to China, his furlough continued, but now he served the Mission Board through itineration in the U.S.A. A change came on 1 February 1938, when he became the Supply Pastor at Tazewell. This meant that the Tazewell church would employ him, but he was still a missionary on furlough. This arrangement lasted for a little over three months. On 12 June 1938, Pat was fully installed as the Pastor of Tazewell Presbyterian Church, and he was no longer a foreign missionary. The change involved moving his membership from Roanoke Presbytery to Abingdon Presbytery. Less than a year later, in April 1939, he told the Tazewell congregation that God had once again called him to Suqian, China, even though it was now located in Japanese occupied territory. Several months were needed to make travel arrangements, and he stayed with the Tazewell church until the end of June. When he returned to China, he was again a full-fledged foreign missionary, but now as a member of Abingdon Presbytery instead of Roanoke.

As we said, Pat enjoyed his time in Tazewell. The same thing can be said of Frances. The manse was located on Pine Street. The Presbyterian Church was just up the hill, and one block to the east of the church were the schools that Houston and Bobby went to. Agnes Junkin, now married to Al Peery, lived just behind the Tazewell High School. She was the daughter of Will and Nettie Junkin, two veteran missionaries in Suqian who were held in high esteem by the Pattersons. And by the way, it was Pat who first introduced Al Peery and Agnes Junkin to each other, back when Pat was the secretary of the W&L Y.M.C.A (*cf. p. 50*). Another aspect of Frances's life at Tazewell was visits from relatives. One of the guests was Frances's Aunt

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[1] George W. St. Clair was an elder in the Tazewell church for forty-three years. He was the owner of a western Virginia coalmine, and he was a trustee at Washington & Lee.

[2] *The Bramwell Aristocrat*, July 1990, p. 5.

Bets, Mrs. Sale of Lexington, who of course wanted to see Frances and her family, but who was also quite interested to visit the monument at Abbs Valley.

Fig. 23. Anne and "Pooch" on the Tazewell manse front porch, 1938.

Houston rejoined the family in the summer of 1938, bringing along his dog "Pooch." When Pooch was still a puppy, Houston had secured him from a man who lived a few miles out from Hendersonville. When people asked Houston about Pooch's breed, he was quick to answer, "Samoyede." This is a white-haired breed that stands about twenty inches at the shoulder and had originated in northern Siberia. The breed is accustomed to a cold climate and is known for its sheep herding. Tazewell's winters are adequately cold. Its summers are fairly hot, but Pooch shed a good deal of hair. As for the sheep herding, Pooch didn't have any sheep to practice on, but he did enjoy chewing up the laundry that Mrs. Garth, a neighbor who lived next to the manse, hung up on her line. Pooch was not one of her favorite animals.

Tazewell's schools operated on an eleven-year system, with the school for the lower-grades going from first through seventh, and the high school from eighth through eleventh. When Houston entered the eighth grade in the fall of 1938, he was entering high school. This made Bobby a little jealous as Bobby was still in the "lower" school, but he learned to live with it. As a matter of fact, he had a good seventh grade, one of the reasons being that he had a good teacher of religious studies in Agnes Junkin Peery.

In the spring of 1939, Pat was asked to make a talk at the monthly meeting of the Parent Teachers Association. It was a busy spring for Pat, who was winding down his commitments as he prepared to go back to China, so he asked Bobby to stand in for him. Pat's idea was that it would be illuminating for the P.T.A. to have a kid do a show-and-tell about what kids find to be interesting. Bobby had become quite an avid collector in his year in Tazewell. He brought a suitcase or two of stuff along to the meeting, including stamps, coins (pennies, that is—dimes were too expensive), Sunday School attendance cards, unusual rocks (especially those that had seashells embedded in them and were found not in the ocean but at the top of a mountain near Tazewell called "the Peak"), Indian arrowheads, tobacco cans, and a variety of bottles (especially those that had turned blue from exposure to the sun).

Bobby was able to take some of his choice collections back to China, but he left his bottles on a shelf in the basement of the manse. Bobby learned later that the man who had cleaned out the manse basement a day or two before the Pattersons departed for China had looked at the shelf of variegated whiskey bottles and commented, "Law-*dee*, I never knew that Dr. Arrowood drank like that!" Let the record be set straight. Dr. W. W. Arrowood, the resident of the manse who preceded the Pattersons, was for twenty-four years the highly esteemed pastor of Tazewell Presbyterian Church and he was much missed after July 1937, when he moved on

to Pulaski. Bobby never met Dr. Arrowood, but he certainly did not intend for his collection of whiskey bottles to be one of the ways that Dr. Arrowood would be remembered.

It was in the spring of 1939 that Pat received a letter from Suqian that compelled him to think seriously about going back to China. He later recalled what he learned when he got the letter: "We had been in Tazewell for a couple of years when I got a letter from an old friend, a Mr. Junkin, at the Sutsien [*Suqian*] missionary post.[3] He said in the letter that he had been ill and needed to return to the States for medical treatment. But he wouldn't leave unless I returned to take charge of the station."[4]

Dr. and Mrs. Will Junkin were former Suqian missionaries who for several years had been residing in Guanhu. This was a town about forty miles north of Suqian and a place where the Junkins could better focus on their northerly outpost work. But in May 1938, when Japanese troops in Beijing initiated a military expedition to capture Xuzhou, the destruction of Guanhu forced the Junkins to move back to Suqian. About a year later, in 1939, the Junkins, still in Suqian, were due to go home on furlough. That was when Dr. Junkin wrote Pat.

In his memoirs, Pat provided additional information about Dr. Junkin's letter:

> In 1939, God once again sounded the call to go to China. Dr. William F. Junkin, my co-itinerater in the Sutsien field, himself already back in Sutsien,[5] wrote to put the call of the Lord on my heart: "There is no other person who knows this part of the country. You are the only one who knows these people personally. They have been ravaged by war. You alone can come and help them at this crucial hour!"[6]

Pat went on to speak of the difficulty he had in making this decision.

> To return to China would mean taking Frances back with me into a war torn country, and it would mean pulling the children out of school during an uncertain period of their lives and taking them back with us. But Mr. Junkin's message came to me as the call of the Lord, and I went back.[7]

Frances, too, found it to be a difficult decision. Was Pat to take his wife and three children back into what amounted to a war zone—moreover, a war zone where the enemy was in control? In *The Bramwell Aristocrat,* Pat tells us something of Frances's response: "My wife just said that if that's what we had to do, she would start packing. She never told me what to do, and ever since she was a girl she had had it in her mind to be a missionary."[8]

Pat went on to describe the family's preparation for leaving Tazewell.

> Houston, Bob, and Anne—ages fifteen, twelve, and six—told their Tazewell friends goodbye. Frances, always meticulous, had the manse ready to return to the

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[3] "Post" must be used here in the sense of "post of duty."

[4] *The Bramwell Aristocrat*, July 1990, p. 5.

[5] The fact that Dr. Junkin had been away from Suqian for several years and then come back put extra strength behind his request to Pat that he, also, should consider coming back.

[6] C. H. Patterson, *My China That Was* (second edition, 1993), p. 170.

[7] *Ibid.*

[8] *The Bramwell Aristocrat*, July 1990, p. 5.

> church. I had the family Ford as ready as possible. In mid-July we headed for the Pacific.[9]

By that time, the highly populated areas of China, its coastal areas, were under Japanese occupation. Pat and Frances knew that the years ahead would be difficult. The difficulties would prove to be beyond anything they had anticipated.

A Peaceful Voyage

In Chapter 7 we spoke of the summer of 1937, when Pat and the boys drove from Mission Court to Yellowstone, then to Vancouver, with Frances and Anne following by train a few days later. Now we move ahead by two years, to 1939, when the whole family drove together to San Francisco and afterwards to Vancouver. To help transport luggage, Pat got a single-wheeled trailer with a lockable lid and pulled it along behind the car.

Their plan of travel took the family through the salt flats of Utah. Anne, not quite seven years old, remembers with pleasure her father letting her hold the steering wheel and guide the car over some of the salt flats. In San Francisco, the big thing was the 1939 San Francisco World's Fair. San Francisco had used the decade of the thirties to build two major bridges, the Bay Bridge and the Golden Gate Bridge. The fair was built on a four hundred acre manmade island called Treasure Island, joined to the Bay Bridge by a ramp. The promenade on the west side of Treasure Island boasted an excellent view of the bay and of the newly built Golden Gate suspension bridge. But what Houston and Bobby remembered most was not the bridges but a live event that occurred in a booth called "Ripley's Believe It or Not!" Of the various exhibits on display at the Ripley booth, the only one I remember is a group of Ecuadorian or Peruvian shrunken heads. But what really caught Houston's and my attention was when FBI agents pushed him and me aside so Herbert Hoover could walk through. The ex-President passed within a yard of Houston and me, the closest that the two of us ever came to a living president of the United States—Believe It or Not! President Hoover, however, gave no evidence that he noticed either of us, or, for that matter, that he noticed the shrunken heads.

When the family reached Vancouver, the *Empress of Russia*, a Canadian Pacific liner, one of their smaller ocean liners, was already at the pier. Though the ship was moderate in size, Pat was able to negotiate arrangements for the Ford to be taken on board. The family, after just one or two days in Vancouver, climbed up the passenger ramp of the *Empress of Russia*, somewhat regretful that they had not been able to visit either 1870 Laurel Street, their former home, or the Cecil Rhodes School.

Different members of the family were to remember different things about the ocean trip. Pat remembered having seen some whales shooting up spouts from the ocean near the Aleutian Islands. Frances remembered how smooth the ocean was, and she was glad, too, that her shrimp allergy was not put to a test. Houston several times found his way up to first class, where he discovered that by looking down from the promenade deck towards the front bow he could see the family's 1938 Ford, tightly shackled to capstans. The Ford made it safely to

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[9] C. H. Patterson, *My China That Was* (second edition, 1993), p. 170.

Shanghai, but if there had been a severe storm along the way, waves over the bow might have done damage. Bob made friends with one or two of the five newly ordained French-Canadian Jesuit priests, on their way to China and traveling in tourist class like the Pattersons. One of the priests encouraged Bob to enter a shuffleboard contest … and let him win. Bob's prize was a little pocketknife with "Empress of Russia" engraved on one side, a souvenir that he held onto for years. Jesuit missionaries were not allowed furloughs to revisit their homeland, so the ones that we met were committed to the mission field for life. Finally, Anne especially remembers how June Archer Moore, a.k.a. "T-June," a member of the Tazewell Church, gave her a going-away present of fourteen small gifts, one for each day of the cruise. The one that Anne remembers most was a hand toy that by a push of the handle would cause a flint-covered circular piece to spin and produce a cloud of multi-colored sparks. I'm not sure of the toy's name, but I will say "whirl-a-gig."

The *Empress of Russia* stopped in Yokohama to discharge and pick up passengers, and then made an overnight stop in Nagasaki to replenish coal supplies. It reached Shanghai in early August. The family went to Missionary Home, still on Bubbling Well Road. As soon as Pat began opening accumulated mail, he learned that he would have to leave Frances and the children at once and go to Beijing. His mother was recovering from cancer surgery, and needed help to get to Shanghai. Pat would probably be away for two or three weeks.[10]

While Pat was away, Frances was able to make constructive use of the time. The boys were expecting to enroll at Shanghai American School (S.A.S.), in Shanghai's French Concession. Frances set out to buy school clothes for them, and accessories such as small rugs for their dormitory rooms. As soon as Pat returned from Beijing, he went to the Canadian Pacific warehouse and picked up his Ford. For one thing, he needed to get the boys registered at S.A.S. The campus gate was on Avenue Petain, and after entering the gate a lengthy campus drive still remained before reaching the administration building. Houston, fifteen, besought his father to let him drive from the Avenue Petain gate to the administration building. Pat agreed, and Houston got into the driver's seat. But just as he was getting near the building, here came a car going the opposite direction. Like any good American teenager learning to drive, Houston steered the car over to the right hand side of the road and slowed down. But, whoa! The other car headed for that same side of the road and jammed on its brakes. Pat got out and apologized to the other driver. He had failed to remind Houston that people in China drive on the left hand side of the road. Happily, no radiators were smashed.

School enrollment meant that each boy advanced one year from where he had been in Tazewell. Houston had been in the eighth grade, so he went into the ninth, even though that meant he was once again a freshman. Bob went from seventh to eighth, even though that meant that he did not yet qualify as a freshman. Anne, who was soon to go upcountry with her parents, attended S.A.S. for several weeks before she made that move. Anne was to be seven years old in October of 1939, and one would have thought that she would have been enrolled at S.A.S. in the second grade. But instead she was put into kindergarten. This was because

[10] The story of Pat's trip to Beijing and his return to Shanghai with his mother is quite interesting. See C. H. Patterson, *My China That Was* (second edition, 1993), pp. 170-174.

Tazewell had strict age requirements for its first graders and in September of 1938 had declared Anne to be inadmissible for first grade. Once Frances and Anne reached Suqian, they started in on the Calvert System, and after moving to Tengxian they continued using it later. In one school year Frances tutored Anne through both the first grade and at least a good part of the second grade. By the time Anne finished the first half of her third grade in Tengxian, still using the Calvert System, she had reached her "proper" level.

Provincial roads in China were not a happy place to drive a car, so while Pat was in Shanghai he seized his chance to sell the Ford. (In Chapter 9, Frances will refer back to this sale.) When Pat, Frances, and Anne were ready to head for Suqian, they rode by train to Xuzhou. There was no train from Xuzhou to Suqian, so they finished the trip on a bus or in a hired car.

Isolation in Suqian (1939-1940)

In those wartime days of 1939, people who spoke of Suqian as isolated probably had in mind its distance from a train station. But social isolation was also a factor. Five missionaries were the only Western adults in town. They were Hugh and Mada McCutchan, educators; Margaret Wood, a nurse; and Pat and Frances. Young Anne Patterson was there, of course, but her friends from earlier years, Norman Patterson Jr. and Ann Woods, were now in America. Norman Sr. had been prevented from returning after his 1937 furlough, meaning that Norman Jr. was still in America (and meaning also that Suqian had no missionary doctor in its hospital). Edgar Woods and his family, including their daughter Ann, were on furlough. And so were the Will Junkins. The war with Japan was causing missionary life to be more and more difficult, as year by year the number of missionaries active in China grew smaller. On the day of Pearl Harbor, missionaries were interned wherever they happened to be, often separated from their families.

Let us now go backwards one year, to 1938. Pat and Frances would have still been in Tazewell. The First Battle of Suqian was fought on November 22, 1938, and the Second Battle on December 2. At the time, missionaries in Suqian were the two Junkins, the two McCutchans, and Margaret Wood. In early May, 1938, one or two planes dropped some light bombs on Suqian. The five missionaries decided that if warfare were to include bombing, greater safety would be found outside of the City Wall than inside it. All five moved to the hospital compound at the South End.

That decision may have saved their lives. On Thursday, May 19, 1938, eighteen planes dropped fifty or more large bombs on the town, some of them incendiary. Fires raged in every quarter, destroying about three thousand residences in all sections of the town. Destructive as that engagement was, it was not a battle. That is, it was neither an "air battle," fought by fighter planes, nor a "ground battle," fought by troops. Properly speaking, the First Battle of Suqian occurred six months later, on November 21-22, 1938. Air raids and cannon fire by the Japanese began on Monday, November 21, and continued all day. On Tuesday, cannon fire began at 7:00 A.M. and air raids continued from 8:00 A.M. to 10:00 A.M. Japanese ground troops, engaged actively this time, attacked Suqian from the north. Unlike most of China's city walls, the Suqian City Wall had no north gate. If troops were to invade from the north, somehow the wall had to be penetrated, and presumably bombs and cannon fire helped get that

done. The *yamen*, the town's police and military headquarters, abutted the inner side of the wall just where the missing north gate would have been. For a successful attack, the Japanese needed to lose no time. They broke rapidly through the wall, confronted the *yamen,* and the battle was over by 10:00 A.M. Japanese planes continued to circle overhead for several hours.

Ten days later, on the night of December 2, Nationalists counterattacked in what is sometimes referred to as the Second Battle of Suqian. Japanese soldiers stationed in Suqian successfully maintained their hold on the city through the night, and the Nationalists once again retreated. Afterwards, the Japanese retaliated by killing large numbers of Suqian civilians, and they drove others out of town by burning many of the remaining buildings.

By the end of 1938, the cumulative damage to the buildings that Suqian missionaries were directly concerned with included machinegun strafing of the hospital, causing one death; destruction by a bomb of the bell tower of the Suqian Presbyterian Church; and damage by a bomb to the Protestant girls' school at the North End. Since the Women's Bible School was adjacent to the northern part of the City Wall, it probably was also damaged, but we have no specific information on that. The boys' school at the South End had been closed since 1937, and it remained closed for the duration of the war. The girls' school moved to the South End compound and opened in September, 1938, only to close as the Battles of Suqian loomed. The Suqian Women's Bible School did not open during the school year of 1938-39. At some time during this period, the Junkin house and the Johnston house were lost. They, too, were located close to the north wall, and since that is where the Japanese ground troops attacked in the First Battle, that may be what led up to the burning of these two mission houses.

During that same year of 1938, missionary letters sent from Suqian began to talk about a local unit of the Red Swastika Society. One needs to understand that in China the swastika is an ancient Buddhist symbol, not a Nazi symbol. The "Red Cross Society" had been in operation in China for some time, and it probably influenced the establishment of the "Red Swastika Society"—for example, in the similarity of the societies' names, and a similarity of some of their activities. When the Suqian battles left the streets covered with bodies, the local Red Swastika Society, in company with the Suqian Catholic Church and the Suqian Presbyterian Church, worked to bury the dead. Dr. Junkin and Mr. McCutchan helped. This was Suqian's first experience of humanitarian cooperation between Christians and Buddhists, and also the first instance of such cooperation between Protestants and Catholics. I mentioned, earlier, the young Jesuit priests from Montreal on their way to China. Before World War I, *all* Jesuit priests in China had been European, either French or Belgian. Only *after* World War I did the Jesuit Society assign mission work in China away from Europe and over to the French-speaking Canadians. The Canadian priests spoke English as a second language, and they knew something about American idiosyncrasies. Their presence in China genuinely helped to accomplish a modest *rapprochement* between Catholics and Protestants in Suqian.

Now we come to 1939, the year that the Pattersons returned. Although the town of Suqian had been pretty severely damaged by bombs and fire, not everything was lost. For one thing, most of the buildings at the "South End" had avoided serious damage. The Pattersons settled into the missionary residence near the hospital, where Norman and Athalie Patterson previously had lived (and before that, Dr. John Bradley). Hugh and Mada McCutchan were settled

Fig. 24. Miss Huang, Frances's associate in the Women's Bible School, visiting Anne at the hospital compound, 1939. Miss Huang often came to confer with Frances, and the Patterson children knew her well and liked her. See further, pp. 106 and 110..

in the house that Edgar and Lydia Woods had formerly occupied, near the boys' school. Nurse Margaret Wood was located between the other two houses, in a smaller concrete block house.

Damage to the hospital building was relatively light, but operating the hospital was difficult. Dr. S. Y. Yang M.D. was a twenty-year veteran at the hospital, and his leadership made it possible for the hospital to stay open. During 1938 and 1939, Margaret Wood was responsible for ordering medical supplies. But getting such orders filled for Suqian was almost beyond hope. Even getting *food* for patients was difficult. Between 1936 and 1939 there was a sharp decline in the number of patients. In 1936, the hospital served 13,000 outpatients and 3,000 inpatients, 16,000 all together.[11] Nettie Junkin's estimation four years later was that the hospital served 3,600 patients, including both outpatients and inpatients.[12]

As for schools, we already mentioned that the boys' school was closed and remained closed for the duration of the war. In the fall of 1939, Mada McCutchan helped the girls' school to move back into the city and reopen. However, in 1940 she and her brother went on furlough, and the girls' school closed again. Encouraged by the return of Frances, the Women's Bible School reopened in 1939, but only sporadically, only for local women, and only for a few hours each day. We do not have direct information about Frances's role in the Women's Bible School for 1939-40, but we do know that she sometimes left the "South End" and went into town to carry out mission activities. Probably she recruited teachers for the Women's Bible School, did some teaching there herself, and possibly helped with the girls' school.

Loss of the bell tower did not prevent the Suqian Presbyterian Church from continuing to have Protestant services of worship. Pat's work was closely linked to the Suqian church, but most of the time during 1939-40 he was out in the country visiting the outposts. Back in 1935, Pat had replaced his worn out Harley Davidson with a lighter motorcycle, a DKW.[13] When he came to America on furlough in 1936, he left the DKW for another missionary to use, possibly the Rev. Edgar Woods. When Pat returned to Suqian in 1939, he was pleased to find the

[11] See "1936 Report of the Suqian General Hospital," privately published.

[12] Nettie Junkin, missionary correspondence letter, 13 January 1941.

[13] DKW was a German make with a two-cycle engine. It was well designed and became widely popular. The initials stand for "*Das Kleine Wunder*" ("the little wonder"). See C. H. Patterson, *My China That Was* (second edition, 1993), p. 85.

DKW still there and in good shape, and he continued to use it as long as he was in China. Most of the outpost chapel buildings that Pat visited escaped serious physical damage from the war. However, roaming groups of soldiers, both Nationalist and Communist, and organized groups of bandits, often attacked the village communities associated with the chapels.

Frances was strongly convinced that if Houston and Bobby came to Suqian for the 1939 Christmas break at the American School, their holiday would be marred by Suqian's isolation. So she suggested in letters that they come to Xuzhou instead. The Frank Browns were on furlough, and the Pattersons were invited to use their house. Suqian was not a good place to buy Christmas things, but Frances managed to find some wrappings and tree decorations to bring along, perhaps with help from Mada McCutchan. Not just Houston and Bob, but also Pat, Frances, and Anne, enjoyed the companionship of both the missionaries and the missionary children in Xuzhou. Making the arrangements was not easy for either Frances or Pat, but for their children it was a great Christmas.

As things turned out, Frances also was able to visit her sons during their Spring Break at the Shanghai school. Houston Jr. has given us a first person report on this part of our story, and with his permission I will use it.

TURMOIL ON NANKING ROAD

An Event Recollected by C. Houston Patterson, Jr.

