FROM THE BOXER REBELLION
TO PEARL HARBOR:

# MY CHINA THAT WAS

CRAIG HOUSTON PATTERSON

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Craig Houston Patterson
Harrisonburg, Virginia

1990

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CRAIG HOUSTON PATTERSON

1897 -- 1990

Dr. Patterson died peacefully on a Sunday morning, November 18, 1990, at his Sunnyside home. He was active and alert until the very end.

For about a year, he had worked steadily on these memoirs. He essentially finished them by last May, though he later added "A Burned Church and a Lesson Learned" (Chapter XII) and "A Voice from the Past" (Chapter XVI). He made some final revisions just days before he died.

Dr. Patterson, no doubt partly with tongue in cheek, suggested in the memoirs an epitaph for himself. Having described how he had struggled to learn the writing of Chinese, he suggested that the epitaph on his tombstone should read, "He kept on trying."

Actually, such a phrase describes pretty well the way that he lived. But readers will find another phrase in the memoirs that might also serve to describe his life. More than once, Dr. Patterson characterized the faithfulness of colleagues and of friends by saying of them, "They did what they could." He adapted the phrase from Jesus's commendation of a faithful woman (Mark 14:8). Dr. Patterson would be slow to claim such a commendation for himself, but surely he would be gratified if others, now viewing his life in its completeness, were to say of him, "In unyielding faith that Christ's Kingdom is coming, he did what he could."

--R. G. P.

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# FOREWORD

The person writing these memoirs was for many years (1946-1972) pastor of the Westminster Presbyterian Church of Bluefield, West Virginia. His name: Craig Houston Patterson. His age: 93. He started off life in mysterious Cathay on March 4, 1897.

I wrote these pages for friends and grandchildren. Perhaps I should tell you that I dictated the text on a portable cassette, after which it was recorded and copied by various parties. This might explain a certain freedom of style.

I wish particularly to express appreciation to Mrs. Brenda Jarrett, of Bluefield, West Virginia. It was she who last year put to me the idea of making some tapes about my experiences in China, and it was she who began the transcribing. Her suggestion and her excellent work have helped to make these memoirs accessible to many friends who might otherwise never have had a chance to see them.

My sister, Margaret Mack, helped much with the typing. My son, Bob, helped edit, got the text into a word processor, and made sketches. My granddaughter, Mary Moore Patterson, persuaded me to write down some stories about China in 1975, some of which she will see reappear here. Finally, various members of the family read preliminary versions of the text and made suggestions.

To all these people I say, "Thanks!" But of course, for what will now appear, it is I who must take responsibility!

Brenda Jarrett furnished the spark that lit the flame that produced this booklet. My one last request is that no one say it was a pity that the flame didn't burn the whole thing up!

Sunnyside Presbyterian Home
Harrisonburg, Virginia
May 19, 1990

# FROM THE BOXER REBELLION TO PEARL HARBOR:

# MY CHINA THAT WAS

## PART I. CALL TO CHINA

# CHAPTER I

## POINT OF DEPARTURE (1897)

My parents independently made the decision to go to China. They met on the boat as they sailed from San Francisco on September 17, 1891, bound for Shanghai, and it was there, two years later, that they were married by their fellow missionary, Dr. P. Frank Price.[1] They honeymooned in Nagasaki, Japan.

In the 1890's the hinterland of China was a dangerous place for Westerners. You might ask what kind of people these were who decided to go there. My mother, Anne Rowland Houston, was a child of the manse in Fincastle, Virginia, near Roanoke. She was one of nine daughters (and one son). They had few contacts outside the home, for her father, Dr. Rutherford Rowland Houston, educated all the children at home, clear up through college level.

To become a doctor was a bold step for a woman in those days. When Anne Houston told her father that's what she wanted to do, he surprised her by raising no objections. She went to Baltimore to earn a medical degree, already resolved to go to the mission field.

My father, Brown Craig Patterson, came from a Scotch Irish farming family in the Valley of Virginia. He grew up in the Tinkling Spring Presbyterian Church community, near Fishersville. While training for the ministry at Union Theological Seminary in Virginia, then at Hampden-Sydney, he volunteered for the mission field. Within weeks after he was ordained by Lexington Presbytery, in a meeting at Mossy Creek Church in September of 1891, he was on his way to China.

When my parents arrived in up-country China, they were foreigners in every way you can think of. The color of their skin was different from anyone and everyone on the street. The smell of their bodies and the color of their eyes made even the dogs try to bite. The people of the land were not at all sure just what motivation was back of their being there. The people of Sutsien,[2] where the couple were soon to live, were extremely hesitant to sell them property, because neighbors threatened death if they sold to

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[1]Rev. Philip Francis Price (1864-1954).

[2]I use the spellings for place names that were standard during my day in China, established by the International Postal Union. Standard spellings today are quite different and are based on a system called "Pinyin." In case you want to look something up on a map, I've included Pinyin spellings in Appendix A.

"foreign devils." The mission at the time owned no property there. No hotels were open to them. So that was the situation in which this couple sought to make friends and understand the people and learn the language and become representatives of the American church in a foreign land.

## Sutsien

My father's first station assignment was Tsingkiangpu, a city on the Grand Canal. (We always used to refer to it as T.K.P. Tsingkiangpu is probably best known in America today as the town where Ruth Bell, wife of Billy Graham and daughter of Dr. Nelson Bell, Presbyterian medical missionary, lived as a child.[3]) My mother had first been assigned to Sinchiang, a station somewhat to the south, near Hangchow (Chekiang Province). After my father successfully persuaded her to become Mrs. B. C. Patterson,[4] she joined him in Tsingkiangpu.

The couple lived there with friends, studying the Chinese language and looking to the time when they would move to a permanent station assignment. In due course, the North China Mission[5] assigned them, along with several other missionaries, to go to Sutsien. This was a city some sixty miles north of Tsingkiangpu, still on the Grand Canal and still in Kiangsu Province.

You might not know it, but Sutsien is famous. Well, a little famous. For one thing, Marco Polo visited there. Marco Polo lived just about seven hundred years ago and he was very much interested in the Orient, in the romance of the Silk Route, in India, and in whatever came from that part of the world. He set out from Venice, in 1271, and traveled through Asia Minor, then through where all the recent fighting has been in Afghanistan, and then on into northern China near Peking. Marco learned the language and for fifteen years he served the Khan.

His account of his travels made him probably the most famous explorer the West ever produced. But what you may not know is that

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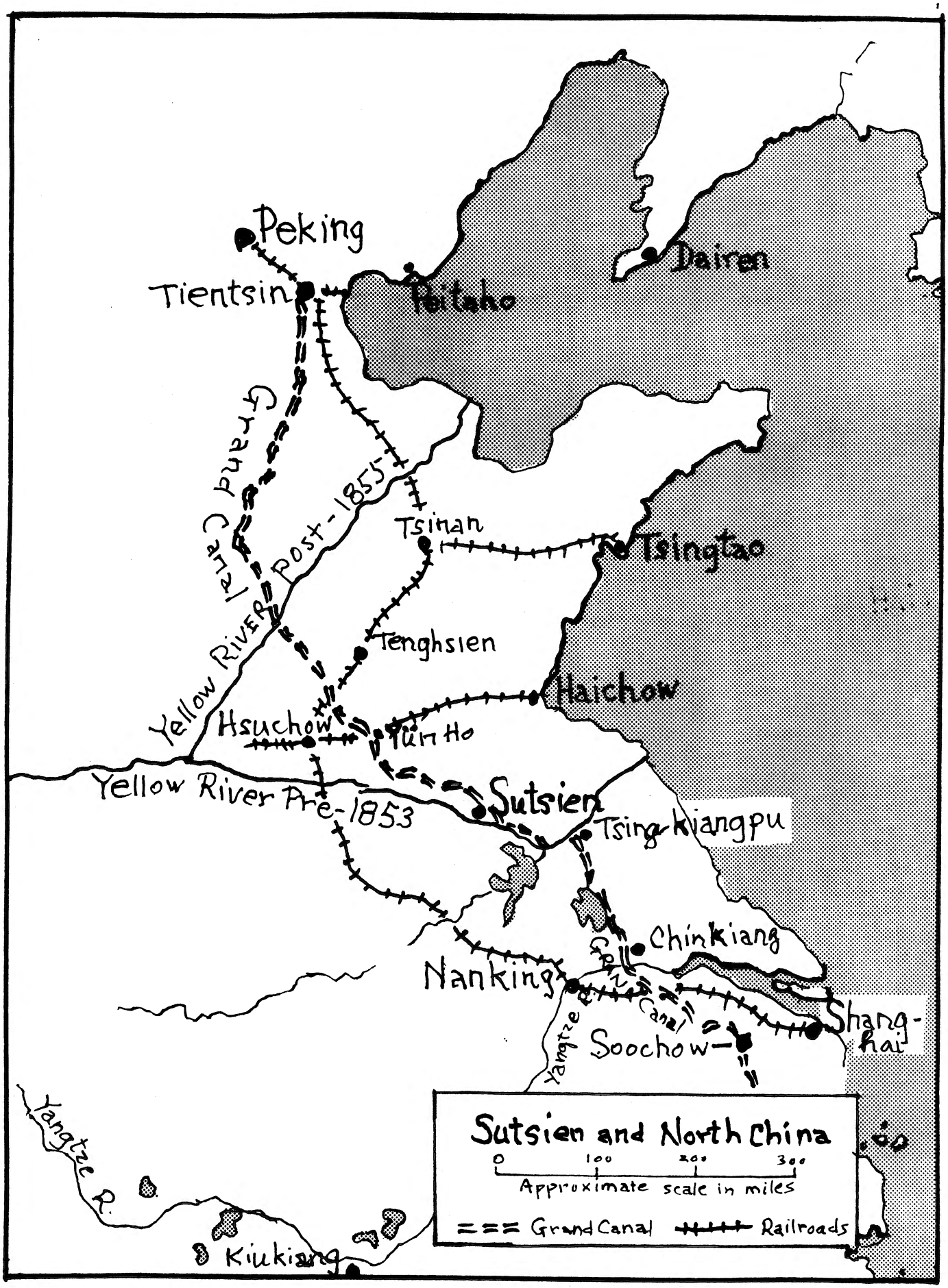
[3]See Foreign Devil in China (World Wide Publications, 2nd edition, 1989), a biography of Ruth Bell Graham.

[4]In later years, my mother often told in good humor how she had "become an asterisk." Before her marriage, she appeared in the annual missionary roster as Dr. Anne R. Houston. After marriage, her name disappeared and an asterisk was now appended to the name of Rev. B. C. Patterson, to show that he was married. When she herself referred in writing to themselves as a couple, she would write "Rev. and Mrs. Patterson, M.D."

[5]The Presbyterian Church, U.S., maintained two separate fields in China, the North China Mission and the Mid-China Mission.


Peking
Tientsin
Paitaho
Dairen
Grand Canal
Yellow River Post-1855
Tsinan
Tsingtao
Tenghsien
Haichow
Hsuchow
Yellow River Pre-1853
Tun Ho
Sutsien
Tsing-kiangpu
Chinkiang
Nanking
Grand Canal
Shang-hai
Soochow
Yangtze R.
Kiukiang
Sutsien and North China
0 100 200 300
Approximate scale in miles
Grand Canal
Railroads

he also left an impression on the Chinese which they have never forgotten. What Marco did which interested me most, personally, was that he mentions going through a town where the commercial traffic on the Grand Canal and the Yellow River met and exchanged-passengers and freight.[6] That town was Sutsien. In fact, the characters of the name Sutsien mean "portage." It was a distribution point. This is where boats traveling the Yellow River were unloaded, the things piled on wheelbarrows and carts, carried about half a mile, and put on boats on the Grand Canal.

During the floods of 1853-1855, the Yellow River formed a new channel and now flows into the China Sea several hundred miles to the north. Its former bed, near Sutsien, is now dry, except for localized flood runoff. Since I grew up climbing the old bed's dry banks and exploring the remains of piers that now stand among sand dunes, and since I have traveled on the Grand Canal all my life, naturally Marco's account interested me.

I have often wondered where he lived when he came. My guess is that he stayed for a couple of days very close to where we lived, because our property occupied the only high spot that was within a quarter of a mile of what used to be the loading docks on the Yellow River. Therefore it would have been the spot where businesses would locate in order to avoid the summer floods. So just don't forget when you read about Marco Polo that his travels took him right through the territory where I spent half my life!

Sutsien in 1894 was a city of fifty thousand people, in the center of an area with two million, and with no previous Christian witness. It was about four hundred miles from the port city of Shanghai, or, in those days, nearly a ten day trip. To go from Shanghai to Sutsien led first to Chinkiang. That part of the journey was relatively simple because steam-driven passenger boats operated from Shanghai up the Yangtze River to Chinkiang and beyond. But that was only the first quarter of the trip. From Shanghai to Chinkiang is, let's call it, one hundred and fifty miles. From Chinkiang it was necessary to secure a little Chinese houseboat and trust to the skill of the sailors to navigate that craft up the Grand Canal for another journey of a week or ten days.

There were struggles involved in those days when foreigners tried to break into areas of China where they had not been before. At the end of the nineteenth century, foreign powers had persuaded the waning Ching Dynasty to agree to the so-called "extraterritorial treaties." Theoretically these treaties guaranteed foreigners the right to live anywhere in China (not just in the "treaty ports" of an earlier day) and to own property. But local opposition was

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[6]Book II, Chap. 64, of Marco Polo's journal. Marco calls the Yellow River "Kara-Murin."

still rabid. For example, when a house was first arranged in Sutsien for my parents, townspeople burned it down before they could get there.

So how on earth did they ever succeed in buying a house? First, they rented. The yamen official in Sutsien, no doubt under pressure from the international treaties and perhaps from the U.S. consul in Nanking, decided to ease pressures all around by getting local people in Sutsien to find a house that no one wanted, and let the foreigners rent. The transaction went through and a small house and yard were found.

That was in 1894. My parents had been waiting in Tsingkiangpu for about a year when they finally heard they could move. Their house in Sutsien had six or eight rooms and was in a very run down part of town that nobody wanted to live in. Being outside the city wall, it was only partially secure. Rough-necks on the city wall could throw rocks down on my parents or their visitors or on the patients who came to my mother's clinic. The area it was in had an obnoxious reputation. You and I in America would have called it the "Red Light District." Since the house had previously been a house of ill repute, the local citizenry thought it was an ideal place to put these intruders.

My parents did not learn for some months the unsavory history of the location of their first house. In 1896 the yamen official in Sutsien notified the U.S. consul in Nanking, who notified the U.S. State Department, that he had arranged for my parents to buy

Sutsien West Gate, c. 1910

a piece of property. As my father said, "superstition and cupidity" both played a part in this transaction -- superstition because the townspeople believed that a weasel which was residing under the house harbored a devil, cupidity because the owners wanted the money. So whom better to sell it to than these foreign devils? The property was inside the city wall, backing right up against the north wall of the city. My father gladly bought it.

After I was born, I never went back to search out the first rented quarters. In later life, when I was a missionary for eighteen years in that same city, nostalgia never took me back to rekindle forgotten headaches. Sometimes early beginnings are best forgotten! As for the second house, missionaries lived in it for many, many years. It still stands today, now occupied by government agencies. (But don't try to secure a visitor's pass![7])

So Sutsien in North Kiangsu is where my father's and mother's mission work started off in 1894 and where I was to be born. Sutsien is where I lived as a child until twelve years old. Sutsien is where my wife and I were assigned when we went out as missionaries in 1923. And it is where we lived until finally moving to Tenghsien, in Shantung Province, in 1940. By that time, Pearl Harbor and American entry into World War II were imminent.

## The Boxer Rebellion

My parents reached Sutsien in 1894. That very year, Japan started a war with China. In late 1894 my parents had to flee Sutsien, accused of being Japanese spies. Two weeks later they returned. By 1895, Japan had inflicted a disastrous defeat on China. Major European powers quickly took advantage of China's weakness to gobble up bits of territory for themselves. Throughout China, anti-foreign furor was high and it continued to mount for the next five years.

In 1899, an anti-foreign revolt broke out, instigated by a secret society called "The Patriotic Peace Fists," or, briefly, "Boxers." The Boxers were particularly hostile to missionaries and Christian converts, whom they took to be visible representatives of the aggressive foreign powers. Hundreds of missionaries were killed, including over one hundred associated with the China Inland Mission ("C.I.M.," an independent or non-denominational group). In mid-summer of 1900, an international force of troops arrived in Peking to rescue besieged diplomats. The Empress Dowager had to flee Peking disguised as a peasant, and the

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[7]When my granddaughter, Mary Moore Patterson, visited Sutsien in September, 1987, she was able to locate a house just across the street from where I was born, a house that I moved into in 1929 and that her father grew up in. She could view it from the outside, but she wasn't able to get permission to go through it.

rebellion was over.

My parents were in Sutsien during most of this time.[8] The main thrust of the Boxer movement had been in Chihli and Shantung provinces, just to the north of Sutsien, and remarkably in Sutsien no missionaries or converts were killed. But the people were extremely suspicious. One rumor that circulated during the early years was that this foreign woman doctor kidnapped little Chinese babies and stewed them at night to make medicine to sell to the people. My parents were very aware of this gossip because some friendly Chinese had already told them that they were sitting on a keg of dynamite. If something happened that made the people think that this might be true, it would arouse a mob to kill.

One morning the gatekeeper, his face pale, came running in, shouting, "Come, quick! Quick!" My father ran out, and there just inside our gate was the arm of a little baby. The arm had been chewed by a dog, and it was clear the child had been suffering from smallpox. But there the little arm was, and without any question it was the arm of a Chinese baby. The gatekeeper moaned, "What can we do! What can we do! We will be accused of killing that baby last night. People will have this proof, which will be very difficult to disprove!"

Father said, "We will have to bury it."

"Oh, no," the gatekeeper responded, "that won't work. They will know something happened and they will dig it up--and that will be worse!" They finally decided to have the gatekeeper wrap the little arm in some paper and take it to the other side of town and drop it into a ditch. Nothing ever came of this. But if someone unfriendly had seen it, my parents probably would have lost their lives.

## "Little Houston"

Dr. Nettie D. Grier, a medical missionary friend who had originally been in Sutsien with my parents and subsequently moved to the neighboring station of Hsuchowfu, came back over to Sutsien in the spring of 1897 to be with my mother during the birth of her first child. Some of you who read this account will remember how often, in later years while located in Montreat, North Carolina, Mrs. Grier told the story of going to Sutsien and on March 4, 1897, delivering "the ugliest baby that I ever had anything to do with." Be that as it may, ugly or not, when that baby was born and the neighbors saw that it had blue eyes and white skin, and when they realized that my mother and father were just like other people in the world, and children were born to them and did not come out of

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[8]A furlough in 1900, back to the United States, gave a much needed break in the many tensions of this "Boxer year."

the clear blue yonder, it made this foreign family somehow more acceptable within that Sutsien context.

My brother Bill came into the world two years later, November 19, 1899, during the Boxer uprising. Bill's life and mine were intimately intertwined from very early days. During the early years of our childhood, we loved to sit in the sitting room and listen to the grown-ups talk. They had plenty to talk about--banditry, thievery, rebellions, threatening revolutions, diseases. But these never bothered us very much. We let our parents worry about them and we went on about our business.

Bill had a good disposition and a rather simple faith in the goodness of human nature, which made tormenting him a rather easy pastime. Let me give a "ferinstance." He was seven or eight years old when this happened. We, meaning his big brother and various Chinese companions, persuaded him to shave off his eyebrows. The angle in this escapade was that we all knew that only lepers were minus their eyebrows. So we waited to see the reaction of other people.

For two or three days nothing happened. Then one evening our mother was seated in her favorite rocker when she glanced at Bill, paled, and again looked at her second son and said: "William, child, come here. How long have your eyebrows been like this? Did the hair fall out gradually? Do you feel any pain or sensation of any kind?"

She was terribly upset. Bill was too young to understand all the commotion he had created. I began to have second thoughts on the prank. How could I get out of the mess? Finally, when I saw mother about to have a nervous collapse, I assured her that I had shaved off Bill's eyebrows. She had become so frightened at the thought of her son having leprosy that it was difficult to calm her!

My mother used to tell a story on herself about one time when she punished "Little Houston" for something.[9] She thought about this quite often, I think, and I believe she always concluded that she'd done the right thing.

I don't remember what it was I had done that was bad, but as we have just seen I did occasionally do things! Anyway, my mother decided that for supper on one particular night I should have only bread and water. In the meantime, "The Ladies"--two Scottish ladies, Miss Johnston and Miss McRobert, who lived in our station and with whom we were very close--the Ladies sent over a plate of scones. Now Scotch scones were something that the Pattersons never had except when the Ladies would make some and send them over, so

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[9]My thanks to Margaret for this recollection.

this was a marvelous treat! My mother's dilemma was: should I have a scone or not? It was to be part of supper, which for me was to be only bread and water. On the other hand, her original plan of punishment had not included denying me this special treat of scones. So what should she do?

She said, "Houston, when I said 'Bread and water for supper,' I didn't know, of course, that the Ladies would send us some scones. We all know how special these are and I don't think I would be fair if I didn't let you have one. You understand, don't you, that I'm not changing the punishment, only letting you have the extra treat that neither one of us was expecting?"

So at supper that night the family had tofu and corned beef while I had bread and water, and then we all had the Scotch scones together. Perhaps there's something to be said for tempering justice with mercy!

## A Close Call on the Canal

In my early years in China, a large part of the Grand Canal was in disrepair. When the Yellow River changed course in the mid-nineteenth century, it cut down the canal's water supply, and much of the canal, including the northern section that went to Peking, fell into disuse. However, we regularly used the section near us. The water flowed south towards the Yangtze, so trips to the south went faster than trips to the north.

When I was about nine years old, my family was returning from the summer at Kuling. We had come downstream on the Yangtze to Chinkiang, and now needed to travel upstream along the Grand Canal to Sutsien. Rains had flooded the countryside, and lakes were overflowing their banks. The little old chug-chug launches, which usually pulled a passenger barge up the Grand Canal as far as Tsingkiangpu, dared not function. The current was too swift for them to make headway and also the people on the weakened banks would not tolerate the waves.

We had to get home to Sutsien because father had all his fall work to get underway. There were no motor roads or trains. The only way was to rent a house boat ("slow boat") and take two weeks to make our way on the flood. One hundred and fifty miles can be a long journey in a boat trying to buck the current! Day after day we moved a few miles. The boatmen would hope for a favorable wind, but usually they walked the banks and pulled the boat.

It was about eight in the morning. The boatmen had tied up the boat while they ate their breakfast. My parents were inside dressing and cleaning up. I walked to the prow of the little boat and picked up the pole used to help maneuver our "floating tub." How deep was the water? Down went the pole on the deep side, but it struck bottom after two or three feet. I tried again, pointing

the pole a little further out in the boiling yellow flood water. Ha! Four feet deep there. How deep will it be a little further out? I pushed the pole outward and it kept going and going and going. Before I knew what had happened, I had gone after it. Down once. I couldn't swim. Down twice. The current had me past the middle of the boat. The third time up I saw the Chinese boatman putting a long pole near my face. I grabbed for dear life and he pulled me out.

My mother said later, "I saw it all and was praying you would have the presence of mind to catch the pole. That was your only salvation." Do you wish to learn the lesson it taught me? Jesus came to "seek and to save" the drowning. He puts out our "salvation pole," but we have to do the catching. He does not lasso us.

Between Tsingkiangpu and Sutsien there were three locks, as we called them. These locks did not have gates like the ones you may have seen on the Panama Canal that open and close in order to raise and lower the level of the water. Rather, at each lock the banks of the canal were built inward in a kind of wedge, narrowing the channel and forcing the water to run through a barrier. The result was that the water upstream was about two feet higher than the water downstream. Houseboats going downstream simply let go and ran the barriers (leading, to be sure, to occasional disasters). Houseboats going upstream had to be pulled over the barriers by ten or twelve men turning winches. Because of the locks, that chug-chug launch and barge that I mentioned could only come up as far as Tsingkiangpu.

I understand that the Communists, beginning in 1958, have rebuilt the whole Grand Canal system. The canal will now carry medium sized barges and ships of up to six hundred tons, all the way to Peking.

## Roads That Last

In Sutsien, the road that led from our house down through the business section and on out the South Gate of the city was laid several hundred years before we arrived. When I was there, it was still in use and was still perfectly good. I remember once walking with my father down the center of the main highway. (I use the word "highway," but perhaps I should note that this particular road was only sufficiently wide to permit two wheelbarrows to pass, and then only with difficulty if they had big loads.)

The road was laid with solid limestone blocks, originally about one foot square by six to eight inches thick. As we walked over those stones, we found that they had been polished by the sandals and bare feet of thousands and millions of people. My father would walk along, especially on days when it was raining, keeping his eyes on the wet stones.

One day he stopped abruptly and said, "Look, son, look at that. There is something that happened millions of years ago and yet we are just able to see it for the first time." I looked carefully and sure enough there was the skeleton of something that looked like a crawfish or trilobite. It was visible because the water on the limestone had cleansed the surface where the footsteps had polished. There it was, just waiting to be seen. After that I noticed how often there was a fossil exposed. And even when there were no fossils, there were the strata lines in the rock that showed the history of the world on which we were walking.

Our city of Sutsien also spoke to us of the ages. The house I grew up in as a child was built soon after Pocahontas saved the life of Captain John Smith. It is no doubt still standing today and still occupied (perhaps by some government factotum?). We lived in it. Many others have lived in it. When we're gone others will live in it.

When you live in a land like China, you realize that centuries are looking down upon you. You can hear the whispers of eternity in your ears. And if you care to, you can feel at all times the breath of the ages on your cheeks.

# CHAPTER II

## CHILD IN A STRANGE LAND (1897-1911)

As a child in China, I grew up between two cultures. My parents were of course my most important link to Western and Christian culture. They taught me the Bible and the catechism. They saw to it that I had chances to visit with missionary children from other stations. They ordered clothes and toys from Montgomery Ward in the United States, knowing it would take six months for the packages to come. They always spoke English with me in the home, and expected me to respond to them in English. My mother taught me the first six grades of school. She and my father never forgot that one day I would be going "home" to America.

All around was Chinese culture. Like every other missionary kid, I learned to speak Chinese before English, played with Chinese friends, ate Chinese foods. At the same time, my parents undoubtedly felt they should "protect" me in some measure from the Chinese environment. Hence: amahs.

### Amahs

Westerners in China considered it absolutely imperative to have an amah to look after their children. If you had two children, the chances are you would have two amahs. Somebody had to keep an eye on that child every waking moment. Why? The reasons were fairly practical, in fact, very pragmatic. Those children were just as much strangers in a strange land as were their parents. Everybody that came in wanted to touch them or play with them or see what they did or said. My parents were convinced--probably realistically for that day and time--that it was very, very easy to contract some kind of disease if somebody with disease on their fingers wanted to touch the face or the mouth or the eye of the child, merely wanting to elicit a playful response.

American parents think nothing of leaving their children alone in little carriages in the supermarket, taking for granted that passers-by will not touch or pat them. But in a highly personal society like China, where everybody is able to touch everybody, especially children, that is not the case. Therefore Westerners all had amahs to keep track of children, to keep them off the streets, to keep dogs from biting them, to keep beggars with all sorts of diseases from catching hold of their clothes. And to control people who sometimes would do things that were neither healthy nor proper for the child. I found it very difficult as a three-year old, or even a four or six-year old, to keep my clothes on as I should. There was always somebody messing around to see what kind of underwear I had on or what I looked like under my clothes. So that was one of the things the amah had responsibility for.

I was to see all this from the parental point of view when I returned to China in 1923 accompanied by my wife, Frances. It was a great assistance to her that amahs could help in the rearing of children. Frances, after all, would be rearing a family in a culture which was far more alien for her than it had ever been for me.

## Pastimes

I was twelve and my brother Bill was ten before we left our home up at Sutsien. So my father and mother were stuck with two active boys who had time on their hands. Father was in his office until five or six o'clock, and he often he went to the office again after supper at night. My mother, after trying to teach us in the mornings, went to medical clinics in the afternoons. So Father and Mother were busy all day. They were smart enough to know that two boys left on the loose in the middle of China would come up with some devilment that would be no credit to the missionary cause. Therefore they felt they had to help us find something to do.

My mother was very good at helping us get into the collecting of stamps. She also showed us how to write little articles for the Christian Observer and other newspapers back in the United States which printed news from missionary children. We read books, particularly by Henty.[1] In fact, I learned how to enjoy by the hour the excitement given me by reading my friend Henty.

Something we really enjoyed during March and April was kite flying. We made our own kites, and some were beautiful. We made square ones. Or we would cross the squares and have eight-cornered ones. Or we had round kites, or long centipede kites, or dragon kites. The Chinese had a little vibrator shaped like a bow that we could attach to kites. When it was high in the air it would hum loudly. So we would fly our kites and listen to their humming in the sky.

The wall that ran around our mission property included three little yards. All put together, they were about the size of a tennis court. Kite flying, and all our other children's activities, were carried on inside of that wall. Occasionally, of course, our string broke and we lost a kite. By the time we got to where it landed it was probably in somebody else's yard, and the last thing they were going to do was to open the gate to let us in their yard.

We had seesaws and swings, and anything else like that we

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[1]G. A. Henty (1832-1902), author of The Reign of Terror: The Adventures of a Westminster Boy, a novel set during the French Revolution; The Lion of the North, about Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden; With Clive in India; With Lee in Virginia; etc.

could think up. And we had pets. My father bought a billy goat one year. Tying it to a fifteen foot rope out in the front yard, he told me that it was my responsibility to feed, water, and look after it. I think father's real motive was that he wanted the animal to eat the grass off the front yard. Anyway, I didn't get interested in the billy goat. I let him stand around and baa-baa his head off. Finally, Father got rid of him.

We had canaries, pairs of male and female, and we raised families in the spring. I never sold any canaries, but at least they multiplied. And we had little boxes on the walls for pigeons to come build nests. There were crows in the trees every night, and sometimes we were able to get a baby crow and train it.

When I was eleven and Bill nine, we begged for a dog. My father told us that there were two conditions that were mandatory. Number one, we had to look after the animal and be sure it was fed, bedded, and did not bite visitors. Number two, if it ever ran away from the yard and wandered in the street it had to be given away or put to sleep immediately. This last condition was really tough. What dog did not want to run around a little, even if it did nothing except follow its nose? Why, why, why did we have to give it away if it ran away for only a few minutes and only circled the block? We were told that it was because disease was rampant. The dog might lick something and then come back and lick our hands.

How we loved to play with that little dog as it started to grow and get frisky! And how we watched to keep the gate shut so we could keep it inside the yard! But one day the dog did get out. It later came back. But who knew what it had licked and chewed. The dog had to go . . . but we understood.