In 1940 China was at war. The Japanese forces had occupied most of the part of China that I knew, including the port city of Shanghai. In part because of the devastation of the battle for the city, and in part because of the disruption of normal activities and trade, there was an incredible amount of poverty and destitution among the native inhabitants of the city. Death was evident everywhere from starvation and/or exposure. The word "homeless" has become common in America, but no one has yet experienced anything approaching the homelessness in Shanghai of that time.

Foreigners were still able to live a life above the turmoil of war and famine, but foreigners had to become hardened to the bodies of victims that were found lying on the sidewalks each day. The actual fighting had moved on, but its aftermath remained.

My brother, Bob, and I were enrolled in the Shanghai American School. Bob was in the eighth grade and I was in the ninth. Dad and Mom had left us there, in relative safety, while they went back to their work in the northern part of Jiangsu Province — at Suqian. The year progressed in a satisfactory manner until ten days before Spring Vacation when Bob and I both became victims of measles. We entered the school infirmary, but the illness and its consequent recovery period ruled out our going to Tengxian[14] for the vacation, so mother traveled to Shanghai to be with her two sick children.

[14] Pat was reassigned to Tengxian in the spring, apparently before the S.A.S. spring break.

Bob and I were released from the infirmary a couple of days before the vacation was over, so Mother took us "down-town" for dinner one night. Returning to the campus after dinner was a trip of several miles, so we hired a taxi.

The reader should bear in mind that traveling the roads of Shanghai was a somewhat different experience from driving on the roads of an American city. Pedestrians overflowed the sidewalks and roamed free in the thoroughfare. Threading their way through the mass of humanity were hundreds of rickshaws and thousands of bicycles. Somewhere in all this hubbub were numerous taxis — honking, poking along, stopping frequently, but somehow progressing.

Our ride started at the heart of the city, and we were still in that throbbing sector when our cab had to stop for some reason. As soon as he stopped an "occidental"-looking man left the curb and came to the cab. He leaned in the open window opposite the driver[15] and asked him something, then moved to the rear door and started to open it. Mother, wisely, decided we should all exit the other side immediately — which we did. The intruder came through the back seat area and started to follow us — yelling something in a language we did not understand. It became quickly apparent that the man was after us. We tried to stay together as we fled the scene — though the intense crowding made it hard. Mother saw a large group of people exiting a brightly lit building nearby, so she wisely decided to head for the sanctuary of the crowd, the lights, and the building.

We were running against the flow of those exiting the building, and in the process I fell behind my mother and brother. I saw them jumping on an elevator.[16] The door to the elevator was shutting and Mom and Bob were disappearing when the man we had been running from caught my shoulder and pushed me up against the wall. I could not understand his words, but it was obvious he wanted something very badly. He went through all my pockets and apparently satisfied himself that I did not have whatever it was that he wanted, so with a few more strange mutterings he left the building.

The elevator door opened and Mother and Bob came running to find me unharmed. Needless-to-say, we were all relieved. At that time "White Russians" (Russians who had fled Czarist Russia at the time of the revolution and taken refuge in Shanghai) were terrorizing the city in their effort to maintain themselves when they had no means of income. We decided that this man was one of those "White Russians."[17]

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[15] Traffic in China drives on the left, so the taxi driver was on the right side of his taxi.

[16] An elevator that we now think of as old-fashioned: a cage elevator with a collapsible cage door.

[17] C. H. Patterson Jr., "Turmoil on Nanking Road," in *Interesting Events* (unpublished ms.), pp. 19-20.

Houston Jr. recalls that Frances was just about overcome after the event with the intruder. She sat down on a lobby bench near where Houston had been standing, gathered the boys to sit beside her, and, with a handkerchief to her eyes, broke into tears. There were not many occasions when Frances broke down in the presence of her children. That evening, she gradually collected herself, Houston hailed a taxi, and the three of them went back to the campus.

All this happened in Shanghai, of course, not Suqian, but it calls our attention to the stress that Frances was under during that fall and winter. A letter from Frances to Pat written in June 1941, six months after she left China and returned to the United States, is quite explicit in its description of what life in China had become for her. She wrote:

> Another angle …… that keeps me awake many a night is a feeling that I cannot shake off, that I cannot ever go back [*to China*] under the present regime. That winter in Sutsien is the worst nightmare to me, even now. And I do not believe I can stand the strain in Tenghsien either.[18]

Why did Frances say, "That winter in Sutsien is the worst nightmare to me, even now"? In retrospect, the departure from Tazewell and return to Suqian seems to have been a decision more by Pat than by Frances. The people of Suqian, both the Chinese Christians and the general population, had been ravaged by war, and their urgent need for help convinced Pat that he was being called by God to return to Suqian. Frances understood and accepted this, and she "started to pack." But as the months unfolded, she was also aware, maybe more than Pat, that one result of his return to Suqian was isolation from his two boys. And Frances also knew how isolated Anne was. In most of the other missionary stations, there were two or more missionary families with children, and they could provide companions. Anne had Chinese friends in Suqian, and she was learning to speak Chinese, but she did not really have companions. And for Frances herself, to live in Suqian meant over and over that she must deal with the hostility of the Japanese troops who had descended on the country, and with the desperation of the Chinese people. She could see that the war was destroying mission schools—really, *all* Suqian schools, and multiple homes. She was aware that the hospital from time to time received lacerated and bleeding patients after they had been put through torture by town authorities. She knew of some farm peasants who had been targeted and shot by Japanese troops competing with one another during rifle practice, ending up with wounded peasants lying in the fields, or peasants lying dead in the fields. Life in Suqian *was* a nightmare.

Summer in Qingdao (1940)

Back in 1937, the Japanese captured Nanjing. Just before they took the city, Chiang Kai-Shek moved the Chinese national capital westward to Chongqing. Several years later, in 1940, the stretch of the Chang Jiang (Yangtze) between Nanjing and Chongqing was still unsafe for passenger travel, so the Pattersons, along with many other missionary families, chose Qingdao for the summer rather than Kuling. Pat accompanied Frances and Anne to Qingdao, along with two household assistants who came from Suqian, Xuepan and Zhang Sauze. The Pattersons had rented a house in Qingdao near Beach #3, a good swimming beach. After Frances

[18] For the full letter, see Chap. 9, pp. 111-113.

had time to get settled, Pat backtracked to Shanghai and picked up the boys from the Shanghai American School.

Almost immediately after the boys reached Qingdao, disease hit. Pat's experience had convinced him that Japanese restaurants and homes served food that was pretty safe to eat. Japanese were now operating the trains in China, and Pat apparently thought that food safety on Chinese trains might have been improved. So while traveling to Qingdao, Pat permitted Bobby to order some ice cream. That was a mistake. By the second day in Qingdao, Bobby was experiencing severe dysentery, his fever had gone up to 103º, and he didn't recognize his parents when they came to his bedside. His fever reached 104º the next morning. Frances and Pat began immediately to check with friends to find a doctor. Qingdao had once been a German colony, and the doctor that most of the informed people recommended was a German doctor who ran his own hospital. When the doctor had examined Bobby, he identified the disease as a variety of amoebic dysentery. He said that he had experience with this variety, that a room was available, and that he could accept Bobby as a patient. He pointed out that the fever associated with the disease would continue to rise and would reach a climax in one or two more days. If Bobby lived through the climax, he probably would recover. He suggested that the likelihood of Bobby's living or dying over the next several days was about fifty/fifty. Bobby was to receive absolutely no visitors at the hospital, not even his parents. That last point discouraged Frances, but she accepted the hospital as the best place for Bobby to go.

For two days, Bobby was permitted to eat nothing and was permitted to drink only rice water. This is water that has been used to cook rice, and *mirabile dictu*, some of the finest twenty-first century hospitals are now using this same rice water as a treatment for diarrhea. On the third day the nurse told Bobby that the doctor was going to let him have a little boiled rice along with his cup of rice water. Bobby, who was starved, said that when he was first given a spoonful of rice, boiled in water, it was the best food he had ever tasted. Bobby knew nothing about his fever "reaching a climax," but he did know that the doctor began on the fourth day to permit his parents to come visit, not *into* his room but to the door of it. That was a nice development for both them and him. After a couple of days more, he was permitted to leave the hospital and go home, and after an additional week he was up and about. Ever since, when Bob travels in foreign countries, he has been cautious about eating uncooked salad vegetables, or peeled fruit at a roadside stand, or ice cream eaten in dubiously washed saucers.

Qingdao was quite a place. For instance, there were the downtown shops. One of them had a large sign proclaiming "Jelly-Belly the Taylor—Tailoring, Whiskey, Cameras." Sailors on leave were the main customers for downtown shops, and the shops sold lots of whiskey and a good many cameras. As for tailoring, this shop was reputed to do good work. So the business was getting along fine. But where did that name come from? The owner had asked an American sailor to suggest a name, and "Jelly-Belly the Tailor" was what he got. Let's face it: the name "Jelly-Belly" probably landed more business from American sailors than the shop would have gotten if the proprietor had instead been "Mr. Smith" or "Mr. Jones."

Another place to visit was the ruins of Hilltop Fort, a fort located high up on the hills behind the town and overlooking the entrance to the harbor. When Japan defeated the Germans in 1914 and took over the fort, a battery of German 8-inch cannons were left where they lay,

Fig. 25. Cannons at Hilltop Fort, Qingdao. Bob's Brownie camera took the pictures, and they have suffered over the years. The first picture shows a nearby cannon and a dimly visible second cannon, far off. The young man is Houston. The second picture again shows the nearby cannon.

and they have been rusting there ever since [*Fig. 25*]. I remember four cannons, but it was a large park and there may have been more. The giant gears used for aiming the guns no longer functioned, but they still could be seen. Underground bunkers, tunnels, and living quarters could also still be seen and explored.

Then there is St. Michael's Roman Catholic Cathedral, completed in 1934. One can still see its two tall spires from a distance. This church is now known simply as the Qingdao Catholic Church [*Fig. 27*]. The Communist regime established rules about churches in 1949. Churches in China, Catholic or Protestant, must be fully independent from foreign involvement in their church governance. Therefore Chinese Catholics omit "Roman" from the term "Roman Catholic." The Chinese Catholic church is also tending to drop the term "cathedral," because bishops are in charge of cathedrals, and the Pope in Rome, whose authority is non-Chinese, has traditionally appointed bishops. (While we are at it, perhaps we should acknowledge that Protestant missionary parents in the Qingdao of 1940 also established rules about churches. Children were forbidden to go inside a Catholic church. I have never seen the interior of St. Michael's.)

The most rewarding summer activity for children was swimming. Children swam just about every day, with two main exceptions. First, no swimming on Sundays. Second, no swimming when several hundred Japanese soldiers had come to the beach. The troops rapidly stripped off all their clothes, left their military uiniforms in neat stacks on the beach, and dived in. Perhaps appearing in the altogether was a routine activity in Yokohama, but not in Qingdao. On days when the troops came to the beach, missionary mothers tended to find other things besides swimming for their daughters to do.

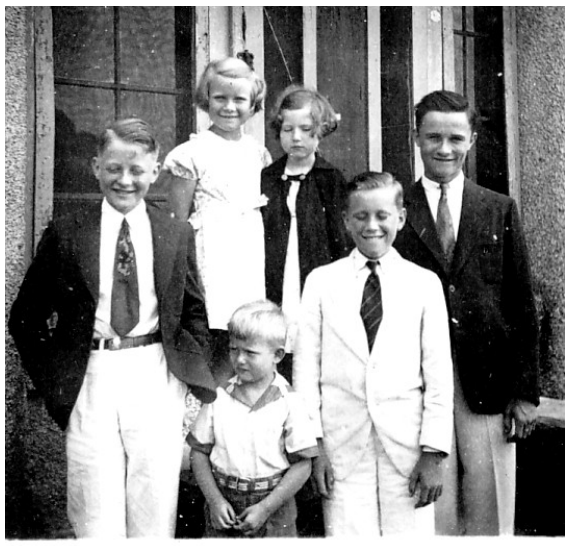

Fig. 26. Missonary kids in Qingdao, 1940. Clockwise from the top: Anne Patterson, a Romig granddaughter, Houston Patterson, Lewis Lancaster, Jr., a Romig grandson, Bob Patter-

Along with swimming, teen-agers liked boats. I am about to speak of an outing in which eight or nine young people took part. All nine had attended Shanghai American School, and probably all were missionary children. Southern Presbyterians in the group included Ed Currie of Haizhou, and Houston and Bob Patterson of Suqian. Other partici-

pants included George Stamps, Carrie Stanner, and Carrie's older brother. The older brother had already graduated from S.A.S., and he probably was the one recognized as the group's leader for the day. The boat they had rented was a sampan. From a place in the stern of the sampan, a single Chinese oarsman maneuvered the boat, sculling it with a long paddle.

The group had intended to go to a small, probably unoccupied island in the open ocean. As they started out, the island was almost invisible on the horizon. When they were about halfway there, the wind began to pick up. The sun was shining brightly, but gusts from a dry typhoon were moving through the area. The wind began to whistle and howl, and the seas became ever more intense. Finally the oarsman decided that he must turn the boat around and head for home. The wind was blowing offshore, the opposite of what they now needed and seriously hampering the pace of their return to Qingdao. With waves beginning to break over the sampan, everyone soon was bailing. As Houston Jr. described it, "The little boat was bobbing like a bottle cap in a washing machine. It is truly miraculous that we didn't capsize."[19]

The parents were gathered on the pier where the sampan had embarked (as I remember, that pier was on the west end of Beach #2). The parents knew how strong the wind had become. When their children failed to return at the expected time, the parents on the pier became more and more desperate. Finally, the sampan, about three hours late and with suppertime having arrived, reached protected water, then the pier, and at last a place on the pier that was safe for disembarkment. Thanksgiving was great among the waiting families.

Fig. 27. The main Qingdao Catholic Church. Two steeples rise at the west end. The picture shows the exterior of the chancel. It serves clergy, choir, and altar. The church was completed in 1934, by Germans.

An important summer activity on Sunday nights at the Qingdao Community Church was the hymn sing. People could request whatever hymns they wished, and Houston Jr. remembers two that were chosen almost every week. One was "When the Mists Have Rolled in Splendor,"[20] a song of anticipation, essentially based on a verse from Paul: "For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face" (First Corinthians 13:12). The other was "Peace! Be Still!,"[21] sometimes listed in the topical indexes of hymnbooks as a hymn of comfort after the death of someone. The hymn is based on the words of Jesus when he stilled a storm on the Sea of Galilee (Mark 4:39). The youth group must have found special significance in a hymn dedicated to the stilling of a storm, after their experience in the sampan. Ω

[19] C. H. Patterson, Jr., "The Sampan Ride," in *Interesting Events* (unpublished ms.), p. 25.

[20] Words attributed to Annie H. Barker, 1883. See Salvation Army, *Songs and Music*, 1922, Hymn 230.

[21] Words by Mary A. Baker, 1874. See Broadman Press, *Voice of Praise*, 1947, Hymn 296.

Chapter 9

The Harrowing Separation of 1940–1941

•

Pat's First Letter to His Departed Family

In the spring of 1940, Pat was needed to replace B. C. Patterson as a professor in the North China Theological Seminary, and the Pattersons moved to Tengxian. An additional factor was that the Board of World Missions had established a China policy calling for families with children to live in towns served by railroads. It was felt that this might help if war between Japan and the U.S.A. became imminent. Suqian had no railroad, so the Pattersons moved.

Houston and Bob, who had spent the summer in Qingdao, returned to the Shanghai American School, and Pat, Frances, and Anne returned to Tengxian. Pat and Frances had hoped that Tengxian would provide several companions for Anne, something she had missed in Suqian. In Tengxian, the Kenneth Keplers, Northern Presbyterians, had two daughters of about Anne's age, Dorothy Jeannette ("Jean") and Mary Kathleen ("Mary Kay"). The three children played well together. But disappointment was at hand, for in the summer of 1940, the Keplers resigned from the northern mission and returned to the U.S.A.[1]

The threat from Japan continued to be very real. This can be seen in a letter written by Houston Sr. in mid-October and sent to the Rev. H. Maxcy Smith in Shanghai. Rev. Smith, a Southern Presbyterian, was one of the Associated Mission Treasurers, a group drawn from several denominations. Pat separately typed the note to Houston and Bobby that follows the letter.

> LETTER FROM C. H. PATTERSON, TENGXIAN, SHANDONG, CHINA, TO H. MAXCY SMITH, SHANGHAI, CHINA, 14 OCTOBER 1940.
>
> Tenghsien, Sung.[2]
> Oct. 14, 1940
>
> Rev. H. M Smith
> Assoc. Treas., Shanghai
> Dear Mr. Smith:
>
> Since we are completely cut off here by wire, and a letter takes at least a week, we would appreciate it immensely if you would keep us in mind in case any emergency arises connected with the American School children. Station XMHA, at the noon–[*to*]–one–o'clock announcement, before

[1] Why did the Keplers resign? I don't know. Maybe it was the growing threat of war with Japan. Or maybe it was related in some way to the expected birth of their third child, Kenneth Jr., who was born 21 Jan. 1941. In 1956, sixteen years after their resignation, the Keplers shifted their church membership from Northern to Southern Presbyterian and returned to the mission field, this time to Taiwan.

[2] Shandong Province. The Wade-Giles transliteration is "Shantung," abbreviated as "Sung."

Carroll Alcott starts, furnishes us with the only means of hearing, and any thing that vitally affects our boys there we would like to know.

We all hope and pray there will be no need for such means of communication or any need for such urgency, but we would feel much better about it if we know that you are ready to notify us just in case we should know. The missionaries in the school to whom we turned last year are there no longer.

Sincerely yours, C. H. Patterson[3]

Dear Houston and Bobby:

I sent the above letter to Mr. Smith yesterday. From all that I know and all that I think, you will be in SAS this time next year, so be sure and keep your mind on school work and do what you are there to do, and do not get all jittery because some boy is going home to the USA with his mother. China has been here a long time, and missionaries have been here a long time, and will still be here for some time to come.

Best love from us, Dad ...

Oct. 15th a.m.

A week or two later, still in October, the U.S. consul sent out word that all American "women, children, and unnecessary males" should leave China and return to the United States. The federal government requisitioned the *U.S.S. Washington*, a major liner that usually sailed the Atlantic, and dispatched it to Shanghai and Manila to evacuate U.S. citizens.

Pat and Frances thought hard about what to do. One possibility was for *the whole family to stay in China*. Their passports would remain valid, but both parents and children would risk later internment by the Japanese. Again, *the whole family might return to the U.S.A.* But would that mean disregarding God's call to be missionaries in China? Finally, *the family could divide up*, Frances and the children returning to the U.S.A., and Pat pursuing his duties at North China Seminary. They chose the third option. We will see that it entailed deep difficulties.

Frances and the children boarded the *U.S.S. Washington* on Thursday, 21 November 1940, which happened to be Thanksgiving Day in the United States. On Friday, the 22nd, Pat wrote a letter to his family from the Shanghai Missionary Home. The *Washington* was to go first to Manila and then San Francisco, and Pat thought a direct letter to San Francisco might beat the *U.S.S. Washington* in getting there. It did.

LETTER FROM C. H. PATTERSON, SHANGHAI, TO FRANCES PATTERSON, HOUSTON JR., BOB, AND ANNE, CRUISING THE PACIFIC, 22 NOVEMBER 1940.

Nov. 22. 1940

My own dear family—

Among the many letters of greeting in San Francisco there must be one from me, because you all and you each one are the dearest possessions I

[3] When Pat speaks of "any emergency" or of "things we should know," he speaks indirectly about the Japanese. A direct reference might prompt Japanese censors in Tengxian to destroy the letter.

have on earth. If you were not so precious I would never have been willing to endure the separations that this evacuation makes necessary, but there is something inside that makes us protect and care for those we love and since I could not leave, this is the only way. Time will show us the lessons we are supposed to learn in all this. I suppose one of the most obvious is that we prove that we believe in Christ and his missionary call by the amount of sacrifice we are willing to endure for it. Each one of us is paying a heavy price, but I will do my job and look after myself as best I can to make you proud and happy— and I want each one of you boys and Anne to do your job, growing spiritually, mentally and physically the best you can so that I can be happy as I think of you. Your mother has a very heavy burden and it will be up to you each one to be considerate of her and to help make the home happy. Maybe this too is one of the lessons God wants to teach you early in life by thus taking me away for a while. Lets each one try to look for the lessons we are to learn, and not regret too much things that had to be.

Frances, darling— I sent Father by slow mail[4] yesterday the freight bill of lading. If you do not locate in Hendersonville, tell Father where to have the freight redirected. It is all prepaid from here. Miss Spurling[5] will look after the big colored picture[6] until your return. Bird [*Talbot*], Edgar [*Woods*], Nelson and Va. [*Bell*], C. H. Smith [*a Northern Presbyterian?*] are all with me on 2 pm train today. Mrs. Dodd [*of Tengxian*] will leave here on 28th. Bird bought a portable radio & Nelson bought one for Junkin [*the Junkins had returned from the U.S.A. and were back in Suqian*].[7]

All my love to each one. Dad.

A Wintry, Stormy Crossing to San Francisco

Most of the evacuees who boarded the *U.S.S. Washington* in Shanghai were missionary families, traveling tourist class. On the other hand, most of the evacuees planning to board the ship in Manila were the wives and children of U.S. diplomats and military officers, and they would be traveling first class. The missionary mothers in tourist class decided to provide schooling for their children as they traveled to America, in what I suppose could be called a home-schooling project carried out on the high seas. The mothers planned to go to Manila first, and afterwards open the school.

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[4] Presumably he means non-airmail.

[5] Manager of the Shanghai Missionary Home.

[6] This may have been a wedding gift, or a painting by Athalie Patterson, or an inheritance from Dr. Glasgow, or a purchase made in China. If Frances brought it to Shanghai and then had to leave it, there must have been some kind of complication about shipping it on the *U.S.S. Washington.*

[7] The purchase of radios shows how serious the missionaries were about getting war information. Pat already had a battery-operated shortwave radio, a gift from Tom Glasgow.