## Chinese Companions

We could have Chinese friends in to play with us between 3:30 and 5:30 p.m. The Chien boys, and other Chinese friends with whom we played, were not allowed to engage in overly active exercises. One reason was that their shoes were made out of cloth, and their parents didn't want them chasing all over rocks and scuffing them. I liked to climb trees and climb walls and swing and do things of that general nature. Wrestling, turning somersaults, and riding swings and seesaws could tear clothes. So when playing with our Chinese friends, we settled pretty much for games they were used to playing.

Just for fun, let me tell you one. Actually, it was a little gambling game. Everybody took a coin. (Usually a cash, which

didn't amount to much.[2]) Going to the back of some house, we woulddraw a line on the ground about six feet from the wall. Then each boy would take a coin and bounce it off the wall to see how close he could get it to that line. The boy whose coin was closest picked up all the rest of the coins. I thought it was a right cute game. But when my parents found out about it, they thought it was gambling and forbade my enjoying this little method of collecting a dime or two on the side. (However, we continued to play it. We just didn't collect any money at the end of the game.)

Another game we might call jackleg baseball. With a knife, we shaved down the ends of a little stick until it was the shape of a small corncob with two tapering ends. I'll call that our puck. Then we took another stick, which I will call our bat, and we had a two-part batting process. We would bat the tip of the puck as it lay on the ground. That would make it jump in the air about a foot or two. Then, while it was still in the air, we would use the bat to give it a real hard swat. Whoever could hit it the farthest would win that round. Of course, we had a little element of gambling in our game until we were caught by my parents. It was easy to leave out the gambling incentive, so all was well. But it did detract somewhat from the enthusiasm we had before being caught.

Another game didn't involve gambling, but it also drew some parental disapproval. We found that if we made a wooden pistol and bored a hole where the muzzle would be, we could put a firecracker in the hole. When we lit the firecracker and it exploded, it would pop out ten or twenty feet. We had a good time shooting at each other this way. We considered ourselves inner city bandits.

Many of the friendships of that day still linger. Let me just mention what the Chien boys went on to do. Chien Tsai Tien ("Value In Heaven," the Christian name that he adopted) was about two years older than I. He later attended Nanking Theological Seminary, became a theological teacher, and published a small Christian news periodical and commentary that made his name known all over the Pacific Islands area. In 1951, when he was 57 years old, he was called to Tsingkiangpu to rebuild the scattered church there.

His brother, Chien Ching Shan ("Vista of Mountains"), exactly my age, was known to us as "Hsiao Erh," "Little Number-Two." He went on to become a physician and skilled surgeon, training in the Tsingkiangpu hospital with Dr. Nelson Bell. After Dr. Bell left China, he took full charge of that hospital and guided its operation during the war with Japan and through the beginning of

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[2]The "cash" was the small bronze coin with a large square hole in the center that was widely used in China for two thousand years. Its value in my boyhood was perhaps one tenth of a cent.

the communist period.

## Eaters and the Eaten

The Old Testament often speaks of plagues of locusts, coming like clouds, descending like armies to destroy. We understood about that in North Kiangsu.

When locusts came into our area, the first thing the farmers did was to dig ditches around their crops, about two feet deep. Then everybody in the household would take whatever noise makers he or she could find and go out and to frighten the locusts, to make them spring up from the crops and begin to fly. When the little cannibals flew up, everybody would swat them for all they were worth, using handkerchiefs or shovels or anything handy. The result was that many locusts would end up in the ditches, where the farmers would kill them.

When they had caught a basketful or a bagful, they would take them to the farmhouse and fix them for the evening meal. You could not eat the wings or the front half of the locust, so they would break the locusts in half. When they had a big dish full of the edible parts, they would fry them in oil. Along with everybody else, I used to eat locusts, and they really were fairly edible. The supply was limitless. And every time you ate a mouthful of locust you were getting back, so to speak, a mouthful of the grain that they had devoured. So in a way things were working out and there was still hope.

(By the way, if you ever have a chance to eradicate locusts from the face of the earth, don't let anybody stop you! Locusts eat enough food in the world today to support several million people. In case you really have no idea what the locust looks like, it is very much like a great big, long-legged, mean-faced grasshopper. Another thing I learned to my sorrow in later life was that a motorcycle rider had better keep his eyes open for those locust ditches that some farmer had dug across his property. Tires are important to you, but irrelevant to the farmer. When the front wheel drops into a locust trap, you are trapped.)

Speaking of food, dogs are good eating, too. The meat is very similar to the drumstick of the turkey.

Donkey meat is very coarse-grained by comparison; also, somewhat hard to chew.

## Kneeling by My Bed To Say My Prayers, And Other Entomological Hazards

Once when I was about twelve, still in Sutsien, I respectfully pulled up my night shirt and knelt by the bed and started to pray. It was just a few moments before I felt a severe pain on my

knee.

I jumped up and realized that one of the centipedes that wander around at night had been offended by my knee landing on its back and had turned around and compensated for that pain by giving me a pain. The pain from that sting or bite, whatever it was, stayed with me most of the night.

On due meditation, I decided that the Lord didn't expect me to put my bare knee on the floor after dark. I didn't think it was wise when I was praying to think more about a centipede than about what I was saying to the Lord. So, since then, I have gotten along very well using other methods for showing respect when a prayer is being offered.

Throughout my years in China, I always shook out my shoes before putting them on in the morning. Leather shoes are still warm when we leave them by the side of the bed. Scorpions like a warm place to cuddle up at night. When I would think of my shoes under the bed with scorpions walking around, I didn't want to anticipate having one misunderstand the purpose of my toe pressing upon him in the morning. So I just shook out the shoe first.

Lice are animals that were very common in the area where I operated. Elderly people would find a warm spot in the sunshine, take off their clothes, and carefully pick the lice from the inside seams. One way to dispose of lice that was considered effective was to put them between your front teeth and hear them crack. I never tried it, but I have seen it done often enough to know what it sounds like. By the way, there are various kinds of lice. Some prefer the body, under the inner layer of clothing. Some prefer the eyebrows or the hair on the head. Fine-toothed combs for the hair were supposed to help. One very satisfying aspect of lice is that boiling underwear eliminates both them and their eggs. Also, a little kerosene oil on the head will finish off any lice that have taken that spot for a winter vacation.

I will conclude this little entomological treatise by sharing with you my wisdom about bedbugs. Many of you may not know what a bedbug looks like. If you don't, congratulations. You may have seen one but just didn't recognize it when you saw it face to face. A bedbug is very flat unless it is full of blood. If he wants to go through a crack, he can do it if he is underfed. If he has gorged on your arm, he will not be able to get back out through the crack.

Bedbugs are about the color of a fishing worm, dark brown or red, and they are about the size of a green pea cut in two. They love to crawl on the skin of missionaries. In my later time in Sutsien, my wife, Frances, would boil my clothes whenever I returned from a tour of the country villages. That truly kills them.

My mother was really allergic to the bite of bedbugs. Their bites would leave her with large welts. She tried every device under heaven to try to stop them, but nothing seems to distract a bedbug when he's on the warpath. I was fortunate. Bedbugs seemed to stick their snout on my hide, and then get disgusted and turn around and leave. The best solution is to sleep in beds where other people have slept and the bugs are well-fed. Even so they were irritating, because they walked on my skin and kept me awake a long time.

We found that if we put the feet of our cots in saucers of water, it discouraged the bedbugs from crossing over and climbing up. But some bugs are smart. I've heard it said, though I can't vouch from personal experience, that when they see you on the bed and realize that you are frustrating their just desserts, they will go to the ceiling and drop down on you. I can't prove this, but that's the story.

## Chinkiang

When I was twelve years old, and my brother Bill ten, our mother decided that she could no longer teach us. She sent us four or five days' journey to the south along the Grand Canal, to the adjacent mission station of Chinkiang. We lived with the John Paxtons[3] of Danville, Virginia, missionary friends, and attended a school where there were a dozen or more missionary and business children studying under the tutelage of a retired teacher from Boston, Massachusetts.

Those of you who have read Pearl Buck will remember that this was the town where she spent her early days. Her maiden name was Sydenstricker, and she lived with her parents for a number of years in Chinkiang.[4] Pearl's sister Grace was a sixth grader with us. Pearl was away in Shanghai at this time, in a school for foreign children.[5]

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[3]Rev. John Wardlaw Paxton (1866-1934).

[4]See Pearl S. Buck's reminiscences of her early Chinkiang years in My Several Worlds (Day, 1954), Part I.

[5]A letter to my parents, dated February 12 [1910] and written during Bill's and my first winter in Chinkiang, names some of the missionaries and other friends whom we knew at that time: Miss Dougherty, our teacher; Mr. and Mrs. James McCutchan; Dr. Wade Venable, M.D. (on the field, 1893-1929), a medical missionary who returned on furlough to the United States, along with his family, shortly after we got there; the Wheelers; Mr. Newman (who, according to my letter, had a motor boat); Dr. and Mrs. William Malcolm, M.D. (on the field, 1909-1913); school friends Robert and James, whose parents were in the British business community; and

While living with the Paxtons, we noticed the bong, bonging of what seemed to be a great big bell, not too far away. We heard it every few minutes, all day and all night. One day we decided to go see where it was. When we found it, it turned out to be made of solid bronze and to be hanging about ten feet above a platform located in a temple courtyard. It was obviously important equipment for that temple. There was no clapper, so the priest used a wooden beam about six inches in diameter and four or five feet long, suspended from the rafters. When he wanted to ring the bell, he would pull the beam back eight or ten feet, then let it go so that it swung over and hit the bell. It could be heard all over town. The purpose was to call the attention of spirits to prayers that were pasted on the outside of the bell. Suppliants hoped that the spirits would answer the prayers in the affirmative.

Bells seem to have been a part of worship all over the world, for as far back as we have any information. Our church bells are supposed to be a sign of respect for a God who is listening. This Buddhist bell was to get the attention of a god who might be asleep.

During my seventh grade in Chinkiang, there was a famine one hundred miles away in the country. About 20,000 refugees packed up their belongings, put them on wheelbarrows, and came down and camped just outside the city. Every time we went to church, we had to walk by the three or four acres of hovels that the refugees put up. Their settlement was only a half mile from where we lived. Yet not once during that deadly and hopeless winter were we bothered by anyone trying to climb over the wall to steal. Also we felt quite safe, as children, walking by that gang of several thousand hungry people.

The Chinese are the world's best when it comes to patiently enduring tribulations of life which are insurmountable. In times of disaster, they will spread their hands and say mei yu fa, which is Chinese for "the situation is totally hopeless."

All of us, to a certain extent, are fatalistic. Even our good old Presbyterian Church has a doctrine that it calls "predestination." I will be speaking in the next chapter of a ten year period in my life when, for me also, the conviction of God's ordering and providential presence was particularly important.

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school friends William and Charles Worth, whose parents were Presbyterian missionaries in Wusih. The letter also sends greetings to Paul, Norman, and Margaret, who in February, 1910, would have been seven, five, and three years old.

# CHAPTER III

## UNDER GOD'S PROVIDENCE (1911-1923)

When my father and mother returned to America in 1911, I was fourteen years old. My only previous visit to America had been in 1901-1902, ten years earlier, when I was four[1] and when the family was on its previous furlough to America.[2] Of the intervening nine years since 1902, I had spent the first seven in Sutsien, the last two in Chinkiang. The excitement of "coming home" in 1911 meant that I could hardly realize that twelve years would pass before I would see China again. The family settled for their 1911-1912 furlough year in Staunton, Virginia, and "Grannie" (Margaret Tirzah Willson Patterson) moved in from the farm to winter with us.

It was in Staunton that I had my first year of high school. In those days we had to learn the basics: English grammar, Latin, algebra, geography, and composition. It was also during that year that I made my first talk in public. The church we were attending had sent me to a rally, I think probably because nobody else would go. When I came back, they seemed to feel that since they had paid my way, the least I could do was to give them a speech. So I made my talk and told the people what I had seen.

It just so happened that the trip had taken me to Richmond, Virginia. I stayed in the home of an extremely well-educated couple named Bemiss, members of the First Presbyterian Church. I

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[1]My memory is very selective about that visit as a four year old. I can remember one incident out at our farm home near Staunton, Virginia. I was holding my younger brother Bill's hand until help came, while he, at age two, screamed in terror at a peacock over his head in a tree. The next recollection is on a boat, probably during our ocean voyage back to China, when I can remember looking down brother Bill's throat while my father tried to remove a fish bone.

[2]In his memoirs, my father spoke of his five "hegiras" (Arabic word: "flights") within or from China. (1) In 1894, he had to flee briefly from Sutsien because of unrest associated with the Sino-Japanese war (above, p. 7.). (2) His furlough of 1900-1901, when I was four, was during the Boxer Rebellion. (3) In 1911, at the time this chapter picks up, the Chinese Revolution was ending three thousand years of Chinese empire. (4) In 1927, he and my mother, and, I might add, also my own family and I, had to flee as refugees from the violence associated with the communist-nationalist split within the Kuomintang (below, Chap. IV). (5) Finally, he retired from the field in 1939, during the Japanese occupation. (Appendix B notes places where my father's memoirs may be found.)

did not know it at the time, but the visit in their home really changed the course of my life. I was hungry for some sort of assurance, and the welcome that this couple gave me was one of the stabilizing influences of my life.

## "The Lord Will Provide"

When Abraham took that heartbreaking trip to Mount Moriah to sacrifice his young son, Isaac, as God had commanded, Isaac looked up into his face and asked, "Father, we have the fire here and the wood, but where is the lamb?" Abraham was on the spot. He could not tell Isaac the truth, and he could not lie to him. So he made a great statement of faith that people have used down through the years: "The Lord will provide" (Gen. 22:8).

I have always found Abraham's statement to be deeply meaningful. As I look at my life, there has never been a time when God has not provided what was necessary for what HE wanted to be done. Abraham's statement is the motto that could have been written over my way at every turn of the road.

My brother, Bill, and I landed on our aunt's doorstep in the fall of 1912. Our mother and father had returned to China. One of my mother's older sisters was married to a physician, a Dr. Walter Plecker, and lived in Richmond. There was no way that Bill and I could continue our education at the station in China, so Dr. and Mrs. Plecker offered to provide us a place to stay while we went to high school.

What I needed at that point in my life was somebody who understood the needs and tensions of a fourteen year old boy, ten thousand miles away from home. The Pleckers, with no children of their own, simply weren't able to give the kind of understanding care that I needed. As a child on the mission field, I had lived in the midst of conflict. I did not need any more disappointment, or muddying of the water. I do not believe that the Lord Jesus Christ came to this earth to give people the excuse to castigate.

The Pleckers' apartment was in a building at 17 South Third Street, on a busy corner. They gave us a room, and we settled in and started to school. But, my! My! What are two young boys supposed to do, penned in by apartment walls and concrete sidewalks and busy streets? My parents and my younger brothers and sister had now gone back to China. There were no other children besides Bill and me in the apartment house, there was no playground attached that we could use. I was lost, and I mean L-O-S-T.

It was then that Mrs. Bemiss heard that we were there. She had many children of her own and knew what Bill and I were up against. The Y.M.C.A. was located just a few blocks from our home, and Mrs. Bemiss sent us an envelope enclosing a one-year's membership to the boys' division. It actually saved our lives, or saved

our sanity, or saved the sanity of Mrs. Plecker--you can make that decision. But, thinking of Mrs. Bemiss, let me say this: if you ever take a first year high school kid on a visit into your house, and are nice to him and don't forget him, you may never know what you have done for him!

Those days in high school, in spite of an occasional heartbreak, are very precious to me. As I look back, I realize that I was not only being looked after by my relatives and friends but by my God and Savior in heaven. My parents' prayers were being answered. Their dedication and sacrifice were working to my good. In spite of my ignorance and unawareness, their prayers were being fulfilled.

## Washington and Lee University

In June of 1915, I finished at John Marshall High School, in Richmond. That summer I worked on the farm that belonged to my grandmother, in Augusta County, and in the fall I entered Washington and Lee University, in Lexington, Virginia.

The university physician for Washington and Lee was a Dr. Robert Glasgow. He had worked in Fincastle, earlier, where he had known the Houstons, including my mother. So in a very natural way I soon came to know the Glasgow family. Their youngest daughter, Frances, entered Agnes Scott college that same fall that I went to Washington and Lee. She turned out to be the person who would become my wife.

The Glasgows were Scotch-Irish by ancestry, by blood, and by choice. The uncle for whom Frances was named, Mr. Frank Glasgow, a lawyer in Lexington, typified that attitude as distinctively and effectively as anybody else in the entire family. When I was a freshman at Washington and Lee, he had a Sunday School that he was running on Sunday afternoons, near a golf course out from downtown Lexington towards House Mountain. (The golf course is not there today; the club that owned it has disappeared. The Sunday School is gone, too.) Mr. Glasgow would come by to inform me that he was expecting me to help him in the Sunday School. I think Mr. Glasgow knew that I had been doing this kind of work for my uncle in Richmond, at the Roseneath Chapel of Second Presbyterian Church, so maybe that accounts for his assuming that I would do it.

I taught for several years in that little place, and it was good experience. Later, in the winters, I preached several times for the Oxford Presbyterian Church, just three miles away from the Sunday School. It made me feel good to notice that the two elders who were in charge of the stoves would go sound asleep. I knew that they were satisfied with what I was saying.

When Frances and I refugeed from China in 1927, we came back to Lexington and lived with her father for two years while I served

at Washington and Lee as secretary of the Y.M.C.A. Frances's mother had died while Frances was still in college. 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.

One last word about Washington and Lee. Some of you may check on the books and find that I have a Doctor of Divinity degree. Some may wonder where this came from. I do not know for sure, but I have a pretty good hunch. Some of my wife's first cousins were in high places in the church and community. The Glasgow name was much respected. Tom Glasgow and his various brothers and first cousins[3] were people that did what they thought was the right thing, and were able to accomplish what they set out to do. I believe it was somebody in this Glasgow crowd who decided that since their first cousin, or sister, or otherwise Frances Glasgow, had "gone off the deep end" and married this fellow, Patterson, that the least they could do was to get him a D.D. So they went to the Washington and Lee trustees and talked it up. When I came back on furlough in 1936, it was revealed that I was supposed to go to Washington and Lee's commencement and receive a D.D. I was deeply grateful. That's the story . . . I think!

## God Puts a Finger In

At the end of my junior year at Washington and Lee, in June of 1918, the United States was at war with Germany and I was up for the draft. To escape this, and to do something that was really interesting, I signed up with the Marine Corps Aviation as soon as the school year was over. They sent me to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology for ground school, and by the first of November, 1918, I found myself at the United States Marine Aviation base on the outskirts of Miami, Florida.

The place today is filled with houses, but then it was occupied by sand dunes, rattle snakes, and everglades. Within a week after arriving there, we were flying the little two-seater Curtiss JN-4 trainers, an instructor in the front cockpit and the cadet,

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[3]Dr. Robert Glasgow, Frances's father, was a physician in Lexington. His son, Robert Glasgow, Frances's older half-brother, became a businessman in Charlotte, North Carolina. Dr. Robert Glasgow's brother, Frank Glasgow, was the lawyer in Lexington whose work in the Sunday School I mentioned. Mr. Frank Glasgow's sons included Charles, a lawyer in Lexington; Thomas, who held a law degree but went into business in Charlotte, North Carolina; and Samuel McPheeters, a minister who held pastorates in Knoxville, Tennessee, and at the Independent Presbyterian Church in Savannah, Georgia. All of the Glasgows took an active interest in the life of the Presbyterian Church, and many of them provided leadership for Washington and Lee University.

meaning yours truly, in the back. After ten thirty-minute training sessions, my instructor told me to take it up alone. How I hated that cocky instructor. He had bawled me out, cussed me, tried to rattle me, and in general consigned me to the lower regions. I tried taking the plane up and bringing it back a few times. Every time the plane landed I was in for another cussing.

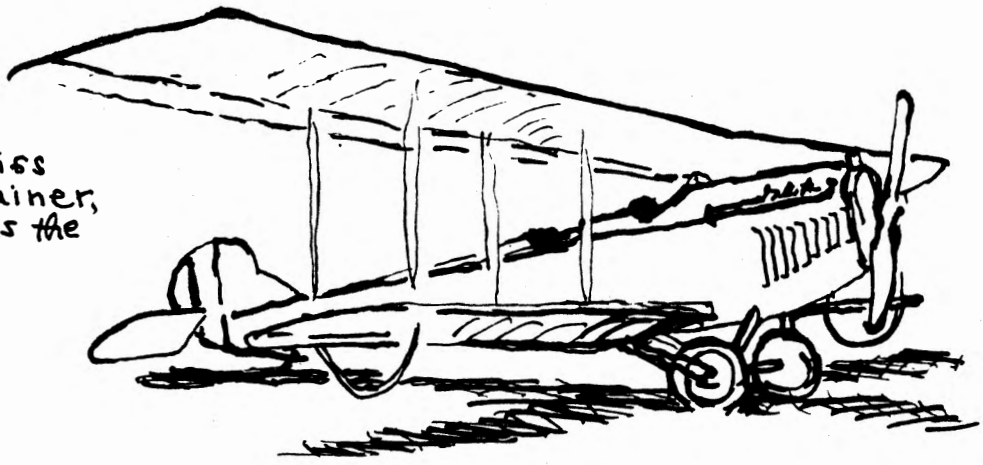
Towards the beginning of my second week of this solo work I made an unforgettable, unforgivable mistake. When our little planes were sitting on the ground, the engine stood so high that the pilot could not see directly in front. We were supposed to be sure there was no other plane in front of us when we took off. There had been none when my plane landed.

After a few minutes, I waved to the mechanic and he started the engine. I looked on both sides as best I could and then started off. What I didn't know was that another plane had pulled directly in front. After running about one hundred and fifty yards, my plane had picked up enough speed so I could pull its tail up and look over the top of the engine. Immediately I saw, not fifty yards ahead of me, a plane with a pilot and instructor in it, talking to each other. They did not yet realize that I was coming 100% straight at them and that my propeller was within seconds of cutting right into their plane and grinding up every piece of clothing on their backs.

I couldn't brake to a stop, since our planes had no brakes. There was not even any way I could turn right or left. Only air pressure on the tail flaps would turn our planes, and I wasn't going fast enough for that to work.

There was just one possible thing to do, and I didn't think even that would work. I had to get going fast enough to jump over that plane. I immediately threw the throttle into full position. The engines on our planes in those days were not too powerful, but they did have 130 or 140 horsepower. As soon as I threw the throttle, I could feel the plane surge forward.

The two men in that plane were both good friends. By the time I was about twenty or thirty yards from them, they had seen me, and



The Curtiss JN4 trainer, known as the "Jenny"

I could see their faces turn white. I could see their eyes, too, and that I can never forget.

I knew they were thinking that a terrible wreck had to happen. I thought so, too! When I came to about fifteen feet from the rear of that plane, I pulled back on the stick just as hard as I could, and believe it or not, my plane jumped.

When I got past it, in just seconds, I knew I had to do something quick or my plane would stall and crash, so I pushed the nose of the plane down until the wheels almost touched the ground again. By that time it had gained flying speed, and there was no problem to take it on up.

I went around the airfield once and then brought the plane in to land. The wheels had eased down to within a foot or two of the landing strip when I realized my whole nervous system was so "shook up" that I had better take it around again. By then, everyone knew there was big trouble. The next time round the field I saw the fire trucks and the ambulances pulling out to be ready. I also saw my beloved instructor standing and glaring.

I landed and sat there in my plane while my instructor walked slowly toward me. I waited for the lightning bolt. He came to the side of the plane, leaned over and said, "Patterson, the field captain wanted to ground you permanently, but I told him you were O.K. I said I would be responsible. Try not to do it again." And he walked off. I can tell you that I really appreciated that instructor. He could easily have used up his whole stock of curse words on me, but he didn't. He patted me on the back.

I don't mind telling this little story because I feel perfectly certain it is one of the times that God stooped down and put his finger in my affairs and made life possible.

## God Puts a Finger In (Again)

On November 8, 1918, the armistice between the Allied Powers and Germany had been signed and the war was over. We were called in by the commandant of our unit and told that we could have a leave of absence for the remaining term of our service (three and one-half years), or we could remain in the Marine Corps during our four year enlistment.

I was getting aviation experience that I believed was worth twenty times what I could make in any business, so I chose to stay in. But God seems to have known best. When the discharges came, my name was listed among those who were to be sent home. I knew that for some reason, God was changing my plans. In retrospect, most of the boys who stayed in got killed one way or another.

I will quote from a letter I wrote to my parents during my

last few weeks in Miami, as I think it shows something about how I was thinking about God and God's purposes for the world and for me. The letter was dated December 8, 1918; its address is given as "Marine Flying Field."

> . . . The more I see of this world and man, the more pressing I believe to be the needs, opportunities and duties of all who know the name of Christ to teach the principles of his kingdom to all people. I came into this war because I believed that by making the world safe for Democracy, the name of Christ and the practical applications of Christ's principles could be put into effect more perfectly, and I sincerely believe and pray that the nations now are acting under the divine guidance of God. . . . [Yet] the time when universal peace will become an actuality do[es] not seem to be any nearer attained than during the darkest days of the war. How long, Oh how long will it be, before the spirit of Christ becomes such an actuality among men that all men will have heard of Christ and allow themselves to be guided by His teachings?

When my name was on the list of those to be discharged, rather than among those who were to remain in the Marine Corps, I thought, yes, more than thought, I <u>knew</u> that God had put His finger in and changed my situation for a reason.

My immediate objective was to finish at Washington and Lee. I had missed most of the first semester, but the University gave me partial credit for work in the Marine Corps, and I was able to graduate in 1919, on time. When I graduated from Washington and Lee, I had no clear plans--no job, no money, no home except relatives. What could I do? Where could I go? Out of the clear blue sky, one of my friends said, "I've just gotten the job of principal at the Danville (Virginia) high school. Will you come and be my assistant principal, teach science, and coach athletics?"

Of course I accepted. I felt it was the hand of the Lord. It changed my life in many ways. It was in Danville that I received a scholarship to Union Theological Seminary. Otherwise I don't know how I would have gone. It was also in Danville that Mrs. D. A. Overbey 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.

That summer, by the way, my parents came home from China on a "normal" furlough (no hegira). They lived in Lexington for the 1919-1920 school year. Bill was still at Washington and Lee, and the three younger children, Paul (then 17), Norman (15), and Margaret (13), attended school in Lexington. Frances Glasgow had just finished college and was in the first year of a two-year appointment to teach in the Lexington High School. She had Paul and Nor-

man as students in her classes that year--an experience that she would later describe as having been unnerving.

When I went to seminary, I committed my life to God's purpose. But during seminary years, I was still searching to know how that purpose would be expressed. There were no open doors. The world was not waiting for me to do something startling. Then I remembered a verse in the Bible about the woman who came to Jesus, "She has done what she could" (Mark 14:8). I knew that I could do something that not many other people could do. I could go back to my home country of China. I could go back to help disadvantaged people in this undeveloped part of the world. I could go back. That I could do! God had placed the call to China on my heart.

## A Prophetic Earthquake in Japan

Roanoke Presbytery carried out my ordination at its summer meeting of 1923. Even as recently as 1923, the church theoretically expected its ministerial candidates to write a theological thesis in Latin. My impression, however, is that none ever did, even though the Presbytery candidates' committee informed me that it was only as a special favor that they waived this requirement for me. That same summer Frances finished her master's work in religious education, and we were married in June of 1923. Within two weeks we had sailed from Vancouver on the Empress of Japan, a Canadian Pacific ship, looking forward to a trip of a little over two weeks across the Pacific.

Just twelve hours before we had expected to dock in Yokohama, we saw a report on the bulletin board from the ship's radio communications room that Tokyo and Yokohama had suffered a devastating earthquake. Warships were rushing in to rescue whom they could. In northern Honshu Island, government operations had been demolished. Japan was at a standstill. We increased speed to get to Yokohama as soon as possible, to help evacuate refugees.

We pulled into Yokohama harbor at about breakfast time the next morning. The entire horizon, as far as we could see, was full of heavy black smoke, still boiling up in Tokyo, fifteen miles away, and all around the circumference of Tokyo Bay. Although Yokohama was a far smaller city than Tokyo, in some respects it had suffered worse, because there were bluffs behind the city that had crumbled and taken the houses with them.

We took several hundred refugees aboard that day to carry them to Kobe, about a ten hour trip down the coast. When night came, we all doubled up and slept where we could. The refugees had nothing but the wet clothes on their backs. Frances used to tell how she raided her trousseau--the trunks she had brought along with clothes and shoes that were supposed to suffice for seven years --to try to give some help to those refugees.

The 1923 Japanese earthquake provided us with quite a welcome to the orient! It was also extremely prophetic of later earthquakes from Japan that we would experience.

## Coming Home

When Frances and I disembarked in Shanghai in 1923, it had been more than ten years since I had listened to or talked any Chinese. In trying to test out how much Chinese language I remembered, an immediate problem was that the people of Shanghai use an entirely different dialect from the North Kiangsu Mandarin I had grown up on. When the coolies on the wharf chattered to one another, it was completely foreign to me. But, much more discouraging, even when my parents started talking Chinese, not one word rang a bell. Naturally it seemed to me that I had forgotten everything.

Frances and I needed to head up country towards Peking, where we would be enrolling in language school. The first leg of the trip took us to that same Chinkiang where I had spent part of my boyhood. We stopped with some missionaries, who sent me down to the railroad station to buy tickets to Peking. I took the mode of travel that was available in Chinese towns in those days, a jinrikisha.[4] A jinrikisha is a two-wheeled buggy that somebody pulls.

As we were jogging along the rikisha coolie bumped into a woman carrying a bucketful of hot water. You can imagine the language that popped out from both sides. The woman told the rikisha coolie what she thought of his ancestors, and he told her what he thought of hers. It was a first class ruckus, right in the middle of town.

Any child growing up in the U.S.A. knows bad words when he or she hears them, and any missionary child growing up in China knows the bad words, too. The interesting part to me of that whole episode on the Chinkiang streets was that I understood everything they said. They were cursing each other upside down and backwards, and I understood every word because I had grown up listening to those gentle epithets.

I realized that in coming back to China, I had come home.

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[4]From three Chinese words: ren man + li pull + che vehicle. English pronunciation has been influenced by the fact that the word came to us through Japanese: jin-riki-sha. We commonly shorten the word and speak of "rickshas."

# FROM THE BOXER REBELLION TO PEARL HARBOR:

# MY CHINA THAT WAS

## PART II. MISSION IN SUTSIEN

# CHAPTER IV

## A DIFFICULT START (1923-1927): SUTSIEN IN THE WARLORD ERA

During 1923-1924, the year that Frances and I were in Peking, our primary goal, of course, was to learn the Chinese language. Our living allowance from the Mission Board was minimal. So to help make ends meet, Frances and I became resident managers of a guest house for the year.

Peking is a city of real class. The Temple of Heaven was there. Maybe it did not overshadow the Taj Mahal of India, but it tried. The Legation Area housed the ambassadors of many great nations--the United States, England, Germany, Japan, and one or two dozen more. The romantic and secretive forbidden city, suggesting the opulence, greed, lust, and ruthless power of five thousand years, had been opened to the public only about ten years earlier, in the revolution of 1911. The Lama temple of Tibet, the Buddhist temples of India, the mosques of Persia, the indigenous Altar of Heaven, covered only by the canopy of heaven, were all there to visit.

We took off every Saturday for visiting purposes, and even so never got much further than Moses did when he climbed Mount Nebo and received a view into the promised land. Frances and I were always grateful, later, for this glimpse of the China that was and the China that could be.

### Return to Sutsien

Our assigned mission station was Sutsien, the town in which I had grown up. We soon discovered that Sutsien, by comparison to Peking, was "backwoods"--isolated, poverty plagued, politically unstable, robber infiltrated, and bypassed by any and all economic development which the uninitiated might assume to be essential. We had some electric light bulbs, but no electricity. We had water pipes, but no pumping station. The town had one telephone line, but it ran out after fifty miles. There were no sewer pipes. (There was a local market for night soil. The Chinese farmer was the world's first and best recycler.) There were meat markets, but the supply of beef was erratic, because no one knew just when some underfed cow was going to die.

We arrived at Sutsien in late summer, 1924. My parents were no longer stationed there, but we looked forward eagerly to the association we would have with the other missionaries. One that Frances was particularly interested to get to know better was Mr. William F. Junkin, whom she had known as a child in Lexington.

Another was Dr. Charles Henry Voss, the doctor assigned to our station, who, with his wife, lived next door to where we were to live. (Our house for the first few years in Sutsien was at the South End, near the hospital.) Frances had a special reason to be thinking of Dr. Voss: we were expecting our first child in just a few months.

On leaving Union Theological Seminary in the summer of 1923, it was my purpose to study on the side and qualify for a Doctor of Theology degree from Union Theological Seminary on our next furlough. On reaching Sutsien, I tried for a few months to find time to study and then noted that my blood pressure was dropping to the danger point. Alarmed that I wasn't able to concentrate except a few hours each morning because of weakness, I realized that I was simply overworking my body. It would have been foolhardy not to take stock and do some changing. So I sent the theology books back to America and haven't tried that particular method of securing a graduate degree from that day to this.

## Our First Child

For me, coming to Sutsien was coming back to my old home. But for Frances it was more traumatic, for she had to get adjusted to life in an entirely different environment from what she had known in Lexington. However, she did a magnificent job of getting oriented quickly.

Our first child, a son, arrived on December 17, 1924. We named him Craig Houston, Jr. How can a parent ever forget a child that is born eleven thousand miles away from his ancestral home, and under circumstances that in many ways were very critical? That little youngster, whom I carried in one hand for the first week or two, is now ready to retire from a teaching position in McCallie School (Chattanooga, Tennessee) that he has held for most of his life. Life really slips by.

My Chinese friends kept track of the astrological aspects of his birth, but as far as I am concerned, I never even looked up the star under which he was born. However, that doesn't mean that he was not somebody very special.

Small pox was all around us, and visitors coming in would have been able to bring contamination. So within ten days we had him thoroughly vaccinated. We did not realize, at the time, that a baby inherits immunity from his or her mother for a short time and only after a few months have passed is open to infection.

While still very young, Houston succeeded in breaking most of the bottles that his mother had prepared for him. But bottles that would fit the nipples we were using would have to be ordered from Shanghai, taking who knows how long. We were down to one bottle, so something had to be done. Since there was no other solution,

the only idea that looked reasonable was to get a local craftsman to make a duplicate out of zinc. He made the bottle, it fit the nipples, it served its purpose all winter, and Houston was happy. Pragmatic make-do has its place!

It is interesting how aptitudes and personalities develop so early in a young child. Houston, from birth onwards, obviously liked to do things with his hands. He was still quite young when he started making things. Soon he wanted chemistry sets and carpentry tools. He liked puzzles of all kinds.

After I got my Harley-Davidson, I enjoyed taking Houston out in the country in the sidecar occasionally so that he could look around. Then, by the time he was six, he wanted to build motorcycles. In fact he once thought he had one built (using parts from a dismantled relic in Mr. Junkin's side yard), but it didn't work. Maybe this is one reason why he later insisted that he had a right to ride a motorcycle, even before he finished high school. His mother and I were profoundly grateful that nothing really serious ever happened to him or to his younger brother during the years when they rode those machines, in spite of ever-increasing automobile traffic.

## Shrapnel and Tomato Plants

The spring and summer of 1925 was bad medicine, both for the people of China and for missionaries. The Warlord Era of 1916-1928 was the low point in the twentieth century of Chinese political unity and national strength. When Dr. Sun Yat Sen, who had been known since 1911 as the "Father of the Revolution," died, on March 12, 1925, the balance of political power in China entered an immediate crisis. But even apart from Dr. Sun's death, warlord factions in our area shifted every few months. The looting soldiers with whom we had to deal in 1925 and 1926 may well have had some loose connection with Sun Ch'uan Fang (no kin to Dr. Sun), a military governor/warlord operating from Nanking.

It was during this time that we in Sutsien actually came under shell fire. Houston was six months old and would have experienced it, although he never gave any evidence of having remembered it. The time was about the first of July, with a month or two of error either way. My work had taken me away from Sutsien to a church thirty miles to the north-west. Word came to me by special messenger that retreating soldiers were on the rampage, that they were headed for Sutsien, and that I had better get home and help look after the family.

Rains had made the countryside a bog. Motorcycling was impossible, so I started walking. Later I found a little dirty, disintegrating boat on the canal and bribed the owner to take me to Sutsien. When I came to the place where one disembarked for Sutsien, I could see various companies of soldiers sitting around

in the fields. They tried several times to bluff me by saying they were going to shoot to see how high a foreigner could jump, and I returned the bluff by jumping and waving. But nothing really happened.

Inside the city wall things were tense. Friends, neighbors, strangers, were moving into the missionary houses, which they judged to be the relatively safest place according to their best estimates in the area of the relative. The city fathers sent Mr. Junkin to talk peace with the military officers. Of course they wanted more money than the town had. Mr. Junkin came back about midnight and reported that the city would probably be shelled.

We all went into the cellar of our house, hoping for the best. We formed such a motley crowd as you never would have seen before. In the midst was Frances, holding Houston, with various friends near by. Chinese visitors 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. Even more grievous, it had landed in my precious little tomato plot in the middle of the yard.

Things were tense for the next six or eight hours. Renegade soldiers did much looting in the town. We were spared. But I never have quite forgiven the scoundrels for blowing up all my tomatoes for that summer. Oh, well.

## Winter Cold

What do you do when you are about to freeze to death? The first winter that we were in our station, we stayed at home by our stoves most of the bad days. But by the winter of 1926, I had gotten into my itinerating, and it was necessary for me to be in the country most of the winter. Sutsien weather is subtropical, but in the winter it gets cold. The temperature dropped to below $32^{\circ}$ every afternoon and stayed around $25^{\circ}$ until about 9:30 in the morning. It then rose to about $35^{\circ}$.

When I was itinerating, I would visit Chinese friends and drink tea, morning and evening. The floors were dirt, and it was the custom to throw out the used tea leaves under the table. In the summer, the dirt floor absorbed the liquid, but in the winter it froze. Often there would be a slab of ice under the tea table.

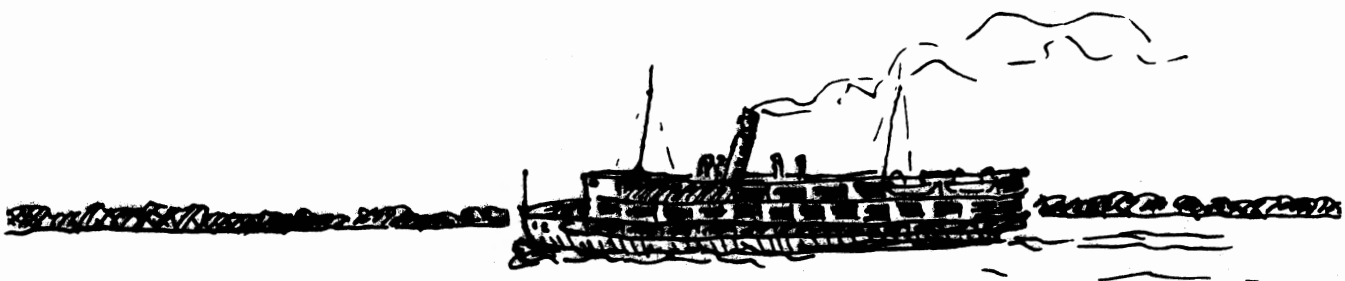
When you have to sit in this temperature, hour after hour, you freeze unless you are prepared for it. My first year I had no adequate preparation. I thought an overcoat and undercoat and sweater would be enough. It was not. My arms had on them everything they could handle, but they were still cold. My fingers were blue. I put on three pairs of long woolen underwear. This helped the lower extremities, but the toes stayed cold.

That was my first year out in the country, and I was highly frustrated and determined to make plans for the coming year. Cold feet? Two or three pairs of oversized wool socks, fur-lined slippers, and a pair of galoshes seemed to be the solution. Legs? Long johns and thick wool trousers. My American coat and overcoat were hung in the closet and left at home. Two or three sets of woolen undershirts, two or three sweaters and an oversized trench coat succeeded in keeping the top half warm. A Russian-type winter cap with ear flaps took care of the head. For the motorcycle, a good pair of goggles helped. After my cheeks started to freeze, I wrapped my face with a long woolen scarf. So everything was all right--after I got some thick woolen gloves. On the mission field, you have to make-do or die in the process. I preferred to make-do rather than to die.

## Summer Heat

Bandits and marauding soldiers were always more active in the summer. Could it be because of the heat? Anyway, the summer heat in the stifling, humid plains of central China was severe enough to cause the deaths of a number of missionaries in years gone by, or at least that is what the deaths were attributed to.

From 1905 on, my parents were able to get away in the summers. They took a journey to the west to the missionary "hill station" of Kuling, six hundred miles away and located at a considerable altitude in the foothills of the Himalayas. I remember from my childhood that to get there we would travel up the Yangtze to the treaty port city of Kiukiang. Kiukiang earns its name, "nine rivers," by being situated at the confluence of eight or nine lakes and creeks. Beyond Kiukiang, it was still a walk of twenty miles to Kuling, children and frail adults being transported up the mountainside in litters carried on the shoulders of porters. By 1924, my parents owned a summer house there, and when I went back to China as a missionary it was available for me and my family to use.



YANGTZE RIVER STEAMER
EN ROUTE TO KIUKIANG

Particularly after Houston was born, Frances and I were delighted to follow in my parents' footsteps and go to Kuling, to give the baby (and us) a break from the heat. We were seated one afternoon in 1926 on the street that ran through the settlement, when an old gentleman stopped and gazed for a time at the little child. We had never seen him before. After a while, he turned to me and said, "I have been in China thirty to forty years and have seen so many mothers and children die from disease during the heat. You don't know what a blessing it is to you to be able to bring your wife and child to this summer resort and have three or four weeks of good sleep during such a deadly time."

We asked him what mission he was with and he said the C.I.M. (China Inland Mission). Twenty-five years before, C.I.M. missionaries had suffered terrible martyrdom under the Boxers. Over a hundred were killed. This old gentleman had lived through those events. He loved his Lord, and he was happy to tell us how fortunate we were to have such a place for our beloved child.

## A Miracle Trip

Many details associated with the birth of Robert, our second son, are unforgettable. The year was 1927. We were still in Sutsien but doctors had changed. Dr. Bradley had come back to his old stamping ground and Dr. Voss had gone to another station. My wife was looking forward to the middle of May for the arrival of a little addition who, as it turned out, was to be Robert Glasgow. There was a missionary nurse in Sutsien, and Dr. Bradley had many years of obstetrical experience.

Six or eight weeks before the date set for the arrival, we got an urgent message from Shanghai, via Dr. Bell in Tsingkiangpu, for everybody to get out. We had been following the rise of communism and the influence of Russian advisors[1] in Canton, China. We had seen in the papers about Chiang Kai Shek. At that time, he was a tool in the hands of the Russians to bring China under the sway of Moscow.[2] 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. But 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 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

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[1]Notably Michael Borodin (in China Sep. 1923-Jul. 1927).

[2]Chiang's son, Chiang Ching Kuo, later to be president of the Republic of China in Taiwan, received his higher education in Russia and was married, throughout life, to a Russian wife.

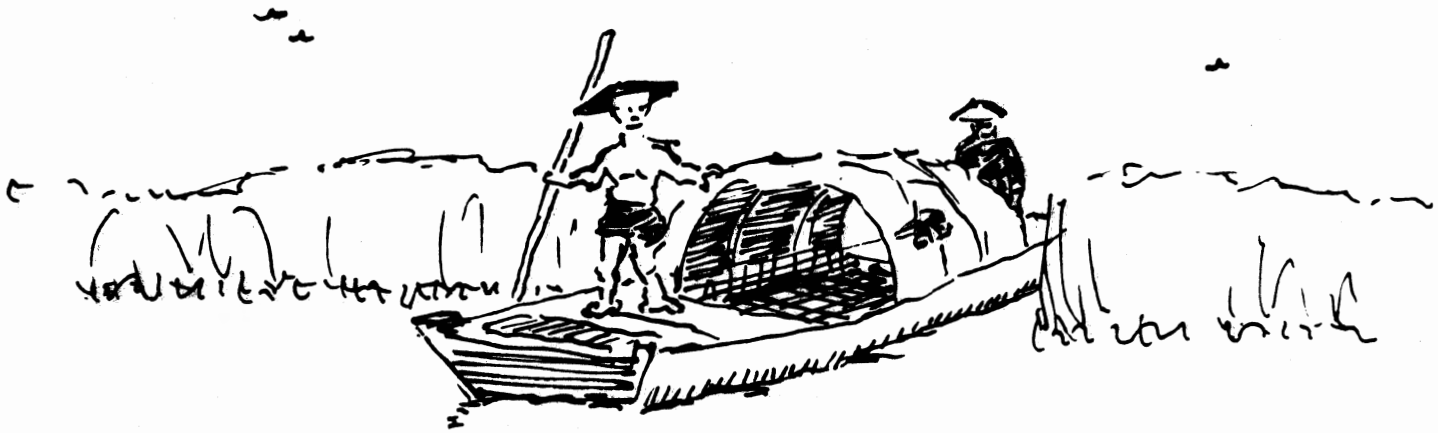
number were killed.

The consul decided that finally the time had come to clear missionaries in his jurisdiction 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 my wife out before there was need for a lengthy overland trip. So we just got ready and left. We had a house full of presents that had been given us when we were married, but naturally we just left these. 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, a place about forty miles east of Hsuchowfu where the canal intersected the Hsuchowfu-Haichow 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.

A trip starts with the first step, so we set out in Sutsien to look for a canal boat. We didn't really believe we would find one because most of them had been hidden from mutineering soldiers. But believe it or not, we found a little wreck of a boat that had been 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.



... We found a little wreck of a boat, hidden in the marshes...

The next morning we got up early, got going, and by about 12:00 arrived at Yün Ho, 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 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, 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 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.

## Refugees

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. 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 of disrupted means of communication and lawlessness. We had wired the Meyers that we

were coming,[3] 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 in case Frances got into trouble and Bob got underway, since I was to be the doctor or the midwife, call it what you please. Frances was more than happy to be in Japan! There were about six weeks left to go before May 18th, 1927. 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. I will never forget that house. There were thirty-seven places where it was necessary for me to duck or get my head banged. My mother never forgot because she had to step down two feet from floor and bed level to the kitchen floor level. With her weight it was something. Frances never forgot because she slipped and bounced herself step by step for ten steps as she was coming down from upstairs. Why Bob waited for May 18th, we couldn't figure. Father was the grocery man and used his Chinese characters to talk to the clerks.

In later years, we used to watch the Vietnam refugees on television. We could only watch so long. It hurt too much.

## Sutsien While We Were Gone

At the period in China I'm talking about, there was trouble in the land and soldiers were mutinying. We had been ordered out, so we left caretakers in every house to try to look after the property. This did not keep soldiers from walking in and taking over. They always felt that they were welcome to take over anything they wanted to take. During the next twelve months, twenty-two different groups of soldiers came through and occupied our house--some just for one night, some for two weeks.

When we finally got back and went to our house, the custodian had kept it from being occupied by drifters, but he had no control over the soldiers. We noticed that there were holes all around the wall where a hammer had broken through the plaster; also, a hole through the flooring in the corner of the sitting room. We could only guess at what had happened. It seemed that the soldiers had been tipped off that our walls were hollow and that very probably we had secreted valuables behind the plaster. They found nothing.

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[3]Frances knew the Meyers family well, since for most of her life they had lived in Lexington, a few blocks away from her home.

But that hole in the floor? Those of you that know the customs of that day, know the Chinese drink tea out of the same cup that someone else had used but they always throw out the left over tea leaves in the bottom of the cup. This involves about a spoonful of tea. When the soldiers were sitting in our room, drinking their tea, they found we had wooden floors varnished with top-grade Ningpo varnish, which was water resistant. Soon the soldiers got disgusted having wet tea all over the floor, so they broke a hole in the corner, and that is where they dumped the tea leaves.

An employee friend. While I'm talking about gatekeepers, let me just add a recollection about a man who did that and also helped me in my itinerating. He pushed a wheelbarrow and took my bedding and food from church to church, as I rode my bicycle and commuted. His job was to look after the stuff and keep it from getting stolen. Also he was to get boiled water that I could drink and cook what food was necessary. He wasn't much of a cook, but he cooked stuff that I could eat.

I left Sutsien with my family one summer for a month's vacation, and we had a boxer-like dog that my brother had given me to keep. We enjoyed it, and on leaving home I turned it over to him to keep while we were gone. When we returned in September, the dog was dead. This gatekeeper came to me, and I could see that he was in deep distress. He said, "Dr. Patterson, your dog died. I did everything I knew how to make him well, but he died anyhow. For two nights before he died, I saw that he was cold. He was shaking, so I took him in the bed with me in order to keep him warm. But he died anyhow."

He had done what he could. There was nothing more that he could do. What could I do but thank God for an employee friend like that?

## Seated by a Chinese Grave

In June, 1927, Frances and I, bringing along Houston, now two, and Bob, the new arrival, came into port in San Francisco. When the mail bags hit the deck, we received two letters from the Board of World Missions office in Nashville. One said we were to make no speeches for three months. The other, from the same office, said "please telegraph immediately the subject of your talk for the Montreat Conference next month."

People in the U.S. churches always used to assume that missionaries had as many good illustrations and gospel stories up their sleeves as a magician has rabbits. Maybe this was true of some, but not many grew in my mind. But I racked and ransacked my brain and wired back my subject: "Seated by a Chinese Grave."

At the head of a Chinese grave is the little headstone on which the family comes month by month to burn spirit money for the use of the departed loved ones. But only ashes were ever left. I thought of the tremendous difference when the Christian had the words of Christ to assure him that "I will receive you unto myself" (John 14:3).

Another thought centered around the tree which so often grows out of a Chinese grave. It was always customary to sink a pole at the head of the coffin. If it took root and grew, it was considered a very auspicious symbol of eternal life. What went through the minds of loved ones as they would come back week by week to see if there was a bud? We had the gospel of eternal life and the assurance of the resurrection. How beautiful and wonderful!

I could remember having sat on a grave in a cemetery when the wail of some woman could be distinctly heard as she knelt by the grave of her loved one and wept in hopeless loss. But the message we had was one of hope and victory.

But as I sat on that grave and pondered, acutely aware of the passing of the innumerable centuries in that ancient land, and at the same time feeling under my hands the newly grown green grass, seeing the glory of the moon and the stars in the nighttime skies overhead, I knew that in Christ there had to be a new life and new hope and new world, to take the place of the buried hopes and struggles which were typified by the thousands of silent graves which stretched so far. . . . so far. . . . so far.

# CHAPTER V

## WHAT DOES A MISSIONARY DO? (1929-1936)

The seven years from 1929 to 1936 were probably the most productive years of my work as a missionary. Although dangerous bandits still roamed our territory, by 1929 the national political scene had stabilized considerably. I was myself more experienced as a missionary than I had been in the 1924-1927 period. I was beginning to be better acquainted with the Chinese leaders in the field. Seven years without interrupting wars afforded a relatively long time in which to build program. Therefore much of what I will be saying about the work of a missionary, in this and the next several chapters, comes from those years.

Probably many who read this will not have any very clear conception as to just what a missionary does. Let us consider what a missionary is commissioned to do and look particularly at what I, as an evangelistic missionary, did.[1] Maybe that would be the simplest way to give you a cross-section of the missionary's job without being too verbose about it. A description of my job could easily be divided in many ways, but one way certainly is to divide between work in the field, that is, in the country villages, and work in the station, that is, Sutsien.

The work in the field was really my official job: to look after about twenty-two little mission churches. Mr. Junkin and I cooperated in this work for the Sutsien field. We used the Grand Canal as an approximate marker to divide up the area, he going to the north and east, and I to the south and west. My job was to help the churches in my area find and keep ministers so that Sunday services could be held regularly. I also helped them to find and keep teachers who could live in the chapel communities and run day schools during the week. And I tried to help them work through the problems of what it meant to be a Christian church in the midst of predominantly non-Christian rural China.

Work in the station comprised office work, counselling, discussions with Chinese ministers, ordering supplies, and writing reports for the American board. I also helped see to the up-keep

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[1]To say I was an "evangelistic missionary" means that I was an ordained preacher, working in China with the Chinese church. It does not necessarily mean that I worked as an evangelist in the American sense of that term. However, as I will be describing in the chapter, some of my work in the Sutsien field was in fact as an evangelist in the latter sense. Besides evangelistic missionaries, our Board appointed medical, educational, and administrative missionaries.

of mission property and helped with all the things that people in a foreign land have to do to try to make things keep moving.

## Work in the Field

Trips into the countryside sometimes lasted for weeks at a time. Usually my itinerating started the middle of September and ran to the middle of December and then, in the spring, from the middle of February until about the first of June, that is, until wheat harvest. The purpose was to go to every one of the twenty-two chapels, spending perhaps as little as one night or sometimes as much as a week, to get reacquainted with the minister, to visit everybody on the roll of the church, and, in conference with the minister and church officers, to solve, as much as we could, any problems the church faced.

Money was a common source of problems: sources for money, its allocation, its use for benevolences. Another source of problems, as in churches anywhere, was human relationships that had become strained. Still another was the recurrent conflict between Christian moral teachings and Chinese social customs. In my father's earlier days as a missionary, a big issue had been sabbath observance. In my day, more pressing issues were polygamy, speaking in tongues, the question of whether burning incense in the home on an ancestor shelf is idolatry, and, later under the Japanese, the question of whether Christian schools would remain open if emperor obeisance were required.

Going to see everybody whose name appeared on the church rolls was a big but rewarding job. Being a pastor no longer was just a figure of speech. Of course, it did have its difficulties. All village dogs were guard dogs, and they could be rather vicious. An outsider was never able to go into country villages without taking some local person along, because the dogs, on smelling a stranger, would become very savage. Dogs are fine companions, but only if they do not have the wrong idea as to the nutritive value of a preacher's trousers.

Human hostility was surprisingly rare, but it also happened occasionally. When a village of several hundred people is told that foreigners are doing something atrocious, such as taking the eyes of their children to make medicine, passions can get worked up to where they are uncontrollable. For the most part, missionaries in China were not afraid of the government, nor even particularly of soldiers, but an aroused mob was something else. Some of our earlier missionaries escaped death in this way by very narrow margins. (Talk to Stephen when you see him in glory [Acts 7:54-60]!)

Once in Sutsien, after a preaching service, I had a crowd of several hundred people face me. They were standing in the road outside the church. An imbalanced and drunk soldier was running

up and down, accusing me of everything on the face of the earth. In particular he was accusing me of criticizing the Chinese army, of insulting him, and of insulting the whole nation. Therefore the nation should rise up against all Americans and especially against me.

The Sutsien preacher, Pastor Ch'eng, was a friend, and he went from one end of the street to the other, reminding people that they had been in the church, that they had heard everything, that there was no insult, and to please be quiet and go home. Being himself a Chinese person, he succeeded in persuading them to go home. But if it hadn't been for him, you might not be getting this little account.

## Ministry in the Midst of Poverty

The poverty in our area of China was desperate. We had already seen this in Peking, while in language school. During the winter of 1923-1924, the newspaper routinely published each day the head count of frozen corpses picked up by city refuse trucks that morning. Often the count was between fifty and one hundred.

In Sutsien we found the problem of poverty so acute that it created almost insuperable barriers to the sharing of friendship and life between missionaries, on the one side, and the people to whom they had come, on the other. I could not live with myself and not try to do something about it, but I didn't have any remarkable success. One year I tried loaning a little "seed money" to a few people who seemed to be both needy and reliable. No "loan" was ever repaid, and, as far as I could see, the needy were just as much in poverty when my experiment ended as they had been before.

I will give an example of the kind of difficult situation that came up again and again. One day a minister came to see me, a Chinese fellow whom I had helped to get an education--a nice, hard-working, conscientious fellow. He said, "Dr. Patterson, I really have to have ten dollars."

I told him that I did not have the money to give or loan. In terms of the funds that had been set aside for this kind of purpose, this was completely honest.

He sat there and talked, quietly and without rancor, from 10:00 that morning until noon, then again that afternoon from 2:00 to 5:00, then again that evening from 7:00 till 9:30, asking for ten dollars. I tried to explain that loaning money had to go through committees and through consultations, and that I could not loan it simply as a friend. "How could I do it and not be unfair to others who also want to borrow money?" I asked.

"Dr. Patterson," he said, "suppose you had come to me with the request that I brought to you, and suppose you were burdened with

the need which I have, and which we both understand. If I had owned the pair of leather shoes that you are wearing, I would have taken them off and hocked them and loaned the ten dollars to you. You know that, don't you?"

I said, "Yes, I believe that. And yet, your request for a loan, with all the problems involved, is something I cannot respond to. Please forgive me."

Afterwards, we still worked together, but I don't think things were ever quite the same. The problem of relationships between haves and have-nots on the mission field is difficult.

The Urgency of Self-Support. The Great Depression hit in America in 1929, soon after I began itinerating in the south Sutsien field, and our mission funds were cut to the bone. Our Board in Nashville wrote that they would have to cut down drastically on the funds that we had been using to employ Chinese assistants in the work, among other things. They also declared it to be absolutely imperative that the native church start supporting itself. Therefore, "as missionaries you are commissioned and urged and otherwise encouraged and ordered to make the churches as much self-supporting as is possible."

Have you ever tried to get people who have no money, really no money, to contribute to the church? My Chinese preachers were very frank with me. They said that the people are so poor that "no one can go and ask them to give over and above what they are already voluntarily contributing."

I said, "All right, but somebody has to do something."

So we set up a rule of thumb. Any church that had one hundred members on the roll had to pay one half of the preacher's salary. Churches with fewer than one hundred were to pay a proportion. A church with twenty-five members would pay one quarter of one-half, that is, one eighth of their preacher's salary. As I visited every person on the church rolls, in the fall and again in the spring of all those years, 1930 through 1932, one of the things I was talking about was what the rules were. If their chapel wanted a preacher, they had to contribute at least that percentage.

Some cases were pitiful beyond expression. One church member had nothing--and when I say nothing, I mean nothing. When I visited in his home, he was seated on the floor weaving a reed mat. When I asked how long it took him to weave it (it was about six by six feet square), he said, "Well, I can usually finish one in one day."

"How much do you get for it when you sell it?"

"I sell it for anything I can, and the reeds cost me just a

very little bit." The reeds, of course, grew in marshes, just like the reeds grew in the marshes of Egypt in the old days when the papyrus boats were being built. He went on, "I cut the reeds myself and they don't cost me much. I have some on my own property. I can sell the mats for about twenty cents each."

I was startled. "Twenty cents? Listen, you can't even eat one day for that. If that is all you get, and you've got to eat, you don't make anything."

He looked at me patiently. "Oh, yes, I make part of my food money. If I didn't get the twenty cents, then I would have to find it somewhere else. I can add my twenty cents to what my wife can collect from her sewing and darning. Also my children go around and pick up trash of various kinds and make a little bit. We were able to save some wheat and corn from the summer harvest. When we put it all together, I have enough to live on, and that's all that I can ask the good Lord to give me."

"Well," I said, "are you going to contribute to the church?"

He said, "Oh, yes sir, I'll give what I can."

"Are you going to be able to give a tithe? If you give a tithe that will be one tenth of twenty cents--two cents a day."

"Well, I'll try. That's all I can do. If I can't give the two cents, I'll borrow it from somebody and be able to give it. Or maybe I'll just save it and make it up, but I'll do what I can. Don't you worry, preacher, don't you worry."

A fellow with an income of twenty cents a day, willing to tithe! How many people get hundreds and hundreds of dollars a month, and yet claim they do not have enough money to give God a percentage?

Five bowls of noodles. I was walking up the bank of the canal, going to one of my little churches. Famine was in the country. As I looked out across those flat plains without a mountain in sight anywhere, it was water, water, water. Many people were on the canal bank. I didn't know any of them until all at once a fellow put down his wheelbarrow and came over, bowed, and spoke. I recognized him immediately as one of the Christians from a little church not far away and asked him what he was doing there.

"Dr. Patterson," he said, "the water is all over my fields. It has come to the door of our house. The fall crops are ruined. The only thing we know to do is pick up our things and move for a while to where things may be better. I have heard that things are a little better south of here one hundred miles. If we can get there, and if things really are better there, we can beg through

the winter and then come back next spring. It is almost a hundred miles to go, and I haven't eaten since yesterday. Could you possibly give me a square meal so that I can push my wife and child on this wheelbarrow and go another ten or twenty miles?"

I told him that of course I would.

It wasn't far to a little food shop, where we went in. He must have eaten five soup-bowls of noodles. When he was filled up, he thanked me and said, "I think I can make it now. God sent you to me."

I never heard from him again. But maybe the Lord will not forget that sometimes I did what I could.

## The Harley and the DKW

To get around to my twenty-two little churches required a good deal of travel. During my work in China, I never owned an automobile. That kind of money just wasn't forthcoming. However, my good friend in Danville, Mrs. D. A. Overbey, knew I had a transportation problem. She wrote and asked, "How do you get over the country? You've got this field that is fifty miles each way, and that's a long way to have to walk every time you want to visit your people. How do you work it?" The answer was that the only thing that could be used successfully would be a motorcycle.