When the *Washington* got to Manila, the new passengers came aboard, and everyone expected to leave for San Francisco the next day. But the stay in Manila was extended for two additional days, for reasons never announced. This gave passengers a good chance to go sightseeing, of course. But rumors began to abound as to what caused the delay. The chief rumor was that the crew of the *Washington* intended to go on a labor strike somewhere out in the middle of the Pacific. During the extra days in Manila, a contingent of armed U.S. soldiers came aboard, and from there to San Francisco they could be seen carrying their rifles and pacing the decks. I'm not at all sure what that meant, but anyway no labor strike interrupted our crossing of the Pacific.

The first part of the trip, from Shanghai to Manila, was peaceful and beautiful. But the trip from Manila to San Francisco, a crossing of the Pacific by a northern route in late fall, was anything but peaceful. Houston Jr. mentions, in his essay below, that movable furniture in the main passenger lounge had to be stored in closets or tied securely to rails in the lounge. That left no good place for the operation of a "school." Also, many of the mothers who were to have taught got seasick. In short, the home schooling project never got going.

Houston Jr., both an engineer and a sailor, wrote a firsthand account of the raging storms and how they affected the ocean liner. His essay appears, just below. Afterwards, I will come back to what some of the individual passengers on the *Washington* were doing.

MOUNTAINOUS WAVES

A Crossing of the Pacific Recollected by C. Houston Patterson Jr.

In 1940 the situation in China was such that American missionaries found their effectiveness compromised and their safety jeopardized by reports that all was not well between Washington and Tokyo. Rumors of war were circulating and nerves were a little on edge.

In November Americans were told to prepare to evacuate the country. The U.S. would send a large ocean liner to Shanghai for this purpose. Dad, Mom, and my sister, Anne, packed what they could and came to Shanghai where Bob and I were in school. Dad had to remain in China for the immediate future, so the rest of us boarded the *S.S. Washington* to return to the States. The *Washington* was the largest passenger liner in the American merchant fleet. Her passenger list numbered in the thousands, with plenty of room for the amenities that are associated with ocean cruising.

From Shanghai we cruised to Manila where we stayed for two or three days. Several more passengers were taken on[8] and we weighed anchor for the long crossing of the Pacific Ocean. From the subtropical climate of Manila we cruised northward into the temperate weather and calm seas fairly close to the Islands of Japan.

[8] "Several"? Houston must be referring to additional *tourist class* passengers. In that class, those who boarded at Shanghai had already used up most of the available space. But in Manila, three hundred or more wives and children of diplomats and military officers boarded as additional *first class* passengers.

Though our destination was San Francisco, we continued our northeasterly course. The air began to take on a chill, and the sea seemed somewhat rougher as each succeeding day took us further north. Waves became quite significant and the bucking and rocking of the ship became a problem for those of us with queasy stomachs. The daily log listed the waves as "large."

One day I walked into the passenger lounge and found that all movable items (chairs, tables, piano, etc.) had been moved against the bulkheads and tightly strapped down — the large room looked like an empty gymnasium. This did not bode well for the future. We were in a significant storm, and obviously the ship's authorities expected things to worsen.

They did, indeed, get worse. Unfortunately the wind and the waves were coming from behind us — and as you may know, the stern of a ship is not designed to withstand the severe treatment that the bow is supposed to handle. Each enormous wave would catch up with the struggling ship and bury the after-deck under thousands of tons of water, but somehow the ship would recover and continue its futile flight.

One day the captain came on the intercom and announced that the ship would have to turn and head into the waves. For a ship this size to have to resort to such a maneuver seemed truly ominous. One particularly ominous aspect of such a reversal was the fact that there would be a period of time when the ship would be broadside to the weather. We were warned that this would be dangerous, but that the skipper would try to wait until there was a break in the waves to make the turn. That I am writing this account proves that he was successful. One wave that caught us broadside sent the ship careening to what I felt was a truly precarious angle, but it righted and the turn was completed.

By now the ship's daily log was listing the waves as "mountainous" and the wind as "gale force." I would say that these appraisals were modest. Heading into the mountainous waves presented another "interesting" experience. The bow would plow under an enormous wave, causing the stern to be completely exposed. The straining propellers would spin in the air, causing the entire ship to vibrate to their frequency. Then as the stern settled back into the water, the bow would struggle to rise — lifting thousands of tons of water in the process. The enormous strain on the structure of the hull would cause the ship to vibrate at whatever was its resonant frequency. This went on for several days in the northern wastes of the great Pacific. We were very close to the Aleutian Islands at the time.

I think I was too young to understand the real and imminent dangers being experienced. It was a time of excitement. The storm did pass, and

> the rest of the trip was without event. The sight of the Golden Gate Bridge was stunning, and soon we were ashore in America.[9]

Houston mentions a time when the ship had to turn around in order to face into the waves. While the ship was still in that position and the storms were still raging, the captain warned us one day that the ship's steam engines were about to be shut off. A passenger had appendicitis, and the ship's clinic could not do surgery while the engines were running. The engines were duly shut off. I am happy to report that the surgery was successful, the engines were restarted, the patient recovered (as far as I know), and we all made it to San Francisco.

Frances was very prone to seasickness, and the stormy ocean left her completely bedridden. Anne, who was just beyond seven years old, shared a stateroom with her. A friend in an adjacent stateroom, a missionary mother, recognized the situation and took care of Anne without bothering Frances about it. My siblings and I think she may have been Mrs. Bird Talbot. Anyway, the help of the person who helped was useful for all concerned.

The ocean voyage did have its adventure times for Anne. The hull of the *Washington* was divided into a series of fifteen or more watertight compartments. Normally the compartmental self-closing doors were left standing open in the passageways. But when the doors were closed, they became watertight. Every day, at about four P.M., a warning siren sounded and pairs of doors all over the ship began slowly closing until they were shut tight, providing a daily test for the mechanism. When Anne heard the siren, she enjoyed running along the passageway to slip between the closing doors just before the slot became too narrow to get through. Hmmm. Well, she never got hurt. Then there was the time she managed to get out on the promenade deck alone and see the mountainous waves crashing over the bow. She says she did that just once. Being drenched by ocean water was not her thing.

In the passenger lounge, the chairs were all put away or tied to a rail, but movies were still shown. Many missionary children had seen few or no movies, so when films were shown, children attended, and they came not just once but every time the film was shown. The children seated themselves cross-legged on a rug that was a little smaller than the lounge—if the lounge was the size of a gymnasium, the rug was about the size of, say, a basketball court. When a monstrous wave broke over the bow, the ship, creaking and groaning, would begin to heel slowly to port, and the rug would move gradually in that direction, carrying a load of children in a slow slide across the deck. In due time, the ship would recover its stability and, with a new set of creaks and groans, begin heeling slowly to starboard. The rug, with the children on it, would follow suit. The children never even turned their heads. The few adults who were in the lounge at the time didn't know whether to laugh or to warn.

Deep Uncertainty in Tengxian

Frances and the children boarded the *Washington* on 21 November 1940. Their reunion with Pat took place in Staunton, on Wednesday, 18 June 1941.[10] So the family was separated for

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[9] C. H. Patterson, Jr., "Mountainous Waves," in *Interesting Events* (unpublished ms.), pp. 22-23.

[10] The Staunton date is correct within a day or two. In Frances's last letter to Pat before he arrived, dated 8 June 1941, Frances said that she had "only a little more than a week to wait."

seven months. The chief sources of information we have for this period are the letters that Pat and Frances wrote to each other.

I will start with Pat's letters. Sixty-three of his letters from this period have been preserved. Most of the letters are addressed to Frances, some to the children, and a few to other family members, such as the B. C. Pattersons or Tom Glasgow. I cannot include here full copies of all sixty-three letters. Actually, I will include only two full copies—Pat's first letter after his family departed for America (*see pp. 96f.)* and his depressed letter of February 2, sent to Frances after he had received a total of only three letters from her in two months time (*see below, pp. 103-105*). I will also include selections from others of Pat's letters that convey information useful to our narrative. I believe a chronological arrangement will work best.

Letter to Frances, 19 January 1941. Frances's first letter to Pat had been mailed from Manila, and Pat received it. She mailed her next one from San Francisco. Pat had hoped that Frances's letters from the U.S. would reach him in about a month, but this one took forty days, almost six weeks. Canceled by the Post Office in San Francisco on December 9th, it reached Tengxian on January 18. Pat speaks of it as his "first letter," by which he means the first letter sent by Frances from the United States. By the time Pat received her letter in Tengxian, he had already received letters from the B. C. Pattersons, Tom Glasgow, Mr. Black of Tazewell, and others, praising him for remaining with his job, and expressing regret that the family had to be divided. So Frances's letter seemed to Pat to be slow in arriving. Later, he realized that a letter's port of entry could have a considerable effect on speed of delivery. The letter that he received on January 18, his first letter from America, had not entered China through either Shanghai or Qingdao, but rather through Tianjin (Tientsin), a northern port near Beijing. Foreign mail was especially slow at that port because the censoring office had a shortage of censors who were fluent in foreign languages.

When Pat speaks of Frances having to "take on all the responsibilities alone," he is thinking of her having to make decisions on where to live (answer: Hendersonville), what house to rent (1040 Patton Street), Houston Jr's school (McCallie), whether to buy a car (one was bought), how to arrange finances. Normally Pat would have been involved in all of this, but this time it was Frances alone. Here are some selections from the first paragraph of Pat's January 19th letter.

> My own dearest,
>
> The first letter came from you yesterday — mailed in San Francisco and stamped Dec 9th, and what a narrative of the sea. You poor dear. Since it had to be, it was a blessing I did not know about it until it was all over anyhow, or I could not have endured it. You have been a swell sport over this whole thing and I would not take a million for what you told me in Shanghai just before you left.[11] … It is awfully hard on you to have to take all the responsibilities alone, but a way will always open up somehow. The longer the time elapses that we are able to continue the work, the more certain I am that we were led aright. … It just would not have done for us to quit at this time when so many thousands have to endure separations because of duty.

[11] I think she encouraged him to believe that by staying in China he was carrying out God's will.

Letter to Tom Glasgow, 19 January 1941. On January 18, Pat received his first letter mailed by Frances in America. On the same day he received a letter from Tom Glasgow. Tom's letter said that he was sending a carbon copy to Frances, and in turn Pat sent her a carbon copy of the first page of his response to Tom. A primary concern for Pat was whether Frances was being overburdened by her new responsibilities. Here is a section of the letter that Pat sent both Tom (original) and Frances (copy). It is the second paragraph of Pat's letter.

> There is just one little matter that I want to lay on your good broad back [*Pat wrote to Tom*] … keep an eye on Frances. If things get too much for her, write Darby Fulton and tell him to call me back.[12] Frances will not do it herself, and unless I have some very definite leading of the Lord to the contrary I cannot leave the work here until forced to. However, if the load gets too heavy for Frances, I would consider that a very definite leading for me, and I am perfectly willing to let you and Darby decide on these matters in consultation with Frances, or without her if it is obvious that the load is too great, and she attempts to do more than her body can stand. It is entirely possible that any week or month may have brought such a change that our path will be clear before us, but lest the months drag on indefinitely as the past two or three have gone, i.e., waiting for European developments, there is no telling how long a separation may be involved. Therefore keep an eye on her. I do not know anyone that she respects and honors more than yourself.[13]

Earlier in this chapter, we mentioned the purchase of radios that was taking place among missionaries. Tom had given Pat a radio, and Pat included in his letter to Tom a paragraph of appreciation.

> You will never know what a lot of pleasure the Fairbanks-Morse has been to me. In fact, nothing that I can think of could fill or take its place, and if it is ever confiscated there is no language printed that could express my grief. [*End of the carbon copy.*]

Letter to Frances, 2 February 1941. All of Pat's letters to Frances during their period of separation express his love for her, but a good many of the earlier letters also talk about other Tengxian missionaries and their activities, or developments in the European war. Early and late, Pat expresses his conviction that Christian representatives should stay in China if at all possible. But as time went by, Pat was feeling more and more lonely in Tengxian, and Frances was feeling more and more that her isolation from him might go on indefinitely. Depression was mounting on both sides of the ocean. For both of them, letters were becoming deeper and more personal. These trends show up in Pat's letter of February 2.

Pat refers in this letter to the three letters he has received from her—one from Manila, one from San Francisco right after the *Washington* reached the U.S., and one from Hendersonville. The last of these was mailed on January 5 and arrived in Tengxian on February 1, a lapse of about four weeks. Pat is mailing his letter to Frances on Feb. 2, the day following its arrival.

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[12] "Call me back" means "return me to the U.S.A." Dr. Fulton was Secretary of Foreign Missions.

[13] About six weeks later, Frances writes her response to the suggestion that she should seek advice from Tom Glasgow. See her letter of 3 April 1941. The response is on p. 108.

Note Pat's theme in this letter. He asks, is there "a great question mark down inside you about me and my love"? The theme appears in paragraph 1, lines 9 and 10, and again at the end of paragraph 2. Please note also that the nine ellipses you will see (little dots indicating something left unsaid) come from Pat, not from me or somebody else.

THE AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN MISSION SOUTH
TENGHSIEN, SHANTUNG
CHINA
Feb.2,1941

My own dearest:

And when I say my own, I mean my own and nobody else's, and that goes for you and for me too ... I have not gotten but two letters from you since leaving the Orient, one written on the boat during the storms and the other written in Hendersonville on Jan. 5th ... and I feel a great relief to know that so far things have been opened up, even though the letters in between have been held up somewhere ... There is one thing that the letters have suggested to me however, that I sincerely hope is a fiction of my imagination and induced by loneliness and too much hoping and longing, and that is that you have a great question mark down inside you about me and my love and my loyalty and about my whole attitude toward your returning to the USA, even to wondering if it is not a relief to me to be separated for awhile by the ocean. As I say, I hope that this is all a stretch of my imagination and a result of my being too much alone and missing the companionship that my whole nature demands. But just in case it is not, I want to take this chance today to put your heart at rest. I can think of no greater burden for you to carry, or anything more disastrous to your own peace of mind than something like this to have to carry around with you, and the very thought of it being a possibility has just about gotten me down today; and that is why I do not want to wait until day after tomorrow to write ... the date which is noted on the envelope.[14] It really makes no difference in this letter whether I am speaking to your fact or to my fiction, when I get through you will realize that I love you, and miss you and need you terribly. If it is true [*Frances's "fact," Pat's "fiction"*], I hope it will be true no longer. If it is false, I hope it may never come to mind.

You might wonder what in the three letters I have received to date could have got me thinking ... It is the following. The first [*from Manila*] mentioned the last week in Shanghai as not being satisfactory. I had been treasuring the last days together in Shanghai in my memory, not because I thought they were perfect as visiting or parting days, but simply because they were our last together, and I liked to remember them in spite of their

[14] Pat was following a four-day cycle, writing to Frances first and then each of the three children. In order to keep his cycle working right, he marked his supply of envelopes with names and dates.

being busy with the details of leaving. By your reference I knew there was something rather definite that you did not enjoy in recollection. The second thing [*from San Francisco*] was the warning in the letter written on the boat and mailed in S-F that I must tell you more in my letters and leave nothing to the imagination. And I realized that you would not have said this if you had not been afraid of something. And then the last letter, written Jan. 5th [*from Hendersonville*], in which you almost seem to ask me to tell you whether or not I prefer to live as a bachelor ... I wrote you last night, in an enclosing in Anne's letter, about this, and the more I think about it, the more I wonder if the question mark I mentioned above is not really "eating" on you.

If so, there is no apology that I can make that could possibly be humble enough, and there are no words that I can use that could possibly do justice to what I think of myself and of you ... myself for being so dumb as to have in my arms and home the prize woman of all the earth and still not be able to satisfy her of my love or loyalty, and of you for carrying on and writing such swell letters and standing by me through thick and thin in spite of the worry in your heart.

Buddy, if there is any doubt wandering around inside and nagging at you, please catch it by the tail and drown it. There is no person in the whole world that I love, but you. I am only too conscious that my love is not as deep as yours for the simple reason that I know there are depths in you and your love and desire to which I have never responded adequately at all. For this I am truly sorry, and wish it were otherwise for your sake and my sake, but irrespective of this I love you with all that I have in the way of love. What is love? You know far better than I, and I have tried and will continue to learn from you something of its depth and length, enjoying my lessons more and more as the years go by, but such as I understand to date, that love in my heart is yours. What is love? ... I do not know, honey, but I can tell you how I test my love. When and where my love parallels yours and merges with yours, that is true love. And where it does not, I try to recheck, correct, change or avoid. You know me pretty well, but I expect it is just as well that you do not know me any better because you might get discouraged as a teacher. But with you to stand by me and encourage me and trust in me, I am not discouraged, and want only the chance to be with you and learn some more.

Lots of folks picture things in their mind. That is what I do to myself, and you would probably not be able to guess what the picture is. It is walking through life with you holding one hand and Christ the other, and wherever I get to in the way of anything fine or high or noble, it will be because of those who have held my hand through the valleys and the pitfalls. What is love? I do not know, but I do know it is both something that

we give and something that we get. I suppose what we give and what we get is different with people of different temperaments. I know what it is that I try to give you because I love you ... I try to give you what you want in a material way, in so far as my money and efforts can do it. I try to give you the sympathy and friendship and companionship that you want. I try to make myself something that you can be proud of in the way of a husband. It is perfectly obvious to me that I have walked roughshod over your feelings at times in seeming contravention of these purposes, but really they represent the swirls and eddies by the side of the river, and not the main flow of the current in terms of real desire.

I have a great desire that abides with me to make you happy by giving you what you need and want in terms of what love can supply, and when I feel that this has not been done, there is nothing cuts so deep or hurts so badly, because my very life itself is bound up with you. As for what we get in love, I suppose it is largely the opposite of what we give. I desperately need from you companionship, friendship, inspiration, encouragement, faith to carry on, comfort from the grind of life, a haven of rest for body and soul. Now buddy, after reading this, read the enclosure that was fished out of Anne's letter before it got mailed. Then go out and dig a hole in the back yard and bury this letter with any uncertainty or fear that you might have had, and if you never had any, just bury it for good measure.

Who knows what the future holds? Who knows when we will see each other again? Do not let any fear or misunderstanding come between us when we need each so badly to face life these days with all its new responsibilities and dangers. A E T[15]

Letter to Frances, 16 February 1941. After the letter of February 2, there were several intervening letters to Frances before 16 February. But the letter of February 16th shows especially that things had perked up greatly for Pat. The opening paragraph makes this plain.

My own precious wife:

I wonder if you can possibly realize what a wonderful week this has been with so many letters from you. Eight letters from Dec. 16th–Jan. 18th, all in within the last few days. Three boats seem to have come in, as some came via Shanghai and some via

[15] Pat and Frances often inserted "AET" at the end of a letter, sometimes replacing the signature (as Pat did here). We do not know where Pat and Frances learned this symbol, or what it means. Here are three possibilities. (1) AET is a recognized abbreviation for the classical Latin word *aeternitas*, "forever" or "eternally." Pat and Frances often used the word "forever" at the ends of letters, e.g., "*always* and *forever* yours." (2) AET could be the initials of a Latin phrase, e.g., *Amo Eterni Tu*, "I forever love you." (In ecclesiastical Latin, "*aeterni*" drops its "*a*.") (3) AET could be the initials of an English or Old English phrase, e.g., "Always and Eternally Thine." For the decipherment of the symbol, I think Latin is the most likely language, and my pick is #2. As for the triangle, it is a recognized symbol for the Trinity. Or, with an "E" in the center, it could symbolize the pyramid-like stability of "eternal" love.

> Tientsin, and that via Shanghai covered most a month in letters and magazines, indicating more than one boat. I do not know how to answer such a wonderful lot of information and news, and there is just one word to sum up everything, and that is I am so thrilled I just do not know what to do. There is nothing that a person really enjoys more than to feel that his loved ones are safe and happy, and I feel that God has been so good to me in letting my family get out of this mess, and get located where I know they are in the midst of friends, and where they can be taken care of.

From Frances's recently arrived letters, Pat learned that she had bought a car. In another paragraph of his 16 February letter, he commented on this:

> Your letters are so, so, so satisfying to me. You tell so many things that I just love to hear, and give little sidelights on things that I adore. You did not tell me how much you paid for the car, but I am glad that you were able to use the Bill's Motors credit.

Bill's Motors was the Ford place in Shanghai where Pat sold the 1937 Ford. At the time, he was given a credit towards buying another car if it was bought at a place related to Bill's. There was such a place in Charlotte, and Pat was pleased Frances had been able to use the credit.

Two letters to Frances, 4 and 5 March 1941. In the letter mailed on March 4, Pat tells Frances for the first time that, barring an outbreak of full war, "I am going to do everything that I can to run over to the USA and spend a month with you."

It is also the letter in which Pat tells Frances that one of her Women's Bible School teachers, a Miss Huang, has come down with a bad case of tuberculosis.

> Mr. Kuo [*Guo*] came in with a tale of woe from Miss Huang. The Huang boy has been sending his mother and sister forty dollars a month for some time [*probably Chinese currency; in U.S. currency, that would be about US$4 a month*], and they have been able to get along on this with their WBS [*Women's Bible School*] salary. … Then last month suddenly the sister [*the Miss Huang of the WBS*] got a bad case of t.b., and now the forty dollars a month is not enough to keep her in the hospital at Techow [*Taizhou?*] where she is being treated. I sent CNC$100.00 [*I think "CNC" means "Chinese National Currency"*] to help her out for a while. Mr. Kuo would like to bring her up here for two years and let him finish school. I told him I would write you for opinion, advice, etc. She might be able to run something like Mother [*Pat's mother, Annie Patterson*] wanted in the way of a small, underprivileged school for women and/or children.

Clearly Frances knew both Mr. Kuo and Miss Huang. Mr. Kuo, a seminary student, apparently came from the Suqian area. His reference to Miss Huang may have been no more than pastoral concern, but Pat's description sounds as if Mr. Kuo was expecting Miss Huang eventually to marry him. When we get to Frances's letter mailed 7 April 1941, about a month later, we will see her response in regard to Miss Huang. In Pat's next letter, mailed on 5 March, he says that an American donor had sent a gift of US$100 for mission work and that he might use it to help Miss Huang move to Tengxian without going broke. Again, Pat seeks Frances's advice. [*Pat's reference to a job that Miss Huang might do in Tengxian seems to imply that she was recovering from her tuberculosis. But could that have happened in just one month? — R.G.P.*]

Letter to Anne Patterson, 6 March 1941. Pat's letter-writing cycle called for him to write Anne a letter every fourth day. Both he and Anne were good about writing their letters. This letter of Pat's especially interested me because it told about one of the turning points in our old house in Suqian.