Believe it or not, Mrs. Overbey wrote me to "go ahead and get yourself a Harley Davidson," and enclosed a check for five hundred dollars. I did it! Tell me, whatever happened to motorcycle side cars? The one I used in North Kiangsu had a side car, but I haven't seen any of these on the roads in the U.S.A. for a long time. In my day, the side car was a life preserver. The dogs were always in front, on each side, and behind. They jumped up and if possible caught hold of your sleeve. I always strapped a box of my stuff on the back of the motorcycle, to keep them from nipping my coattails. I wore leggings to keep them from chewing my calves.

Obviously sooner or later the rider was going to take a "header". The side cars held us up when dogs got in the way, or when they got under the wheels, or when they jumped up and tried to bite us on the back. A motorcycle holds itself up by locomotion, but in my situation it was really very, very important to have some additional way to hold the thing up under canine attack.

I used the Harley Davidson for six or eight years, about 1924 to 1930, and then had to give it up. The Harley Davidson is air cooled. It does not run well unless one can maintain a speed of at least thirty or forty miles per hour. With the roads which we had, and the ruts and the sand and the rocks and the people, we often had to run in second gear. Second gear burns up the piston

rings. 'Nuff said.

About 1930 I had a chance to change to a much cheaper and simpler German machine. The company that made it was DKW.[2] I rode that little DKW until I left the mission field in 1941, and right now I wish that I still had it! That motorcycle had no gas intake valves, no gas exhaust valves, no oil intake. It was the ideal locomotion for somebody in a country like China. You mixed oil with the gas, poured it in, and the DKW was ready to go. It had a little enclosure around the engine to circulate cold air. You could put the machine up on a stand, start it, let it run for forty-five minutes, and the engine would not even get hot. All the German ingenuity that made Hitler what he was entered into that DKW. As I say, I wish I still had one to play with.

Repairs were no light-hearted matter if your motorcycle went bad while you were out among the up-country villages, thirty miles from home in Sutsien, and five hundred miles from the repair shops of Shanghai. I remember one Sunday evening when I was about twenty-five miles out in the country. That meant that over our roads, and with luck, the trip to Sutsien could be made in about two hours, and I had set my heart on getting home. So I started off at approximately 4:00 o'clock, expecting to be home for supper.

Unfortunately, when I had gone only about five miles, the thing quit functioning. The engine ran, and there was gas, but the engine and the back wheel had quit speaking to each other. Obviously the trouble was with the clutch. When I opened up its housing, which was simple, I could see that the clutch was composed of two flat, hard-pressed pieces of something that looked like cork, and also that they weren't doing their thing any more.

Desperation has a way of coming up with a solution. It would take three weeks to order a new set of clutch plates from Shanghai. That was out of the question. There was, however, a village church nearby. After due meditation and accumulated exasperation, it occurred to me that the backs of old Bibles were hard. Perhaps they could be cut to serve as clutch plates? We took a discarded Bible, cut a couple of saucer-sized pieces from its backs, and fit them into the motorcycle clutch assembly. I realized, of course, that if the make-do clutch held without slippage, all would be O.K., but that if there were any slippage between the plates, in only a few miles there wouldn't be any clutch to talk about.

But what does one do? I took off. In a little over an hour, the walls of Sutsien loomed into sight, and everything was all

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[2]"DKW" was the trademark for both the company and its small, two-cycle-engine motorcycle. The company began producing a motorbike in 1921, and apparently the letters were intended to mean Das kleine Wunder ("The Little Wonder!").

right.

When the roads are muddy, motorcycles are a poor bet. A person just stays put or walks. Many times I sloshed the ten miles, twenty miles home, because it had been raining for a day or two and there were water filled potholes all over the roads. No motorcycle could negotiate that.

Besides the motorcycle, and besides walking, the bicycle and the wheelbarrow were our best bets to get around. Roads were narrow and rutted. Army trucks could navigate them, and there was an occasional bus, but the roads really were totally inadequate to accommodate an auto chassis. The age-old solution had been to build indestructible carts--slow, heavy, unwieldy, but durable. We ruled these out for personal use. They would either make you swear (in an ecclesiastical context, of course) or drive you mad.

## Work in the Station

I tried to spend at least half of each month at home. It simply was demanding too much of the wife and children if their husband and father was away from home more than fifty percent of the time. What was done while at home? Let me just mention a few items.

Number one: I had to keep studying Chinese. You may think that if I had once learned the language, that would be it; but perhaps you have never tried learning Chinese. I studied it an hour a day all the time while living in China, and still did not know enough to read the newspaper with any degree of intelligence. Pearl Buck really knew Chinese, and so did my friend and fellow missionary, James Graham. Like me, both of them were children of missionary parents, but they had given more serious study as children to the writing of Chinese. They could read the Chinese newspapers. My reading ability in Chinese as a child was rather superficial, and the superficiality wore very thin indeed after I came back to America to attend schools. Therefore, when I was at home in Sutsien I made myself study Chinese one hour each day.

Number two: talking with visitors. With a field stretched over one thousand to twenty-five hundred square miles, there are always many people and problems. Acquaintances would walk into town and put up in a local hostelry, wait for me to return, and be ready to present their problems when I got back to town. Most had to do with finding money to do something. But there were also other problems, many of them really difficult. After all, it was hard for me, with only limited knowledge of local customs, to advise people that were perplexed themselves as to what they should do. But they would come to me and would sit and talk by the hour. Any way you took it, there was a two or three hour session every morning with visitors.

Number three: an hour with a scribe. The word "scribe" is the best way to designate my amanuensis. A preacher in America would call this particular individual a secretary. There were always letters that had to be written, and I was absolutely no good when it came to writing Chinese. My script was that of a second grade kid. The Chinese are very, very critical of people who try to write their language and then make a botch of it. And so I had a young man, just beyond high school age, who was my secretary. His main job was to take dictation and write letters as they should be written. But part of his job was to keep in touch with local situations as they developed and keep me posted.

Number four: construction work. We had to be architects and build our own houses. The masonry work we would hire out, but the carpentry work I enjoyed taking a hand in. You ought to see some of the houses where "yours truly" was chief architect. They're still standing even after the Communists took over and the Japanese fought over the terrain. They're still there today in 1990. So if anybody asks me to build a United Nations Tower, I won't hesitate to say "O.K."

## Area Evangelism

When I came back from China in 1927 and worked for two years at Washington and Lee as Y.M.C.A. secretary, I had an excellent chance to see what a big convocation could do in opening the doors for evangelism. Once I was back in China and was traveling to small churches in an area about fifty miles on each side, it was easy for me to think in terms of some kind of meeting for all the church leaders in the district. About 1935 there was beginning to be a real evangelistic fervor in the Chinese church. Some were speaking with tongues,[3] others were having visions, still others were claiming the power to overcome Satan and to cast out devils in the name of Christ.[4] These various gifts of the Spirit are recognized in the Bible, after all, and many churches had leaders committed to this type of evangelism.

Since my field was so big, it occurred to me that we should get everybody together at least once a year so that everybody would know that we were back of them. The Bethel Group, in Shanghai, were excellent at holding evangelistic meetings and they spoke our dialect. They agreed to send two or three members to our station in the spring to conduct a revival.

I spent the winter telling people to keep that week open. In Sutsien we secured every available room in every available house. We prepared kitchen facilities for those who brought their own

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[3]See "The Language of Angels," below, Chap. XI.

[4]See "Exorcisms in the Name of Christ," below, Chap. VIII.

food. We did everything we knew how to accommodate one or two hundred people. Then we asked every church to send at least one or two representatives. Some sent five or six.

We had a wonderful meeting. Almost two hundred people gathered from all over the territory. The Bethel people did a good job. It was really inspiring. In fact, it was a landmark in our church's effort to reach the entire area.

My mother was then living in Tenghsien, about a hundred miles away from our area. After she got the details of this meeting, she wrote me: "What you have done is what held me close to my Lord thirty years ago. In 1907, I was desperate, depressed beyond expression. I didn't think I could stand it. Then God let me have a dream. I dreamed of a great revival, with people coming from all over the area. It was so vivid that I was sure I had actually attended it. What you have written is the fulfillment of that promise that God gave to me in that dream thirty years ago!"

You can imagine how this made me feel.

## The High Brass Visits

When anyone from Europe or the United States visited one of our mission stations, the missionaries were expected to entertain them. Every few years the Missions Board would send out some member of the Nashville Committee to make a friendly inspection tour.

One of the grand old gentlemen of the Presbyterian Church, U.S., was Dr. Henry H. Sweets. He died in 1952, but back in 1926 he was in full possession of all his powers, enjoying life, and head of a major division of our Presbyterian church.[5] When he came to Sutsien in the spring of 1926, the station assigned him to our home. He was interested in all aspects of mission work, including country evangelistic work.

I asked him one night if he would like to go with me to a neighboring town that was to have a big market day, the next day. He immediately consented. I readied up my motorcycle, got the side car in shape, invited him into it, and we took off.

Riding in a sidecar, next to the ground, really gives you a good look at the country. Dr. Sweets was very cooperative and interested. I showed him the old Yellow River bed that had been dry for eighty years. We passed through a dozen little com-

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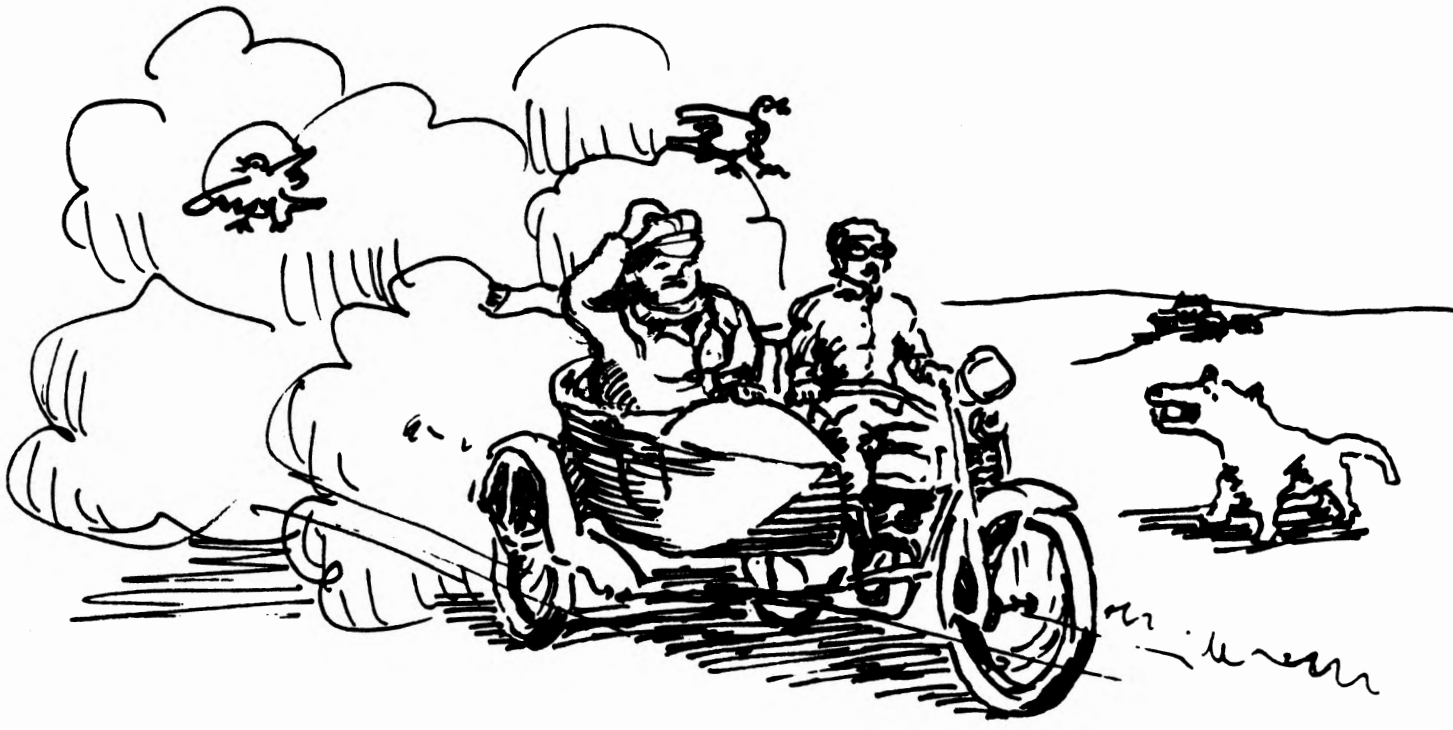
[5]Dr. Sweets was Executive Secretary of the General Assembly Committee on Christian Education and Ministerial Relief. He travelled in China, Japan, and Korea in 1925-1926, to study the educational work of the church.

munities on our way to Tsai-chia-chi, the market village we were heading to. We arrived about 10:00 o'clock.

Tsai-chia-chi, surrounded by a crude mud wall, could not have been more than a quarter of a mile across. Inside there were perhaps seventy-five to a hundred little houses, all crowded close to the wall. The streets and the market area were crowded, and in China when things are crowded, they are crowded. I spoke to a good many people and had one or two preaching sessions by the side of the road, much like the Salvation Army does in some American towns, and in general we were having a good time.

However, I unwittingly made one mistake as I was talking to Dr. Sweets. We had been discussing bandits. I told him frankly that Sutsien was in the middle of bandit country, and that whenever I went out to my country churches it was through areas that I knew harbored bandits. I told him that every evening you could go out and hear gunfire, every day you could find somebody in our Sutsien hospital that had been wounded in a bandit attack. For us in Sutsien, this was all just part of life. After all, our mission property in the town had a ten foot wall, it backed up to a thirty foot high masonry city wall, and outside of that there was a twenty foot high mud wall.

About 1:00 o'clock Dr. Sweets came to me and asked, "Dr. Patterson, do you think there are any bandits here in this town?"



... I put Dr. Sweets into my side car, and we took off...

"Sure, Dr. Sweets," I said, "probably twenty-five percent are either bandits or married to bandits."

"Oh," he said. "Do you suppose it is safe?"

I said, "I think so. Of course, there are plenty of bandits here, but I've never had any problems here before."

We fooled around for another hour, and then he came to me again. "Dr. Patterson. . . . I have been looking at this crowd and it is getting towards 2:00 o'clock in the afternoon. Don't you think we should be getting back to the station?"

"Is there any special reason? We have plenty of time."

"Well," he said, "if there are bandits all over the place, it looks a little risky just to keep on staying here asking for trouble."

I said, "I have been back and forth here for a good many years and haven't had any trouble."

That seemed to satisfy him for about thirty minutes, and then he came back again. I realized that he was getting so fidgety that he was going to pop, so we got on the motorcycle and went back to Sutsien.

There was one thing about it that I never did tell him. I was not particularly uneasy about that town, because its mayor was a member of my church and kept me informed. The mayor was in close contact with all the bandits.[6] When one of their members got shot, the bandits would bring the casualty to the mayor and ask his help at getting the wounded person admitted to our hospital. They figured that the mayor, being Christian, could do it better than they could. So he was on good terms with the bandits, and he was on good terms with me, and he was on good terms with the church, and everybody was happy. (To be <u>totally</u> candid, I never was sure the bandits did not have the mayor listed on their membership roll. But then, church rolls have never guaranteed heavenly rolls. I will call this ecclesiastical pragmatism. Have you a better rationalization?)

A few years later, Dr. Darby Fulton visited our field as Executive Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions (which in 1950 became the Board of World Missions), only a year or two after he

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[6]Notice I did not say "in cahoots." For a story of one of my church members in cahoots with the bandits, see the story of Rev. Mr. Sung, "The Wisdom of Innocence," below, Chap. XII.

had assumed the position.[7] I took him in the sidecar for a ride, too. Between hitting bumps in the road and being bumped by over-excited dogs, he counted one hundred villages of over three hundred people each, within sight of the road, villages that had never heard the gospel. Twenty years later, in a lecture in Decatur, Georgia, in 1950, Dr. Fulton very graciously referred to "the rural outpost work around Sutsien" as being "in the best shape of any in China." If such credit is to be given, high on the list of those deserving recognition is my co-evangelist in the Sutsien area, Dr. William F. Junkin, a person inflexibly loyal to "the high calling of God in Christ Jesus" (Phil. 3:14).

## Jackleg Make-Do

Somebody on the mission field had to the direct the repair work for our buildings and equipment, and locally there was nobody. If you wanted a plumber--there was none. If you wanted a mason, he could lay bricks--maybe. If you wanted a carpenter, he had the same tools that his ancestors used in the first century. If you wanted to buy things at a hardware store, there wasn't any, at least not any that sold what you would recognize as hardware.

I've always enjoyed tinkering. Never regret your farm background or the simple skills you learned if you grew up there. On the mission field, such skills were essential. If we didn't do the needed work, there was nobody to do it. I've always been delighted to be at least a "jackleg carpenter," a "jackleg mason," a "jackleg cook," a "jackleg administrator," a "jackleg doctor," a "jackleg mechanic," a "jackleg sailor," a "jackleg farmer," or a "jackleg CPA." What would the Mission Board have done without its jackleg missionary?

A lot of our jackleg make-do had to do with the ordinary living of life. For instance:

Kitchen stove. Electricity? We had none. Gas? We had none. Coal? To cart a coal stove from the U.S. to China would be difficult, and once there, there were no local chimney builders and coal was hard to get. So in our house for the 1924-1927 period, we built a charcoal-burning kitchen stove out of some red clay, some tin and scissors, and a piece of iron we could set the kettle on. We even built an oven. The stove worked perfectly, our Chinese cook understood it perfectly, and we never heard him berate the idiosyncracies of some foreign devil machine.

Tub. When it comes to getting grime off the skin, I suppose the regular male missionary could get along very well with a dish pan and a washrag. But I discovered that Frances wanted a tub. The tub I had used as a child, an over-sized roasting pan with

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[7]Dr. Fulton held the position from 1932 to 1961.

about two inches of water in it, parked in the winter in front of the living room stove because that was the only warm place in the house, didn't thrill her. More than once, Frances said that she thought I could do better.

About 1931, she found an acceptable tub in Shanghai, dickered around, bought it, and had it shipped to Sutsien. That's quite a process, by the way--a river steamer to Chinkiang, a canal boat to Sutsien, a gang of local coolies to carry it on poles over their shoulders to our house. Then, before the coolies left, we had to wangle it in the back door, up the steps, into the bedroom and into the little bathroom.

Now, how use to it? The only way to get water was to have a cistern in the attic, hand-filled by water carried up the attic steps. And a drain plug? We knocked a hole in the outside wall and put in a pipe. The waste water drained into a ditch by the side of the house and went on over into a neighbor's yard. Hot water, the ultimate luxury, had to be carried from the kitchen, downstairs.

Say what you will, we had a bathtub and running water. It was the only one within a hundred miles.

Christmas trees. We had Christmas trees, but we had to make them out of tree limbs. There were so few trees in our part of China that to cut one down would have been really inexcusable. To go into a cemetery and cut a tree was almost a capital offense. So we asked our gatekeeper to find people who would be willing to sell him branches. This was always successful. With those branches that he brought, and a stick and some wire, we made nice little trees. I might say this: the mission board may have wondered about their jackleg missionary, but the jackleg missionary never wondered about the jackleg tree. He knew it was a good Christmas tree.

## Excursus:

## Sutsien's Public Bus

There was one gas-powered bus, a relic of Shanghai traffic, a discard by Shanghai business executives, that was used to carry passengers in our area. Anyone who has never been on a bus when there were more people crowded into it than could sit or stand in any conceivable space, would not understand the problem.

It was announced that there would be a bus leaving for the railroad station [about seventy-five miles from Sutsien] in the morning. I knew that these buses were usually overloaded if one didn't get there early, so that is what I did. I was not only there, but I was seated an hour ahead of time.

I saw the sign, "Only sixteen passengers allowed." When I got on, there were already more than a dozen, and within the hour they kept getting on. Five more than sixteen, then ten more, then sixteen more. A farmer and his big rooster and a big bundle of grain got on. The people saw his accoutrements, so they squeezed over and let him on. On getting on, he saw that there was no place to sit except in the driver's seat, so down he sat, hanging the chicken by the legs over the gas lever and parking his bag of grain on the steering wheel. I sat there, wondering how our crowd could manage the ruts and holes from our town to the railroad.

Soon the driver came and saw the situation. I never heard any one cuss any more fluently than this driver did. Nobody in that part of the country could miss the fact that there was something wrong. Finally someone stuck his head in the door and told the farmer he had to get off. Everybody was eager to get started, so each moved an inch or two, giving the man room to get out over thirty-five people, taking his grain and catching the chicken when the driver hurled it after him.

I never rode on a bus anywhere in the world that shook my teeth as this bus did. I couldn't imagine what had happened to the springs. After keeping my teeth together for seventy-five miles, and after reaching my place of debarkation, I looked at the springs. I found that the driver had known that the bus would be overloaded and that the springs would probably break, so he had put a chuck under the springs on top of the axle, which meant that we were bumped to high heaven every time the bus hit a rut or a rock.

I've been amazed at the ingenuity of Chinese chauffeurs at being able to coax something that is obviously dead into some sort of life even though there is a good deal of sputtering. The Chinese are practical people. They usually get where they want to go, maybe a day or a week late, but they get there.

Buses that occasionally ran from Sutsien to our neighboring

town of Hsuchowfu, ninety miles away, were very infrequent, but there were some. They were also cast-offs from the bus system in Shanghai. When they became so decrepit that the metropolitan drivers wouldn't drive them any more, the company sold them to places like our town.

There were no cushions on the seats or springs on the axles. When you ride in a bus without springs and cushions, you can imagine the difficulties. I saw advertised in a magazine an air cushion that was guaranteed to absorb shocks. I sent off for it with some of my hard-saved money and bought it. I took it along, on the next bus trip, and laid it on the hard seat that was to beat my behind all the way to Huschowfu. There was no particular fanfare when I took my seat on top of this cushion, but in my heart, there was a great deal.

We took off, and before we had gone a few miles, I felt my back teeth cracking against each other. I knew something was wrong. I pulled out the cushion and found it as flat as anybody's door mat.

What could be wrong? I put my hand down on the seat and there was a half-inch nail sticking up from the bottom of the seat, and my air bag had been punctured twice. Knowing that there was no healing for such a wound, I simply threw it away and realized that it is one of the privations that we have to put up with when we think we are so smart as to overcome something which we would otherwise have to endure.

# CHAPTER VI

## MY WIFE, FRANCES

Frances Thomas Glasgow and I were married in Lexington, Virginia, in the summer of 1923. She accompanied me to China and stayed with me through all the years of work and children and refugeeing and relocation. When she died, on January 12, 1975, we had been together fifty-two years.

Dr. Robert Glasgow, her father, began his career as a physician in Fincastle, Virginia. He later moved to Lexington, in Rockbridge County, and it was there that she was born. Her mother was Nancy Morrison. Frances attended the Lexington High School, graduated in 1919 from Agnes Scott College (Decatur, Georgia), and in 1923 earned a master's degree in religious education from Assembly's Training School (Richmond, Virginia; today it is called the Presbyterian School of Christian Education).

While Dr. Glasgow was in Fincastle, he knew my mother, Anne[1] Houston, as a daughter of the manse, a friend, and occasionally a patient. So when I went to Washington and Lee, my acquaintance with the Glasgow family came about naturally.

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 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. Later, after being sold as a slave in Canada, the child was finally rescued.[2] Frances grew up taking pride in what that little girl had been through and how God had blessed her, and how God had blessed the man who was later to become her husband, Samuel Brown.[3] In addition, the stories of John G. Paton, a mis-

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[1]Her childhood given name was Annie, but as an adult she always preferred and used Anne.

[2]See The Captives of Abb's Valley: A Legend of Frontier Life by a Son of Mary Moore (Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath-School Work, 1854; republished, 1909).

[3]Mary Moore [1776-1823] married the Rev. Samuel Brown [c.1766-1818], who became pastor of the New Providence Presbyterian Church (twenty miles from Lexington). Mr. Brown remained at New Providence until his death in 1818. In 1819, the Rev. James Morrison succeeded him in that pulpit. One year later, in 1820, the new

sionary among the cannibals of the South Pacific, were lodged among Frances's earliest memories.[4]

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

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 got to Sutsien and found that people could live fairly normally, in houses that we might describe as more or less rustic American in comfort, she was surprised and gratified. Frances, a musician to the tips of her fingers, had a remarkable natural ear for the piano. One of her real gratifications in China was that her father sent her a piano, and we were able to have it brought up the canal to Sutsien.

The job of any missionary is difficult. The job of a missionary wife has its own special tasks and difficulties. I am fully aware that one cannot put fifty years of married life into a few capsule compartments with any hope of presenting a full portrait. Frances bore burdens that were very taxing. Let me at least mention some of the things that she was responsible for in Sutsien.

## Making a Home

Foreign missionaries live between two cultures, so making a home on the field is an absolutely crucial task for the missionary wife. Frances made our home: first in the Peking hostel; then, in the 1924 to 1927 period, in a house in the Sutsien South End which was connected with the Boys' High School (#2 on the accompanying map); then in a two-story house inside the walls (#4 on the map, a house across the street from #8, the converted old Chinese house in which I grew up); and finally, for a year, in a two-story house in Tenghsien (built by my father about 1930).

At the most basic level, she needed to make sure, for the sake of our health, that the house was clean. Insects, including scorpions and periodic visits from fleas and lice, were part of the

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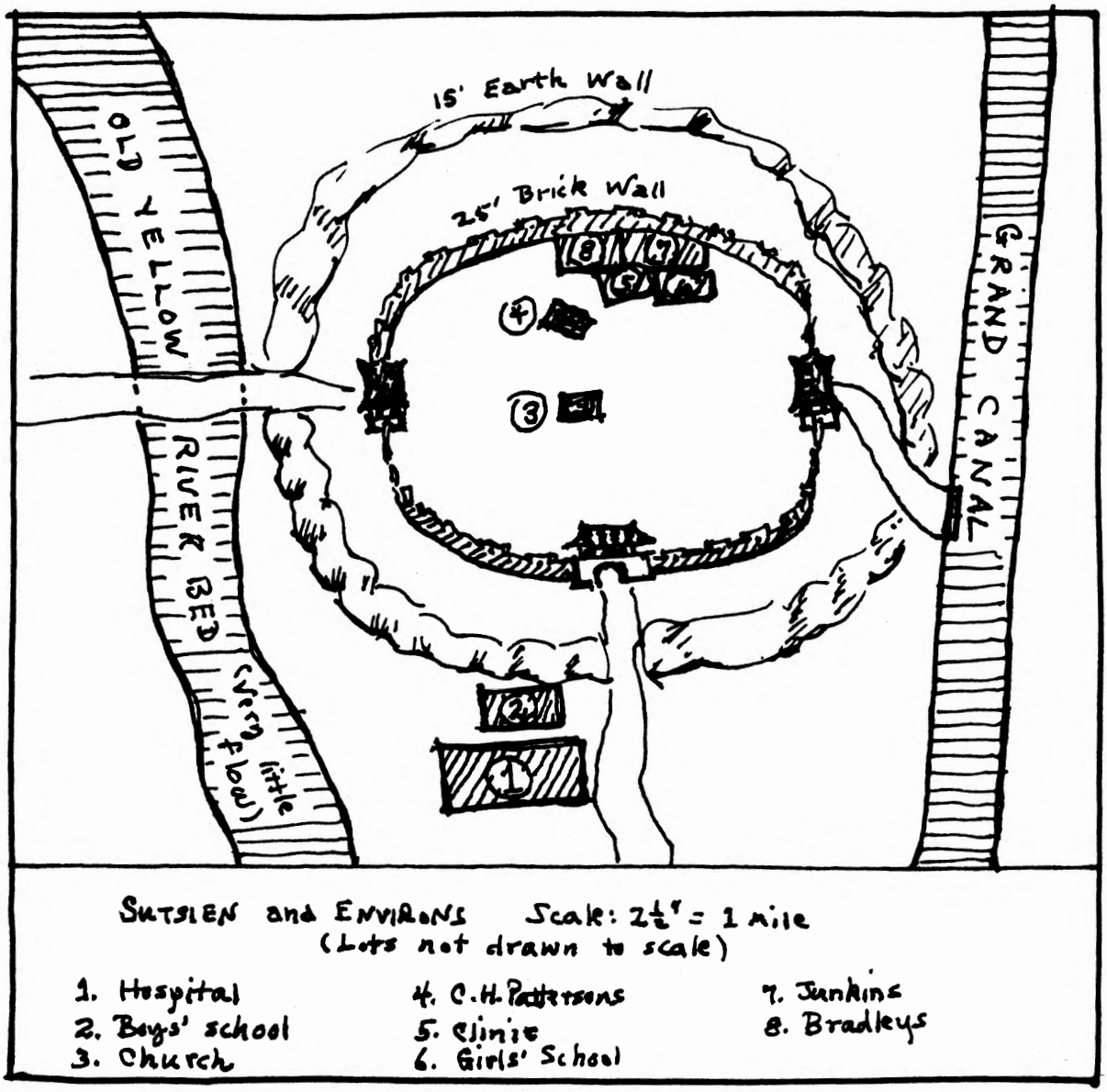
pastor married Frances, the Browns' second daughter. Frances Brown Morrison's granddaughter, Nancy Morrison, was my Frances's mother.

[4]John Gibson Paton [1824-1907], a Scottish Presbyterian missionary to the New Hebrides. His first wife and their infant child were killed on the field. Church audiences widely acclaimed Paton as a pioneer missionary when he visited the United States in the year 1900.




daily routine. Flies were everywhere. People visiting in the house were very poor and sometimes brought contamination that could not be avoided.

Food was a daily responsibility. The first time Frances moved "inland" from Shanghai to Sutsien, she had to order a six months supply of tinned foodstuffs before she had ever managed a home. She had to buy food, sometimes having to allow two weeks for it to come, in a situation utterly different from what she had grown up in, and she did an excellent job.

One of her responsibilities was to oversee the cook. Let me say a word about missionaries and servants. People in the United

States have multiple servants but they just don't recognize them. Americans have police, telephones, grocery stores with prepared foods, water pipes, sewage lines to dispose of waste, washing machines--all servants. In China, there were no city police, so we had a gateman. There were no water lines, so if we were going to have water, someone had to walk a mile to the canal and carry it back in a bucket. There were no telephones, so messages had to go by courier. And so, on and on. We were there to work as missionaries. The way Chinese themselves got things done was to have servants in the home. So that's what we did.

That meant that Frances had responsibility not just for the cook but also for two or three other servants. She supervised them and handled everything that concerned them.

The homemaker bears a major share of responsibility for personal ties. Until things fell apart in Sutsien after 1936, there were four or five missionary families there. Frances was excellent at keeping us in touch with the other missionaries who were working in the hospital, in the high schools, in the outlying village churches.

Finally, but certainly not least, she kept us in touch with our home families back in America, both hers and mine. For any remote foreign missionary family, this is a function of high importance. In our particular case, with various grandparents, parents, brothers and sisters, and, later, children off at school in a variety of different places, the families always were scattered. Frances was marvelous in her thoughtfulness and in the correspondence by which she kept up with all these people.

## Children

Children born to missionary parents are hostage to their parents' chosen way of life. Frances and I knew this. Her way of putting it was, "Our three children are also treasured for God."

There was no English-language school for children in Sutsien, so Frances ordered the Calvert System from America and taught all three of the children through their early grades. Ask any of them and they will tell you that she did an outstanding job.

I was completely away from Sutsien about half the time, itinerating in the country, so much of the discipline of the children was in her hands. Normal difficulties of discipline were complicated by the fact that we were missionaries, guests in a foreign culture. If a child fights with another child, that is one thing. But if it is a missionary child who fights with a Chinese child, that complicates it considerably. The task was one that sometimes could be very unsettling for Frances.

A study made in 1910 showed that children of missionaries died

from health problems in significantly higher proportions than the children of parsonages in the United States. We knew this at first hand from the deaths of children in our friends' families, such as the Curries and the Hopkins. I myself had a younger brother whom I never saw. He died as an infant, in 1910, while I was in Chinkiang. In our own family, Frances carried the major load of our attempts to safeguard health. Sure, the children regularly picked up ring worm, and of course malaria, and Bob got amoebic dysentery. But they were spared the deadliest diseases that might have taken them away from us.

For Frances, the most demanding test of loyalty and mission came when she found out for sure that both boys, at ages eight and six, had developed tuberculosis, She had experienced tuberculosis in her own family back in the United States, and she knew that it devastated families and could lead to death. Imagine having no effective medication and fighting this disease amidst the back eddies of life in a strange and isolated country. She completely reorganized the family routine and the routine of her own life. Two restless boys were put into twenty-four hour bed-rest for eight months (and this while our youngest child, Anne, was a one-year old toddler, with the need to try to keep her from the risks of infection). The joy was indescribable when finally, for each boy separately, temperatures returned to normal. Frances won this battle alone!

## The Women's Bible School

After the children were older, and after Frances's ability to use the Chinese language was well along, she took over and ran the Sutsien Women's Bible School. The Women of the Church in America provided the funds through our Mission Board. It was a highly demanding job. She 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 in by day. It was a twenty-four hour job, involving every facet of existence. Not only did she do an excellent job with the school, she also kept the Mission Board and the church women in America in touch with what was happening.

The need for this school was staggering. My mother, 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 dimen-

sion to evangelism. It brought hope and light and understanding and life in the midst of bleak deserts of spiritual ignorance and superstition. It began to give a real chance to counter the ever-present soothsayers and magicians. Through the work that Frances was doing in that school, God was beginning to move mountains.

Later in these memoirs, I will be telling of the work done by one graduate of the school, Mrs. Liu, of Bu-Tzu ("Exorcisms in the Name of Christ," Chap. VIII).

## Interface of Work and Home

Whether Christian missionaries like it or not, their homes provide an important demonstration site for the meaning of the gospel. In our experience, the lives of missionaries were almost entirely open to the community. When we were outside the home, we were foreigners and were constantly stared at with unfeigned curiosity. Within the home, resident servants became intimate members of the family and could see whatever there was to see. So how we lived in our homes was known, and it had a definite interface with the message we were seeking to propagate.

Frances and I experienced this most directly in an incident that happened towards the end of our time in China, after I had gone up to teach at the North China Theological Seminary in Tenghsien (1940). Compared to martyrdom or death by disease, the issue was minor. But it illustrates the interface of mission work and home life. The issue was a refrigerator.

The lack of refrigeration had been a noticeable deprivation in our earlier home life in China--food spoilage, warm water to drink. None of the towns we lived in had electricity. But when we returned to China in 1939, Dr. Samuel A. Anderson, my roommate for four years at Washington and Lee University, gave us a kerosene-burning refrigerator. We made arrangements with a moving company in Manila to ship in our refrigerator through an office in Shanghai. Rev. W. F. Junkin accompanied it on up into the interior. When it got to us about the first of October, we immediately set it up, and it worked just fine. One gallon of kerosene oil would run it for a day, in summer weather.

We had been using it for about three weeks when, one day, Dr. Chang, the Vice-President of the Seminary, paid me a visit in my home and told me that it was his duty to convey an extremely difficult message. "The students have heard that you are using a refrigerator, and that its purpose is to keep your food cool. The students feel that this is a very inappropriate use of money, for the cost of a gallon of kerosene each day for a month would be enough to keep a student in the seminary for an entire term." By implication, the cost of the fuel for two months would support a student for an entire year's work, the cost for twelve months would support no fewer than five or six students who could not otherwise

afford to attend the seminary. Dr. Chang added that he was personally grieved to have to convey the message, but he did not know what else to do. We had a prayer, and he got up and went back to the seminary.

I immediately talked it over with Frances. We both realized that the situation was grave. Only a matter of enormous urgency would cause a Chinese person to come to a fellow member of the faculty and convey a message which amounted to a rebuke for selfishness. I realized that our whole usefulness in the school might be permanently jeopardized.

So, not having any other options open to us, we told the local mission hospital they were welcome to the refrigerator if they wanted to use it to keep medicines cool. They immediately sent over and got it, and as far as I know they used it until the Japanese occupation forces liberated whatever they wanted out of the hospital, presumably including the refrigerator.

People sometimes ask me if, as missionaries, we ever really sacrificed anything for our Lord. This was one thing that we laid on the line. We told our Lord that we were giving it up because this was the only way that we could continue serving Him as missionaries, in that land and in that place.

## "If God Asks Martyrdom of Me . . ."

Frances never clamored for public recognition, but she was a person with deep convictions. Her ancestry was Scotch-Irish, and she came by her convictions through blood, through family, and through home life in Lexington. She manifested them in her strength of character.

She often told me, "I do not want to stand in your way." She never once objected to being left when I had to go to my country field. She never complained about financial inadequacies. Once or twice, when Sutsien was being attacked, people thought that our house might be a relatively safe place because we were foreigners.[5] Our entire house, upstairs and down, was packed with people. She accepted these wholly unexpected visitors with grace and understanding, and was a wonderful missionary. She never objected to returning to China, even though over and over the home that she had worked for was no more. And she accepted also putting our children into the hands of God as part of our commitment to be missionaries.

More than once she said, "If God asks martyrdom of me, so be it." We looked at potential death so often that we almost accepted

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[5]This was in 1925. See above, Chap. IV, "Shrapnel and Tomato Plants."

it as part of living. I remember one night in Sutsien when we had been told rabble soldier-bandits were going to loot the town.[6] She brought up to the bedroom half a pillowcase of silver wedding gifts we had received and said, "You take it and drop it in the cistern if we have to run." Then she went to sleep. Another time, in the winter, we heard the sound of gun shots as soldiers were dropping three-inch shells on the town. Frances put on her thick clothes in case we had to flee in the cold, wrapped the baby Houston in warm clothes, and we sat it out. Frances expected sacrifice, and she got a great deal of it. I'm extremely grateful that the soldiers for whom we cocked our ears never came.

Frances was understanding, patient, brave, and sometimes long-suffering. She was a wonderful mother, a God-given friend, a pillar of strength. She proved by what she did that the blood of martyrs was in her veins.

## Women in Mission

When Frances went to China in 1923, educated Chinese women were just beginning to emerge from behind the doors where they had been hidden for centuries. In fact, the Chinese name for "wife" was "inside person" [nei jen]. As a minister in China, I never remember talking to any Chinese woman alone. It just was not done. Any man in those days who counseled a woman behind closed doors in the church was soft in the head or simply crazy to begin with. We fully understood where the Apostle Paul was coming from when he advised the church at Corinth about their meetings with women in a suspicious social environment. Because of this situation, my mother, my wife, and all the women in mission in China had a special role.

Whatever I experienced as a missionary in China, Frances experienced with me, directly or indirectly. She and I were at most times together, sometimes isolated together, sometimes separated, but always we were employed by the same board and always we were interested in doing the same job. I think this is one great reason why I have never objected to the ordaining of women ministers. I have an innate "gut" feeling that a person ought to be recognized for what she is worth, not rejected because of somebody's interpretation of rules. Those of my friends who may disagree with me on this point may feel like writing me off, but let me remind you that the Lord just might take pity and write me back in again!!

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[6]Spring of 1931.

# CHAPTER VII

## CHRIST AND CHINESE RELIGION

As Frances and I were preparing to go to China, we often heard friends refer to the Chinese as "heathen." But I have come to quite a different attitude on this subject, partly, I suspect, because I was reared in China; partly because after I went back to China I studied Chinese religions; and maybe most of all because I had many Chinese friends, and I didn't consider them heathen.[1]

Of course the Chinese as a nation are not Christians. They don't believe that Jesus is Christ or that Scripture is the Divine Word of God. They do not find the Jesus Christ who came to earth two thousand years ago possesses anything in particular to commend him over the religious leaders whom China herself has given her own people through the ages.

But there were important ways that the church in China, and we as missionaries, could draw on the religion and morality that was already present in the culture and use dimensions of it to help people understand Christianity. I think you will see this as I turn now to the three recognized religious traditions of China, referred to by the Chinese themselves as the "three teachings": Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism.

### Confucianism

Confucianism is the most important of the three traditions, according to the Chinese (and probably the most important one for Christian missionaries, too). Most Chinese, actually most students of oriental culture, consider Confucius (551-479 B.C.) to be the single most outstanding spiritual leader that China ever produced. Confucius was a teacher who specialized in morality and ethics. There was a rule for everything and Confucius did not hesitate to define it. There was a rule for living, a rule for marriage, a rule for children, a rule for funerals, a rule for study, a rule for walking.

The writings which we might call the bible of Confucius, known in China as the Four Books,[2] taken together are almost as

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[1] "An unenlightened or irreligious person," according to the second meaning for the word in Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary (1961).

[2] The Analects of Confucius (306 pp. in the Legge edition) is the document that contains the traditions about Confucius himself. The other three of the Four Books are The Great Learning (40 pp.

big as our Bible. Fundamentally, the teachings deal with three great institutions of life:

> First, the relationship between a citizen and his or her rulers. Responsibility to the nation as a whole was important for Confucius.
>
> Second, the relationship between a son and his parents. Responsibility of the son for his father and mother carries on even after they die and go into the next world. As between the son and the father, Confucius gave honor to the older generation because older people have gained broader understanding through having had more experience.
>
> Third, the relationship between wife and husband. Confucius is the one that defined the family and gave the husband and the wife their respective roles. The whole family life of China is based on Confucian ethical concepts.

The primers which the children study in school, beginning at the first grade, are fundamentally quotations from the writings of Confucius and from Mencius (his chief follower). As a child I learned the Chinese primer, San Tzu Ching ("Three Character Classic"), as did all the other children of my age. I can still quote those first few lines. Would you like to hear them? Well, okay, here is the way I would do it. I would stand up, fold my hands, sometimes close my eyes, usually turn my back to the teacher, and then just start reciting from memory, "Jen chih ch'u . . ."[3]

You can't put that into English very well and the person that copies this for you to read will not be able to put it into letters very well, but what I have just chanted for you to hear is the beginning of that primer, three little characters (or words) that go together to form a phrase. The Chinese text then continues with another phrase of three characters, then another, and so on. What the text says, and therefore what children at the very beginning of their school learn, is that "in the beginning every person was good. People were good in their hearts. But then evil desires and evil temptations came in, and people were led astray." This is certainly close kin to what you find in the first chapters of our Bible.

Worship of Confucius. The philosophy of Confucius is still studied, clear up through the university level. But the worship

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in a the Legge edition), The Doctrine of the Mean (81 pp.), and The Works of Mencius (586 pp.).

[3]Literally "humans/(possessive indicator)/beginning . . ." So the meaning is "humans, at the beginning . . ," or "humans, in their original condition . . ."

Frances and Father on the way to Chufu, September, 1923.

of Confucius, at the level of popular religion, has also become a cult

In my years in Sutsien and Tenghsien, it became obvious to me that devotees of the popular cult considered Confucius to be a god, very much in the same sense that Buddhists consider Buddha or Taoists consider Laotzu (their founder) to be a god. In Sutsien there used to be a temple honoring Confucius. People came to pray to him. There was a bell to ring with prayer significance for the spirit world, rung whenever someone had a particular request to make to the spirit for whom the temple was built. There were feast days to memorialize the birthday of Confucius and other important times in his life. So Confucius, who was idolized in his day, is still idolized.

In the little town of Chufu, in southern Shantung Province, you can visit his birthplace. Frances and I, in company with my father, once visited there for twenty-four hours. A beautiful temple stands in that small town, erected in Confucius's honor. There are idols before which you can burn incense, which certainly suggests that somebody thinks his spirit is cognizant of what is going on. Near the temple you will find the house of Confucius's ancestors, which the family occupied from 700 B.C. to 550 B.C. It has been kept as a shrine for the Confucian family from that day to this.

Once when I was in Tenghsien, in 1934, I had the opportunity to meet a young man named Dr. Kung. "Kung" is the Chinese surname

for Confucius.[4] He was at that time the only heir of the Confucian line recognized as authentic. He could trace his progenitors back generation by generation all the way to Confucius, and in fact past Confucius to Confucius's grandfather. When we went into his sitting room, I saw the genealogical tablets on his mantlepiece where he kept the names of the Kung ancestors as far back as anybody knows them--every parent, every grandparent, clear on back to 700 B.C. As I remember, there were seventy-seven generations.

Chinese respect for their ancestors is amazing. I know of nobody anywhere else, no matter how big an international figure he might think he is, who knows who his great, great, great, great, great grandfather was, much less who his grandfather was before Columbus discovered America, and before King Arthur lived in England, and even at the time when the Vikings were wandering up and down the icy floes of Norway. The Chinese are a great people and an old people and a proud people and may God bless them.

While at Chufu, I drew some water on a rope out of the well that old Confucius used when he needed to draw water for his parents. It was exactly the same well that Confucius had used, in exactly the same place, and they have been using it from that day to this. Don't think this idea is too far-fetched. The well that Jacob dug on the foothills of the mountains of Judea towards Gaza was still there eighteen hundred years later when Christ drank water from it. And it's still there today, just about the same age as Confucius's well. The Chinese people as a people respect Confucius, one hundred percent, and admire him and try to obey him, and, as I have shown, also worship him.

The Confucian ethic of ancestor respect has spread powerfully to Japan. It helped to give a national basis for the kamikaze pilots who were committing suicide during World War II. They were promised a short cut trip to their ancestors. It is clear that the Japanese absorbed much of their present day adoration and respect for their ancestors from the Confucianism of China, which was just next door.

Christ and Confucius. We missionaries tried hard, in our preaching and teaching, never to shortchange Confucius. We genuinely respected him. But we were conscious of one fundamental difference between the ethics of Confucius and the ethics contained in our Bible. The difference lies in the actions and characteristics of our God. We have a God that communicates with us, that talks with us, that sends His Spirit to dwell in our hearts, that is able to reveal Himself to us. But the Chinese, so far as

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[4]Kung Fu-tzu means "Master Kung." Jesuits put the Chinese name into Latin as Con-fu-cius. The surname "Kung" is rendered "Con".

I have been able to find out, have no such concept given in the ethical writings of Confucius.

Our point of view regarding Confucius was really just what Confucius had said about himself: "I don't know anything about the gods. I know people; I don't know gods."[5] The missionary says, "We come to tell you about God. Go to the Bible and you will find the nature of God, the purpose of God, the plan of God, the future that God has created for the world. As we understand what God wants us to do, then we are able to follow in God's footsteps."

Confucius led the Chinese people to know the difference between right and wrong and between good and bad, and he led them in the direction of the right and the good. But he was never able to connect them with that spiritual divinity which is able to lead us, and which some day will bring this entire world into God's own heart and mind and fellowship.

## Buddhism

You cannot get on a boat and enjoy going up the Yangtze River without seeing beautiful pagodas at every turn. They are a symbol of China. You find these pagodas as part of much Chinese architecture. Every city has one pagoda, often two or three, and usually with temples built around the lower story. You see them sometimes with fifteen, twenty, as many as thirty little sections or stories as they build themselves up from the ground to a point in the sky fifty or eighty feet above the earth. Why are these pagodas everywhere? What is their significance? Let me be brief but specific: the pagoda is the main symbol of Buddhism.

Chinese people by and large do not have the time to read Buddhist literature. It sounds foreign to them (Buddhism came from India) and it has a specialized set of words. Ordinary Chinese just don't read much of it.

But as for the practice of Buddhism, they certainly know about that. Every town has Buddhist priests. There are Buddhist feast days, Buddhist temples, Buddhist images. Everybody knows the word Buddha and has seen his images. Many people burn incense at the feet of this Buddha. But if you ask the ordinary people of China about the theology or the main motivation that drives a Buddhist priest, not many are very familiar with it.

A novitiate is a young man who has committed his life to the temple and intends to become a priest. The head of a novitiate is closely shaved, and if you look at it carefully you will find nine little circular burn spots that were put there by coins that had been heated almost white hot, but not quite, and then laid on the

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[5]See Analects xi.12 (or xi.11, in some editions).

head. The coins sizzled on the flesh, and the burns left permanent scars. I've heard that sometimes one can even see the individual characters that the hot coins had had on them, but I have never examined a novitiate's scalp carefully enough to be sure.

After the Buddhist priest has been confirmed and after he has accepted his position of life-long celibacy, he will put on saffron robes, shave his head, get those burn spots strategically scattered in various places over the top of his head, and then join up with a temple somewhere, preferably in a very secluded place. There he will spend most of his waking time for the rest of his life in prayer and meditation.

In Tibet, they have the reincarnated living Buddha whom they call the lama.[6] When the Lama dies, there is a tremendous furor --social, religious, political--trying to find a baby that will fit into the harness, politically, religiously, socially. The Tibetan priests, whom we saw during our year in Peking, keep themselves separate from human clash and conflicts and give the impression of being totally dedicated to their spiritual goal. Thousands have been murdered during the last few years.

As you go up the Yangtze River you will see not only the pagodas but also the temples, usually painted red, perched precariously on hilltops or on precipices or on small and lonely islands, isolated in the river. The sites are places where today an American millionaire would love to build a get-away house. And get-away is just what the priests want. They choose those out-of-the-way places because they seek seclusion. For several hours in the morning, and again at noon, and again at night, they will kneel or sit cross-legged intoning Buddhist sutras or praying, occasionally tinkling a bell by their sides in an action equivalent to prayer. They will repeat the prayers that have been formulated by the sages of old. (Try repeating o mi to fuo, "I call on the Buddha," one thousand times a day!) They will try to discipline themselves to forget the world and to reach out to that spirit world of which, by their own admission, they know nothing, but which they envision as a beautiful place where everything is pure and holy and good.

You may ask what idea they have about punishment of sin? Now the Confucianists believe that sin will be punished in the next world, but they are not too sure about what kind of punishment. They have pictures of people being beaten and tortured and burned, but they are not really sure. Confucius never clarified this question. And old Buddha, so far as I know, never dwelt on this much either.

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[6] Lama is the Tibetan transliteration of the Sanskrit word, guru, meaning "venerable one, teacher." For Tibetans, of course, it has the special meaning of "Living Buddha."

The founder. If you are really interested in studying this remarkable religion of Buddhism, the place to start is with its founder, Gautama Buddha. He was a real person and he is estimated to have lived about 563-483 B.C. That would have been during the time when the Jews were in their Babylonian exile, so Buddha was approximately a contemporary of Jeremiah and Ezekiel. The dates for Confucius coincide almost exactly with those of Buddha, and, by traditional dating, Laotzu, the founder of Taoism, was their elder contemporary. It is really amazing how these great religions of the Orient all started at pretty much the same time in history.

One somewhat amusing story that is general knowledge in the Orient is that every pagoda marks a spot where some bone is kept that came from the skeleton of Gautama Buddha. Since I have seen pagoda after pagoda in city after city and realized there must be thousands upon thousands of them, I often used to wonder what kind of dinosaur or centipede poor old Gautama must have been in order to leave enough bones to sanctify that many pagodas! However, this is no joking matter to Buddhists, and maybe I should not have mentioned it at this point.

Let me try to put in a capsule the general ideas of Buddhism as Gautama taught it and as Chinese followers embody it in their lives. We are in a world of sin. We all realize that we are not morally perfect. The whole motivation of Buddhism is for the individual gradually to become more and more holy like Buddha. When we becomes like Buddha then we will have escaped the entanglement of sin.

In order to accomplish this goal the individual tries to do good deeds. These good deeds are a very practical part of Buddhism. A beggar will always look forward to getting a little handout from a family that is truly Buddhist, for such a family will turn no hungry person away empty-handed. A true Buddhist will try to save life. Buddhists try to be good to animals--to dogs and cats and fish. They try to get farmers to treat their animals kindly.

Buddhism is a religion where the individual is trying to escape the entanglements of this life in order to become perfect. Buddhists say that the purified soul, when it finally achieves perfection, will fall into the vastness of eternity "like a drop of water falling back into the ocean." The perfected soul will become part of that great unknown blessing which every Buddhist looks forward to as the culmination of his or her efforts and sacrifices in this world.

Reincarnation. But how can such moral and spiritual perfection be accomplished in the brief span of one earthly life? Well, Buddhists have their answer. It is a doctrine called "reincarnation" or transmigration of souls. When death comes, my soul

transfers ("migrates") to some other living organism, whether it be an ant, a dog, a cat or lion, or perhaps a human being--king or beggar.

You may ask, "Can I know anything about the shape or form I may take when I come back into this world?" Well, we can't really know how we will come back, but the Buddhist teachers suggest there may be a certain logic. If I'm a glutton in this life, I may come back as a pig, and be eaten. If I'm a thief, I may come back as a fish and be hunted. If I'm a murderer, I may come back as a fly and be swatted. I will keep on coming back until I have suffered enough to atone for my sins.

When flies bother us, most of us will get a fly swatter and let the fly know what we think. But a good Buddhist will hesitate a long time before doing that. You don't know who that fly might be. She may be your grandmother, or he may be your great, great grandfather. You don't know! If I am dealing with life that has come back again, and if by killing it I would earn demerits in my own life, how can I kill it?

Some of the kids in Chinese villages have a good time with this. In most villages there is a fish pond. It's usually not more than fifty feet long, so when it dries up people can go pick up the fish. Some of the boys in Chu Tsun,[7] a village that I visited, used to enjoy teasing an old gentleman, a confirmed Buddhist, who lived beside the pond. They would catch a fish and take it to him while it was still alive and offer it for sale. On the chance it might be his great uncle, he would always buy it and put it back into the pool. Of course the next day the boys would catch the fish and sell it to him again. This was the joke of the village, but the poor fellow didn't know what to do.

In Buddhist teaching, my life begins again in that new incarnation. I will have a chance to suffer, and through suffering to pay back for my sins to the infinite god that is ruler of all. Perhaps then I can hope that in my following incarnation, or the one after that, I can be perfect. When that time comes, I finally can be like that drop of water and fall into the ocean of God's eternal providence.

Christ and Buddhism. Since I was preaching in China to people who were definitely more familiar with Buddhist teachings than with Christian, I spent much time trying to understand Buddhist thinking. Christianity, after all, also talks about "rebirth." Jesus said to Nicodemus, "You must be born again" (John 3:7). Nicodemus must have thought that Jesus was talking about some sort of transmigration: "Can a man enter a second time into his mother's womb and be born?" (John 3:4) So what did the people on the

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[7]"Chu Village." "Chu" was the family name.

benches think when I got up to talk about being "born again"? Did they have a vision of an old gentleman who thinks that a fish is his relative?

When I looked at my Chinese congregation and they seemed attentive and seemed to understand, it made me happy, although I had to weigh this against the fact that the Chinese are very polite. They will sit on a hard bench without any back rest and look at the speaker for an hour and a half, even though what the speaker is saying doesn't make any particular sense to them. Anyway, I did the best I could to preach to them the gospel of rebirth. If you cannot shuffle off evil desires and feel that you are perfect, then what can you do? Christians, of course, believe that "Jesus paid it all, all to him I owe." If I believe in Jesus then I believe he has borne my sins and forgiven my trespasses.

Buddhism has been dying out of China for the last four hundred years. To be perfectly frank, I knew of very few converts who came from a strong, practicing Buddhist background into the churches in the area of north China where I was, because there were very few such Buddhists around. But let me tell you about one Bible passage that Buddhists who come to Christ find very meaningful. It is the story of Jesus standing in the boat and calming the storm. Buddhists see our present life as stormy, as filled with suffering. They want to find serenity. It is a great joy for them to learn of the Jesus who even today is able to still the storms that fill our lives and able to bring us to serenity.

## Taoism

Popular Taoism, the kind of Taoism that I ran into all the time in Sutsien, occupies a very special niche in Chinese life. The priest, often a blind man, would come along the street ready to tell my fortune. If I stopped him and made him a little gift of money, he would be glad to oblige. He would begin by asking after my birth date so he could check on my astrology, and he would inquire about my position in the community and everything that he could find out about me. Then he would undertake to advise me about days that would bode well for me to enter into a property transaction, or what place would be lucky for me to go at a certain time, or in what direction to locate a part of the house if I was planning to build an addition. He would tell me what was a lucky star and what was unlucky. He would advise me when a daughter or a son should be married. He would tell me just what kind of dangerous places to avoid and how to overcome the problems of disease. He would advise about the appropriateness of a certain marriage with people born under certain stars. He would discuss and pass judgement as to whether the architecture in my house was or was not consistent with the wind and water (the feng-shui), that is to say, with the fortunes of life, which overrule my future.

This Taoist priest would probably have at least some rudi-

mentary education in the scriptures of Taoism. He would have contact with a Taoist temple. He would be part of a minor clique in the community that considers itself to be loyal Taoists. The members of the clique would not fight or argue with other religions, but they would have a deep loyalty to their own group.

Feng-shui (Geomancy). The Taoist priest, as we have seen, tells fortunes by inquiring about birth dates and birth stars, and he may also juggle bamboo sticks. All through this process, he draws on feng-shui theory. The words separately mean "wind" and "water." Together, they refer to the powers and harmonies that are moving through the universe at all times and with which our own lives must be harmonious if they are going to be successful. So a Taoist practitioner gives a reading from the waves of the cosmos in order to help his client have good luck or good fortune or propitious circumstances.

The advice of the feng-shui practitioners was taken seriously. For instance, Sutsien's city wall had east, south, and west gates--but no gate on the north. I grew up two or three hundred yards from what would have been the north gate. We could climb up the embankment on the inside, and look over at the houses on the outside thirty feet below. But there wasn't any north gate. Why? At some time in the past the feng-shui practitioners had perceived that having a gate to the north would let in disease, enemies, and manifold disasters. Good luck would come to those who listened and obeyed. So there was no gate.

The afterlife. In my experience, dealing with the afterlife was a specialty of popular Taoism. When you go to a Taoist temple you will find a good section of it dedicated to the suffering of sinners in various hells. Their depictions are very vivid and very painful. The function of the priests was not just to scare people about the judgement on the wicked that will be coming in the afterlife, it was also to perform rituals that might help. These include the well-known Chinese practice of burning "ghost money" so the departed souls in hell can grease appropriate palms. Funerals are pretty well recognized as a specialty of the Taoist priests.

Christ and the Tao. What I have been talking about is popular Taoism as we saw it in Sutsien. Let me turn now to the more literary or philosophical side of Taoism. As you will very soon see, that is the place where a surprisingly clear link comes into view between Christ and Taoism.

Let us go immediately to the word "Tao." If we know what it means, we will have captured the very heart of Taoism. The ordinary translation for tao is "way." What kind of moral "way" will our lives follow? What kind of power may be available to help us along this way? Both these meanings are implied in the word tao.

John 1:1 reads: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." That "Word" was Jesus!

John 14:6 records Jesus's saying: "I am the way, the truth and the life."

If you take those two verses and mix them up you will find that since Jesus who is the Word is also the _way_, that the Word is also the _truth_ and the _life_. "Word" and "way" and "truth" and "life" become so intermingled that each one covers something in the other. That is exactly what we find when we start talking about the _Tao_.

When translators of the New Testament into Chinese came to the Gospel of John, they ran right up against that statement about Jesus in the first chapter, "the Word was _made flesh_." How on earth should they put this special meaning for the word "Word" into Chinese? What kind of a letter, what kind of a word, what kind of a character should they use? They plunged daringly and chose this word "tao." "In the beginning was the _Tao_, and the _Tao_ was with God, and the _Tao_ was God. . . . And the _Tao_ was made flesh!" This is exactly the same _tao_-character that is central to any discussion of Taoism. Laotzu's writings[8] discuss the _tao_, and the whole thrust of his teaching is that it is the _tao_ which is the way, which is the truth, which is the life, which is God's plan for eternity, which is your hope for the future. At its highest level, that is the purpose of original Taoism and that is what they seek to reveal to people.

It was a concept, then, which our translators of the Bible into Chinese could take over and use directly in communicating the meaning of Christ.

## _Tolerance_

As missionaries in China, we found it to be utter nonsense to fight a religion. There is more conflict between the denominations in America, supposedly all Christian, than there is between the separate religions in China. There is nothing in China, for instance, that would compare with the proselytizing of church members that I have experienced as a minister in Presbyterian churches in the mountains of West Virginia. I have never run into this sort of in-fighting and animosity in China between the great religions. In fact, I have never known an individual Chinese person who was not part Confucianist and part Buddhist and part Taoist. The Chinese by and large are very ecumenical and broad-minded.

It was also my experience that they were willing to tolerate

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[8]Eighty poems, forming a slight volume known as the _Tao Te Ching_, "The Classic of the Way and of Virtue."

the preaching of Christianity. As a Christian minister, preaching the gospel, I was never stopped once by communists, bandits, rich or poor, priests of Confucianism or Buddhism or Taoism. They were perfectly willing to listen to the gospel. They were pragmatic in their approach. If it was worth listening to, they were glad to listen. If it wasn't worth listening to, they could always go about their business.

The Moslem religion in some parts of the world has shown an intolerance and antagonism to other religions that makes it almost impossible to do mission work in Moslem countries. But in China this is not true even of the Moslems (there are some fifty million of them). You can go all the way from Western Tibet to Singapore and back to Japan and find the doors are open for you to preach and teach as long as you abide by the rules of the government. Even today we find in China that Christianity can be preached, if you make it a reading of the scripture or a teaching of the Bible. They do not want evangelism in our sense of that word. Even so they allowed Billy Graham to come and conduct services in both Peking and Shanghai!

# CHAPTER VIII

## CHRIST AND ANIMISM

In the part of China where I was, the people's constant awareness of the spirit world always intrigued me. With great confidence, the uneducated person of fifty years ago attributed whatever distress and woes he had in life to the devil, or perhaps I should better say, to a myriad of devils that occupied every cranny of heaven and earth. So it only made sense for him to take whatever precautions he could to ward off those evil spirits.