> Tell Houston and Bobby for me that the old house in Sutsien is about to be rented to Chinese, and if that happens, my guess is that it will never be lived in by foreigners anytime soon. The official has asked for it, and the mission at the last meeting two weeks ago in Shanghai gave permission for Mr. Junkin to let the Chinese have it.

Pat's letter to Anne was about *renting* the house. Shortly after Pearl Harbor, Mr. Junkin, whom the Japanese had interned in Xuzhou, was brought back to Suqian and compelled to sign over *ownership* of the mission property to the puppet regime that was then operating in Suqian. After the war, the property was never returned to the mission. Our house, located next to Suqian's police station or *yamen*, was assigned to the Chief of Police for his headquarters. It continued that function for about sixty years, until shortly after 2000, when Suqian built a new police station in another part of town. So what happened to our childhood home? It was razed, and what now stands where our house used to be is a Kentucky Fried Chicken restaurant.

The Thrill of Pat's Expected Visit

We saw earlier that some sixty-three of Pat's letters from the period of separation have been preserved, most of them written to Frances and saved by her. Frances also wrote many letters to Pat. But of her letters during that period, I know of only seven that still exist. I feel sure that Pat, who expected to return to China, left many of Frances's letters in his Tengxian study, but the letters simply got lost after he returned to Staunton in the summer of 1941.

Of Frances's seven extant letters, four of the earlier ones fit together, and three of the later ones. Letters in the earlier group are dated April 3rd, 4th, 6th, and 9th, 1941. I believe that Pat chose to bring these four letters along when he returned to the U.S.

> LETTER FROM FRANCES G. PATTERSON, HENDERSONVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA, TO C. H. PATTERSON, TENGXIAN, 3 APRIL 1941.
>
> April 3, 1941
>
> My own adored husband,
>
> Yesterday when I went down to mail my letter to you I found three gloriously grand letters from you to me — also some for B[*ob*] & A[*nne*]. I have just lived in and with these letters ever since, reading and re-reading and meditating. The dates were Feb. 28, Mar. 2nd, and Mar. 4th.[16] You write the most perfect letters & so deeply satisfying & thrilling to me. Your whole self goes into them and how I adore them.
>
> These letters were very full of thought-provoking statements and questions, & I shall have to answer them gradually so I can think through various problems and situations. First of all though, I am nearly wild with hap-

[16] See previous page for selections from Pat's March 4th letter.

piness over your proposed visit to the family this summer. You thus give me the hope I have been longing for, & I can stand anything with this to cling to & look forward to. You can never know what you mean to me, and how my life just can't be lived without you. For three or four weeks, since I faced the probability of not seeing you for years, I have tried to cut down on expressing my longing and need for you in letters. It seemed to make things all the harder. But with this wonderful prospect of having you in the place that is being kept for you, I can stop repressing too much.

I shall try to be very patient about knowing definite plans. Passage may be hard to get. And I shall not say anything to anybody about the matter. But believe me, [*p. 2*] there is a song in my heart that nothing on this side of the world can silence.

I want to urge you to plan to stay two months instead of one. Otherwise it will be a hectic visit, if you try to see anyone besides just us.

I do not think it is impossible that we might be able to go back with you in the early fall or late summer. Things haven't exploded yet & look like they may be better by that time. However the probability is certainly against this. I have not felt free yet to take this house for another year. The way ahead will be clear in time to make plans I am sure, so I am not worrying.

Sweetheart, you have asked me to help you decide about what you should do & where your duty lies. I do not feel like advising with Tom G[*lasgow*]. He was here the other night, but I never mentioned any of my affairs or problems. His mind has been fixed with such concentration on one subject for some months (E. T. Thompson[17]) that he can hardly think or talk about anything else. I could write to Darby[18] & may do so some time. I would guess that he would hesitate to advise one way or another. After all you are the one who must decide what you should do. If you resigned & came home simply because I wanted it, it would not only make me feel very selfish but would [*p. 3*] make me *most unhappy.* I do not want you *ever* to leave China unless you feel an overwhelming conviction that you should do so. … It would be disastrous to both of us for you to turn your back on what you feel is God's will for you & your duty. …

I do not think there is any likelihood of my wearing out or breaking down. … I have absolute faith in God's loving care. …

---

[17] Ernest Trice Thompson, professor of Church History, Union Theological Seminary in Virginia. Tom Glasgow and others were seeking to have him removed from the seminary faculty.

[18] For Darby Fulton, see an earlier reference above, p. 75.

I know that you love me, darling. I believe in you absolutely. I thank God for your consecration & everything that you are. I shall do my best to back you up in every way. Please feel free & unhindered & happy in any decisions that you make.

* * * * *

I love you, *love you*. You are the only person in the whole world who can satisfy me & thrill me & I'm just living to be kissed and loved by you.

Your own, Frances

•

LETTER FROM FRANCES G. PATTERSON, HENDERSONVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA, TO C. H. PATTERSON, TENGXIAN, 4 APRIL 1941.

April 4, 1941

Pat, my beloved, my darling, what can I say? I am the most happy person *anywhere* in this whole world. I am *wildly* happy & thrilled. I wonder if I was this blissful on my wedding day even. Do you know why?

This morning, since the children had holiday, we decided to sleep as late as we wanted to. Anne was in bed with me "pestering" and playing when the door-bell rang. I decided we just wouldn't answer. But the ringer was persistent, so I put on a kimono & went. When he said "cable for you" I missed several heart beats. And when I saw "June AET"[19] something inside of me was suddenly reborn & I simply cannot describe my emotions. *Every*thing, *every*thing is different now & I am radiantly happy. I do not know whether you mean leaving in June or arriving in June, but I do know it means you are coming back to me, and that is all I need to know. I want to keep this fact in my heart for a while & not share it with anybody. Later it may have to be told, but not now. Sometime early in May I will hear the details. Oh, my darling, am I dreaming, or am I really the most fortunate person in the world? My cup of happiness is truly *full*.

Your letters two days ago were so full of your precious self that I have lived in a world entirely apart from my immediate surroundings ever since. And a certain little [*p. 2*] letter has caused all kinds of fiery emotions and dreams. How wonderful it is going to be to express rather than repress, to enjoy freely and unhindered every relationship that God has sanctioned in a holy union like ours. We'll both have a grand time anticipating, wont we?

And, Pat, I hereby promise you that when you go back to China, if it is impossible for us to go with you, I will in no way hinder or discourage, or make it harder for you. So don't worry about that part.

[19] Concerning AET, see p. 105, n. 15.

> Now I'm not going to attempt to include any news in this letter since I don't know any anyhow. But I do want to tell you, even if I have to veil my language a little bit, how much I *loved* that little letter you enclosed to me inside another letter to me & that the censors didn't see. Most of the time my emotions & thoughts can be controlled, but sometimes they do run wild & I have a good time just letting them run wild. I think back over many rainy, windy nights & some special ones, and think of the snugness of my place so close to my beloved, with the rest of the world shut out — I think of his quick and never failing responsiveness to my moods, to my touch — I think of his superb physique, of his perfect technique. I visualize what shouldn't be visualized very often. I long to know that my beloved is indulging in similar reveries every now & then, not too often of course. And before I know it a warmth of feeling suffuses [*p. 3*] my entire being I go to sleep to dream indescribable dreams. And so the past is lived again, over and over, & the future is anticipated. I truly do not believe many people have scaled such heights of ecstasy & joy as the two people we know about — nor do any others get such complete satisfaction out of life together. And so as I look forward to June or July, as the case may be, there will be times when I will let my mind revel in thoughts like you wrote me & like I have just put into words. It's all right, isn't it? Tell me some more when you feel like it. And know that I'll not only understand, but will get a tremendous thrill & love you all the more for sharing every bit of your thought-life [*p. 4*] with me.
>
> I was tempted to send you a cable today after I got yours. But I could say so little that I decided to send a clipper letter instead. Am so eager to hear how long it takes these clipper letters to go through. This is my 4th.
>
> All the love your Buddy has goes right with this to you.
>
> Forever yours, F.

In her letter of April 6th, Frances includes a note about Miss Huang: "It would be nice to have Miss Huang in Tengxian if I ever get back. I'd say to let her come."[20]

Return to China?

Frances's other three letters also fit together as a group. The dates of writing are June 1st, 7th, and 8th, 1941. All three are addressed to San Francisco and directed to the Nitta Maru, the Japanese .liner that Pat was aboard as he approached San Francisco [*see Fig. 28 on the next page*]. Frances is radiantly happy that Pat is coming, but also she is thinking about the sober discussions that still must be held: will Pat go back to China, and if so, what does it mean for other members of the family? On May 31, 1941, Frances had moved her family out of the

[20] For Miss Huang's problem that Frances was responding to, see above, p. 106.

rented house at 1040 Patton Street, Hendersonville, and taken up quarters at a boarding house. The time was now limited before she would be going to Staunton to meet Pat.

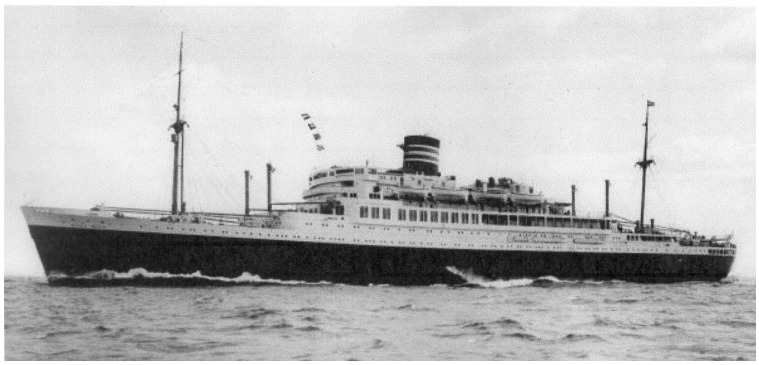

Fig. 28. The Nitta Maru. Launched, May 20, 1939. Re-fitted during the war as a troopship, and later re-fitted again as an aircraft carrier. The carrier was lost in the war in 1943.

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Of the three letters in the second group of Frances's letters, the most important is the first one, written the first day of June, one day after the family made its move to a Hendersonville boarding house. This letter opens up a discussion about plans for the future.

LETTER FROM FRANCES G. PATTERSON, AT A HENDERSONVILLE BOARDING HOUSE, TO C. H. PATTERSON, SAILING TO SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 1, 1941.

Hendersonville,
June 1, 1941.

My own darling Sweetheart,

This is my first letter to you in the U.S. and my! I can hardly control my joy or happiness & keep them within bounds. I shall probably write again to San Francisco a few days later as I find myself needing to talk to you too much to stop writing.

Dearest, your air-mail letter from Tenghsien written May 9th came on May 29th and was such a [*p. 2*] grand marvelous letter. Then the next day three other letters came of Apr. 21, 26, & May 1st. Oh, Pat, it's so grand to have you for mine & to know you will actually be with me in just two more weeks.

Your letters always reflect the mood you are in & always give such a good idea of what is going on in your mind. It's funny how I nearly always react to your mood & some of your letters get me all excited. [*p. 3*] Don't ever think you are the only one who has to repress desire or struggle to keep calm & controlled. Knowing you are coming so soon is the one & only solution. I love you, Pat, in so many ways that I didn't understand at all

or think possible when we were first married. And I love to have you think of me & long for me in those same ways. After we have been together a while again, probably this side of life wont take as prominent a place in our thinking. But we are both human & made with physical bodies that have their needs & desires & only one way of fulfillment. And that is each other. Isn't it grand that Christian marriage makes everything right & proper & sacred? Do you know that I feel a certain embarrassment over resuming such an [*p. 4*] intimate relationship? Why should this be?

One of your letters expressed great fear that something was going to prevent your coming. I too was haunted by such fears.[21] And yet I had such a strong conviction that God meant for you to come (and stay) that I just knew it was going to work out all right.

We will be in Lexington when you land, so if you send a wire, send it care [*p. 5*] of Mrs. E. A. Sale.[22] We will go on to Staunton the day you arrive, or perhaps the day before. I am afraid that Margaret & Henry & the children are going to be there then. However, unless I write later on, or wire you to the contrary, come to Staunton. And wire me in Lexington when to meet you.

Fig. 29. 1940-1941, the Patterson house in Hendersonville, at 1040 Patton Street.

We left our little house on Patton St. yesterday and are comfortably settled in this nice boarding place — have two adjoining rooms, with two beds in each. Good food & every comfort. I am [*p. 6*] ready to rest some after the last week of packing & moving. It's no job for one person to tackle & it always tears me to pieces emotionally to break up home again & sail forth into the uncharted seas. I realize that I cannot stand much more of it, & so I am going to plan otherwise!

You know I wondered for a long time whether I ought to tell you fully why I do not think you should leave us again *ever.* But I still hesitate to do so. Feel terribly deeply about it, as you can imagine. But I do not want to unduly try to influence you with a decision that *must* be yours.

---

[21] These fears were well justified. The Japanese navy had already requisitioned the Nitta Maru more than once, and some of its cruises had been cancelled in order to move troops instead of passengers.

[22] Mrs. E. A. Sale was Aunt Bets, in Lexington, Virginia.

Also, I have a horror of our summer being devoted to day after day of indecision & agonizing wondering. Surely God will make His way *clear* to both of us. One thing I want to mention, for it [*p. 7*] has been so apparent in your letters. All your thinking & reasoning & statements have presented only one side of the picture — viz. the needs of China & the pull to go back. And you have given me the impression that you would feel selfish & self-indulgent & weak and a slacker if you decided to serve God on this side of the world, at least for a while, & resumed the care & responsibility for the family God has put into your keeping. If this is your attitude, it is all [*p. 8*] wrong, Pat. The member of our family who needs you most of all is not me but Bobby[23] (that is putting it mighty strong, for my own need is so great).

I also feel that nervously and emotionally, neither of us can face another year even of this abnormal set up. It's not a question of what others will think or say, or what external events may or may not happen. Neither do I believe the issue can be avoided by postponing it a year or five years. The question of whether we are going to function as one unit or as two has got to be decided this [*p. 9*] summer. I guess the only right way will be for me to tell you everything I think & feel on the subject. But Pat, please do think down very deeply into the side of the question that involves the children & me & your relation to us. It isn't just a sentimental approach to the question. It is the most serious situation we have ever faced as a family.

Another angle of it that keeps me awake many a night is a feeling that I cannot shake off, that I can't ever go back under the present regime. That winter in Sutsien is the worst nightmare to me even now. And I do not believe I can stand the strain in Tenghsien either. Well, we'll have to talk it all through I guess sometime.

In the meantime I just love to forget all of this question & revel in you and your love & your letters & your pictures & your *every*thing. I just felt I had to prepare you a little bit for the way I feel.

I am going to write you again in a day or two. Houston gets in tomorrow night. Good night, my lover. Remember I am all yours. — F.

Earlier we stated that the date of Pat's arrival in Staunton was 18 June 1941.[24] Frances and the three children met him at the station with great joy, and all went back together to Maple Terrace, the home of Pat's father and mother. As Houston Jr. and Bob remember it, the children were permitted to participate in some of the family discussions about plans for the future. My contribution to the discussion, as best I recollect it, was that I thought it would be pretty

[23] Really? Hmm. — R.G.P.

[24] See above, p. 100, n. 10.

cool … (Nope. We didn't say "cool" back in those days. Checking with Pat's letters, I recognize that I should have said, "swell.") … I thought that it would be swell if the whole family could go back to China, and the Shanghai American School, and Qingdao.

But that wasn't how things went. Here is how Pat described his decision.

> The family was waiting for me at "Dam Hill."[25] After we had talked it over, and after I exchanged letters with Dr. Darby Fulton, Secretary of our Board of World Missions in Nashville, we decided it would be folly for me to return to China at that time. That is when I accepted a call to go to the Grundy church, in Buchanan County, Virginia.[26]

Various things of interest happened that summer, especially for Houston Jr. At Maple Terrace there was an old garage that was kept locked all the time. One day Houston asked his grandfather, why? As it turned out, there was an old automobile that had been abandoned there for several years. Houston wrote the owner and asked if he could buy it. The owner wrote back and said yes, for a couple of hundred dollars. Houston then wrote to say that $35 was all he had. And the man replied, Okay, you can have it. What Houston had gotten was a 1931 Wyllis Overland 4-door saloon, and with a little work he managed to get it into pretty good operating order. Apropos of the war that was then going on in Europe, he named the car "Blitz." It was a name that he made use of many more times as his life moved on.[27] With the coming of fall, Houston left Blitz parked behind the Grundy manse and went back to McCallie for his junior year. The U.S.A. was soon engaged in World War II, gas rationing, and, for Houston, the prospect of being drafted. So Houston acted on his father's advice and put Blitz up for sale. It was sold to a farmer who lived in the vicinity of Grundy.

In 1941, Francis and the family took a late summer trip to Rome, Georgia, to see the Owens. Pat left early and headed to Grundy, to begin his fall work. A little later, Frances, Bobby, and Anne joined Pat in Grundy, initiating a major new chapter in the family's life as it transferred from China to the United States. Ω

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[25] The Patterson home at Tinkling Spring was ready for use in 1884, at which time the "new house" was called "Wayside." Later a mill was opened on the property, and a dam was needed to deepen the creek into a millpond. The property came to be known locally as "Dam Hill." In 1939, when B. C. Patterson and Annie Houston Patterson retired to the farm, Annie chose a new name, "Maple Terrace."

[26] C. H. Patterson, *My China That Was* (2nd edition, 1993), p. 183.

[27] C. H. Patterson, Jr., "1931 Wyllis Overland," in *Interesting Events* (unpublished ms.), pp. 4-6.

PART FIVE

MISSIONS IN THE HOMELAND

In the summer of 1946, Mrs. Neal (left), Mrs. Edwards (aged 84), and Mrs. Lawrence are seen at an outpost of the Westminster Presbyterian Church. The women are calling people to a Sunday service by ringing a bell that once was attached to a steam locomotive. While Pat was in China, he had responsibility for some twenty-five outposts. Back in the U.S.A., he cultivated outposts in all of the churches that he served, often bringing Frances along to greet people and to help with the music.

Chapter 10

Back in the U.S.A.

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Grundy, On the Slopes of the Appalachians

Grundy is the county seat of Buchanan County, Virginia, lying at the intersection of Levisa Fork River and Slate Creek. The Appalachian mountains and hills surrounding Grundy are forested, and down in the valleys the waters of Levisa and Slate and other rivers and creeks are able to flow. When Pat and Frances went to Grundy in 1941, the local population was virtually 100% Anglo-Saxon, mostly descended from Scots-Irish settlers. Scottish Presbyterianism emphasized reading the Bible, obeying its teachings, and being "called of God" if entering the ministry. But the particular Scottish Presbyterians who settled in Appalachia did not emphasize having an *educated* ministry. So the people in the little churches that are built on the Buchanan County mountainsides gradually became members of the Church of Christ, or Pentecostals, or Baptists, often Hardshell or Missionary Baptists—but very rarely Presbyterians.

We have already seen that Pat and Frances believed in being "called of God" for mission work. And Pat didn't mind holding revivals. So it was no surprise that Pat, unable to return to China in the summer of 1941, "accepted a call" to Grundy for *home* mission work. His ministerial predecessor in the Grundy Presbyterian Church was Morton Hanna. Mr. Hanna served at Grundy and Vansant for three years and in 1941 became Louisville Seminary's Professor of Rural Church Ministry. Pat and Frances did not aim to increase the number of Presbyterians by coming to Grundy, but rather to bring a message of hope and purpose to people who yearned to hear it.

Now let's speak about Frances. When she came to Grundy, her first responsibility was to unpack the routines of life at the manse. One of the things that Frances soon noticed was that the side yard had a home garden. Pat and Frances were trying to live within their wages, and Frances was allotted a total of $10.00 a week for food, clothing, and utilities. So a garden could be very helpful. Either Mr. or Mrs. Hanna, or both, had worked on the garden, planting both flowers and vegetables. Okra seemed to have been a favorite. In the fall, when Pat and Frances had the garden plowed to prepare for spring planting, they did not at first recognize that the plow had dug up a row of okra plants and scattered them all over the garden. Cheer up! The scattered seeds produced new plants everywhere, and the 1942 crop was outstanding. But okra? Alas, no one in the family except Frances liked it. (In later years, however, a new familiarity with Creole cooking changed all that.)

For Frances, a second early responsibility was to get the children enrolled in school. Houston was in the 11th grade at McCallie. Bob entered the 10th grade at Grundy High and still remembers his biology teacher, Mr. Quick, as the slowest-talking person he ever knew. Anne entered the fifth grade. Both Bob and Anne were in easy walking distance of their schools.

Frances was able to help Pat with his work at the Grundy Church and in the outpost chapel at Vansant, about six miles away. In Grundy, Frances gathered the smaller children on Sunday mornings and taught a class. At the eleven o'clock morning service, members of the Grundy church liked to begin by singing several hymns of their own choosing. The sanctuary had an upright piano, worn and in need of tuning, to be sure, but still useable—except that there was no one to play it. The church members were delighted to learn that Frances could do this. While Frances was at the piano, Anne, under pretty close supervision by her father, would sit on the front pew with some friends. When the opening hymns were finished, Frances would move from the piano bench to a nearby pew and Anne would join her. For the evening services at Vansant, there was a portable pedal-organ, and there, too, Frances's musical ability was welcomed. Beyond Vansant, there was a smaller outpost at Oakwood. Frances occasionally attended there, but I am not sure whether Oakwood had any musical instruments.

The Pattersons made some good friends during their year in Grundy. Mr. Wm. Grady Parish, who operated a shoe repair business, was an elder in the church. His son, Bill Jr., and his grandson, Bill iii, later also became elders. Judge Frank Smith had a nice suburban home, and he, too, was an elder. The Smiths had three daughters, Lucy, Frances, and Anne, and one son, Frank. Bob and Anne Patterson both enjoyed visiting with the Smith family. In later life, Judge Smith's third daughter, Anne, now Mrs. F. D. Harman, lived in Fairfax, Virginia, near Washington, but she kept in touch with Pat and Frances for many years. In Vansant, there was a young man named John Looney who made a fine impression on all who knew him. He later moved to Bluefield and joined the Westminster Presbyterian Church. I think that for a time he was the leader of the youth group for Westminster.