To give this age-old religious tradition a name, it was animism. You will immediately ask, what is animism? It is anything that has to do with the worship of (and avoidance of!) spirits on the loose. The Chinese protection-rituals date back to before there was history. Long before Confucius or Laotzu or Buddha, this tradition was there, and it was still powerful when I was in China. We would call it superstition.

Sometimes the original reason for a particular custom has dimmed and been forgotten. To be perfectly frank, I sometimes found it hard to tell which customs were mere cultural hand-me-downs that had lost whatever protective meaning they once had, and which customs were still really superstitions.

(We can illustrate this difference I'm talking about in America. Some of our cultural habits still retain religious significance. Take our Christmas celebrations and our marriage customs. But we have pretty much forgotten the reasons for some of the cultural customs that have come down from our ancestors. For instance, when we "tempt fate" by making some prediction of future success, why do we say, "I had better knock on wood"?)

Anyway, let me go ahead and talk about what I have observed in the Chinese approach to the spirit world. Almost anywhere in China, you will run into these ancient customs at every turn of the road, and they can be most intriguing. And after all, when you talk about demons, is it always just superstition? I will be telling below of some remarkable successes Chinese Christians had in exorcising demons in the name of Christ.

### Demon Capers

Straight-line flights. When you walk down a street in China you see that many of the well-to-do homes have a free-standing brick wall in front of the front gate, ten feet or so high. Nobody standing on the street can see into the front gate until they have walked around behind that free-standing wall. You might think that its purpose is privacy, but you would be wrong. Its purpose

is devil protection.

Often the wall holds Buddhist sayings, or quotations from Confucius, or Taoist good luck symbols. But these are secondary. The real protection from devils grows out of the fact that devils do not run in circles, devils go in straight lines. When a devil takes off, he ordinarily will go perfectly straight until he hits something and has to turn. (Who told the devil to go in straight lines is past my ability to explain!) As the devil floats along over the city and dives down to take a look at this rich man's residence, if there is a wall to stop him, he won't go in that door.

What difference does it make if the devil does come in the gate? Beware! A devil may do you harm. He will set the house on fire. He will cause someone to have an accident and give them a broken leg. He may even enter a person and cause death.

As children, my brothers and my sister and I used to fly kites. But watch out if your kite developed a tailspin and landed in some neighbor's yard. That spelled bad luck. Some demon was riding on the wing tips and made the kite spin down because he wanted to get into that particular home! Woe to them, and woe to me!

The roofs on the houses around where we lived were usually tile covered. You would think that rain would run off faster if all the tiles slanted downwards. But no, it wasn't done that way. The last corner tile before the water dripped off the eave had to point up. It took me many years to discover the rationale for this. The little devils of the spirit world were supposed to enjoy sliding along on their bottoms. When landing on a roof, the ridge tiles presented an ideal sliding board. By having the last tile turn up, the little rascals were diverted from sliding down into the yard, where the family would have been vulnerable, and instead would hit the upturn and shoot over the wall into the neighbor's yard.

Now you tell me, are the curved tile roofs merely Chinese aesthetics? Or are they a habit passed down from ancestors which we might describe as "quaint"? Or is this a superstition?

Names That Camouflage. The common farm laborers in the North China that I knew were religious through and through. They believed everything had invisible spirits. Devil's eyes were everywhere, looking, spying, contriving.

One of the special objects of attack involved little boys. As in all oriental lands, the little boy was especially treasured because he would carry on the family name. Since boys were so valuable, the air-devils, the night-devils, the disease-devils, and others, would certainly be on the lookout to spot them and

possess them. For this reason, the devils must be fooled.

Therefore the little boys were not called boys' names. Hundreds of nicknames were used to throw the devils off the track. A mother would not think of going to the door and calling her son by his real name. Instead it was "Little Puppy," or "Little Headache," or "Kitty," or "Bear Cub," and so forth. As an additional disguise, winter caps were made to look like a puppy or a lion or a cat.

## Demons and the Art of Motorcycle Riding

What makes a Chinese peasant woman out on a dusty road insist on jumping across the road in front of my motorcycle? I knew why the chickens did it: to hear themselves squawk. I knew why the razorback hogs did it: to throw me off my machine. I knew why the heavily loaded donkeys did it. They were watching me with one eye and running at the same time. This meant they would cross in an orbit in front of me while they kept up their frightened braying. But why did the poor woman do it, carrying a handkerchief full of eggs? It took me some months to figure this one out.

Then one day I tried putting myself in the shoes of that peasant woman going to market and I came up with an answer that has stood the test of reflection through the years. The thinking goes like this:

"I am surrounded by demons," she thinks to herself. "When I was married, they fired twenty strings of firecrackers in order to scare the demons away from my marriage. When we built our little adobe house, we had to locate the door carefully so that the devils would skip past. I hung a lucky cash made from a temple bell[1] around my child's neck to divert the demons. Even when we buried my grandmother, we used candles, priests, and firecrackers to warn away the evil spirits. Now down the road here comes that incarnation of the white devil, thundering out his unintelligible roar of imitation machine gun fire. Behind him trails a spume of dust and dirt reaching up into the heavens. I will wait and watch. At the last moment, when the devil chasing me today is least aware of my intentions, I will jump across the road, and the foreign devil with all his awe-inspiring racket will sever the path of my devil forever!"

## Exorcisms in the Name of Christ

Without any doubt many people in the United States are posses-

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[1] In 845 A.D., a Tang Dynasty emperor destroyed 40,000 Buddhist temples. Confiscating the bronze images and bells, he had them melted down to make cash. Because of their religious origin, the cash of that reign are considered particularly auspicious.

sed by the devil. At least, they are the devil's slaves. But what about the kind of demon possession that the Bible describes? What the Bible talks about is a deadly mixture of satanic impulses combined with emotional instability.

Being that kind of mixture, it becomes an interesting subject for argument, belief, disbelief, and a great deal of scientific and psychological speculation. If you say that a certain person is possessed of a demon, there are many reasons you can bring forward to justify it. But if you take the same person and describe his or her condition as a psychological "problem," you will again be able to bring forward many reasons to justify it.

Let me tell you about a demon exorcist in the territory where I worked. Old Mrs. Liu lived about fifteen miles south of us when we were in Sutsien in the mid-1930's. Her home was in a smaller town called Bu-tzu, a hamlet that was truly in a no-man's-land for it was situated in a section of the country infested with robbers and brigands of all descriptions.

We had not seen her for two years when she showed up in Su-tsien one day and urgently asked that I come out to Bu-tzu and hold a meeting, receive members, and serve communion. I had supposed at the time that the Bu-tzu church had become defunct.

If I were to come, was there danger from bandits? She allowed that if I came by motorcycle, its noise might broadcast my arrival too boldly. But she told me that if I would come by bicycle and come between 10:00 a.m. and 4:00 p.m., it would be safe. The bandits all slept during those hours.

How could I do anything but go? Mrs. Liu had come into Su-tsien and attended the Bible school run by my wife, Frances, and then gone back to her home in the south country. There she started having prayer gatherings for the sick and the demon possessed. Soon dozens of sick, blinded, deranged, dangerous people were flocking to her for help. God was answering her prayers in a remarkable way.

I reached the church by bicycle. As I came closer to Bu-tzu, I could see that at least half the houses had been either torn down or burned to the ground. Of those that remained, most of the straw roofs were burned off. I couldn't even find my way around in the ruins of the little community.

Mrs. Liu met me and led me to what had been the church. Its roof was gone, and we met inside the walls, under the blue sky. Soon a group gathered -- seventy-five or a hundred! When our meeting began, I was in the middle of the first prayer when we heard two rifle shots. Before I could open my eyes, the church was deserted and the preacher left standing alone. False alarm: it was only someone testing out his ammunition. Soon the people

all came back.

Mrs. Liu invited members of her group to come meet me. There was a young woman of about thirty who said she had had a fire devil inside her. She had been a pyromaniac. The first time she came, she had been trundled in on a wheelbarrow by her father-in-law, her arms tied behind her back. They prayed for her in a meeting, and she seemed to listen. The next time she came of her own volition. After that she was so much better she was free to go and come inside of her own home and village. Her pyromania reportedly was gone. They all said that it was a fire devil that had left her, and who am I to argue?

A woman was there who had tried to poison neighbors and family. She had been chained. She was now cured.

One fellow was there who still had bone exposed above the wrist. He had been bound in chains so tightly and so long that the skin and flesh had worn off. Mrs. Liu said he had been really dangerous, and had been chained as a protection for the people of the village. But he had come to church, sung hymns, prayed, and he could now give thanks to God for deliverance from the bondage of Satan.

Many with terrible eye diseases were well and happy. Another with internal bleeding of some kind had come and had gotten well in about three weeks. Another who formerly had been a bandit and a cutthroat had begun to attend the group, had learned to pray, and had reformed his life. Another young man had been highly unstable and had run from village to village, screaming and shouting. He had been caught and tied and brought to the church. They prayed over him and soon he also was healed.

Whatever you may think about all this, there was no doubt in the minds of the victims that the power of the devil had been broken, and the door to a new life opened. The healed people were extremely loyal Christians who wouldn't miss a service or a prayer meeting for anything in the world. Also, they gave a wonderful witness to the people in the community who might formerly have thought that the church was just a front-organization for some American scheme.

I came from Bu-tzu back to Sutsien without any interference from the bandits. Amazement still grips me when I go back in memory to the smoked ruins of that town and to the ragged people who were trying to make out a human life in the midst of that hopelessness.

## The Incense Pot

It is wonderful for us not to be bound by the chains of superstition. The chains are not easily broken, but the gospel of

Christ does it!

In 1932, I was out in one of the little country churches that I visited. Actually, the church was in a small town--perhaps five or six thousand people within the walls. It was a Sunday afternoon, and the morning service that day had been a good one. Many had come with diseases for the Lord to heal. Others came with what they called demon possession, hoping that through prayer and the support of the church they could overcome Satan in their lives. I was the only missionary there, but the Chinese pastor and many local friends were present.

The pastor said, "Dr. Patterson, there is a woman here who is in desperate need of blessing from the Lord and who would very much like to talk to you."

I said I would be delighted. So the old lady, poor, shriveled, illiterate, trusting, came to ask a favor. Usually, of course, it would have been for money. But she surprised me. She told me that she was a widow and that her son had died. She went on to tell me how she had been coming to the prayer services for some time and how the Lord had healed her other child and also herself. But there was one hurdle she did not have faith enough to surmount.

For many years she had been worshipping a snake devil, an image of a black snake, burning incense before his picture, bowing before his presence. She now knew there was a true God, but still she was frightened to touch, much less remove, the picture of the black snake which had adorned her central wall for many years. Once before she had tried, and her house had caught fire and burned. She couldn't stand another experience like that. Would I come and take it down? Would I let my hands do what she knew her hands should do but dared not touch?

"Do you really want to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," I asked.

"They tell me that the power of Jesus Christ is greater than the power of the devil," she replied. "If this is true, please let me be one of your Christians."

"I'll be glad to come to your house," I said, "but don't ask me to take the picture off the wall. You take the picture down, and I will take it away."

I knew that if I took the picture off the wall and anything happened to her, she would hold me responsible. But beyond that, it clearly was important that she herself be involved, that she use her own hands to make her final break with idolatry.

She agreed, and I went with her to her hovel of a home. All

the neighbors were around, of course, to see what would happen. The black snake picture, made of flimsy paper and about a yard square, was exceptionally vivid. She went in, pulled it down, brought it out, and gave it to me.

As I was rolling it up, I noticed another object that was part of the devil rituals she had been doing. Underneath the picture, on what we would call the mantlepiece, was a grimy pot that she had used to burn a little incense each day for years. It brimmed with heavily scented ashes. I said, "What about the incense pot? Will you get rid of that, too?"

She went back in and picked it up and put it in my hand. (I should add that the pot was no valuable antique. It looked like, and was, an old earthen container.) We had a prayer, and I left with the picture and the pot. As far as I ever knew, the old woman's bondage to the snake image ended there and she remained a steadfast worshipper in her Christian community.

I returned to the church, intending to destroy everything. But then another idea came to mind. Why not wash out the incense pot, drill a little hole in the bottom, and plant a living flower? So that is what I did. For many years afterwards, as I would look at the beautiful rose blooming in that pot, I would think of what it had been. The difference between the last state and the first was that God's new life in the rose gave it a glory that the burned out incense could not possibly give. That was our mission, too, in China!

A verse from halfway round our world comes to mind:

Lo, how a rose e'er blooming
From tender stem hath sprung,
Of Jesse's lineage coming,
As men of old have sung.
It came a floweret bright,
Amid the cold of winter
When half spent was the night.

# CHAPTER IX

## SOME WHO "DID WHAT THEY COULD" (MARK 14:8)

All of us witness things that other people do that touch some very deep chord in our lives. One of the real privileges of the missionary's life is that these revealing moments come often.

China was home to more than a few martyrs, both among missionaries whom we knew and among Chinese Christians who were our friends. Their lives stand a witness "well attested by their faith" (Heb. 11:39). But not all heroes of the faith are martyrs. Sometimes they are little people who "do what they can" (Mark 14:8), little but deeply meaningful things, often sacrificial.

Let me just collect a few examples. All except the first come from my own personal experiences, but I want to tell that one, too, so the story can be remembered. It shows that God still calls forth God's servants.

Some were slain with the sword (Heb. 11:37). John and Betty Stamm were graduates of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago and had volunteered to go out to China with the China Inland Mission.[1] In 1934, in company with their small baby daughter and a middle-aged Chinese amah for the child, they were travelling through the Yangtze River valley.

They were in the mountainous territory of central China. The situation was bad, and they knew it. Communist soldiers and renegade nationalist soldiers were known to be roaming through the region. Yet they felt they had to return to their station.

They stopped at a little town near the city of Wuhu. During the night communist soldiers came into the town and found these missionaries in the hotel. They announced they were going to take them out in the morning and execute them publicly. The Stamms realized that, humanly speaking, this was the end of the road, but they wondered if they might come up with a scheme that would save the life of the little baby. So they desperately asked the amah to take the baby and hide her as best she could. If they didn't themselves make it beyond the dawn of the new day, they asked the amah, after the soldiers had left, to take their daughter to a neighboring town and give her into the keeping of some missionaries who were there.

When morning came, the soldiers returned, dragged the couple

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[1]On the C.I.M. during an earlier period, see above, Chap. I, "The Boxer Rebellion."

out, humiliated them, cursed, laughed, and finally, after getting outside the city wall, killed them. One of our Presbyterian missionaries, Rev. E. H. Hamilton, wrote a poem about it, which received wide recognition and acclaim. The opening verse ran:

> Lai, lai, lai ["Come! Come! Come!"],
> See the foreign devils die!
> All the hate in hell
> Did swell in that accursed cry!

What was the end of this major tragedy that involved so many people and so many hopes? Providentially, the amah was able to get the baby to safety. Soon she was in the loving care of her dead mother's sister, Helen (Mrs. Gordon) Mahy, a China missionary of the Presbyterian Church, U.S.A. Some of you who read this will have met the Mahys, who have been working for many years at Warren Wilson College, Swannanoa, North Carolina. The baby's uncle and aunt adopted her, giving her a Christian home in which to grow up, and also giving her a different name, which was highly desirable in view of the international publicity.

And what of the work at the station where the Stamms had been? The Stamms, of course, could not go back to their station: they had made the supreme sacrifice. But their mission told us that when the report of it came back to America, hundreds of Christian students volunteered to go and take the place of John and Betty Stamm. Hundreds willing to go! Hundreds prepared to do what they could!

Some obtained promises (Heb. 11:33). In the garden where his tomb was laid, the resurrected Jesus said: "Mary" (John 20:16). This passage has always meant a great deal to me. When I have a job to do, when there is no money and nobody will help and I am not able to do it, I always come back to Jesus's revealing of himself to the searching Mary by just saying her name. It is as if he were saying to her: "Mary, your discouragement is because you cannot see! You are blinded by your tears."

At the depth of the depression, the Mission Board in Nashville cut off almost all the money that we had for our work in our churches. When we went to God, God said, "Don't worry!" A prayer circle in Washington, D.C., one that we had never heard of, heard about us and sent us $200 a year for several years. The rate of exchange at that time turned that into $2000 in China, and we were able to carry on a large section of our work. Before it happened, nobody would have dreamed this possible. Jesus said, "Lo, I am with you always" (Matt. 28:20).

We obtained the promises of God for our work. Just as much, I fully believe, that prayer circle in Washington obtained the promises of God. Their faith was fulfilled that God would use their gifts for the work of the Kingdom. They did what they could,

and God blessed their gifts.

Some were destitute (Heb. 11:37). In the 1930's, my brother Norman was the station doctor in Sutsien in charge of our medical work. He and his wife, Athalie, lived at the South End, near the hospital. Once one of their daughters, at the time still a small child, was desperately ill. Norman and Athalie were staying up night after night, trying in any way they could to keep the little girl's temperature down.

I went down to the South End one morning, a walk of about a mile from the north side of town where we lived, to see how the child and the family were doing. Somewhat to my surprise, I found an old woman on the front porch, kneeling, her head touching the bricks of the entrance. She was ragged, dirty, ill-kept. Her hair had not been combed, her clothes had seen many years of use.

She straightened up when I appeared, and we spoke to one another. She said, "I didn't know what to do. I love your brother and his wife and they are in deep trouble. There is nothing that I can give them. I have nothing. I just came to kneel and pray on their porch, so that they would know that I was asking God to bless them."

She was destitute, but she had done what she could!

Some out of weakness were made strong (Heb. 11:34). All the people of my generation remember Nettie Lambuth DuBose, later Mrs. William F. Junkin. Her father and mother, Dr. and Mrs. Hampden C. Dubose, had gone to China in 1872 and as senior missionaries had accompanied my parents as they traveled to China by train and steamer and as they faced early problems in mission work. Dr. Dubose was a very striking-looking person. I can still remember his great white beard, which covered his whole chest. He did not have to ask respect in China. They gave it to him gladly.

Daughter Nettie returned to China as a missionary, and there in 1900 she married William F. Junkin. They were assigned to Sutsien, arriving when the work was still in its opening stages. On their first furlough home, in 1903-1904, the Junkins went to Nashville for the required physical examination by Mission Board doctors. The doctors said they could not approve Nettie's return to China. "You are suffering from chronic malaria. Also, you have incipient tuberculosis."

"I feel well enough to do my job as a wife," she said. "Why can't I go back to China?"

"If you go to China, you are just going to your death."

"If I have to die, I would very much rather die while engaged in my work in China, not while sitting around in peace and comfort

in America."

The doctors, and the Board, acceded. "If that is the way you feel, who are we to say 'No'?"

So the Junkins went back. Nettie Junkin experienced poor health, year after year, but she kept on plugging. She itinerated in the country, riding on wheelbarrows and in motorcycle side cars, and on those miserable little bug-infested boats on the canal that were available to us in Sutsien. The Junkins remained in China as missionaries until after Pearl Harbor, and finally were repatriated to the United States in 1943. They settled in Tazewell, Virginia, and continued active in the life of the church. She died there, in 1950, at the age of seventy-two.

My mother, a doctor and a fellow-missionary with the Junkins in Sutsien, overlapping with them there from 1900 until 1921, kept Nettie on her heart all the time. Nettie DuBose Junkin did what she could. She returned to the field in spite of pain and disease and fever that plagued her all of her life. She returned to the work that God had called her to do. Those of you who knew her and who know her family know that God blessed her and blessed them. Two of her children, William, Jr., and Nettie D., were to become missionaries in China and later Taiwan. Their second daughter, Agnes (Mrs. Albert G. Peery), became a Bible teacher and taught Bible in the schools of Tazewell, Virginia, where she still lives, a witness to the power of God.[2]

Some hungered In 1936 I was on furlough in Richmond, Virginia. A retired uncle of mine, Rev. William McC. Miller, compelled by circumstances to be very frugal in food and clothes, came and said, "I want to give you some money to take back to China to use for me. I won't get there, but you use it for me. I want God to know it is my money, but don't tell anybody else."

Knowing his situation, I thought that perhaps at most he would be giving me a gift of $50. He gave me a check for $500. I used it for several years as my "faith fund" for emergencies. He had eaten dry crusts, and I mean dry crusts, for many months to give this money to the Lord. He sacrificed in order to do what he could.

Some were afflicted (Heb. 11:37). I had an elder in the church in one of the villages I visited, Lu-Tsun, some forty or fifty miles from Sutsien. When I was in the church one day while itinerating, he asked me to come by his home. There he showed me his fourteen year old daughter, who was suffering from kalaazar,

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[2]Nettie Junkin's husband, William F. Junkin, preceded her in death in 1947. The two are buried side by side in Tazewell, Virginia.

a disease of the spleen. Without proper treatment, death was inevitable.

I said, "You must take this girl to the hospital." He was rather noncommittal. Other business in the church got our attention, and his daughter's sickness slipped my mind.

A few months later, when I was back in the village, I stopped by the elder's house to talk. I noticed that his daughter wasn't there, and I asked how she was. He told me she had died.

"Did you ever take her to our hospital?" I asked.

"Dr. Patterson, there was no way I could take her to your hospital. I have three other younger children. The only way I could have had the money to get away and take her to the hospital would have been to sell some of my two or three acres that give us food. We have no other income. If I had sold the land, the rest of the family would have starved. As I looked at my daughter and looked at my family, we had no other choice. It was either let her die or let the others starve. What could I do? I did the only thing that I knew to do."

He did what he could, and when he could do nothing, he accepted what had to be. But where it comes into my life is that I know that I could have used one less coat or one less shirt and have saved that little girl's life. I didn't do what I could--but he did what he could, and God knows it!

Some wrought righteousness (Heb. 11:33). In earlier years, Dr. John W. Bradley was our station doctor in Sutsien. In the early 1930's, when there was no other doctor available to serve Sutsien, Dr. Bradley insisted on coming back. His blood pressure was running much too high, and when he returned to Sutsien his physical condition had deteriorated to the danger point. As I watched him month after month, I knew that he was a sick man. When the blood pressure was too high, he would draw off a pint or two. When I asked him about it, he said, "This is the only way that I can continue to serve my God." By 1933, the realities of weakness and physical weakness had taken over. He tried to get back to the United States to seek healing, but the point of no return had passed him up. He died soon after reaching the United States.

Thank God for people that go back and keep on going back. Dr. Bradley kept on, disciplining himself in this matter until the end.

Some through faith conquered kingdoms (Heb. 11:33). Helen Bailey went to China in 1923, the same year that Frances and I went out. She came from a little town in North Carolina (her address was Calvary Community Church, Statesville, North Carolina) and, like Frances, had graduated from the Assembly's Training School,

in Richmond, Virginia. She was assigned to Sutsien, with us.

Helen was an extremely dedicated and consecrated person. Her work was itinerating in the country, where she helped me. It took some arranging in our area of north China to have a woman visiting in the field, but I was willing to make the arrangements if she was willing to go do the teaching and the visiting.

After 1931, when the finances of our Mission Board had become exceedingly strapped, Helen felt that she should resign and become a missionary "on faith." We had quite a number of missionaries who were in the field "on faith" while we were there, but Frances and I were not among them. The stipend that the Mission Board gave Frances and me to cover food and incidentals was small, but we were assured of at least that amount. Those "on faith" trusted that if God intended them to stay on the field they would receive sufficient gifts, from whatever source, to make it possible. Sometimes they received a comfortable amount. On the other hand, sometimes they had to tighten their belts, and sometimes they just gave up and quit.

So Helen resigned from our mission. She secured a Chinese woman companion and went out towards the western part of China where there were very few missionaries. She undertook to live on a little boat while groups of people came from the shore and she would teach them. She did an amazingly wonderful job of this kind and the Lord certainly blessed her work.

Her dedication became clear in 1939 when the Japanese invasion of China reached her part of China. It was a dangerous situation for any woman of any age. She was on her little boat, like a sitting duck, waiting for some drunken soldier to come and do what he pleased. She puzzled as to what to do. Even though she expected the Lord to protect her, she knew that the Lord did not expect <u>her</u> to be foolish.

She decided that the only way she could stay alive and do her work was to make herself so unattractive that not even a half-crazed soldier would think of attacking her. I'm not sure what she put on, but I'll tell you what I think it was. She mixed up flour and water and daubed it all over her face and neck and arms, and then put on the kind of clothes that would be suitable for an old, old woman. When she would greet the soldiers as they came rushing in, usually they would back off. With this dried paste, she looked like she was afflicted with leprosy.

The Chinese all knew what she was doing. In fact, some imitated her. She was able to continue her work even though the soldiers were raging all through the area of west China. She was caught between lines during World War II, unable to leave even if she had wanted to. Later, she went to the Philippines to witness for Christ, and I am told that she died there in the late 1980's.

Helen Bailey exemplifies the kind of dedication that you find in certain missionaries who, when they face death, trust the Lord and go right on ahead to see what happens!

## And What More Shall I Say?

> "And what more shall I say? For the time would fail me to tell of [those] who through faith conquered kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, out of weakness were made strong. . . . Others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea moreover of bonds and imprisonment. They were stoned, slain with the sword, destitute, afflicted, and tormented. Of [them] the world was not worthy." (Hebrews 11:32-38, KJV, abridged)

# CHAPTER X

## CHRIST AND THE HEALING OF THE SICK

When my parents went to China in the late 19th century, Western medicine had only a small part of the capabilities it has today. Doctors were able to scour open wounds to protect against infection. They could give vaccinations against smallpox. They had a serum for rabies. They had one medicine specific to a particular disease, but only one--quinine for malaria. Otherwise, they mainly had to rely on supportive therapies and bed rest for the treatment of disease.

The best guarantee of good health was to avoid contagion in the first place. All through the nineteenth century scientists had been discovering the germs which transmit diseases. So although western medicine of the time did not have much power to cure, it could warn against contagion.

My parents saw sources of contagion on every side. Just be thankful that where you live you can drink water from the spigot without fear, eat a banana without anxiety, and rub an itching eye without apprehension. People these days generally consider thumb sucking by children to be a minor matter. But my parents saw our thumbs as having been on walls and doorknobs and railings and paper money, with who knows what contagious diseases being carried along. We were constantly warned to be careful about anything that went into the mouth or into the eyes.

We knew what might happen if we were careless. I still remember the deep sense of loss that was mine, at the age of six, when I heard that Mrs. John Bradley, the wife of our station doctor, had died. Mrs. Bradley was kind and sweet and always had a cookie or a game for us. She was coming back from vacation, traveling on a canal houseboat, and had eaten a banana with a little nicked place or spoiled place in it. Some fly had put his foot into that crack in the peeling, and the banana carried the cholera germ. Cholera is a violent form of dysentery that dehydrates the person who gets it. By ten o'clock that night, Mrs. Bradley was dehydrated to the point of danger. By three o'clock in the morning, she was dead.

Flies had carried the cholera germ from the diseased person to the banana, and the germ went from the banana to Mrs. Bradley. When I was in China, all fresh fruits, fresh vegetables, and fresh water was suspect. The law of survival was to boil everything first before it reached the mouth. Any M-K (missionary kid) who did not learn this lesson well is not here today.

## Contagious Diseases

Let me give you the names of various diseases that we battled all the time in the North Kiangsu area. Sooner or later, many of our missionaries came down with one or another. We can be grateful that today in the United States these diseases are almost non-existent, and they are certainly under better control today in China than they were. But fifty or seventy-five years ago they were rampant here, and they were certainly rampant there. Most Chinese families that we knew had lost from two to five children to disease.

Tuberculosis. In our day, there is no excuse for tuberculosis to continue. There are good medicines. Nevertheless, it continues to devastate the poor and the underfed all over the world. In the China that I knew, coughing and spitting by those who had the disease was present everywhere. It blew in the dust, it lived in the walls. Our own two boys came down with it. I was rather shocked one day to realize just how much exposure I had had.

When I itinerated in the country in China, I would take along with me my own cot and bedding and food. Or, to be more precise, I had a wheelbarrow pusher who would trundle them along to the places where I was going and who would look after my personal affairs while I was visiting in the community.

My bedroom was a spare room wherever it was convenient, usually in the church. Once, for several days, I was in a room with mud brick walls, dark even at midday. I could see, though, that there were some kind of whitish trails down the wall that looked perhaps like snails had crawled up and down. In fact, I looked for snails for several days, but never saw any.

At the end of my visit I had a chance to ask the local minister what the lines were. He shrugged and said, "For the last year there was a poor old fellow in there with consumption. Those lines you saw are where he coughed and spit on the walls. We are hoping someday to get some lime and whitewash it, but we haven't had time yet."

So that was that. I didn't get tuberculosis, and the next time I slept in a different room.

We ran into such situations constantly. The people we were living among simply did not have Western ideas of hygiene and sanitation. My own two sons, Houston and Bob, both caught tuberculosis and were down with it at the same time, when they were eight and six. They caught it from a real nice woman who was working in our home. We found out why she had such a bad cough only shortly before she died. Prior to World War II there was no specific medication for tuberculosis. The boys were in bed and in their mother's care for over a year before they stopped running

daily fever.

Smallpox. When our daughter, Anne, was less than a year old, we discovered that her nurse, who looked after her and carried her around all day, was also looking after and carrying around her own six month old child each night, and that her own child was just then virulently sick with smallpox. We, of course, had previously vaccinated Anne for smallpox. But still, if there is such a thing as smallpox being contagious, that certainly opened a real good door. Smallpox was all around us. To have had Anne's nurse that closely involved with it is something that has stuck in my mind!

Amoebic dysentery. In the summer of 1940, when my son Bob was thirteen years old, I was bringing him on a train from Shanghai to Tsingtao. It was July, and it was hot, hot, hot, and the train's dining car served ice cream.

Now ice cream is made of milk, and it doesn't take much water from a contaminated source to make milk very dangerous for children. Throughout our time in China we would use milk only after it had been boiled. But the Japanese, who were in control of the trains at that time, had a reputation for high sanitary standards. Bob was "dying" for some ice cream (the choice of this word seems unfortunate, in view of what was to happen). I thought maybe it would be permissible to run the risk.

Eight or ten hours after we arrived at our summer house in Tsingtao, he came down with a dysentery that was rapidly dehydrating him. His fever shot up to $104^0$ or $105^0$, and he soon became semi-delirious. His mother quickly realized that this was no ordinary malaria. It was something devastating and deadly.

We desperately inquired all over Tsingtao for a doctor who could handle the situation. The only one that was remotely possible was a German doctor who had a private hospital, two German nurses, and some Chinese nurses that he had trained. (Tsingtao was a former German colony, and there were a good many Germans still there. In 1940, our national relations with Germany were going from bad to worse, but neither he nor we brought that up.) The doctor accepted Bob as a patient on the condition that his mother and I would leave our son with them and get out of the way.

The particular kind of amoebic dysentery that Bob had was obviously deadly and violent. In his delirium, Bob didn't even know we weren't there. When we went back to the hospital the next morning, not daring to learn the worst (there were no telephones), the nurses told us that they had stayed up all night with him because he was hovering between life and death. But the treatment took hold. He came through the disease and today is healthy and well. It was a close call. One little ice cream cone, and that was the price and the penalty.

The Chinese for millennia have used human waste as a form of organic fertilizer. It was liquified and sprayed on gardens. When every lettuce leaf and every pepper has been sprayed every few weeks during the growing season, you realize that trying to keep dysentery or cholera or other forms of parasites out of the body is something that requires a major effort.

Leprosy. Leprosy was such a dreaded disease that mission organizations in many lands established special hospitals or "colonies" for its treatment. About all that could be done was to offer the poor, deformed, outcast and dying victims a place where they could live and treatments with chaulmoogra (Bengali word) oil. It sometimes helped; it also sometimes just prolonged the agony of dying.

Early in the decade of the 1930's, I went out to one of my village churches one weekend and the preacher told me that Communion was to be served the next day and that there was a little problem which he hoped I could help him solve. This was clearly a red flag, so I asked him what the problem was. "Well," he said, "a leper has started coming to our church. Our people want to be friendly, but they are squeamish when it comes to leprosy. Tomorrow we have Communion, and everybody drinks from the same cup. If it is all right with you, I will put him by you and ask you to handle the problem for me."

I accepted this as part of my job, and chose the seat by the man at the service next day. I think I was hoping that I would get the cup first, and pass it on to him. But it didn't work that way. The elder gave him the cup first, and he passed it on to me.

With embarrassment, the secret is now to be told. This missionary noticed which side the man drank out of, carefully turned the cup around and drank from the other side, and passed the cup on to some other unsuspecting worshipper.

In self justification, let me say that leprosy is not easily contagious. People must be associated closely for up to a year to catch it, as in a family, and then sometimes they don't. So our reaction of fear about being near an actual leper was more a matter of feel than a matter of fact. Still, for some time afterward I checked my lips rather carefully to see if there were any signs of the disease.

Trachoma. This is a disease of the eye. The undersides of the eyelids become very sensitive and bleed. Eventually the scarring of the eyelids leads to a scratching of the iris, and the eye is blinded. Today there is a cure, but in those days there was none. The infection (a virus?) did not respond to medications that were then known. The only way to avoid the disease was to avoid initial infection, so our parents tried hard to keep us from ever

putting our fingers in our eyes.

In those days, and no doubt still, it was a courteous and refreshing Chinese custom, in homes or at inns, to offer guests a hot, steaming cotton towel so they could wipe off their faces and make themselves comfortable after coming in from the dusty street. However, since one knew the towel had been in the eyes of many people, some perhaps with trachoma, it was difficult to know how to handle the situation without giving offense. We learned to wipe our brows and cheeks without touching the eyes.

Malaria. Another disease that was extremely common was malaria. (The name "malaria" comes from the medieval Italian words, mal aria, meaning "bad air," or "swampy air." People in the middle ages knew that summer swamps were bad for malaria, though they didn't know why.) By the time my mother went to China, she knew as a doctor that malaria is carried by a certain kind of mosquito, the anopheles. Unfortunately, that particular kind of mosquito is found in abundance wherever you find mosquitos.

Throughout my childhood, I got malaria every spring, summer, fall. By the time I took enough quinine to hold down one attack, some generous mosquito had given me reason to have another. Actually, malaria is a generic name for a group of diseases. There is two-day malaria, three-day malaria, four-day malaria, five-day malaria, and half-day malaria. The distinctions refer to the fever cycle. Quinine does quell the disease (and today they have other drugs that are in some ways preferable). However, people today still don't want a contribution of my blood because they claim that the infection of malaria, once it gets in, stays for life.

Kalaazar. Another disease very common was kalaazar. This is located in the spleen. In case you don't know what the spleen is, you have one and it wouldn't hurt you to find out more about it in the dictionary. It is a neighbor living near your liver.

Kalaazar is a tropical disease carried by the sand mite. During most of my missionary life, there was no cure. Your abdomen swelled up and gradually turned blue and then turned white and then you died.

Our hospital in Sutsien finally got hold of a cure, and we were the only place in a district of two million people where there was any hope for a person with this illness.

Bubonic plague. Another disease that was very common in the summertime was bubonic plague. This is carried by rats because rats carry fleas. Fleas that are carried on rats jump on humans, and they are the host for the bubonic plague virus or germ or whatever. It is very hard to avoid fleas, so our best hope was to avoid areas where the plague was spreading.

Cholera. Cholera was a violent and virulent form of dysentery. I have already mentioned Mrs. Bradley's death by cholera. A main cause for cholera epidemics was a contaminated water supply. It was also carried by flies, because flies put their feet in everything and anything.

Every time I took a trip in China during my eighteen years of service, I carried along a bag with about a quart of kaopectate. Kaopectate is a kind of powdered clay. If and when we came down with cholera, and it wasn't difficult to diagnose, we would load up on clay. Otherwise, all liquids would drain out of one's system within four or five hours. Eventually we got an antitoxin for cholera, but in my early days there no medication of any kind. If you caught it, you probably died unless you had your clay.

Diphtheria. This was quite common. I had it myself once. I was out at a village church, and I woke up one morning and found myself hardly able to breathe. After sleeping and tossing on my cot for two days, I finally got strength to find my way back to Hsuchowfu. Dr. A. A. McFadden, the station doctor there, diagnosed it for me. How could I know that there seemed to be a white fungus growing on my tonsils? If I could have looked down my own throat, I might have known what the trouble was. Diphtheria today is under control, but in those days it wasn't.

Typhus. This is another vicious fever. The method of transmission is by body lice. When we would go out to distribute famine relief, it was impossible not to come in contact with somebody that was carrying lice. There was no immunization for typhus, so we had to try to avoid picking up the lice. We would tie our sleeves securely, put on a tight necktie, tie our pants at the ankles, and then spray kerosene oil over all these spots, hoping that if contaminated lice got on us they would get discouraged when they tried to walk through the kerosene oil fumes. (Speaking of cultural differences, I wonder what those country people thought of our get-up!) In most cases we lived to tell the tale. I did.

Venereal disease. Venereal disease was rampant in China, of course, just as it is everywhere. Usually missionaries were spared catching venereal disease because they were not supposed to conduct themselves in a way that would expose them to this particular risk. However, you realized that every time you picked up a hot washrag or every time you slept on a hotel pillow that somebody else had used, there was danger of contagion of one kind or another.

## Valetudinarianism

Some of you will think I am trying to "pull your leg" in using this seventeen-letter word. However, this particular word happens to suit our theme.

There are people in America who are almost irrational in their

fear of diseases and dirt of any kind. If you transport these people to China, they still have the same mentality. In fact, some of the earlier missionaries were so irrational in their fear of germs that they couldn't carry on their mission work at all. The mission board in America eventually learned to evaluate candidates carefully on this point before sending them out.

People living in China needed to be alert but not psychotic. If we had done nothing but spend all our days worrying about the possibility of contracting some disease, we would have been better off to leave the mission field, go back home, and start plowing corn and milking cows.

I'm very happy to report that my immediate family escaped everything except tuberculosis, diphtheria, malaria, amoebic dysentery, impetigo and various other skin infections, and trachoma (my brother, Paul). We have always thanked God that boiling water was able to handle most things, good disinfectants were able to handle many things, and avoiding contagion was able to handle many things. And when all is said and done, trusting the mercy of God helped us many, many times.

## Medical Missions

Some of you who read these pages will have heard someone, probably someone who has never been a missionary, explaining that old-time missionaries were interested only in "saving souls" and that therefore they had no concern for the welfare in the present world of the people to whom they were supposed to minister.

Let me agree, right on the front end, that I, and the missionaries with whom I was closely associated, were in mission work because we thought that spiritual need is primary. But what happens when you minister to people's spiritual need? In every instance that I knew of, when a Chinese person became a born-again Christian, he or she became healthier, happier, better dressed, more influential, better off financially. Don't ask me how it happened, but that was the way it worked. I think God had a hand in it.

The missionaries I knew worked hard to try to help people's "this-worldly" welfare. After all, Jesus himself fed the hungry and healed the sick. So, since we are speaking of health, what did missionaries, and the Chinese Christian Church as a whole, do to help sick people and to improve public health?

The small group of pioneer missionaries that opened up the Sutsien station included two medical doctors--my mother and Dr. Nettie Grier. In a few years, Dr. Grier moved on to Hsuchowfu and Dr. John Bradley came to Sutsien. It was he who oversaw the building of our missionary hospital at the south end of town--a building that was used to minister to the needs of the sick during

my time as a missionary, that was to be taken over by the Japanese and later by the communists, and that I am confident is still being used for the health needs of the Sutsien community.

From the very beginning, missionaries began to train Chinese nurses. By 1902, Dr. Bradley also had two Chinese medical students training to become physicians. By 1905, itinerant clinics, staffed by Chinese practitioners, were going to the outlying areas around Sutsien. Later, when my brother Norman came to Sutsien as station doctor, he brought in the latest methods of surgery and medicine. He pioneered treatment for kalaazar. He continued to recruit and train Chinese staff. Before he left in 1936, he set up a private electric generator and was able use an X-ray machine.

Norman, and really all of us, worked hard in the field of public health and preventive medicine. Why inoculate babies against smallpox? Why drink only boiled water? How does one disinfect a flesh wound? How can one rid clothing of lice? Why cook fresh produce, and peel fruit? Why is it important for people on poverty-level diets to eat brown rice instead of polished rice?

What else did we missionaries do to try to help people? We started grade schools and high schools for girls and for boys. (In Sutsien, Miss Mada McCutchan and Mr. Hugh McCutchan worked especially in this area.) The two year course in the Women's Bible School that Frances operated helped women to learn to read as well as to learn about the Bible.

We helped with many social needs. In schools, we trained men to become masons and carpenters. We had programs for distributing seeds to farmers. We worked hard to end the custom of crippling little girls by the binding their feet. Through the Women's Bible School, we helped women to find employment. Some of the young people were convinced that learning English would help them to get ahead in life, and through our schools we helped with that. In schools and churches we taught people about the meaning of Christian homes.

When floods and famines struck, we did our best to help. One of my earliest recollections is carrying flour for famine relief. At the level of national policy, we opposed opium traffic, banditry, and the downgrading of women, in whatever ways were available to us.

As far as I know, the hospital we built in Sutsien is still in use. And even more important than buildings, the <u>people</u> we trained in medicine in our mission work were able to continue the fight against disease after missionaries were expelled (1949). God intends for people to live in health. It is my prayer to God that the fight against disease may increasingly be victorious for the people of Sutsien.

# CHAPTER XI

## LANGUAGES

One of the greatest difficulties for Westerners in China is the Chinese language. It is so entirely different from English that to the English-speaker's ear it sounds impossible to reproduce, duplicate, or pronounce. The only comparison to make between Chinese and English is that both languages are formed by the human voice, spoken through the human mouth, and meant to convey ideas that are generated in the human mind. But the language itself, for English speakers, is utterly unfamiliar! One result is that most American government officers assigned to China or business people going to China do not even try to learn the language. They rely on interpreters.

When Frances and I went out, the normal pattern was for missionaries to spend the remainder of their lives in their chosen field, so they made a real effort to learn the people's language. Frances and I spent our first year in China studying it, in Peking.

### The Chinese Language

Growing up in China as a child, I accepted without question my environment, and it had been no trouble for me to learn Chinese. In fact it was easier to talk Chinese than it was to talk English. For one thing, it was monosyllabic. (Compare that with Russian, English, German!) Chinese was the first language I spoke, beginning about age two. When I began to speak English at about age three or four, it was only because that is what my parents taught me. When I returned to China in 1923, I had forgotten much of my Chinese vocabulary, but I had no problem hearing and pronouncing words. My mouth and vocal chords were attuned to making the Chinese sounds. My ears could pick them up because they were familiar from childhood.

The written language was something else. When we were children, my father had realized that we had a great deal of afternoon time with nothing to do and he decided to have us learn some Chinese script. Would that he had been more insistent! Some of my good friends in China, of my own age, were able to read simple Chinese by the time they left to return to America. This always remained a futile hope for me. Among my friends, Pearl Buck was the only one who really had this skill. If I had learned as a child to read Chinese, it would have made a real difference in my understanding of what was going on in the thinking of the populace.

The Chinese spoken language is based upon what we call tone.

If you will listen for your tone when you hit your thumb with a hammer, you will understand something of what we mean by the word. Spoken English uses different levels of sound to mean different things, as in the various tones we use when we say the word "Hello" (neutral "hello"; questioning "hel-LO?"; startled "HEL-lo!" etc.) But in Chinese the very meaning of <u>every</u> word is determined by the tone in which it is spoken.

An adult learning Chinese finds it very difficult to learn how to talk this new way. But a child growing up in the culture finds the tone language to be perfectly natural.

## <u>Pictographic Writing</u>

The characters we think of as Chinese have now spread throughout Eastern Asia. In Japan, for example, one sees Chinese characters all over the place--in the names of stores, in the titles of books, on movie theater signs. When my father, who could write Chinese fairly well, evacuated to Japan during the communist upheaval of 1927, he was able to communicate with the people in the stores by writing Chinese characters.

How far back in history do the Chinese characters that we use today reach? A person who knew only today's characters would find characters written two thousand years ago, at the time of Christ, difficult to decipher but not impossible. If you go back another five hundred years, to the time of Confucius, the characters then in use would require special knowledge for a person of today to read, almost as if it were a different language. But notice that I said "almost." The highly pictographic characters of that day provide the fundamentals for the characters modern people still use.[1]

You can readily recognize the picture meaning still contained in some of the simpler characters. For example:

A <u>human</u> has two legs--which differentiates the human from cattle and horses. The Chinese symbol is simply two lines separated like two legs.

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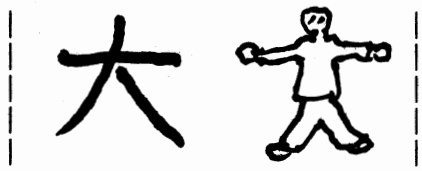
[1]If any of you readers feel yourself beginning to become hypercritical and smug, just try reading Anglo-Saxon literature of a mere one thousand years ago!



When they wanted to write the word for big, they took a human and stretched the arms out with two fists. One cross line and two legs made the character.

If they wanted to write a character for heaven, they carried the same symbolism still further. They took the human with outstretched arms, meaning "big," and put a cross-stroke on top of that: "The great big canopy that's up on top."

And so we have in these pictographs the original basis for much of their writing.

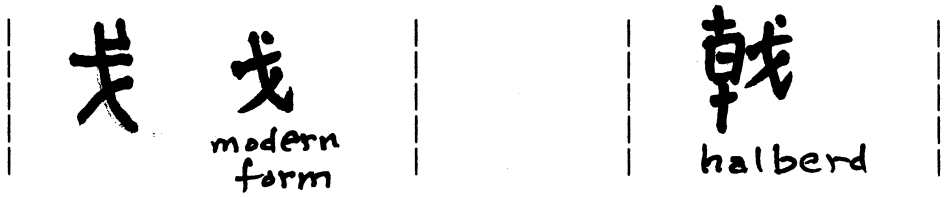
Components of characters. As the writing system grew more complex, most characters came to be interpreted in three distinct ways. You might think of each character as two component parts, and then as one whole character. (1) One component, the classifier, gives a general indication of meaning. (2) The other component, the phonetic, gives a general indication of sound. Finally, (3) the two parts put together, the character as a whole, sometimes yields a pattern which you can interpret as picturing the character's specific meaning.

(1) Classifiers. The classifier gives you a hint as to what the character means. For example:


If the character has to do with God or Divinity, there is a classifier called shih which we may translate "influx from heaven," that is, auspicious sign revealing the will of heaven. Though there is some uncertainty about the literal meaning of the ancient symbol, our illustration of it may show a three-legged altar table with a sacrifice or incense on top. The modern form is simply what rapid brush-writing has done to the ancient form. In our example, "pray," the classifier makes up the left side of the character.

(The rest of the character, the "phonetic," has nothing to do with the meaning, "pray," but rather gives a clue about the sound with which the Chinese say the word.)


If the character has to do with grasses of the field, trees, living plants, the classifier ts'ao shows a picture of a couple of plants.




If the character has to do with armaments and fighting men, the classifier kuo shows a kind of sword, with a hook or crescent on the top, a cross bar, and a halter for hanging.

Two thousand years ago, Chinese philologists arranged the entire body of their written characters (fifty thousand?) under two hundred and fourteen of these classifiers. Changes in language over time often now have made their original choice of certain classifiers puzzling. But many more are the times that the classifiers will still tell you at a glance the general idea of the character.

(2) Phonetics. A second and important component of the written character gives a hint about the sound or vocalization. As we have already noted, philologists call this component the "phonetic." Here again, the passing of time often has made the phonetic symbols obsolete. Still, the phonetic indicator, combined with the classifier and with the context in which the character appears, often will clue you in on the meaning of a character you don't know.

(3) The character as a whole. When you put the classifier and the phonetic together, that gives you the character as a whole. Taken as a whole, the character often lends itself to an abstract or allegorical interpretation. Chinese scholars loved to do this, and Christian Chinese scholars sometimes did it from a Christian point of view with remarkable results. We often were able to use their suggestions in preaching and teaching. For instance:


Their character for "boat" is made up of three parts: a "life raft," a symbol for "persons," and the number "eight." Every time the Chinese write the letter for boat it contains these three elements. This goes back to the one time when God saved eight people: the ark which Noah built. Through thousands of years, God's testimony was hidden in this character for those to understand the secret who knew God's Word.


Another historical record preserved for us in the age-old Chinese character is their way of writing "righteousness." When we sing the hymns, "Saved by the Blood of the Lamb" or "The Old Rugged Cross," we are saying that Jesus, the Lamb of God, stands between us and eternal death. In Old Testament days, people offered the lamb as a sin offering for the purpose of being righteous before God. The lamb in the Old Testament, the Lamb of God in the New Testament, stood between me and God's judgments and made me righteous. Believe it or not, the Chinese character for "righteousness" is made of two parts: <u>The Lamb</u> on top, and <u>Me</u> underneath. Imagine these characters, which date back to the time of Abraham and before, keeping for us this witness to God's method of salvation.

The character for "home" used to be a roof plus a pig under it. Christians have changed this character now to a roof with God under it!

If you have a good visual memory, enabling you to recall pictures distinctly, you would make a good Chinese scholar. There are no more than a few dots, squares, half-moons, straight lines, and other things that they put together into these pictographs. When they combine them, they form unlimited thousands of perfectly comprehendible pictures. Then you memorize the characters and pronounce them.

It sounds simple. But, "Woe is me!" I have tried, tried, tried, usually ending up a despairing visionary flat on my face. However, give me some credit with the epitaph on my tombstone, "He kept on trying!"

## The Language of Cursing

Learning a language is more than just learning the words that dictionaries recognize. Many of our missionaries did not know any Chinese curse words at all. The language teachers were simply embarrassed to include them in our language lessons. The only people I knew who understood curse words were those who had grown up in China and knew the language natively. As a child I had no trouble knowing which words my parents found unacceptable, and I had no trouble understanding the curse words.

Why is it that curse words in our country usually deal with God and Christ, whereas Chinese curse words deal almost altogether with one's mother and one's ancestors? I suppose it is just a fact of life that people created the language of cursing by drawing on things they hold sacred. When we want to curse in America, we take over words from our religious life and use them to express personal hatreds. Chinese, too, use words from the area of life they consider most important when they want to beat someone over the head. For them, that means primarily ancestors.

When the Chinese curse, you don't hear them calling on God or threatening damnation. What you hear is ni mama, "Your Mother!" If you hear that on the street as the beginning of a sentence, you can be sure the end of the sentence will be a disreputable reference to the person's birth. I have listened to Chinese curse one another steadily for thirty minutes, hardly stopping to take a breath.

One day I was called on to baptize a young man of about thirty and receive him into the church. After the service, the minister asked me to accompany the young man home and let him introduce me to his mother. Along the way, both of them warned me that the mother was elderly, had a rotten disposition, was very short tempered, and that I had better expect the worst.

The walk to his home was about a mile. As soon as the woman caught sight of her son in company with the minister and me, she put her hands on her hips and started cursing the young man, from the south pole to the north star and all in between. How? She started off with "ni mama." Of course, the fact that ni mama was the same as herself didn't seem to cause any conflict in her mind. She said ni mama is a dog, ni mama is a cat, ni mama is a weasel, ni mama is a prostitute for bandits, ni mama is the vilest whelp on the street, ni mama is the devil himself. She went on for about sixty minutes--without a breath, or at least not one I detected.

After a while, I just said, "My good friend, you sound like you're upset."

That teed her off for another twenty minutes.

"My dear lady," I said, "what is it that is so upsetting to you?"

She turned on me: "That miserable skunk that calls himself my son has joined your church. Now there will be no one to put food and money out to keep my spirit happy in the next world, and I will be a beggar when I go to be with my ancestors!"

Well, she was having a total spasm. I didn't know what to do. She was making life very hard for this young man, but there was no way to talk to her. Finally I realized that something had to be done, so I stuck my neck out. "Lady," I said, "what you want your son to do doesn't have to be done by him at all."

She stopped her tirade and glared at me and snapped, "What do you mean?"

"You want him to burn paper money so it will be waiting for you in the next life. Why get all upset? You can burn it yourself and it will be there waiting for you. Just go uptown where you can get thousands of dollars of devil money [that's what they called it] for a dollar or two. Go to the place where you will be buried, burn the money, and let the spirits collect it. Then when you get there it will be waiting for you."

She narrowed her eyes and looked at me for several minutes and didn't say one word. I thought perhaps I had finally made a point. But I was mistaken. After a pause she raised her head and said, "No, no, no!"

I asked, "What's wrong?"

"Of course I'm not going to send my money in advance of my arrival. All those little devils running around know who I am, and they will take that money. And when I get there, there won't be a red copper left."

I do not know whatever happened to that man or that woman. She, I know, is long since dead. As for her money, I will let the little devils argue it out with her. One thing I do know is that she demonstrated really well the curse-function of language, Chinese style!

## The Language of Nonsense

Mr. Martin Hopkins, a missionary friend and a faculty associate at the North China Theological Seminary during my year in Tenghsien, had given serious study to the Chinese language and was really an excellent sinologist. Occasionally we would walk together into the town of Tenghsien. Once we saw a group of people gathered around a street entertainer who was trying to collect a little money from a monkey act. Everybody laughed as he talked to

his monkey and put it through its contortions. But Mr. Hopkins could see nothing the least bit funny in what was being said and couldn't even make sense of it. Finally he turned to me and asked, "Pat, how in the world can you see anything funny in what has no sense?"

I laughed. "The reason you don't see anything funny is that all you know of Chinese is what you have studied in books. They don't put puns in books. If you knew Chinese from the grassroots like I had to as a kid, you would have no trouble at all."

The Chinese language happens to lend itself particularly well to the making of puns. It was no surprise that everybody around the entertainer found his palaver to be so entertaining. But maybe Mr. Hopkins really wasn't very deprived in not being able to understand the puns--you can be sure that they were not spiritually elevating!

During my life as a missionary, Chinese friends or acquaintances would often invite me to attend a feast or some other kind of gathering where after dinner speeches were in order. My Chinese friends seemed to be easily able to make impromptu speeches that would cause laughter. But my anecdotes and jokes on these occasions, particularly in my earlier years in China, seemed all too often to fall flat. It upset me no end. After a while I realized that what I was doing was trying to take an English language joke and tell it in Chinese. Much, if not most, humor depends on some form of pun. But a pun doesn't translate into another language.

If you tell a joke that is based on some human situation that happens anywhere in the world, you can be fairly sure it will go across, even if you have to translate the language. Even so, when you are crossing between two cultures, you have to be very careful. It is humiliating to finish your story, expecting to see people laugh, and then just have them hang an open mouth.

The following little story, if told to the right audience, will almost always brings a laugh. The story claims to relate the experience of a relatively new missionary trying to learn how to adapt himself to local situations.

You must first mentally transport yourself to a congested city in China and realize what they face. When there is no sewage system, waste has to be carted out in some way. Night soil is usually carried off in liquid form in big wooden barrels. Sanitary workers push the barrels through the streets on wheelbarrows until they get outside the city walls. Then they either dump it into a depression or sell it to somebody that wants to spray garden vegetables.

Pushing that wheelbarrow over the bumps that are normal to

stone-paved city streets in China can be rather hazardous to passersby if they do not take precautions against splashing. Therefore, the wheelbarrow pusher customarily calls out loudly, "Fen shui! Fen shui!" ("Sewage water! Sewage water!")

The new missionary of our story saw that when this phrase was called out, the crowd would quietly part and move to the side. Where there had been great marketplace congestion, mirabile dictu, there would now be open space. So the missionary said to himself, "Ah, ha! I have found the secret word for asking people to open up a passageway."

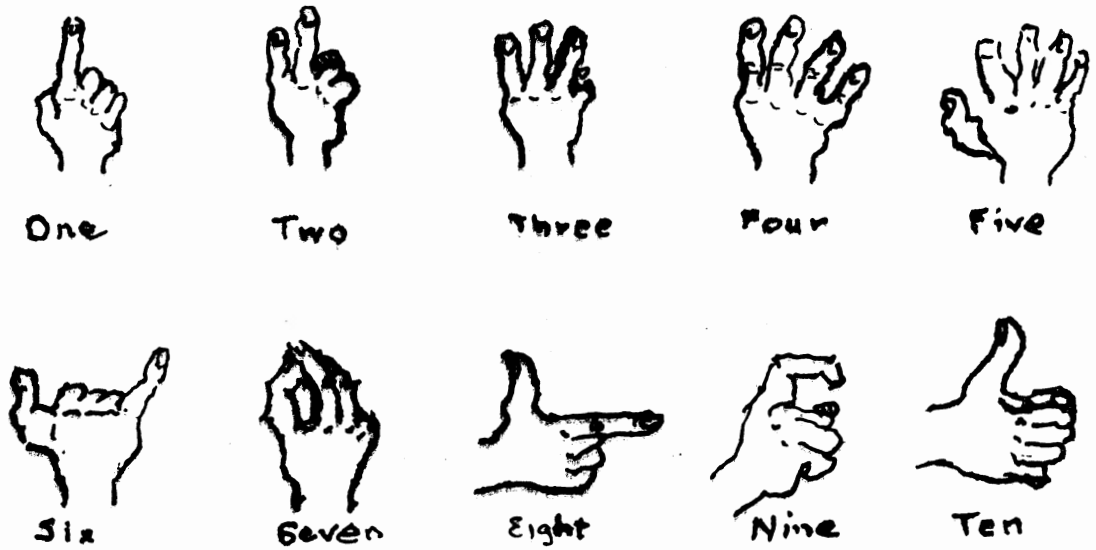
Whenever he found himself blocked by a crowd as he walked along, he started yelling at the top of his voice, "Fen shui!" Sure enough, the crowd would part and he could walk through. He came back and told his fellow missionaries what a wonderful discovery he had made. No longer would he be bumped by so many people, because when he yelled those magic words, everybody stepped aside without even looking. . . .

Well, if you tell that story to a group of missionaries who have been struggling for years to try to learn Chinese, it really strikes home. But I warn you in advance, don't try telling it in America. It won't cause even a ripple of mirth.

## Finger Language

What does it mean when people refuse to say certain forms of speech in words? The Chinese always count on their fingers when they are bargaining over price. They will not say a price to you, but will show it with their fingers.

I found their finger language for numbers to be quite convenient for me personally was when I was teaching a class, or in



some other situation where I wanted to remember a number. I would put it on my fingers, and then forget it until needed.

Do you want to know how to make numbers with your fingers? Well, the hand has five fingers, so there are the first five. For "six," you hold out your thumb and little finger, and fold the other three fingers down. "Seven" is when you bring your thumb and first two fingers together into a point. "Eight" is your thumb and index finger held out, and the others folded in. "Nine" is when you take you index finger and curl it, making something that looks like a "nine" and that <u>is</u> a "nine." "Ten" is simply the index finger held up. The idea is that if you don't have the sense enough to know the difference between a "one" and "ten" and "a thousand," then just go ahead and be a dumbbell.

## <u>The Language of Angels</u>

If there is any place in the world where you would not expect to find glossolalia,[2] it is China. Stoic demeanor, reserve, and self-control are strongly characteristic of Chinese culture. On the surface you would think that no Chinese church group would have any desire to receive the gift of tongues. But the unbelievable happened. In the 1920's and 1930's, groups who were talking strangely and acting strangely and claiming that God had given them the gift of a special language began to infiltrate our churches, from the middle of Kiangsu Province on up into Shantung Province.

Ever since the first century, some sincere Christians have deeply desired the gift of speaking with tongues (I Cor. 14:1-33; Acts 2:4-11). In the early church, there were factions who claimed special spiritual superiority because they had this gift. I have no personal fight with any people who claim that the Spirit of God leads them to speak with tongues. It is only when they use this gift as a way of beating me over the head that I tend to take exception.

Our earliest records of Christians speaking in tongues show that it was a gift of the Holy Spirit. Paul made it clear that to be filled with the Spirit means that a person is loving, concerned, helpful, willing to let his or her life be a blessing to others (Gal. 5:22-23; see also I Cor. 13). So when people use glossolalia to boost their own ego, I have sincere misgivings.

A stranger came one night to one of the churches where I was. Afterwards he asked to talk to me, and I readily agreed. He told me that what he wanted particularly was to get me started speaking in tongues. "You will be a better minister. You will be in

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[2]Derived from two Greek words, "tongue" and "speech, dialect." The word means "speaking in tongues," or "speaking in the tongues-dialect."

the hand of God. God will be able to speak more easily through you. Just let me show you how you can talk with tongues."

"Well," I said, "I don't feel the need for it, but if you want to, just go ahead."

"Kneel down. I will pray, and you do as I say. You must say exactly what I say, and it won't be long before you are talking in tongues."

So he bowed his head and started by saying, in Chinese, "Hosanna! Praise the Lord! Hosanna! Praise the Lord," over and over, faster and faster. After about five minutes, his mouth was getting so twisted that he didn't know whether "hosanna" came first or last, or whether "praise" came before "the Lord" or afterwards. He got so totally confused that he just took off and started babbling.

When he got up, he asked, "Dr. Patterson, did you do what I did?"

"You speeded up to the point where you couldn't pronounce very distinctly," I answered, "and when you slipped over into some sounds that I wasn't able to follow, I couldn't say what you were saying."

He wasn't discouraged. "Dr. Patterson, you will find that if you practice doing that, you will soon be talking the language of angels."

All I had to do was say something over and over again until my lips and tongue and larynx didn't vocalize properly, and I would be speaking in tongues.