When September 1942 came around, Frances and Pat felt that Bobby would do best to move from Grundy High to a private school. Bobby chose to follow Houston to McCallie, and McCallie accepted him. One request that Bobby made when he went off to school was that his nickname be shortened to "Bob." When Houston and Bob boarded the train to go to Chattanooga, they had no way to know that at Christmas they would be returning to a different town, in a different state—Williamson, West Virginia, near the Kentucky state line.

Williamson, Adjacent to the Tracks of the N&W

A double track of the Norfolk and Western Railroad cuts through downtown Williamson. Transporting coal was the N&W's main way to earn a profit, so the company insisted for a long time that its train engines run on coal rather than diesel. Numerous trains rolled through Williamson every day, perhaps forty or fifty, some carrying passengers and U.S. mail, some carrying logs, many carrying coal—and all producing soot. Surrounding hills fenced in the smoke, and a daily blanket of soot descended on the town. Frances soon discovered that no matter how hard she tried, she could never keep the house clean. School books, the piano bench, piano keys, newly washed clothes, stationery envelopes to be mailed, the sidewalks around the house, and more — all had a covering layer of soot.

The Pattersons were in Williamson three years. One of Pat's accomplishments during that period was to lead the town in the closing of a house of prostitution. His resolve to undertake

that task may have reflected his experiences as a minister in the country towns of China.[1] Williamson was known in that part of Kentucky and West Virginia as "The Little Whorehouse of Mingo County." The mayor, the chief of police, church members, and, not least, ministers of the various churches, knew perfectly well which of the town's houses were brothels and approximately how many prostitutes each held. Pat, from his pulpit, began a one-man crusade against prostitution, or at least the Williamson people called it a crusade. His sermons made headlines in the Williamson newspaper. He was said to have received some life-threatening letters. His crusade had at least one tangible result: one of the "little whorehouses of Mingo County" closed up. True, the Madame who closed it soon opened another one at no great distance from Williamson. But according to Elizabeth Mottesheard, a member of the Williamson Presbyterian Church, it was just a few years later that the Madame really repented and withdrew from the business.[2]

Members of the Williamson Presbyterian Church were loyal participants in the activities of their church, and many of them became lasting friends for both Pat and Frances. Dr. and Mrs. Easley lived on Sixth Avenue, just up the street from the church and the manse. They had two daughters, Nancy and Sue. Then there was Lance Slaven, a respected lawyer, an elder in the church. He and his wife had three daughters, Margaret, Nancy, and Katy. Again, the Gilliams, living in South Williamson, were good friends. Bob Gilliam, a member of the next generation, was an electrical engineer.

Joe and Doris Mater lived in another suburb. In a 1987 letter, Doris recalled her friendship with Frances:

> Frances was like a sister to me. She helped me talk about things I had never talked about and brought relief to me because I shared my thoughts. She was a gracious and loving person.

The Maters were amused to think back to one hot summer day when Pat tried cooling the church by putting tubs of ice in the basement and using electric fans to move cooled air into the sanctuary. Pat's scheme worked tolerably well, but the church officers nevertheless decided to have air-conditioning installed.

If I remember right, the Augustus ("Gus") Hayes family was in the lumber business. Mr. Gus Hayes Sr. died about two years after Pat and Frances reached Williamson. Mr. and Mrs. Hayes had lived in Bluefield when they were first married, and Mrs. Hayes decided to move back to the same Bluefield house that she and her husband had earlier built and lived in. She and her younger son, Jim, were there in 1945 when Pat, Frances, and Anne moved to Bluefield. The Bluefield manse at 315 Stowers Street was in process of being repainted and was not quite ready for occupancy, so Mrs. Hayes and Jim shared their home with the Pattersons for a week or two. Jim later attended McCallie, then went to Vanderbilt for college, continued there for a medical degree, and afterwards practiced neurological surgery in Nashville.

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[1] See C. H. Patterson, *My China That Was* (2nd ed., 1993), pp. 96-98.

[2] Some of the information in this paragraph comes from Elijzabeth Mottesheard's unpublished essay of 1987, "Patterson Crusades Against Prostitution."

Bluefield, Nature's Air-Conditioned City

When the Westminster Presbyterian Church in Bluefield asked Pat if he would consider a call to that church, Pat responded that he had been in Williamson only about one and a half years, and he felt that he could not leave abruptly. But Margaret Moore and other members of the Westminster search committee said to him that they didn't mind extending their call until he felt that he could come. Margaret Moore, the daughter of Mr. George St. Clair of Tazewell,[3] had known Pat during his Tazewell days. Pat accepted the call to Bluefield in the fall of 1945, and he, Frances, and Anne moved there. At the time, Houston was in the navy and was pursuing his college work at the Stevens Institute of Technology, Hoboken, New Jersey; and Bob was a sophomore at Washington and Lee.

One of the ways in which Frances particularly contributed to the life of Westminster Church was in the development of its kindergarten. When Pat recommended to his session that Westminster start a kindergarten, he perhaps once again reflected his experience as a missionary in the Suqian area of China. Every one of the fifty outpost chapels in Suqian had opened a school to educate children of grades one through five. The schools often met on weekdays in the sanctuaries of their chapels, and Pat was convinced that a similar activity could be useful for Westminster. Bluefield had perfectly good public schools, beginning with grade one, so Pat recommended to the session that the church open a kindergarten. To gain the session's agreement, he guaranteed that the session would be asked to approve teachers individually, that any church rooms used during the week would be cleaned up for Sundays, and that the kindergarten would pay its own way.

Fig. 30. Frances's first-time participation in the Kindergarten graduation, May, 1952.

The session agreed to try it, opening the kindergarten in about 1951. Frances's youngest child, Anne, had gone to college in 1950, leaving Bluefield, and Frances was glad to undertake teaching in the new enterprise. However, she was the wife of the minister, and she carefully avoided being designated director of the kindergarten. In the years that followed, the kindergarten grew substantially in size, and to this day it remains an important activity of the Westminster Church. Frances taught in the kindergarten for sixteen years, from the opening year of 1951 until 1967, when Frances had to withdraw from this activity for health reasons that we

[3] Concerning Mr. St. Clair, see p. 81, n. 1.

will come to later. During all those years, she knew the children, she loved them, and she remembered them after they had graduated. She was a beloved teacher and friend.[4]

Frances filled another role at Westminster by becoming a teacher of the Women's Bible Class on Sunday mornings. My recollection is that the class followed the International Sunday School Lessons and that for a number of years Frances and Eloise Sluss taught the class in alternating months. It gave Frances an opportunity to use what she had learned at Assembly's Training School and in her later work with the Suqian Women's Bible School. It also let her come to know the women of Westminster Church, and their families.[5]

In 1966, Frances wrote a letter to Houston, Bob, and Anne, to let them see how much the people of Westminster Church appreciated their father. By then he had been the minister at Westminster for twenty-one years, and the letter speaks of the place that Pat had made for himself in the church and in the community. It also permits us to see how the relationship of Frances and Pat had continued to grow during the years.

LETTERS (*Three Carbon Copies*) FROM FRANCES G. PATTERSON, BLUEFIELD, WEST VIRGINIA, TO EACH OF HER THREE CHILDREN, 28 SEPTEMBER 1966.

Wed. Sept. 28th

Dear Houston, Bob, and Anne,

I feel the urge to write you about an experience I had last night while it is still very much on my mind. Actually I don't think I'll ever forget any of it.

Dad is in Roanoke, as I wrote previously. Two of our most wonderful elders made an appointment to come and talk to me at 7:30 and they were there on the dot: white shirts, ties, Sunday suits. They soon got down to business. WHAT could this church do to keep Dad from leaving after his 70th birthday?[6]

We who have lived so close to the head of our family all these years should be aware of the caliber of the man that is ours!

I have lived for nearly seventy years and I have never heard such tribute and expressions of affection as I heard last night. Here are some of them:

"He is the most beloved man in Bluefield."
"He has the 100% love and loyalty of every member of Westminster."
"I have never known a minister to be loved as he is."
"The young people of Westminster and of all Bluefield look to him for guidance and understanding and inspiration."
"No minister can EVER be to Bluefield what he is."

[4] See Elizabeth Feuchtenburger's comments in Appendix A-4.

[5] Ibid.

[6] His seventieth birthday would be 4 March 1967.

"Westminster will never feel as close to another minister."
"First Church is trying to get new members by telling people that Dr. Pat is soon leaving Westminster, so join our church."
(This really makes our church boil.)
"Nobody wants a younger minister. We all want Dr. Pat."

What the two elders wanted to ask me was whether there are any health problems that would make it hard for him to stay on, or whether I knew of any personal reasons why he would rather not stay on. I answered both in the negative, except to mention his eye condition.[7] They didn't think the eyes would cause a great problem.

Their idea is to definitely lighten the load of work. They want him to take THREE months off each year, instead of one. This is unbelievable, unheard of. And they want him to do less work when he is here on the job.

Was it entirely coincidental that these two elders, Dr. King and Mr. Charlie Walker, were each looking for the other yesterday to see what could be done, and this was without previous consultation or discussion. When Charlie went to see Dr. King, he was greeted with, "Could it be that you have sought me out for the same reason that I was trying to call you? Is it about Dr. Pat?" They felt it was not pure coincidence. And also that a young married lady came to Charlie's office yesterday to beg him and others to do something quick to keep Dr. Pat from leaving. "He is Westminster Church." Both of these men had tears in their eyes as they tried to put into words a love that is inexpressible.

Well ... I was so overwhelmed I could hardly say anything. I realize that Dad has done a tremendous job here and has gotten a great response. But I had not exactly realized how desperate the officers would feel about his leaving after 21 years. They say that he surely will be working somewhere ... can he not continue here?

I told the elders of our happiness and satisfaction during the years. Also that Dad felt he had been here long enough and should not prolong his stay. That I could not speak for him at all, except to say that he would be very deeply touched by all that had been said. They plan to approach him as soon as he gets home. If God is trying to redirect our steps and plans, I am sure He will make it very plain.

This is written for you to file in your memory, and to make you increasingly thankful that God gave you this "Dr. Pat" for a Dad.

Much love, Mother

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[7] The problem was cataracts. When Pat had his operation several years later, it was successful.

PART SIX

A LIFE LIVED TO THE END

Frances and Pat with their youngest grandchild, Craig, in Bluefield for Christmas, 1968.

Chapter 11

Her Children Mature

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Frances Dedicates Her Children to God

The letter below was written by Frances in 1944 and sent to Bob. Frances was living in Williamson at the time. I was soon due to graduate from McCallie School, and, as the letter says, she was planning to attend. Since this was during World War II, I expected to be drafted in about a year, and Frances thought it was a good time to let me know that she and Pat had dedicated my life to God. The letter was addressed to me, but Frances clearly meant that she and Pat had committed all three of their children to God, beginning with their days of birth and continuing through the parts of their lives that were still developing.

Six years later, all of Frances's children had left home. In the fall of 1948, Houston ended his Bluefield days as an engineer and became a teacher of mathematics at McCallie. In the summer of 1949, I ended my year and a half as a teacher at McCallie and entered Union Theological Seminary in Richmond. In 1950, Anne entered Agnes Scott College. I think Frances intended to convey to all three of her children, not just to me, the message of her 1944 letter.

LETTER FROM FRANCES G. PATTERSON, WILLIAMSON, WEST VIRGINIA, TO ROBERT G. PATTERSON, STUDENT AT MCCALLIE SCHOOL, CHATTANOOGA, TN, 30 MARCH 1944.

March 30, 1944.

Dearest Bob,

A fine letter from you yesterday. I'm so glad you are keeping a cool, level head about A-12, A-5 etc.[1] The radio and electronics program sounds interesting and this may turn out to be the very thing. I'm sure of one thing, and that is that either by opening or by closing doors God will lead you to the place He wants you to be. Just believe this with all your heart & you will always be happy.

Did I ever tell you that the day you were born we definitely gave you to God & every day have entrusted you to His care & guidance? This is such a comfort to me when times of uncertainty & times of making decisions come. God has a plan for your life & He will make everything fit in to it, if we just trust Him & follow Him. A living faith is the greatest help I know of in facing & living our life.

We gave Houston & Anne to God in this same way. It is wonderful how He has overruled and even used all the vicissitudes of our hectic wandering hither and yon to make us all more conscious of our need for Him

[1] I think these were options for military service. Apparently the option that most attracted me at the time was the one that emphasized electronics.

and of His all-sufficiency. He has blessed us so wonderfully in our children. Anne is still a child, but you and Houston are developing into splendid Christian men. We are so pleased. And I surely believe that God is directing your lives step by step.

I see you made your letter in Soccer. This is *grand.* I enjoyed the *Tornado*[2] last week.

It wont be long now 'til I'll be writing to the Hotel Patton for reservations for May 20–22nd. Might be wise to do it right away, in fact. I hope it wont rain as much during commencement this year as it did last.

Well, I must stop and get to bed. Daddy is out somewhere making a commencement address — some Ky. grade school that only runs for seven months. Heaps of love,

Devotedly, Mother

The following notes of recollection by Anne Hammes portray Frances's procedure for committing her children to God. The notes also show the relationship that Frances had with her only daughter, Anne. As the years passed, Anne was to mean more and more to Frances.

MY MEMOIRS OF MOM IN RELATION TO ME (*Sections 1 and 2*[3])

By Anne P. Hammes, 09 November 2009

My young childhood. In young childhood I recall Mother being protective, cheerful, encouraging, fair. When Dad and I played "BEAR," she was always the safe "BASE" that I could go to. As I grew into the 'teens I was aware she wanted to teach her children integrity, a Christian awareness and commitment, and daily prayers. She also wanted me to learn the social graces — inclusive conversations with others (as at the dinner table), appropriate dress and manners, politeness/tact, etc. Mom was a Sunday school teacher, and she asked me to hold back from answering questions so other kids could have a chance to answer.

I was impressed during my senior year in high school that she made a point of being home when I returned home from school. She would sit down and chat for fifteen to twenty minutes. One summer, while I was in college, she suggested that the two of us drive up through Virginia to Washington, D.C., and visit the homes of notable people, people such as Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Robert E. Lee. I really enjoyed being with her on that trip.

College and nursing school years. I think Mom had the goals for her daughter that are commonly held by mothers: good education, find a good

[2] The *Tornado* was the student newspaper at McCallie.

[3] "My young childhood" and "College and nursing school years" are the first two sections. Section Three, "Mother's years of illness," will follow in Chap. 12.

successful man, get married, stay involved in the church, and live happily ever after. She was disappointed when I turned down the interests of one or two promising fellows. I think she was concerned when I brought up medical school before going to nursing school, and then brought it up once again after I had been to nursing school. But once the dye was cast on going to medical school, she was fully supportive. She was always cordial to my husband, Al Hammes, whom I had met and married when she had not yet seen him. She was able, later, to make it out to Phoenix to meet Al's Mom and to see our house.

I loved Aunt Kack's visits to Bluefield and Montreat. She and Mom would recall all the family tales and folklore. For instance, I cannot forget the humor and pleasant laughter that the pair of them evoked as they prompted one another's recollections of their early years.

Her Helping Hand

Throughout her life, Frances was ready to help those in need. Earlier, we named this as one of her fundamental personal characteristics (*see above, p. 6*). We saw it at work in China. Now we will see it in her later life, in the relationships she had with her own children.

Each of the three sections below describes the gift by Frances of an automobile to one of her children, not simply as a Christmas present but as a way to offer a helping hand to a son or daughter who was in genuine need. In telling the stories, I will follow the sequence in which they occurred—Bob in 1954, Houston in 1960, Anne in 1962.

A helping hand to Bob, 1954. I was a resident student at Yale for three years as I did graduate work , 1952 to 1955. The first two years primarily involved class work, the third year was spent in work on my Ph.D. dissertation. During the summer following the second year, I was an interim Associate Minister in the Williamson Presbyterian Church. That provided some extra income, and with time drawing nearer when I might be offered an actual job and salary, I bought a car. I think the car came from Bluefield, was a Chevrolet, had already been in use for a good many years, and would have won no beauty prizes—but it did run.

I stopped by Bluefield for several days at the end of August, and then started out to drive, first to Tinkling Spring, where I could attend the wedding of Patricia Mack and Charles Churchman, and after that New Haven. I chose a direct route to get to Tinkling Spring, one that meant I would ride over several mountains. As things turned out, that was a poor choice. About seventy-five miles from Bluefield, as I was driving up a mountain and following a hairpin curve, I suddenly realized that the car had left the road. There was no road shoulder to protect the car, and I dropped about ten or fifteen feet with the car as it dived towards the field of a nearby farm. As the car bumped me down onto the field, I felt sure that it would never again carry me anywhere, and using my thumb might be how I would make my way back to Bluefield that day. However, when I climbed out of the car, I was pleased to note that none of my bones seemed to be broken. Then I noticed that the car had landed on an open field and was not locked in by any trees or tree limbs. The car was not actually in a farm field

but rather on a dirt road that paralleled the field. The motor had quit, but when I tried it, it started. So I revved the motor up to see if I could get the car to pass out through the gates on the dirt road and onto the highway. Incredibly, I could and it did.

Still, I was a long way from New Haven, so I thought I probably ought to go back to Bluefield and have the front-wheel steering mechanism checked, and perhaps have a few dents in the car worked on. I got back to Bluefield by early afternoon. That is where Mother begins to have a part in the story. She was alarmed to see me back in Bluefield, and when she heard what had happened she was immensely relieved that I had not been hurt. And then she looked at me seriously and said, "Bob, I want you to trade cars with me."

I tried to persuade her that I could get to New Haven in my own car, but she wouldn't be persuaded. "What will the people in New Haven think of you, if you come riding in with a car like that and drive it into the Yale Divinity School parking lot?" (As a matter of fact, I knew that "a car like that" was not really unusual in the YDS parking lot.) I think she may have said something to the effect that she didn't want all those Yankees to think that Southerners were still dirt poor. But probably what she really had on her mind was whether my old car was safe to drive. She brought me around. That afternoon, we got the paper work done, and the next morning I started on my way. Mother's car got me to Tinkling Spring in time for the wedding of Patricia Mack and Charles Churchman on Saturday, September 4, 1954, and in fact got me there the previous afternoon, in time to see the rehearsal. The car got me to New Haven, and several times carried me from New Haven down to New York, where Anne was studying to become a nurse. In the fall of 1955 it got me to Chattanooga to attend Houston and Shirley's wedding. After that, it got me across the State of Tennessee to Southwestern at Memphis, where my professional career was about to begin. And it turned out to be the car that I drove on my honeymoon. So Mother's "helping hand" proved to be very helpful indeed, for me.

A helping hand to Houston, 1960. Houston and Shirley, along with their two young daughters, Nancy and Anne, had made a Christmas visit to Bluefield in 1960.[4] As they headed back to Chattanooga, their Buick began to clank and clatter before they even reached Tazewell, and they turned around immediately and headed back to Bluefield. Houston and his father, Pat, consulted the local Buick company. Afterward they held a conference, with Frances joining in, and she suggested that they might give Houston a 1950 Ford that the family normally left in Montreat during winters.[5] The next morning, Pat and Houston set out, drove to Montreat (with no interstate highways in those days, to help them along), got the Ford, and drove it back to Bluefield. The next day, Houston took his family to Chattanooga, and for the next four or five years he continued to use the Ford. At the end of that time, he gave it back to Pat, who once again drove it to Montreat and each winter left it parked there in the garage.

[4] Perhaps 1959. Nancy was born in late 1956 and Anne in 1958. Nancy was about three or four years old when this incident took place, so I would give it a date of about 1959 or 1960.

[5] We don't have definite knowledge about why Pat and Frances left a car in Montreat. One factor may be that Pat fairly often returned from Montreat to Bluefield to hold a funeral or a wedding. With just one car, Frances would be left stranded. Again, Frances may have disliked driving to and from Montreat alone. By leaving a car in Montreat, Pat and Frances could make the initial trip together, and nevertheless have two cars to use while there.

That completes the story of how Frances's 1960 gift to Houston helped to rescue him from a difficult situation. (As to what happened to the clanky Buick, I probably could make a guess, but I confess that I don't really know. Houston says Dad sold it.)

Lets complete our story by telling the later history of the Ford. Pat's sister, Margaret Patterson Mack, returned from Manila to Maple Terrace in 1971. Bill Patterson, Margaret's older brother and Pat's younger brother, had a cancer that would lead to his death, and Margaret intended to help take care of him. But Maple Terrace was some distance away from any town, and Pat thought that she really needed a car. The car he had in mind was, by that time, at least twenty-one years old, but apparently the low winter mileage at Montreat had left it with a few additional years of life. After Bill died in 1972, Margaret came over to Bluefield to help Frances. The car that she drove to Bluefield was by now twenty-*two* years old, and as a matter of fact it *still* had a couple of years to go.

A helping hand to Anne, 1962. As Anne pursued an M.D. at Emory University, she found that she needed a car, both day and night. Much of her medical education involved actual treatments that took place at the Grady Memorial Hospital, and that was five miles away from Emory. Again, Frances was able to help. She found a used Opel, I assume in Bluefield, and made a gift of it to Anne. While this really served Anne's needs, complications were to follow. In the early part of August, 1962, Anne drove the Opel to Montreat for a family visit, expecting to return to Atlanta in a week or two. But it was obvious that the Opel had developed some serious problems. Houston worked on the water hoses to the radiator and Pat worked on the oil supply system, but their efforts did not succeed. In a letter Anne wrote to Bob at the time (Bob was in the latter days of a visit to India), Anne commented:

> I've certainly learned a lot about Opels in the past two days. We've been trying to fix the hose (tube?) to the radiator, but it is just too old & keeps breaking, so we finally took it to the garage.[6]

Anne got back to Atlanta safely. But about ten days later, a letter from Anne to her parents indicated that her car was again having multiple problems. When she asked a garage mechanic in Atlanta to check it, his recommendation was that she trade the car in and buy another. Pat and Frances were convinced that Anne's daily medical work would not leave her with time enough to locate and buy a satisfactory used car, and lack of funds meant that she couldn't set out to buy a new one. So Frances offered to give Anne her own car, a Ford. Pat drove it to Atlanta and traded it to Anne for the Opel. Pat succeeded in getting the Opel back to Montreat, and he had a garage mechanic in Black Mountain check it over. Among other things, the mechanic found that one of the motor's four moorings had worn a way through the floor of the car, exacerbating the other problems. For just $12.50,[7] the mechanic fixed the bad mooring and returned the car to Pat in good working condition. Pat and Frances had planned to return Anne's Opel to her, if appropriate, but I think they chose instead to give her the Ford.

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[6] Letter from Anne R. Patterson, Montreat, NC, to Bob Patterson, Collins Memorial Hostel, Bangkok, August 9, 1962.

[7] Frances provides this detail in her letter to Bob of August 25, 1962, sent to Bob via Mrs. W. S. Rice, San Pedro, California. Mrs. Rice, née McAtee, was Jane McAtee Patterson's Aunt Doris.

After all, she needed a reliable car in Atlanta. Several years later, Anne accepted a job in Arizona and moved there, bringing along her medical books and other possessions. For that trip, she found that having the newer and more spacious car was particularly useful.

Summer Visits to Montreat

When Pat came home from China in the summer of 1941, he and Frances and their children gathered at the B. C. Patterson home, Maple Terrace, in Tinkling Spring, staying there for several months. Afterwards, the C. H. Pattersons visited the B. C. Pattersons for about a month each summer, continuing this as long as the B. C. Pattersons lived. Frances participated in these visits, but she didn't let that prevent her from visits with her own relatives. She soon learned that Montreat was a good place to have visits with Kack, and, as she already knew, Hendersonville, where the Sanfords lived, was near to Montreat.

B. C. Patterson and Annie H. Patterson died in September 1953 and February 1954. That made a considerable difference in the question about where summer visits would take place. A turning point in that regard had been the recent decision to purchase a "cottage" in Montreat, a summerhouse at the upper end of Virginia Terrace.

Westminster Church granted Pat a month for a summer vacation, and he and Frances always arranged to be in Montreat when the annual Missionary Conference took place, letting them see their China friends again and hear about the situation in China. Frances and members of her family always visited Jessie Glasgow, the widow of Robert Glasgow Jr., in her Montreat home of Glen Eyrie. Frances often saw her Glasgow cousin, Nell Landis. Pat and Frances regularly visited the Browne Hoyts at their home in Montreat. Browne Hoyt was Pat's first cousin and was also a Presbyterian minister. Nettie Grier and her daughter had retired from Xuzhou, and Pat and Frances enjoyed visiting their home in Montreat. And while they were in Montreat, they always stopped in to see the Nelson Bells, who lived there the year around. Montreat was also a good place for Frances to renew her friendships with people she had known at Assembly's Training School and Union Theological Seminary. On the whole, then, Frances found these visits with relatives, old friends, and fellow workers to be very rewarding. It hardly needs to be added that the people Frances saw the most when she was in Montreat were her children, Houston, Bob, and Anne; her grandchildren; her sister Kack; and of course, Pat, who was relieved (for the most part) from his church responsibilities.

Most of these visits were pleasant and informal—typically, groups sitting on a front porch and talking, well supplied with cups of coffee. But sometimes Montreat visits reached much deeper into people's hearts and memories, both for the visitors and the hosts. An example of this occurred in 1962. In 1961, McCallie School had appointed Houston to serve as director of the McCallie summer camp, a job that Houston continued for three or four summers. Just as the camp was closing at the end of Houston's second summer, i.e. 1962, a distressing thing happened, something that Houston never forgot. Many years later, he wrote about it:

> The summer camp program involved about 100 youngsters and ten counselors, and it lasted for six weeks. I chose my counselors from recent graduates of McCallie—

> young men I had taught or coached and with whom I felt comfortable. In 1962 I was blessed with a particularly fine set of counselors and the summer went very well.
>
> As the season drew to a close, the staff began making arrangements for getting the campers to the bus, train, and airport on the last day. Everything seemed to work out quite well—all of the kids were accommodated. One of my top performers was a young graduate named Mack Childress. Mack was every camper's favorite (and admittedly one of mine). The final morning dawned, and Mack, along with another counselor (Doc Gilbert) got up early in order to get one of the campers (a twelve-year-old) to the bus station for a 7:00 o'clock ride. They decided to use Doc's car, so he was driving and Mack was in the passenger seat.
>
> Two days earlier, the main East/West thoroughfare from McCallie to downtown had been converted from a two-way highway to a one-way road with four lanes. This was McCallie Avenue, the route that the counselors took to get to the bus station. They were traveling *west* in the far-left lane. Meanwhile, a driver from out in the country, a farmer who apparently did not know of the recent changes in the road, turned onto McCallie Avenue and drove *east* on what was his right-hand lane. Both cars began to mount the highly arched railway viaduct at about the same time. Because of the steep arch, neither car saw the other one until they topped the viaduct. In an attempt to avoid a collision, both cars turned towards the center of the road. But the cars still crashed. Mack, who was sitting in the front passenger seat, died on the scene. The others were severely injured, but recovered.
>
> My personal reaction to this tragedy was understandably severe. This was the worst experience I had ever faced. Mother wrote me a couple of encouraging letters, which helped me sort out the realities; and I must give credit to Mack's mother for making it very clear that she did not hold me responsible. I did get over the experience, but I think it made me look at responsibility in a new and different light.[8]

The final day of the 1962 McCallie Camp was July 28, a Saturday. This was the day that the terrible accident happened. Houston stayed over in Chattanooga on Sunday, Monday, and most of Tuesday, July 31. One of the counselors in 1962 was Bobby Glasgow, Houston's first cousin once removed. Houston gave Bobby a ride to Black Mountain, departing from Chattanooga on Tuesday evening at six P.M. After he had left Bobby Glasgow with his family, Houston stopped by the Patterson cottage. He did not awaken Frances since it was past midnight, but he had a short visit with Anne before going on to where Shirley was staying. On Friday, August 3, Houston and his two girls visited Frances all day. Again, on Sunday, August 5, he and Shirley and the girls came to Montreat and spent the day with the Pattersons.

I mention all these dates because I think they help us understand Frances's letters. I received a good many letters from Mother that summer, and several of them referred to the McCallie Summer Camp occurrence. In Frances's letter of Tuesday, August 2nd, her effective description of the event certainly implies that she had already heard from Houston, perhaps by

[8] Typed two-page essay by C. Houston Patterson, Jr., February 25, 2010, unpublished.

telephone. But as of that Tuesday, she had not yet had a chance to talk with him face-to-face or to hear a more extensive report of what had happened. I think this may account for several discrepancies in her letter of August 2. A selection from that letter now follows, and I will use the footnotes to add brief comments about two discrepancies.

> Houston was delayed several days leaving Chattanooga (*Frances wrote on August 2*) because of a car accident that occurred when two counselors were driving one of the campers to the bus station, to catch a bus to go home. It was a head-on collision with a truck[9] which was going the wrong way on a one-way street. One of the counselors, a seventeen-yr-old Chattanooga boy, was terribly injured & died two days later.[10] The twelve-yr-old had both legs broken—one leg in two places—and a facial cut. The other counselor escaped serious injury. It was a drastic experience and a sad aftermath to the camp.[11]

In a subsequent letter of August 7, Frances wrote:

> Houston and his whole family spent Sunday with us. Houston was deeply shaken up by the auto accident and death of the counselor at the end of camp. (I wrote about this.) Several weeks of hiking will be ideal for him.[12]

About two weeks later, still in that same month of August, 1962, Charlotte Glasgow of Staunton, Virginia, died in a head-on automobile collision. She was one of Frances's first cousins. Commenting on this in her letter to Bob of August 16, Frances wrote:

> One of my first cousins in Staunton, Charlotte Glasgow, was instantly killed in a head-on collision this week (*i.e., mid-August, 1962*). The man in the other car was killed too. Houston has gotten seatbelts in both cars now. I'm going to do this also. But being in a car on the road seems to be increasingly dangerous.[13]

In addition to the deaths of Mark Childress and Charlotte Glasgow, both killed in 1962 through accidents on highways, another death in the family resulting from a highway collision had happened just two years earlier. Frances's sister, Mary Glasgow Sanford (Mamie), was helping to take care of two older women in Hendersonville, and one of them asked Mamie to drive her over to Davidson, North Carolina, for a visit. While they were riding, a tractor-trailer crossed over to the wrong side of the road, and in the collision both women were killed. The date of that was April 1, 1960. Mamie was sixty-seven years old.

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[9] Houston is quite definite that the collision was between two cars, not a car and a truck.

[10] Houston's essay affirms that Mack died on the scene, not in a hospital two days later. In recent conversation with me, Houston reaffirms that death was immediate. He also remembers that one day later, on Sunday, he saw Mrs. Childress at church, and her conversation confirmed that she knew her son had died. When Frances said "died two days later," could she have been unintentionally thinking of someone else, perhaps a person in Bluefield? Anyway, a single telephone call did not suffice to make all things clear.

[11] Letter from Frances Patterson, Montreat, to Robert G. Patterson, Bombay 1, India, Aug. 2, 1962.

[12] *Ibid.*, Aug. 7, 1962.

[13] Letter from Frances G. Patterson, Bluefield, to Robert G. Patterson, Tokyo, August 16, 1962.

Members of Her Extended Family

Frances kept in touch with more than just her own children. When she became aware of needs among her nieces and nephews, she was always ready to see if she could help. She was especially aware of her two sisters: Mamie {Mary), along with Mamie's husband, Frank Sanford Sr., and the four Sanford children; and Kack (Katherine), nearer in age to Frances, along with Kack's husband, Dean Owens Sr., and the two Owens children.

Frank, Jr. Crises happen in people's lives, and a crisis occurred in the life of the eldest Sanford child, Thomas Frank Sanford, Jr. During World War II, Frank had been selected as a naval intern to go to the medical school of Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore and earn an M.D. Since it was wartime, the number of years needed to earn an M.D. degree had been abbreviated from four to three, summers to be included. This put a heavy load on the students, but Frank did well and was in the upper 10% of his class.

In the fall of 1947, when he was engaged in the final year of his medical work, Frank was overcome by an illness that prevented the continuing of his M.D. studies. The Johns Hopkins Medical School at first subjected Frank to a series of electric shock treatments in order to modify the depression caused by his illness. But the shock treatments were not particularly successful, and Frank did not want them to be continued. In due time the Johns Hopkins Medical School informed the family in Hendersonville that Frank needed to withdraw from the school and be brought home. The school told the family that they would hold a space open for him for a year, permitting him to return if he recovered.

At that time, neither Mamie nor Frank Sr. could readily undertake a drive to Baltimore. Frances knew about Frank Jr.'s sickness, and when she learned there was a need for someone to pick him up in Baltimore, she at once offered to find out if Houston could do it. Houston, who himself had recently earned an engineering degree through support from the navy, was living in Bluefield, and he was glad to go. He drove straight to Baltimore, had a night's rest, picked Frank Jr. up, and drove him directly to Hendersonville, avoiding stops along the way to visit family. Houston later mentioned how non-talkative Frank was as they drove. After coming back to North Carolina, Frank Jr. received some other treatments from doctors, not shock treatments, but he remained deeply affected by depression. He did not recover sufficiently during his year's leave from Johns Hopkins to return to the medical school. He died in Hendersonville on July 20, 1953, thirty-one years old.

•

Laura. Laura Faucette Sanford was a member of the Sanford family, and Frances over the years developed a close relationship with her. Laura, about the same age as Houston, was a conscientious student. She attended Assembly's Training School for two years, 1949 to 1951, and earned two degrees, a Bachelor of Religious Education and a Master of Religious Education. Assembly's Training School was Frances's former school, and naturally she was pleased that Laura had chosen to go there. Laura's years at A.T.S. also coincided with my first two years at Union Theological Seminary. Frank Jr. was still in Hendersonville in 1951 when Laura completed her work at A.T.S., and she chose to decline taking a job in a church. Instead, she

returned to Hendersonville, seeking to help Frank with her concern and love. Laura had been at home with Frank for about two years when he died, in 1953.

Laura later married, and in 1968, at the age of forty-three, she had a child, a boy. She named the boy Jerry Pressley. Laura devoted the next eleven years of her life to the rearing of Jerry. In 1968, Frances was beginning to be affected by the illness that would lead to her death, but she was still able for two or three years to invite Laura to Montreat for visits. She did that several times while Jerry was a baby or a toddler. In 1979, four years after Frances died, authorities in North Carolina decided that Laura did not have the ability, or perhaps the resources, to rear an adolescent son, and they separated Laura from Jerry. Jerry's grandmother, Mamie, had died considerably earlier, in 1960, so she was not available to take care of Jerry. Jerry, eleven years old, was put under the jointly ministered care of Laura's sister, Nancy, and Laura's brother, Bob, both of whom were married and had their own families. Laura was accepted into a state institution. She died in 1989, at the age of sixty-four.

Her son, Jerry Pressley, earned a degree in mathematics from North Carolina State University. As of 2010, he is forty-two years old and a teacher of mathematics at a private school in Connecticut. He is married to Michelle Jobe, an immigrant from Cuba, and they have two children, a son named Lucas, and a daughter … named Laura.

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Kack. Frances's middle sister, Kack, was married to Dean Owens Sr., a lawyer in Rome, Georgia. He died relatively young on 11 October 1951, shortly before his fifty-fourth birthday. His death was unforeseen and was, of course, difficult for Kack. But she was able to work out a path for the continuation of her life.

Her two sons, Dean Jr. and Bob Owens, had either finished college or almost finished it by the time Dean Sr. died. For a time, Kack held a position in the admissions office of Shorter College, a women's college in Rome. Her son, Bob, remained in Rome, got married and had children—Kack's grandchildren. Bob worked in a hardware business in Rome.

Dean Jr. became an architect. He also learned to play the harp and became a member of the Savannah orchestra. Later, Kack lived in Savannah with Dean. He had a good number of friends visiting from Europe, and Kack helped in Dean's extension of hospitality to them.

Throughout their lives, Kack and Frances were very close to each other. Not least among Kack's activities was her help for Frances while visiting in Montreat. In Chapter 12, I will be speaking of the illness that Frances faced during her declining years. As her illness progressed, Kack significantly helped her in housekeeping, cooking, and extending a warm welcome to other visiting family members. The companionship that Kack brought to Frances during those later days opened for Frances nothing less than a new sense of life. **Ω**

Chapter 12

A Progressive and Incurable Disease

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Observing the Kindergarten From a Distance (1967)

Frances was in Montreat when she first became aware of her pending disease. While she was climbing up the flight of stone steps that connects the Montreat house with Virginia Terrace, she stumbled and fell. The same thing happened at least once more that summer, maybe twice. Pat thought at first that it was just ordinary stumbling, but Frances knew right away that something different was happening, something involving a breakdown of muscular control.

Pat showed himself to be good at building railings for indoor and outdoor stairs in both Montreat and Bluefield. The railings greatly helped Frances to walk more safely. But her difficulties in walking and housework began to increase. With Pat's concurrence, she decided to make an appointment at the Duke Hospital in Durham, North Carolina, to find out as much as she could about her illness and its prognosis. The trip to Duke took place in the mid-sixties, or maybe a year or two earlier than that.

Doctors at Duke identified her disease as "progressive *cerebellar atrophy*, cause unknown." The *cerebellum* is a brain area that coordinates the movement of muscles and maintains bodily equilibrium. *Atrophy* means wasting away. So Frances's disease was neurological rather than muscular, a gradual wasting of the *cerebellum*. The disease was incurable at that time (and still is, as far as I know). It is not marked by pain. The spread of the disease through muscular systems proceeds at varying rates. The patient may experience periods of remission in some muscles, but finally the deactivation of muscular systems accumulates and leads to death.

If Frances's children asked her about how she was doing, she always would tell them. But for the most part she emphasized what she still *could* do, not what she could *not* do. On Monday, September 4th, 1967, Labor Day, she began to write the letter below. Its opening paragraph says that she had been delayed several times in mailing the letter. Usually, if something delayed her, Frances would say what it was. When she avoided that this time, it may mean that she was experiencing some kind of side effect from her disease.

Handwriting soon became a marked difficulty, but despite that Frances wrote regularly to her children, usually a full letter once a week. She would often start by saying what she had heard about her grandchildren. Then she would continue with news about siblings, or kinfolk, or other people the children knew, or Westminster Church, or Bluefield.

The nine paragraphs of her 5 September 1967 letter show how informative she could be:

1. Her delay in writing the letter.
2. Three Patterson-family widows invited to come to Bluefield for a visit.
3. Deaths in the congregation.
4. Complications arising from having the porch painted at the Presbyterian manse.
5. A married couple that perhaps intended to join Westminster.
6. Promise to mail Jane and Bob a copy of an article about Green Forest in Buena Vista.

7. The opening day of the new school year at Westminster Kindergarten.
8. Houston and Shirley seen in Montreat. Otherwise, no family news.
9. Invited out to dinner with a new minister in Bramwell, and his wife.

Even reading the list of topics suggests how fully Frances kept up with what was going on. In the presentation of her letter, below, I will include paragraphs 1, 2, 3, 4, and 7.

LETTER (*selected paragraphs*) FROM FRANCES G. PATTERSON, BLUEFIELD, WEST VIRGINIA, TO BOB AND JANE PATTERSON, MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, 5 SEPTEMBER 1967.

Mrs. C. H. Patterson
2021 Washington Street
Bluefield, West Virginia 24701

Labor Day

Dear Bob and Jane,

I have been delayed several times in getting a letter off to you — Started this yesterday but now it's *Tuesday.*

We are looking for Margaret Mack[1] and Helen Gilkeson[2] for tomorrow night.[3] I called Athalie[4] & asked her to come too, but she is involved with her job & can't come. Also she is in the midst of converting her upstairs into an apt. which she has already rented to a teacher at King.[5] The electrician has persuaded her that the whole house needs re-wiring, so she is doing that too.

Our list of deaths continues to grow. Mrs. John Gott last night. Last week Mrs. Joe Bowen Sr. & several others.[6] By the way, we hear from many sources that Mrs. Bowen has left her house to the church. It is in the same block with the church. The yard backs on to the alley behind the church — It's a very large, handsome brick house. I can't imagine a minister ever being financially able to run such a house or furnish it. Well, it hasn't been officially given yet.[7]

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[1] Margaret Patterson Mack, sister of C. H. P. and widow of Henry Whitcomb Mack, who had unexpectedly died 16 March 1964. In 1967, Margaret was in the U.S.A. on a three-month furlough.

[2] Helen Patterson Gilkeson, wife (widow?) of Maslin Gilkeson, Sheriff of Augusta County. I *think* Maslin died before 1967, but I'm not sure. Helen was a first cousin of Margaret Mack and C. H. P.

[3] "Tomorrow night" was Wednesday night. Perhaps Frances was gathering people for a church event. More likely, though, she wanted to see and visit with Margaret, who had recently arrived from the Philippines, and thought Helen (*see n.2*) and Athalie (*see n.4*) would be good company.

[4] Athalie Hallum Patterson, widow of Norman Guthrie Patterson, who had died of a brain tumor on October 29, 1962. Norman was C. H. Patterson's youngest brother.

[5] King College, a coed college in Bristol, Tennessee.

[6] Both Mrs. Gott and Mrs. Bowen were members of Westminster.

[7] I'm not aware that the house was actually given to the church.

Dad spent some hours yesterday painting the porch. The painter had given it two coats while we were away. The color he put on was *awful* — a bright mustard which continued all the way down the many wide steps. The neighbors & others insinuated that they were not proud to claim this as the manse. It ***was*** dreadful. But now it is fine, with an inconspicuous darker color that tones in with the house colors quietly.

* * *

I have enjoyed watching the little dressed-up boys and girls going in the church door for their first day of kindergarten & the parents taking many pictures. I have also enjoyed not having to be there. I wonder if you are sending Mary Moore this year.[8]

Frances always loved the kindergarten children, and they loved her. Her statement, "I have also enjoyed not having to be there," makes it clear that her ordinary movements were becoming more difficult. Her letter just below, in the next section of this chapter, comes from one year later. It is far more explicit about the increasing limitations she faced.

An Offer To Help Bob (1968)

In mid-August, 1968, Jane Patterson decided to accept an invitation from her mother, Mrs. McAtee, and go to Hazlehurst for a visit, bringing along her newly born baby, Craig William. While she was away from home, Bob was to take care of the three older children.

Jane became ill while in Hazlehurst, and was unable to return home as early as she had planned. That led Frances to write Bob and offer to help. Compared to her letter of September 6, 1967 (*see above*), we can see that her difficulties are becoming more pronounced.

LETTER (*selected paragraphs*) FROM FRANCES G. PATTERSON, BLUEFIELD, WEST VIRGINIA, TO ROBERT G. PATTERSON, MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, 20 AUGUST 1968.

Mrs. C. H. Patterson
2021 Washington Street
Bluefield, West Virginia 24701

Tuesday

Dear Bob,

Since talking to you last night, I have been doing a lot of thinking & trying to look at your situation and mine & how the two could be related. I have decided that I *can* fly to Memphis next week if my presence will be of any help to you. And I want you to think this through before you answer.

I *can* —

Do the cooking
" " washing of clothes

[8] Mary Moore started kindergarten the following year, when she was five. Frances could look through a downstairs window at the manse and see the children going into the church.

Be in the house, day and night
Wash the dishes
Give you moral support

I *can't* —

1. Go up & down the steps, inside or outside the house. I couldn't get to the yard to see about a child if needed.

2. Drive a car in Memphis. You would have to do the marketing & transporting of children.

Couldn't I sleep downstairs on the sofa-bed & have the use of the downstairs bathroom?

Only if I could be of some comfort & *real help* to you would I want to come. Just tell me frankly what you think. I want to help, but I don't want to complicate. Call us *collect* after you have given some thought to this. It just seems to me you need a woman relative around for a few weeks & maybe a "handicapped" one is better than none.

* * *

Dad went to Maple Terrace this aft. to see about having a furnace put in for Aunt Margaret. Also to see about roof repairs. He'll be home tomorrow. We are having an unprecedented hot spell, with 70% and 80% humidity. Bluefield just isn't prepared for this.

Lots of love,

Mother.

As things turned out, I did not need to ask my mother to come.

A Visit from Robert Glasgow (ca. 1973)

The following selection comes from a letter that Robert Glasgow iii wrote to Pat Patterson on the occasion of Pat's ninetieth birthday. Though Robert Glasgow iii did not date the letter, I assume that he wrote it on approximately the date of Pat's ninetieth birthday, March 4, 1987. Earlier in this book, we mentioned that this letter speaks of the five-year trip to Colorado that Robert II made because of tuberculosis [*see page 4, n.4*]. The selections found below speak of that earlier 1923-1928 trip and also of Robert iii's trip to Bluefield in about 1973 [*estimated date*]. When Robert saw Frances in late 1973, she probably was already completely bedridden.

LETTER (*a selected section*) FROM ROBERT GLASGOW iii TO C. H. PATTERSON ON THE OCCASION OF C. H. PATTERSON'S 90TH BIRTHDAY, 4 MARCH 1987.

My father's youngest sister, Frances, was the kind of person everyone loved. Pat was no exception, but he had a big advantage — Frances loved him.

My family moved to Colorado for five years and we'd not been there long before the news came that Frances and Pat had tied the knot (*17 July 1923*) and were going to China as missionaries. How proud we all were to

have real missionaries in the family, and what fun it was when we did get together and they'd speak Chinese for us…

You've helped a lot of folks, Pat, in your 90 years. Some you knew you were helping, and some you didn't. I was one of the latter. We were next door to the manse on Washington Street [*they were in the pastor's office of Westminster Presbyterian Church, also on Washington Street*]. I'd had a visit with that dear, dear Frances, and we knew she would be "going Home" soon. To me it all (*seemed*) so wrong, for so many reasons, and bitterness was building in me. You were the one carrying the heavy load, but you had time for me. It was not so much what you said, but what you *were.* Your feet were on the Rock. [*A Reference to Psalm 40:2?*] That night you were ten feet tall, my bitterness drained away. You've been a "special big fellow" to me ever since.

Pat and Frances had agreed that they wanted Frances kept at home and not put into a nursing home, even when she was completely bedridden. By late 1973, when Robert iii had his brief visit with her, her spoken words were also difficult to understand. But Frances knew well who was visiting her, and it was particularly meaningful for her to have a visit from Robert Glasgow, her older brother's son and her nephew.

Her Last Postal Letter

Throughout the year 1974, Frances was fully bedridden and could no longer write letters. Her speech became ever more difficult to understand, but someone who sat frequently by her bed could learn to understand it. Margaret Mack, at that time living with the Pattersons, was the person who most often did that, and she also was usually Frances's amanuensis.

Frances probably suggested the topics in the letter below, communicated what she wanted to say, and let Margaret fill out the sentences as she typed. At the end of the letter, Margaret used pen and ink to write "Mother," and added an "M" to let us know who did the typing.

LETTER FROM FRANCES G. PATTERSON (*with Margaret Mack as amanuensis*), BLUEFIELD, W. VA., TO ROBERT G. AND JANE M. PATTERSON, MEMPHIS, TENN., 10 JANUARY 1975

Mrs. C. H. Patterson
2021 Washington Street
Bluefield, West Virginia 24701

Jan. 10

Dearest Bob and Jane,

I guess everyone is settled in school again and Jane has plenty to do, getting Christmas things put away. I'll be interested to know how Christmas came out this year. The idea of giving to people more in need, and maybe getting less, appeals very much. But I'm not sure it would have been so popular with me as a child. We're enjoying the Christmas gifts a lot. We're in the midst of a box of your candy, at present, and they are delicious. We hadn't any of this kind for about a year.

Excellent letters from Jenny and Robert [*Bob and Jane's children*]! They are both good writers. Nancy's [*Houston and Shirley's elder daughter*] report for mid-

term was much better and made the family very happy. Bill Hammes [*Al Hammes's adopted son*] had a good visit at home, even seemed appreciative at times. They were real happy about him. Lisa went with another girl to Calif. to see about college next fall.

We're very proud of Jenny and Robert both making all-state [*band*] !! Quite an honor and accomplishment.

Did you make that trip to Washington, Bob? [*I did. As I recall, it was an annual meeting of the American Academy of Religion.*]

Mrs. Perdue expects to stop work just any day now. The doctor says the date is the 18th if not before. [*Cf. Anne's comments about this, on page 143.*]

With lots of love,

M Devotedly, Mother

Considering Frances's declining health and the mental confusion that was beginning to come over her [*see just below*], the number of topics she mentioned is amazing. The letter is dated and posted January 10, 1975, a Friday. It arrived in Bob and Jane's mailbox on Monday, January 13th. That was when Frances died, quietly and early, at 1:00 A.M. of the new day.

Mental Confusion in Her Final Days

Both Margaret and Anne wrote brief descriptions of Frances's mental confusion as the end drew near. Anne—Pat and Frances's daughter—had for years kept in touch with Frances through weekly long distance calls from Arizona.

I'll start with a paragraph from a letter of Anne's, dated Sunday, January 12, 1975, and sent to Bob and Jane, in Memphis:

> I was talking to Dad today. He says Mom has become quite confused a good bit of the time. There is no way to know if this is temporary or permanent, or what it represents in terms of prognosis. At any rate, I may fly to Bluefield later this week and take a spring vacation early.

Now, some of Anne's recent recollections:

> **Mother's Years of Illness**.[9] As she went downhill from her illness, I hope I gave her some sense of hope that, if needed, we could get her out to Phoenix, where I could keep a medical eye on her ... and be sure the staff members knew she was mentally sharp, even if she couldn't speak. I assured her that somehow we would develop a means of communicating. Mom was always willing to go to a nursing home and not be a burden to care for. But she did not want to cause a burden through expenses, etc.

[9] This is Section Three of Anne P. Hammes's essay, "My Memoirs of Mom in Relation to Me." We saw in Chap. 11, pp. 126-127, two of the three sections.

She died rather quickly after finding out that Mrs. Perdue, the local young woman who did the most to care for her, had become pregnant and would soon have to withdraw her services. The afternoon of the day she died, Mom and I chatted long distance. I could no longer understand what she was saying, but she sounded cheerful.

Finally, a note of Margaret's [*found in a 1990 letter about CHP's memoirs*]:

Frances died on Jan 13, 1975. She was the most amazingly patient and uncomplaining person I'll ever see. Imagine lying in bed the whole last year, not being able even to scratch an itch! Her mind was the only thing that worked. The only hint we had that she was going was when she said, "Isn't he a cute little fellow?" I said "Who?" And she smiled and said, "Little Houston." That night she died.

Houston Jr. Reflects on the Miracle of Prayer

If Frances was thinking of Houston during her final hours, Houston was also thinking of Frances. In his booklet, *Interesting Events*, pp. 17-18, Houston speaks of the miracle of prayer.

MIRACLES OR COINCIDENCE?

An Essay by C.. Houston Patterson, Jr.

How many times have you prayed to God without really expecting a recognizable answer? How many times have you experienced a miracle in your life, yet attributed it to some sort of natural phenomenon? I have done both many times, though as I have "matured" I have had occasion to realize that God does answer prayers — sometimes bluntly — and God does perform miracles that we can recognize if we (*are*) watching.

As I have thought about miracles, it has become more and more evident to me that God frequently uses natural phenomena, timed in such a way as to tell us something. That event can be described as "natural" by those who prefer so to believe, but the timing is such as to give a direct message to those who are watching and listening.

There is a small clearing (actually a deer meadow) cut in the forest on top of a little knob near Bennet Gap in Pisgah Forest. For many years I have gone to this remote spot alone on the night of December 31st at about 11:30. The purpose of these annual visits is to commune in private with God and nature for a few minutes prior to being joined by a group of others who gather for the same purpose at 11:55 P.M. It is during these few moments alone in the woods that I have had some of the best opportunities to communicate with God, and it has been here that He has, on occasion, let me know that He hears.

The following is a short litany of those occasions.

I had been home for the Xmas holidays, and Mother had been quite ill. She was totally bed-ridden and literally unable to communicate vocally. Her prognosis was poor, and I am sure she was ready to depart this life. On December 29th, 1973, I went to the mountains. On December 31st I stood in my usual spot, looking up and talking to God. I asked God, if it was in His will, to either take Mother to be with Him or allow her to get enough better to be able to enjoy her life; or to help me understand why she should suffer the torture she was experiencing. Mother called me the next night — after I had gotten home to Chattanooga. "Miraculously" she had suddenly started feeling better and was sitting up in the library room for a brief spell. God hears and God answers.

The next Christmas, 1974, was almost an exact replica of the one before. My response was identical. This time God took a few hours longer to answer, but I was awakened a couple of nights later by Dad's voice on the phone saying that mother had just been delivered from her mortal life. She died peacefully in her sleep. God hears and God answers. Ω

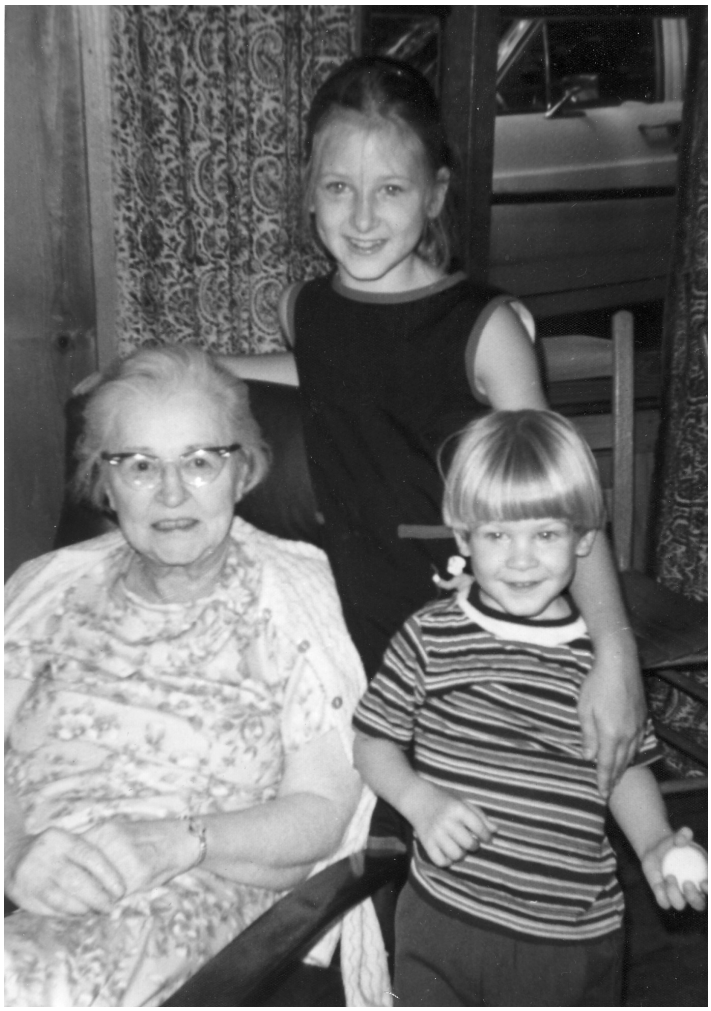

Fig. 31. Frances at Montreat in the summer of 1971, with Mary Moore (age 8) and Craig (age 3).

Appendix A. Reflections After Frances Died

A-1. Dr. William Miller Remembers Frances's Gift for Music

Frances and Katherine loved to reminisce about their childhood visits to Rockbridge Baths. Their grandfather, Dr. Samuel Brown Morrison, lived there, but he died when they were quite young, so he was not an apt subject for reminiscence. But their grandmother, Mary Elizabeth Gold Morrison, lived until the girls were eleven or twelve, and they often enjoyed extended summer visits with her. They also learned to know their Uncle Rud well, and their Aunt Bets, both residents at the Baths. Indeed, they learned to know well all the members of Bethany Church.

The Miller Family

Rev. Wm. Meek McElwee: minister at Bethesda Church, Rockbridge Baths, 1880-1900. Wife: Mrs. Anna R. Harvey McElwee. A daughter: Flora McElwee. (Rev. McElwee married Nancy Morrison and Dr. Roberet Glasgow in 1890.)

Rev. Henry Miller: Minister at Bethesda Church, Rockbridge Baths, 1901-1911. Wife: Mrs. Flora McElwee Miller. Two sons: Rev. Wm. McElwee Miller, Col. Francis Pickens Miller.

Rev. William McElwee Miller, missionary in Iran, 1919-1962. Wife: Mrs. Isabelle Haines Nicholson Miller. Four children. Wm. died in 1993, aged 100.

The Rev. Wm. Meek McElwee retired from Bethany Church in 1900. Afterwards, the Rev. Henry Miller came, retiring in 1911. He had two sons, William McElwee Miller, and William's younger brother, Colonel Francis Pickens Miller.

In January, 1975, the Rev. Dr. William Miller read in the *Presbyterian Outlook* of Frances Patterson's death. He wrote a letter of condolence to Frances's son, Bob, in which he told of an incident involving Katherine and Frances during one of their childhood visits to the Baths. He asked Bob to pass the letter on to his father, C. H. Patterson, if possible. Dr. Miller had never met Bob, but probably he was able to find Bob's address in the *Directory of the Presbyterian Church*. His letter pleasantly describes some of his early memories about the Glasgow girls.

LETTER FROM REV. WILLIAM MCELWEE MILLER, IN PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, TO ROBERT GLASGOW PATTERSON, MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, 27 JANUARY 1975.

326 W. Allen Lane
Mt. Airy, Phila., Pa. 19119

My dear Robert,

You do not know me, but I knew your parents, and so feel I know you too. I have just seen in the *Outlook* a notice of the death of your mother, and I want to express my sympathy. I do not know whether your father is living or not, and if he is this letter is for him also.[1]

When I was a boy, my father was the pastor of the church at Rockbridge Baths,[2] ten miles from Lexington, and the members of the Morrison

[1] C. H. Patterson lived on fifteen years beyond the death of Frances.

[2] Henry Miller was the pastor of Bethesda Church, 1900–1911. He died in office in 1911.

family were our dear friends and members of our church. Your grandmother [*Nancy Morrison*] had married Dr. Glasgow, & was living in Lexington.

I well remember that two lovely little girls named Katherine and Frances Glasgow once came to the manse, sat on the floor on the front porch, and sang as a duet "I think when I read that sweet story of old..." They were probably about 4 or 5 years old, and I was a bigger boy.[3] I have ever since associated your dear mother with that scene and that song. Now she is singing praise to her savior in heaven.

My wife and I were missionaries in Iran. Perhaps you were born in China. I think I never saw your parents after their return from China.

How wonderful it is to know that our dear mothers are with the Lord! I once visited your Aunt Katherine in Rome, Ga. About 35 years ago. Is she still living?

Yours in Christ,

William Miller

I wrote to Dr. Miller and sent copies of his letter to my father and to Aunt Kack. The letter that Kack wrote to me in response, found just below, tells us more about William Miller. It also describes how Kack and Frances, as little girls, wanted to run off and hide in order to avoid entertaining guests by singing!

A-2. Kack Reflects on Frances's Family Relationships

LETTER FROM KATHERINE GLASGOW HUTCHESON, IN SAVANNA, GEORGIA, TO ROBERT GLASGOW PATTERSON, MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, 27 FEBRUARY 1975.

Savannah, February 27th

Dear Bob,

Thank you for your nice letter and for sending the letter from William Miller. He has been a loyal friend many years. His mother was a close friend of my mother and Aunt Bets. They always spoke of her as "Miss Flora." Her husband was pastor at Bethesda Church at the Baths, and her father, Mr. McElwee, was pastor before Mr. Miller. William was a Rhodes Scholar, and Miss Flora was in England with him for several years.[4] His daughter, Elise, married Dr. David Sprunt, and they live in Lexington. I believe Dr. Sprunt was at Southwestern [*now Rhodes College*] before going to W&L. I hope this information will give you some idea of who William is.

I do not recall the occasion of Frances and me singing at this manse, but I do remember our Mother used to ask us to sing for people, and we

[3] William was about six years older, so he would have been ten or eleven.

[4] The Rhodes Scholar of the family was Francis Pickens Miller, the younger brother of William Miller. Francis was the one that "Miss Flora" stayed with in England for a time. William was a missionary in Iran, where his most lasting contributions were a dozen or more books, mostly in Persian, focusing on the history of Christian/Moslem relations. William died in 1993, at the age of one hundred.

hated to do it. We would hide when we saw visitors coming. Frances had such a good ear for music even when very young, and she sang alto. I could "carry a tune," but not sing nearly as well as she.

Margaret [*Mack*] was so good to write me in detail about the services for Frances and sent copies of the beautiful tributes to her, all seemed so deserved, and all touched me so deeply. As you must know, Frances held a very special place in my heart and life. I depended on her so much, and *always* she measured up in the greatest way. I treasure now the happy memories of our being together. And it was wonderful that she and Pat made it possible for me to have the visits at Montreat and Bluefield. These memories help me in facing my life ahead one day at a time.

It hurt me so deeply not to get to Bluefield and Tinkling Spring and be with your family, for you are, each one, very dear to me. But with the very cold weather at that time, and not being over a severe case of the flu, I knew it would not be wise for me to go.

Frances's life was a great blessing and help to so many. Even during the years of being an invalid, she kept so cheerful, so interested in others, and always an inspiration to all. I have had many letters of sympathy, and so many have written of her dedicated life and her influence.

Her fine family were Frances's greatest interest, and each one of you were so thoughtful and kept in such close touch. Her family and her friends will ever "rise up and call her blessed" [*Proverbs 31:28*].

I think of you and your fine family, and hope sometime, somewhere I will see you. My love to each one.

With my love always to you.

Devotedly,

Aunt Kack

A-3. Insik Kim Tells of Frances's Years as a Missionary

MEMO TO FORMER AND PRESENT MISSIONARIES TO CHINA/TAIWAN, FROM INSIK KIM, STAFF ASSOCIATE FOR ASIA/SOUTH PACIFIC, DIVISION OF INT'L. MISSIONS, PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH U. S., JAN. 13, 1975.

News has just been received by the Office of the Division of International Mission in Atlanta of the death of Mrs. Craig Houston Patterson, former missionary to China, on the night of January 12 (*sic*)[5], 1975. Her death was peaceful and followed a long illness. Mrs. Patterson, the former Frances Glasgow, was a member of a family prominent in church work. Her father, Dr. Robert Glasgow, and her uncle, Hon. Frank T. Glasgow, were both elders in the Presbyterian Church of Lexington, Va., and her grandfather, Hon. William A. Glasgow, was a ruling elder.

[5] Frances died early on January 13.

Mrs. Patterson was born on January 25, 1899, in Lexington, Virginia, a strong center of Presbyterianism and missionary zeal. Early in life she committed herself to the call of the mission field in China.

Mrs. Patterson received her B. A. degree from Agnes Scott College, Decatur, Georgia., taught school for two years in Lexington, Va., and then entered the Assembly's Training School (now called Presbyterian School of Christian Education) in Richmond, Va., from which she graduated. She was appointed to the China mission in the spring of 1923, was married shortly thereafter to Dr. Craig Houston Patterson, and with her husband sailed from Vancouver, B. C., in August of that year.

Dr. and Mrs. Patterson served in China until 1936 (*Frances was actually in China until 1940, Pat was there until 1941*), having to leave it two times because of the Japanese invasion (*the invasion of Shanghai blocked them in 1937; the threat of war between Japan and the U.S.A. made Frances and Pat leave separately in 1940-1941*). Then, due to the Communist takeover. they returned to the U. S. (*Mr. Kim erred here. The last member of the Patterson family to leave China was C. H. Patterson, and he left it permanently in the summer of 1941. The Communist takeover was in 1949.*) They served churches in Tazewell, Va., Grundy, Va., Williamson, W. Va. and Bluefield (Westminster), W. Va. While at Westminster in Bluefield, Mrs. Patterson served for many years as Principal of the Church's Week-Day Kindergarten. Since retirement from the active ministry in 1972, the Pattersons have made their home in Bluefield, W. Va.

Mrs. Patterson is survived by her husband and their three children, Mrs. Alfred (Anne) Hammes of Phoenix, Arizona (a medical doctor); C. Houston Patterson, Jr., of McCallie School, Chattanooga, Tenn.; and Dr. Robert S. (*sic*) Patterson of Southwestern College, Memphis, Tenn.; eight grandchildren; and one sister, Mrs. Katherine G. Hutcheson (*Kack's second marriage was with Bob Hutcheson*) of Savannah, Georgia. A sister-in-law, Mrs. Henry (Margaret Patterson) Mack, had made her home with the Pattersons during the last few years of Mrs. Patterson's illness.

A memorial service is to be held at 8:00 p. m. on Tuesday, January 14, at Westminster Presbyterian Church in Bluefield, W. Va, with the Pastor, the Rev. Alfred L. Bixler, officiating. Burial will follow at the Tinkling Spring Presby. Church in Fishersville, Va., on Jan. 15.

I am sure that all of you will wish to remember Mrs. Patterson's family in prayer as we also give thanks to the Lord for her life and ministry.

A-4. Elizabeth Feuchtenberger Speaks of Frances

Elizabeth Feuchtenberger was one of Frances's close friends. The Feuchtenbergers were loyal members of Westminster Church, and Elizabeth took part in the memorial service that was held for Frances at the Westminster Presbyterian Church. Her remarks follow.

Doctor Pat, Anne, Bob, Houston, and the other members of Mrs. Pat's beautiful family:

I am happy to have the opportunity tonight of saying briefly what Mrs. Pat meant to me, and I'm sure many of you here would appreciate the same opportunity. There is so much of hope and joy for the Christian in this most universal of experiences when we come together to remember and honor one we loved.

While there is nothing wrong with feeling sorrow and loss, because we are going to miss her, my predominant feeling in these last few days has been one of rejoicing and thanksgiving. I rejoice that Mrs. Pat is released from her long ordeal, as are you who loved her and suffered with her and cared for her so tenderly. I rejoice mostly that she is with the Lord she loved and served with all she had, all her life. And I rejoice in what she meant to me personally and to all who knew her.

I knew her best in two capacities — first, as Sunday School teacher of the Women's Bible Class for eight years. She was a great teacher, with a great talent for communicating the Word. While she was a very private person, she had an endearing faculty for making her teaching personal. As just one example: In a lesson on prayer and trusting God to answer in the best way and in the best time, she [*Frances*] told a story which took place when she was just a little girl, seven or eight. She said she and a little friend were playing dolls and in their conversation decided how much more fun it would be to have real babies instead of dolls. With this decision, they knelt on the spot and prayed that God would give them babies. Then in that wonderfully enthusiastic manner she always had she said, "What if He had answered our prayer!!" She concluded her example with saying, "When I was grown and married and able to give a home and care and love, He gave me three babies."

It's strange how just a personal story like that will have such a big effect. It really taught me to pray, "Not my will of timing, Lord, but yours." That was characteristic of her teaching. Her faith was real to her in her own life, and she made it real for those who taught. Teaching that class came at great cost to her because she was by nature a shy and truly humble Christian, but she did it for eight wonderful years, and all who heard her knew the Lord better and loved Him more.

Second — I knew her as director and guiding light of the kindergarten. She gave me permission to observe for several weeks before I became a full time member of the staff, and her work with those little children was marvelous to behold. They knew she loved them — it was almost tangible — and they adored her. Her teaching was just as inspiring for five year olds as it had been for the women. She obviously took much pleasure in it,

and her sense of humor never failed her. She laughed so often, that happy lilting laugh. Her sense of humor never failed her, and she kept it to the last. I have to say, too, that while she was the most feminine of women, she managed those children in such a way that they didn't know they were being managed. I never stopped missing her after she retired, and I know I speak for the kindergarten to this day.

In closing I'd like to say that I never knew anyone whose love and interest in others was so evident and genuine. In almost every conversation she asked about my children — not en masse, but by name! She remembered their names, their schools, their situations — she made everyone feel cared about. While she was confined to her home, and finally her bed for a long and agonizing illness, I always knew when I visited there that I'd leave being the one who had been helped and blessed.

This lovely Christian lady had no conflict in what she said and the life she lived. She was perfectly consistent in all areas of her witness. In her lifetime, she touched hundreds, perhaps thousands, as she showed forth the Lord until He came and took her Home. I truly loved her and thank God for her life and that we knew her.

(*signed*) Elizabeth Feuchtenberger

Ω

Appendix B. The Glasgows of Green Forest

[*Names printed in bold type indicate the family line that leads to Frances Glasgow of Lexington.*]

1st GENERATION — The first generation were brothers in a Glasgow family that emigrated from Ireland to the Valley of Virginia in about 1765. In January, 1782, the second brother, Arthur, married Rebecca McNutt (b. 1755, d. 1818). She was the widow of John McCorkle, so her marriage to Arthur was a second marriage.

Robert	**Arthur**	Joseph	John
b. 1749	**b. 1750**		
d. ca.1835	**d. 1822**		

2nd GENERATION — The second generation included seven children of Arthur Glasgow and Rebecca McNutt. Their fourth child was named Robert. In March, 1821, Robert married Katherine Anderson (b. June 1, 1797, d. 1876). Robert later moved to Fincastle, secured farmland, and raised his family there. [*Addendum*: Dr. Robert Glasgow, M.D. of Lexington, a 4th generationer, was named for Robert, his grandfather. A daughter of Dr. Glasgow, M.D., Katherine Anderson Glasgow (Mrs. Dean Owens), was born on June 1, 1897, exactly the hundredth anniversary of her great-grandmother's birth, and was named for her.]

Joseph	John	Nancy	**Robert**	Margaret	Rebecca	Mary
b. 1783	b. 1785	b. 1787	**b. 1790**	b. 1793	b. 1797	b. 1797 (twin)
d. 1850	d. 1830	d. young	**d. 1862**	d. 1873	d. 1865	d. 1819

3rd GENERATION — In the third generation, Robert Glasgow and Katherine Anderson, living in Fincastle, named their third child William Anderson Glasgow [*Sr.*]. He became a lawyer who practiced in Fincastle and later in Lexington. For more about him, see p. 3. Chap. 1. For his picture, see p. 3, Fig. 1. [*Addendum*: William Anderson Sr.'s younger brother, Francis Thomas, who was also a member of the third generation, was a businessman who lived in Buena Vista and later in Richmond. He was the father of Ellen Glasgow, the novelist.]

Margaret	Joseph	**Wm. Anderson, Sr.**	Rebecca	Francis	John	Robert
b. 1822	b. 1823	**b. 1825**	b. 1827	Thomas	(died	b. 1835
d. 1907	d. 1847	**d. 1910**	d. 1915	b. 1829	young)	d. 1863

Katherine	Mary
b. 1835	b. 1838
d. 1916	d. 1899

4th GENERATION — Descendants of Wm. Anderson Glasgow, Sr., and his two wives.

1st wife, Elizabeth Spears ((b. 1826, d. 1862).

Margaret	Katherine	Frank	**Robert**	Elizabeth	William
b. 1851	died young	b. 1854	**b. 1857**	b. 1859	died young
d. 1914		d. 1927	**d. 1927**	d. (?)	
m. doctor in Staunton		lawyer, in Lexington	doctor in Lexington	unmarried	

2nd wife, Grace Ellen Shanks (b. 1826, d. 1897), widow of Thomas Woodson.

Wm. Anderson Glasgow, Jr.	Joseph Anderson Glasgow	Samuel McPheeters Glasgow
lawyer, Philadelphia	lawyer, Staunton	doctor, Nashville, TN

5th GENERATION — The children of the Hon. Frank Thomas Glasgow of Lexington. He m. Grace McPheeters, Oct. 1879 (b. 1856, d. 1921).

Grace Ellen (1880–1971; m. Edwin Landis; child, Mary; see p. 5, above)
Samuel (1883–1963; m. Mary McIlwaine; no children
Francis (died young)
Charles (1889–1962; m. Constance Edwards; three children)
Thomas (Tom) (1890–1973; m. Lucy Gwathwey; six children)

5th GENERATION (cont'd) — The children of **Dr. Robert Glasgow, M.D**., of Lex.

1st wife, Katherine McPheeters (b. 1861, d. 1888). The marriage was June, 1880, in Fincastle.

Robt. Glasgow, Jr. (b. 1881–d. 1929; m. Jessie McCay, June 1909. They had three children, Robert iii, born 1910; Douglas, born 1912; and Samuel, born 1918; cf. p. 4, above.)

Elizabeth Spears Glasgow (b. Christmas Day 1883, d. two years later, in Fincastle)

William Graham Glasgow (b. in Fincastle, Dec. 1885–d. at age 7, in Lexington)

2nd wife, Nancy Jane Morrison (b. 1862, d. 1919). Married, 5/11/1890. See above, pp. 20-21.

Mary (Mamie) Morrison Glasgow (b. Aug. 18, 1891–d. April 1, 1960; m. Thomas Franklin Sanford. Four children: Frank, Jr., 1922–1953; Nancy, b. 1923; Laura, 1925-1989; Bob, 1927–2009.)

Katherine (Kack) Anderson Glasgow (b. Jun. 1, 1897–d. about 1982; married James Dean Owens. Two children: Dean, Jr., b. 1925, d. about 2009; Bob, b. 1928.

Frances Thomas Glasgow (b. Jan. 25, 1899–d. Jan. 13, 1975; m. Rev. Craig Houston Patterson, Sr. Three children: Craig Houston, Jr., 1924–2010; Robert Glasgow, 1927– ; Anne Rutherford, 1932– . **Ω**

Appendix C. Nineteen Glasgow First Cousins

The nineteen names listed below include Frances Patterson, her two full-sisters, her half-brother (however, not actually Robert Glasgow Jr. but rather his *widow*, Jessie McKay [*No. 19*]) and fifteen of her Glasgow first cousins. The names are in a legal document that was mailed to Frances in Williamson, W. Va., and received by her in March 1943. I have numbered the names in the "Schedule of Distribution" in order to make them more identifiable.

IN THE ORPHAN'S COURT OF MONTGOMERY COUNTY
No. 45812
ESTATE OF JEAN GLASGOW, DECEASED

SCHEDULE OF DISTRIBUTION TO
THIRD AND FINAL ACCOUNT

Principal
$34,693.46

DISTRIBUTION

1. To **Charles S. Glasgow**	
One nineteenth of $34,693.46	$1825.97
2. To **William A. Glasgow, III**	
One nineteenth of $34,693.46	$1825.97
3. To **Mary B. K. Gambill**	
One nineteenth of $34,693.46	$1825.97
4. To Girard Trust Company of Philadelphia, **Trustee for Grace (Ellen) Glasgow**	
One nineteenth of $34,693.46	$1825.97
5. To **Grace Ellen Glasgow Watkins**	
One nineteenth of $34,693.46	$1825.97
6. To **Elizabeth K. Glasgow Watkins**	
One nineteenth of $34,693.46	$1825.97
7. To **Margaret Anderson Glasgow**	
One nineteenth of $34,693.46	$1825.97
8. To **Samuel McPheeters Glasgow, Jr.**	
One nineteenth of $34,693.46	$1825.97
9. To **Sammie Keith Glasgow, Jr.**	
One nineteenth of $34,693.46	$1825.97
10. To **Mary G. Sanford**	
One nineteenth of $34,693.46	$1825.97

11. **Katherine T. Owens**

One nineteenth of $34,693.46	$1825.97

12. **Frances G. Patterson**

One nineteenth of $34,693.46	$1825.97

13. To **Ellen G. Landis**

One nineteenth of $34,693.46	$1825.97

14. To **Samuel McPheeters Glasgow**

One nineteenth of $34,693.46	$1825.97

15. To **Thomas McPheeters Glasgow**

One nineteenth of $34,693.46	$1825.97

16. To **Elizabeth G. Howe**

One nineteenth of $34,693.46	$1825.97

17. To **Eleanor B. Glasgow**

One nineteenth of $34,693.46	$1825.97

18. To **Charlotte A. Glasgow**

One nineteenth of $34,693.46	$1825.97

19. Ella M. Hamilton, Trustee
for Jesssie Mack. Glasgow

One nineteenth of $34,693.46	$1825.97

•

Comments on Individual Cousins, Arranged by Families

Family of the Hon. Wm. A. Glasgow, Jr, in Philadelphia

(No. 2) William A. Glasgow, III. He was obviously the son of William A. Glasgow, Sr., the donor of all the inheritances. William Sr.'s children are included among the recipients.

(No. 4) Grace (Ellen) Glasgow was *I think* William A. Glasgow, Sr.'s daughter. The fact that her share was handled by a trust company may imply that she was ailing or was deceased. Note that the same name appears on Nos. 5 and 13.

Family of Dr. McPheeters Glasgow, M.D., in Nashville

(No. 3) Mary Bell Glasgow, married to a Mr. Gambill., was born Aug. 1910, and died Oct. 2008. The distribution list misspells her initials with a "K" [*see above, page 151*].

(No. 5) Grace Ellen Glasgow, married to a Mr. Watkins.

(No. 6) Elizabeth Keith Glasgow, married to a Mr. Phillips.

(No. 7) Margaret Anderson Glasgow. Her married name, Stanford, does not appear on the distribution list [*page 151*], so apparently she married later than December, 1942.

(No. 8) Samuel McPheeters Glasgow, Jr, Dr. McPheeters Glasgow's son. As of October, 2008, McPheeters Jr. was living in Nashville. As far as I know, he alone among the nineteen first cousins was still living at that time.

(No. 9) Sammie Keith Glasgow, Jr. Daughter of Dr. McPheeters Glasgow Sr. and Ms. Sammie Keith Glasgow, Sr. The daughter's married name, Lauderdale, does not appear on the distributions list [*page 151*], so apparently she married later than December, 1942.

Family of Dr. Robert Glasgow, M.D., in Lexington, Virginia

(No. 19) Robert Glasgow Jr. was the son of Dr. Robert Glasgow Sr. and his first wife, Katherine Lavinia McPheeters. Robert Jr. died on 10 May 1929, just before the first distribution of the inheritance took place. During the next fourteen years, a trustee conveyed Robert Jr.'s share of the inheritance to his widow, Jessie McKay Glasgow.

(No. 10) Mary Morrison Glasgow, a.k.a. "Mamie," was the first daughter of Dr. Glasgow with his second wife, Nancy Morrison. Mary married Thomas Franklin Sanford. She was born 18 August 1891, and died in a traffic fatality, 1 April 1960.

(No. 11) Katherine Anderson Glasgow, a.k.a "Kack," married James Dean Owens. Katherine was born 1 June 1897 and died 10 June 1981. The distribution list misspells her initials with a "T." [*See above, page 152*.]

(No. 12) Frances Thomas Glasgow married Craig Houston Patterson Sr. Frances was born 25 January 1899, and died 13 January 1975.

Family of the Hon. Francis Thomas Glasgow, in Lexington, Virginia

(No. 13) Grace Ellen Glasgow, married Edwin Carter Landis. Ellen was the first child of Francis ("Frank") Thomas Glasgow and Grace McPheeters. She was born in 1880, she died in 1971.

(No. 14) Samuel McPheeters Glasgow, who became a Presbyterian minister, was the second child of Francis ("Frank") Thomas Glasgow and Grace McPheeters. He married Mary Finley McIlwaine. He was born 18 March 1883, died 24 March 1963.

Francis Glasgow, Jr., the third child, died young and did not become an inheritor.

(No. 1) The fourth child of Francis Glasgow and Grace McPheeters was Charles S. Glasgow. A Lexington lawyer, he married Constance Edwards. As an executor for the William A. Glasgow Jr. estate, his name appears "No. 1" in the list of inheritors. Born 1889, died 1962.

(No. 15) Thomas McPheeters Glasgow, a.k.a "Tom," was the fifth and youngest child of Frank Glasgow and Grace McPheeters. He married Lucy Gwathmey. He was born October 1890 and died 14 June 1973.

Family of the Hon. Joseph Anderson Glasgow, in Staunton, Virginia

(No. 16) Elizabeth G. [*Glasgow?*] Howe was probably Joseph A. Glasgow's daughter, who in later life married into the family name of Howe. Elizabeth was probably the eldest daughter of Joseph Glasgow. However, this identification is not certain without more evidence.

(No. 17) The family name of "Glasgow" identifies Eleanor B. Glasgow as Joseph A. Glasgow's daughter. At present, that is all I know about Eleanor.

(No. 18) Charlotte A. Glasgow is one of the Staunton cousins. We know a little about her because of a letter that Frances Patterson wrote to her son Bob on 16 August 1962.

Frances said in the letter that "one of my first cousins in Staunton, Charlotte Glasgow, was instantly killed in a head-on collision this week. The man in the other car was killed too. Houston [*Junior*] has gotten seat belts in both [*of his*] cars, now. I'm going to do this also. But being in a car on the road seems to be increasingly dangerous."

Frances had a special reason to be concerned about the danger of highway travel. In 1960, that is, two years earlier, her older sister, "Mamie" Glasgow Sanford, had been killed in a highway accident. Ω

Appendix D. The Morrisons of Rockbridge Baths

The Family of Nancy Jane Morrison, Frances Patterson's Mother

(a) Mary Moore Morrison. (1855-1925) m. Robt. Steele Hutcheson, farmer at Rockbridge Baths. Six children.

James Morrison Hutcheson, M.D., Richmond, Virginia. Three children.
Elizah Johnston Hutcheson, Staunton, Va., m. Campbell Pancake. Several chldn.
Mary Elizabeth Hutcheson. Died at age eleven.
Emma Gold Hutcheson. Married Dr. Willis, M.D., Richmond.
Robert Steele Hutcheson, Jr. (Bob), Lexington. He and Katherine Owens married each other after their first spouses had died.
Harriet Morrison Hutcheson, m. Henry Page Mauck, M.D., Richmond, Va. Three sons, Page, Bob, and Bill.

(b) Emma Gold Morrison (1857–1931). Married Rev. William M. McPheeters, D.D., LL.D. Four children.

Samuel Brown McPheeters, M.D.
Joseph Charles McPheeters, Charlotte, N.C.
Thomas Shanks McPheeters, Charlotte.
Mary Gold McPheeters.

(c) Frances Brown Morrison (1859–1911). Married Rev. Chas. Ghiselin. Six children.

John Ghiselin, died at age 5.
Morrison Ghiselin, m. Nellie McGlaughlin. No children.
Elizabeth Ghiselin. Died at age 4.
Child unnamed, died when two days old.
Charles Ghiselin, Jr., unmarried. He lived in New York, where Anne Patterson made his aquaintance while she was studying to become a nurse.
Mary Moore Ghiselin, died at age 3.

(d) Nancy Jane Morrison (1862–1919). Married Dr. Robert Glasgow, M.D. Three children.

Mary Morrison Glasgow, married Frank Sanford, four children.
Katherine Anderson Glasgow, married James Dean Owens, two children.
Frances Thomas Glasgow, married Craig Houston Patterson, three children.

(e) Henry Rutherford Morrison, "Uncle Rud," (1865–1925). Unmarried. Succeeded his father at the Rockbridge Baths Sanitarium.

(f) Harriet Newell Morrison (1867–1954), married Charles Edmund Wait, Ph.D., a professor at the University of Tennessee, Knoxville. She died in Dade, Florida. One child.

Charles Edmund Wait, Jr., born in Knoxville in 1896. Harriet (or "Hal") joined her son and his wife in Dade, Florida, in her later years.

(g) William Gold Morrison (1869–). Unmarried. His career was as an industrial chemist, an area in which he had a Ph.D. In the latter part of his life he lived in Norfolk, Virginia.

(h) Bettie Walker Morrison (1871–1967). Also known as "Aunt Bets." She married Major Ernest Adair Sale and moved to Lexington. No children of her own, but she became the stepmother of Major Sales's two children, Ernest Adair Sale and Frances Cochran Sale.

(i) Samuel Brown Morrison, Jr., b. 1876. Died in 1883 of scarlet fever. Ω

Appendix E

Forty Years of Japanese Aggressions Against China

This is an abbreviated list of Japan's threats against China, or its actual invasions of China, covering forty-years and culminating in the surprise attack against Shanghai in 1937. The list includes brief descriptions of some of the more significant incidents.

1894-95. **The First Sino-Japanese War**. Japan won the war and took over possession of **Taiwan**.

1905. **Control of Korea and parts of Manchuria**. After winning a war against Russia, Japan took over areas that previously had been Chinese-dependencies.

1914. **Areas of Shandong Province.** Japan seized large areas once claimed by Germany, including the port of Qingdao (Tsingtao). When the Versailles Conference of 1919 endorsed this action by Japan, it infuriated the Chinese. The Washington Conference of 1921-22 returned possession to China, but China's resentment of Japan continued to grow.

1928. **The Jinan Incident**. Japan moved several thousand troops by rail from Tianjin (Tientsin) to Jinan (Tsinan), the capital of Shandong, claiming that their intent was to protect Japanese citizens who owned factories there. Probably their actual intent was to delay the unification of China (*cf. Chap. 5, "Chiang Kai-Shek's Northern Expedition"*). Thousands of Chinese were killed, both soldiers and civilians. Eventually the Japanese generals and Chiang Kai Shek negotiated mutual withdrawals, but the Chinese continued to resent what amounted to an invasion by Japan.

1932. **Manchuguo.** Creation of the independent nation of Manchuguo ("Nation of the Manchu People"). Before, there had been only Manchurian tribes. Subjecting the new nation to Japan was a way to gain access to natural resources at the expense of China.

1932. **The First Battle of Shanghai.** Over 100,000 Japanese troops, aided by naval bombardment and air attacks, defeated strong Chinese resistance. The Japanese remained in the Shanghai area from 28 January to 3 March 1932. International diplomacy managed to end this short war by March 3, but China was compelled to remove its sovereignty over Shanghai and turn the city into an international territory.

1937. **The Second Battle of Shanghai.** The Second Battle of Shanghai closely followed the pattern established by the First Battle of Shanghai, including the surprise attack. The Second Battle of Shanghai confirmed that the **Second Sino-Japanese War** had begun.

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Most of the incidents listed above were in the coastal or peripheral areas of China. None of them touched Suqian directly until the start of the Second Sino-Japanese War in 1937. But no one living in China in the years leading up to 1937—coastal people or inlanders, adults or children, natives or foreigners, none of these people—could fail to see that war was on the way. **Ω**

Appendix F

A List of Pacific Crossings by Pat and Frances

Westward crossing of 1923 — Pat and Frances sail from Vancouver to Shanghai on a Canadian Pacific liner, the *Empress of Canada.*

Eastward crossing of 1927, the result of the Chinese civil war — Pat and Frances and their two sons, Houston, Jr., and Bobby, sail from Kobe or Yokohama to San Francisco on a Presidents liner, probably the *President Taft.*

Westward crossing of 1929, a return to China— Pat and Frances and their two sons, Houston Jr., and Bobby, sail from San Francisco to Shanghai on a Presidents liner, the *President Taft.*

Eastward crossing of 1936, with a furlough coming up — Pat and Frances and their three children, Houston, Jr., Bobby, and Anne, sail from Shanghai to San Francisco on a Presidents liner, the *President Pierce.*

Attempted western crossing of 1937 — Pat and Frances and their three children are ticketed to sail from Vancouver to Shanghai on a Canadian Pacific liner, the *Empress of Asia*, but Japan's 1937 invasion of Shanghai means tickets are immediately cancelled. The *Empress of Asia* has probably already left Hong Kong when Britain requisitions it to rescue British and Canadian refugees stranded in Shanghai.

Westward crossing of 1939, a return to China — Pat and Frances and their three children sail from Vancouver to Shanghai, now under Japanese occupation, on a Canadian Pacific liner, the *Empress of Russia.*

Eastward crossing of 1940 on a requisitioned ship — Frances and her three children sail from Shanghai to Manila, then Manilla to San Francisco, on the *U.S.S. Washington.* This large liner, its size being just below that of the *Queen Mary*, normally plies the Atlantic. The U.S. government requisitions it for a special trip to Shanghai and Manila, in order to repatriate U.S. citizens before war with Japan breaks out.

Eastward crossing of 1941 — Pat, with no other members of the family remaining in China, sails from Yokohama to San Francisco on the *Nitta Maru*, a Japanese ship. This is the last time the Pattersons board an ocean liner to cross the Pacific. (The children or grandchildren later do all their Pacific crossings by air travel.)

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