Here is another illustration. A certain Mr. Chu, from Shantung Province, had come to one of my country churches and was trying to teach all its members how to speak in tongues. Being good, practical country people, they asked him what this language was that he was teaching them. He told them it was La-ding. (That threw me for a while until I realized that "La-ding" was the Chinese way of saying "Latin." If you will take the word, "Latin," and change t to d, you will see what he was saying.)

I listened to him for a while, and then I said, "Mr. Chu, I have studied Latin for six years, and I have to tell you that what you are saying does not sound like Latin."

He answered: "I have no control over what you may think. But what I am saying, and what I have learned from my teacher, is that La-ding is what the Lord would like his people to use, and particularly those who are sensitive enough to enjoy the Kingdom of Heaven. Even though you do not understand this language, the

Holy Spirit understands. So if you can teach all the people in your church to speak it, you will be cooperating with the Holy Spirit."

## Excursus

## Chinese Loanwords in English

### Some Loanwords from Chinese

amah: "nurse"
chop, chop: "fast, fast"
chop suey: "miscellaneous pieces"
chow dog: "dog" dog
chow mien: "fried wheat"
coolie: "hard laborer"
gung ho: "good to the highest degree," top effort
jinrikisha: "man-powered vehicle"
kowtow: "knock one's head on the ground," grovel
tofu: "bean curd"
typhoon: "big wind"
wok: "pan," frying pan
yin/yang: metaphysical symbols, "feminine/masculine"
zen: "meditation," Japanese form of the Chinese word ch'an

As I have learned more about English and Chinese and other languages over the years, various things have been of great interest to me. English, of course, incorporates many loanwords from Latin and Anglo-Saxon and French. Someone might wonder if it has taken over any Chinese words this way. The answer is that it has--but only a very few! Probably the average English speaker uses no more than a dozen or so Chinese-derived words.

One example is typhoon. It means a hurricane in the South China Sea. "Typhoon" is simply the two Chinese words, ta feng, meaning "big wind." When old Portuguese sailors started going to South China, they asked some of the local sailors on board what that thing was that was blowing their ship to pieces. The Chinese said, "It's a big wind," and they got the word typhoon. Portuguese taught the word to Anglo-Indians, and from the Anglo-Indians the word came into general use in English.

Another example: Lake Tahoe (southeast of Yellowstone Park). Chinese Ta Hu means "Big Lake." It is clear that during one of the ice ages there was a land link between Asia and North America across the Berring Strait, and that American Indians came originally from Asia. Until it is proven otherwise to me, I believe that the name for Lake Tahoe still embodies a linguistic recollection.

By the way, do you know where the word coolie comes from? Etymological dictionaries say it comes from the Hindi quli. But I know what it means in China. It is a combination of two words in Chinese, one meaning bitter (ku) and the other meaning work (li)--"bitter work." Most of the labor done by farmers and by

factory hands was without question both hard and bitter. Their pay was what one man could live on for one day. If they got more, they were particularly pleased. If they got less, all they could do was not work and starve. I have seen rikisha pullers without sufficient clothing running and pulling somebody for an hour, and then being left out in the cold, slowly freezing. The customer would pay the puller a minimum amount and then go inside to enjoy warmth and friendship and food. China in those days had no labor unions or government standards about wages. So when we refer in Chinese to bitter labor, "coo-lee," we are talking about hardship and desperation.

# CHAPTER XII

## PREACHER PROBLEMS

You cannot be a minister in the United States without having headaches. They come from many angles: fellow ministers, city politics, newspapers. If you become a missionary, you might think that you would spend all your time on your knees, but actually you will spend much of your time nursing your headaches. Let me give you some illustrations in this chapter of some of the things that missionaries face.

### Bigamy And Beyond

Three times and you're out! There was a nice church in a nice community about thirty-five miles from Sutsien that I enjoyed going to very much. In the community was a young and attractive business man by whom I was very much impressed. He was clean, intelligent, aggressive, able to handle difficult situations, and had a good business. But just when I was hoping I could receive him into the church, one of my colleagues, Helen Bailey,[1] held a Bible class for women in that community. She came back and told me that I had better be careful, this man had two wives.

The next time I was out at his town, I asked him to come around and talk. We looked for a private spot, but there is no such thing in China. There is someone looking at you morning, noon, and night. The only reason they don't look down your throat is because you sometimes keep your mouth shut. I told him that I was sorry, but that with two wives it was difficult for me to receive him into the church as a full-fledged member.

He responded that the reason he had two wives was that the first wife had given him no son, and he was hoping the second one would. (In China, property, money, assets and liabilities, go to the first-born son.) "Someone needs to inherit the store. Someone has to look after the mother, if something happens to me. So I thought the wise, the kind, the responsible thing to do was to get a second wife." Actually, the Chinese Presbytery had taken an action that allowed a church to receive a person with two wives if the marriage to the second took place before the person became Christian. So I received him and thought everything was fine.

The only trouble was that I didn't know as much as I thought I did. The next time I went out to the town, the minister told me that my friend with the two wives now had three. I asked the man to come talk, and he came by, very gracious and friendly. "Dr.

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[1] I told something of Helen's life and faith earlier, Chap. IX.

Patterson, you really don't understand my problem. I have been up against a hopeless situation. My second wife had a child last year, and it was a girl. That didn't help at all. I was hoping she would conceive again, but she hasn't. I thought the only way I could plan for my demise was to have another wife who could give me another child, a male."

I said, "I understand your problems. But let me put it this way, I have a problem too. People are snickering at me because I thought you were not going to take another wife, and you did. You make my face look ashamed. I don't like to lose face any more than you do."

"I hadn't thought of it that way," he replied. "But my third wife is an accomplished fact, and I think she's pregnant, and I hope she will bring me a male heir. I know you will take my name off the roll, but may I keep attending church and keep contributing?"

I said, "You're welcome to, but you cannot consider yourself an enrolled member, or vote on church business."

"That's all right," he said. "I know that the Lord would understand and put my name on the roll if I could talk to him."

The God of Abraham. The daughter of one of our ministers, a beautiful high school girl, found a teaching job in a neighboring town and seemed to be happily located. She lived in the church. The minister also lived in the church. But the minister's wife was back on the farm. Human nature being what it is, the pair in the church decided to live together. Why use two beds when one would work?

I heard that he had married the young teacher. He put out word all over the country that his first wife had died, but I just happened to know that this was not true. So I let that fact out, in ways that I was perfectly confident would get back to him.

He was furious. He wrote me a letter a yard long, saying that he believed in the God of Abraham and I didn't. Abraham had concubines, so why should I come from America and tell him he could not have a second wife when Abraham could?

What was I to say? You tell me the answer to this one.

## One Preacher Too Many

Weddings in China, along with funerals, are occasions when a family must splurge, even if it is left pauperized. A proud old elder in one of my churches, the mayor of the village, was marrying off his son. Arrangements between the groom and bride had been made when the children were babies. In the meantime, the mayor and

his family had become Protestant Christians, and the girl's family had become Roman Catholic.

All the guests had been notified of the wedding. Food had been bought, and the cooks had arrived to prepare the feast. Tables had been borrowed, chairs arranged. The yard and the rooms had been swept and new red paper mottoes pasted on the door panels and lintels. Fire crackers had been stashed away for the arrival of the bride and coolies employed to carry the bride from her home to that of the groom. The bedroom for the bride and groom had been refurbished with whitewash, colored banners, and new doors.

But when the great and final day came, there was a hitch. The father of the groom had his protestant Presbyterian marrying parson present for the ceremony, and the father of the bride had overstepped protocol and showed up with a Catholic priest to do the job. Obviously, with two stubborn characters having their authority challenged and the "face" of their church threatened, the situation was slipping past the point of friendly communication to unfriendly confrontation and angry confusion.

My good old elder saw the difficulty, and with the will of a John Knox and the wisdom of a Solomon he stood up and announced to the wedding crowd: "The bride has come. Continue your feasting. God made man and woman long before the church got around to making her ecclesiastical rules. Take the bride and groom and lock them in the rooms prepared. As of tomorrow morning, I pronounce them man and wife."

It was so done. Everybody was happy as they guzzled the goodies and celebrated the happy nuptials; and the last I heard they were living happily ever afterward.

## A Burned Church and a Lesson Learned

I was at home in my Sutsien office, one morning, when a minister from Tsao Hu, a town about fifteen miles up the canal, walked in. He was accompanied by a rather questionable looking character (at least, in retrospect I think he was questionable looking). The minister said, "Dr. Patterson, this is Mr. Tu. He has just moved to our town. He heard the church had some space it wasn't using, and he thought it would be a splendid idea if he could rent the back half for his own use, and help look after the building."

The preacher seemed to be sincere in his recommendation. And the Tu fellow seemed to be honest enough to be trusted. So I said, "Okay, as far as I am concerned." The two went off.

Not long after, someone came and told me there were problems in the church at Tsao Hu. The man to whom I had rented the back half of the property was a local gangster, a criminal much feared by everybody, and he was using the back half of the church as a

brothel. It wasn't long before I saw the minister of Tsao Hu again, and I read him the riot act. "Why didn't you warn me? Since you got me into this, now I want to ask you to straighten it up!"

He looked at me with an expression of aggrieved embarrassment. "Didn't I sit here, right in the presence of Mr. Tu, and recommend him to you? If he had been anything but a dangerous individual, do you think I would have spoken openly before his face? When I realized that you did not ask me on the q.t., afterwards, whether everything was on the up and up, then there was nothing left for me to do but accept your judgment."

I realized that I was the goat. Business rentals are always handled by a trusted middle man, in China, and I had consented to this property rental with no middle man and no behind-the-scenes consultations. I asked my ministerial colleague if he could handle the problem, but he said there was no way, his life would be on the line.

So I prayed and mulled and stewed. I wrote a letter to Mr. Tu, but he just shrugged it off. So I got on my motorcycle and went to the church. Mr. Tu was not at the church, but the whole back yard was occupied by various young women in brightly colored clothes. They had a certain come-hither look which made their profession obvious.

Since Tu himself was not there, I decided to put on an act that I knew would be remembered and quoted. I stamped my feet, I waved my arms, and I shouted with my voice: "I wrote him to get out, and he hasn't done it. Now I'm going to officials. I'm going to the American consul. I'm going to national leaders of the church in China." And I probably made other threats that I can't remember now. The girls stood around smiling at me, but I knew they would remember and quote everything I had said. So I got on my motorcycle and came home.

Well, Mr. Tu and his entourage moved out. But that wasn't the end of the story. Three or four days later, Tu walked into my front yard in Sutsien, got down on his knees and butted his head on the ground, and said, "Dr. Patterson, you must let me have that property. It's as much as my life is worth. I must have it!"

With what is referred to among preachers as righteous indignation, I pushed him out the front gate and told him, "Get out! Get out now! And stay out!" Then I told the gatekeeper to bolt the gate and not let that scoundrel in again.

I now realize that I handled Mr. Tu wrongly. I should have invited him into the house, served him tea and cookies, and talked to him until he dozed away and had to go find some place to sleep. I should at all costs have avoided giving the appearance of insult-

ing his dignity. Before very long, I was to learn this lesson.

About a month later I went to the Tsao Hu church for several days to hold morning and evening services. Mr. Tu was prominent in the audience, both times. After the night service on the second or third night, I headed for bed in a back corner of the church yard. I hardly had gotten under the covers when I saw a red glow that was obviously a fire. I jumped up, pulled on some clothes, ran out, and saw that the straw roof of the church was in flames from one end to the other. I rushed out, yelling "Fire!" I had hardly yelled it when a man came in the front gate of the church yard, carrying a bucket of water. As he got close, I realized it was Tu. He stopped and said to me, "Isn't it terrible that there is a fire? When I saw the disaster, the first thing that I thought of was to fill a bucket and rush over and see if I couldn't help you put it out." Then he smirked at me, poured the water on the ground, and walked away. That was the last I saw of him.

The church roof was destroyed. I was thankful that I had enough money put aside in reserves to buy new roofing poles and straw, so the life of the church could go on. Mr. Tu had gotten his retaliation. Apparently he considered it sufficient, because as far as I know he never tried to injure me personally, or my family. And me? I had learned my lesson. Whatever you do, particularly if you are dealing with somebody's public reputation, you can be sure of retaliation. It is a deep-seated and instinctive reaction.

## The Wisdom of Innocence

It isn't hard to think of examples of my ignorance in trying to work with Chinese churches. But one time, for sure, I was saved through ignorance. When the poet Thomas Gray wrote, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'Tis folly to be wise,"[2] he had a profound point.

After I had been working in the Sutsien territory for about ten years, a friend in the United States offered me support of about $200 (U.S.) if I was interested to have a tent evangelistic ministry, that is, one that could move from town to town. It would be a different approach, and our work in evangelism was sufficiently well understood so there would be no unexpected fallout. I accepted.

As I considered which minister in my area was best qualified to lead such an innovative effort, I thought immediately of a man named Sung. He had ability, personality, training, initiative, leadership. I went to him and explained the project, and he accepted without hesitation. We set a date three months later for

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[2] Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College.

him to leave his church of several years and begin the new ministry. I found a fine, dedicated replacement for him. At the end of three months, all took their new jobs.

Six months went by. No new financing came for the tent ministry, so we had to close it down. Mr. Sung got a job elsewhere.

It was then that the ticking bomb was finally exposed. One of my trusted ministers, located in a town near the one that had been pastored by Sung, came to see me one day. He waited until we were alone. Then he erupted: "Dr. Pu, how did you manage it? You had me scared to death. You were playing with hand grenades and did not seem afraid. What you did to get rid of Mr. Sung was a stroke of genius. One false step and you might have been assassinated."

"Mr. Chang," I said, "you talk in riddles. I do not comprehend."

"Do you mean you did not know Mr. Sung was a front man for the local robbers?"

"I did not even suspect."

"His three brothers are robber chiefs. They held secret conclaves in your church at night. If you had openly fired their brother, they very likely would have arranged your death. I thought you were in an impossible spot. But the Lord saved you!"

Yes, He did! The Lord protected one who, in this case, was naively doing his job and totally unaware of what was known to most people in the area. I finally understood why Mr. Sung had always been able to laugh at local danger.

## A Solomonic Decision

In the peasant, agricultural China that I knew, organic fertilizer, including human waste, was prized, and there was a market for it. A church is a public meeting place and has rest rooms. So every church had a decision to make about the disposal of its waste products.

We had a day school in one of our churches. The teacher took the proceeds from the sale of the school's waste products to pay for the boiling water that made tea for visitors. He had made a rule that pupils had to stay in the school from their arrival in the morning until their departure at night. They were not allowed out on the street. You would think this was a good rule, wouldn't you? But one of the parents resented it profoundly.

When I was at the church one day, the teacher told me that I

would have to solve an unsolvable problem. This parent was adamant that the son had to come home when he had to use a facility. He was not about to let the church and this teacher get the proceeds from his son. But the teacher's side was, "I am not letting the boy go home, because discipline in the whole school would be disrupted."

The problem was laid at my feet. What solution could there be? It occurred to me that Solomon once had a similar situation when a little baby was brought to him with two women claiming to be the mother. I thought perhaps that was something the Lord had put into my mind to guide me. So I told the teacher and the parent that I thought the only solution was to divide. If the child felt it was necessary to go home in the morning, he should be allowed to do so. If it was afternoon, he would be required to stay in the school and accept whatever discomforts would be involved.

This seemed to satisfy all parties, and I never heard anything more about it.

# CHAPTER XIII

## MISSIONARIES, TOO, ONLY HUMAN

"We have this treasure in earthen vessels, to show that the transcendent power belongs to God and not to us" (II Cor. 4:7).

Missionaries are earthen vessels. Or, to speak in less theological language, they are only human. This is true of organized missionary groups. It is true of individual missionaries. Maybe, just occasionally, it was even true of yours truly!

### Dissension among Missionaries

As a child I listened to my elders giving accounts of discord, dissension, division, disputation, and occasionally denunciation. It was so easy and natural to find fault with other missionaries. Let me just mention a few of the issues that caused so much of this dissent.

Women in the church. When I was a young, the issue was women speaking in the church. The Chinese Church had decided in 1910 that it would not accept women as ordained ministers. (By 1935 a complete flip-flop had taken place.) But did the vote of the indigenous church have any guiding message for the missionaries? Should women missionaries be allowed to vote on mission policy at mission meetings? Should they be allowed to preach? To teach?

Everyone knew then, just as they do now, that it is really the women who bear the load of church work--who weep with the bereaved, who teach children Bible stories, who sit by the hour with illiterates teaching them to read.

Always some of our missionaries felt that literal obedience to Paul's injunction (I Cor. 14:34) meant that women should keep their mouths shut. I still remember what my mother said when my father came back from mission meeting, about 1910, and told her that the mission had decided to let women vote on mission policy. She turned to us and said in a voice that I think was calculated to let Father hear, "Well, at least I can nullify his vote occasionally!"

But when she came back to the Valley of Virginia on furlough in 1911, it was a different story. She had gone to one of the well-known area churches to report on her teaching in the name of Christ, her suffering, her medical work in China. But the minister, a rather pompous character, declared that she should not be allowed to speak in the pulpit, for that was reserved for God's

ordained servants! So she stood on the floor, in front of the pulpit, and spoke. To this day I have not forgotten that, because it infuriated me! (It was the pride of legalism and self-righteousness that crucified Christ.)

Literal inerrancy of Scripture. In those days, when people claimed that the Bible was written by God, many of them thought that God actually held the fingers of the ancient saints and guided the letters as they wrote on ancient parchments. When inerrancy of Scripture seemed to be questioned, it upset some of our missionaries no end.

I used to have a book in China that I wish I had brought back to America. It was written about 1925 by a missionary living in Shanghai. He proved through Scripture that the earth is flat and that the sun goes around the earth and that God said so. The Bible speaks of "the ends of the earth," he cogently pointed out, and it speaks of the sun "rising" and "setting."

You can find dozens of places in the Bible that assume the astronomical thinking of ancient times. For a while, my father had problems with this. He loved archeology. He had studied geology in college, and he could recognize the strata on the sides of the mountains and knew what they meant. Yet when he went to Scripture, he saw that Genesis spoke of six days of creation. During all my young years, he fretted and fretted over that conflict. Finally someone pointed out to him that the ancient Hebrew word "day" could mean not only twenty-four hours but also a geological period. Scripture says that "one day is with the Lord as a thousand years" and "a thousand years as one day" (II Pet. 3:8). When my father found that out, he breathed a sigh of relief and went on about his mission work.

Christ's virgin birth. When some missionaries pointed out that the word "virgin" in Isaiah 7:14[1] means "young woman," and that Isaiah was really talking about a young woman having a child whom God was going to use in miraculous ways, a conflict immediately burst forth. This seemed to deny the truthfulness of Matthew and Luke when they say that Christ was born of a virgin.

Millenialism. By the time I returned to China in 1923, the center of argument had shifted towards the question of God's plan for the unfolding of human history. Millenialism, premillenialism, postmillenialism, amillenialism, were at the center of theological dispute. Even some individual mission stations were bitterly divided. (That was right after World War I, of course, during the early years of the League of Nations and the heyday of Western optimism about human social progress. Perhaps that was

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[1]The Hebrew word almah is translated "virgin" in the King James Version. Some other versions use different translations.

the context that brought this to the forefront of our thinking?)

Mode of baptism. This is a perennial center of dispute: what is the place of baptism in Christian life, who can administer it, what is the age of those who are to receive it, what is its mode?

Partaking of communion. About 1900, one of the independent missionaries (not aligned with a Board) came back from Shanghai when travel was very slow. It was before the railroads were built.[2] Furthermore, he was on a small boat rather than one of the larger steamers. The Yangtze was not kind to little boats going against the stream, because the current was swift (3 m.p.h. in summer, 7 m.p.h. in flood). To go from Shanghai to Chinkiang could take a week.

On one of those leisurely trips, the missionary had stopped his boat for the Sabbath, because it was against Scripture to travel on the Sabbath. He wanted to pass the time profitably, so he went into a cove where there was a Baptist missionary that he knew. He could worship with a Christian congregation on the Sabbath and also renew an old friendship.

The host welcomed him late Saturday night. But he apologized that he would not be able to invite the guest to partake of communion the next day. It was against their regulations to give communion to anyone who had not been baptized according to Scripture. So that was that.

The host went on to say that he found this whole area of Christian practice difficult, because so many of his members fell from grace between communion services. On being asked what he meant by falling from grace, he said, "Things like taking trips on the Sabbath, or selling goods on the Sabbath. I have to check every time to see who is in fellowship with the Lord and who should be granted the privilege of partaking, and if any disciplinary measures are required."

The host continued, "Today there are only two people beside myself who can partake of the communion. I find it rather humiliating, but I had to tell my wife that she could not partake. She lost her temper and said things to me that no minister's wife should say. So I had to tell her that she would be suspended from communion. However, I regret that she and you cannot partake, and I only hope that you will accept my apology, since obviously it is against the will of the Lord."

Division into denominations. There were close to three hun-

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[2]The railroad lines in our part of China were in process of building about 1910. I remember seeing them under construction when I was in Chinkiang.

dred denominations working in China. The situation confused the Chinese, the very ones we were trying to win to Christ. As a matter of fact, God used the atheistic communist regime after 1949 to crack heads together among the denominations and tell them either to get together or to get out. So they accepted the head-cracking and got together. There now is only one Protestant Christian Church officially recognized by the national government in China.

Don't conclude from all I've been saying, though, that missionaries couldn't work together. We did. As I remember my days in China, we always had union services at summer resort areas. The missions carried out many important union projects, such as translating the Bible, printing the Bible, publishing other Christian literature. We had union evangelistic teams that went from church to church. We had Christian literature that was meant for all believers in Christ. We lived in China in the midst of suspicion and sometimes hostile governmental regulation, and we found that we could work and pray and publish and serve the Lord together.

When you are giving out famine relief, no one asks you what you think about women in the church. When you are teaching illiterates to read, no one cares about your particular belief in the virgin birth. When you are in a hospital and saving someone from imminent death, the family doesn't get around to discussing whether baptism should be by immersion or effusion. Actually, Christian people very often carry a little common sense into their religious practices!

## Absentmindedness

Dr. George Painter[3] was a missionary of the old guard, highly respected and with long experience of how to get along in China. He had gone out to China soon after the American Civil War, and in the early 1900's he was in his sixties. He had a quirk that everybody understood, perhaps one that had grown on him over the years, which was that he was quite absent-minded.

He was an old bachelor, and he liked his things arranged and in their proper place. So he bought himself a little houseboat, had it fixed up to suit his way of life, and used it as his hotel when he went traveling about his field of work. The boatman took care of details.

As he was cleaning up a bit one morning before eating breakfast, he saw his pajamas on the cot and made a mental note that he would put them in his suitcase. Then he brushed his teeth. The

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[3]The Rev. George Whitfield Painter (1839-1933). Mr. Painter, a Presbyterian evangelistic missionary, was in China from 1873 to 1906.

sliding windows of his cabin were open, as it was summer time, so he picked up his pajamas with one hand and his toothbrush with the other and went to the window to spit out his toothpaste. But he ended up throwing his pajamas out the window and spitting on the bed. (Or at least, so it is said.)

He never told this story on himself, but the boatman saw it and shared it with other missionaries. They never let Dr. Painter forget!

## Peccadillos

Boom! Boom! I heard shots in the night. It was wintertime in early 1935 and I was itinerating in the country, ready for bed and lying on my cot trying to get warm. Boom! Boom! It was only an occasional blast from a black powder muzzle loader. As long as the rifles and the pistols didn't start their rapid fire, I didn't have to worry too much. It was good to crawl into my bedroll and try to sleep. How nice it would be to have something to read to take my mind off of bandits and brigands. It had not been long since a gang of bandits had cut Mr. Vinson's head off,[4] and my friend Ed Currie had gone out into the country and brought back the body. (The head had been sewed back on by concerned friends.)

It happened that the next day I was back in Sutsien writing a letter for our Missionary Correspondence Department. Our Mission Board in Nashville would mimeograph our letters and mail them out to people with whom we wanted to stay in touch. I put in my letter that if anyone had some good, exciting, leftover True Detective magazines, I would appreciate getting them. With tongue in cheek I suggested that it might calm my mind and rest my thoughts while I was listening to the boombooming of an evening in the Chinese countryside.

I did get a few magazines. However, I also got a letter from my good friend and cousin, Edgar Guthrie, since deceased, which amused me very much. It read: "Dear Houston: I am shocked, surprised, and grieved at your letter. It has upset my whole idea of the spiritual life of missionaries. How can you possibly hope to secure peace of mind and go to sleep reading a detective story? Surely you would read your Bible and pray. Please go to God's promises from now on and not to a wild story of shooting and killing."

I talked to him two years later, when I came back to the U.S.A. on furlough, and he was still hot under the collar. He felt that somehow I had betrayed his confidence. It wasn't easy to

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[4]Rev. John Walker Vinson (1880-1931). Mr. Vinson began work in Sutsien (1907-1909) and continued in Haichow (1909-1931). On November 3, 1931, he was killed by bandits while itinerating.

explain. What I wanted to say was that I kept on trusting the Lord, and I hoped Edgar would keep on trusting me.

He's in glory now, and I trust that he is looking down on me and deciding that this was just one of those peccadillos of life.

## Daydreams

Was there ever a time when I was tempted to leave the ministry and the work of the church? One such time occurred after I was back in the United States, in the winter of 1941-1942. I will get to that later in the story.[5] But that particular temptation was not one that I faced while I was actually on the field in China.

Daydreaming, however, is something else. Life in Sutsien, even though we were in the midst of millions of people, was lonely and isolated. When we thought of leaving Sutsien and going "out" to Shanghai or Kuling, the trip could take a week or more, even after the railroad was built. So what did we do with our spare time? As a child I read Henty. As an adult, I read True Detective. Of course there was always the mission work at hand that needed doing. Beyond that . . . one daydreamed.

When Frances and I went to China in 1923, I had a deep, personal desire to see other parts of the world besides the Pacific Rim countries I was already familiar with. From Peking, one could take the train for Vladivostok, and from there board the Trans-Siberian Railway and travel along the Amur River through Siberia and go straight across to European Russia. It was a ten day trip or more, and it was over country that few people I knew had ever seen. I really wanted to take that trip. However, between babies and evacuations and shortages of money and revolutions, we were never able to travel home to America by the Trans-Siberian Railway.

During our year in Peking, we saw the camel caravans coming in from Outer Mongolia. Imagine taking a trip out across Mongolia along the old Silk Route between Europe and Asia. We saw the caravans and we talked to people that took the trip, but we never had the chance to go.

Through the years, I really wanted to take a boat trip up through the gorges of the Yangtze River. The gorges are spectacular, the huge river's swift currents running between high, steep, precipitous rocky bluffs. The gorges are well known and they have been terrifying to many people over the centuries. Traveling by boat, one had to go to Hangkow (in Hupeh Province,

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[5]That was in Grundy, after Pearl Harbor. See below, Chap. XVI.

now incorporated into the city of Wuhan), change and take passage on a steamer with a very high-powered engine, and negotiate the rapids for the next 300 miles. But lack of time and lack of money meant that I was never able to do it. Missionary salaries were minimal in those years, and it would have taken just about one year's salary to pay for the trip. So that was marked off.

South China was always dangling before our eyes. Many people in our churches these days have been to Guilin Province in South China and seen the amazing shapes of the mountains which rise from the mists in that area. But that had to be marked off.

I've always wanted to go to the Himalaya Mountains. The foothills come right down along the Yangtze River, near Kuling, where my family spent summers when I was a child and where we spent a number of summers again in the nineteen-twenties and thirties. We spent many weeks hiking on those foothills, at an altitude of about three thousand feet. In the winter there were tigers and occasional bears and other animals that would wander down from the ridges into the more populous areas. But for us, no real trip to the Himalayas ever became possible.

I always wanted to be in a town or in a mission station where there were tennis players. But that was never my fortune.

I always wanted to have a boat, particularly after the outboard motor became common. But circumstances never made it possible.

So you see, a missionary, if he happens to have a little private money of a few thousand dollars a year, can really take off and have a good time without hurting anybody. Of course, he may hurt his own conscience for serving his personal whims rather than his God and for permitting himself to be diverted from doing more mission work. If traveling to exotic spots is to be construed as a temptation, it is one that Frances and I were spared, for during our years in China we didn't have the "few thousand dollars." Furthermore, in my own personal experience it was clear that being a father to three children in a land where there was nothing else for them to do except what the home could provide, studying the always-difficult Chinese language, administering the work that we were required to do both by the Committee in America and by the problems we could plainly see on the local field, and doing the odd jobs associated with the simple matter of living in a foreign land where there were no hardware stores and not even any grocery stores in our sense of the term--it was clear to me that doing these things was fully sufficient to use up all my energy and ingenuity and patience and time.

At my present age, which as I write is ninety-three, probably the time has come to stop dreaming about all those trips. Still, if any of you who read this happen to be planning an excursion to

the Himalayan snow slopes or the Yangtze River gorges or the Gobi Desert out-back, and you need a Chinese translator--why not try giving me a call? I could promise to take you, but coming back again might be discussed under the heading: "Only by Divine Providence." (And if you still persisted in traveling with me as guide, I could take you to Glacier Valley in the Pamirs[6] and drop you off by parachute at an altitude of 21,000 feet. But this I do not advise.)

[6]On the borders of Sinkiang, Kashmir, and Afghanistan.

# CHAPTER XIV

## OUR CHILDREN: UNFORGETTABLE MEMORIES

When we returned to Sutsien in 1929, Houston and Bob were four and two. Anne would be coming into the world in 1932. So the Sutsien years are the time when Frances's and my children were beginning their lives on this earth and beginning those lives in China. Some of my most unforgettable memories relate to the children.

My brother Norman, who would soon succeed Dr. John Bradley as station doctor in Sutsien, was with us as we travelled across America on our way back to Sutsien in 1929. Along the way, we stopped by the Grand Canyon. The old hotel still stands next to the railroad tracks where we stopped.

Norman would be a father himself before many years had passed, but in 1929 he was a recently graduated medical student. Frances and I wanted to take the horseback trip down into the canyon, and Norman offered to look after the two boys. 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. By the time Frances and I got back, there was nothing in that room that was not turned over, pulled out, thrown on the floor, taken off the walls. To add to the confusion, suitcases had been opened and emptied. Houston and Bob demonstrated that they had energy. However, we did get them to Shanghai alive. And for some reason they got along with Norman fine, in later years, and looked on him as a favorite uncle.

As I say, Houston and Bob had energy. When we boarded the Pacific liner, I had to wonder, whether they would crawl up on the deck-rail, look over the ocean, and possibly fall in. As a matter of fact, that was more than a theoretical possibility. I looked up at the pilot house, one day, and saw five-year-old Houston trying to climb up the rope ladder on the mast. He didn't get very far, but he certainly had it in the back of his head.

Then there was the day we couldn't find three-year-old Bob. He had been with us, on deck, just a moment before. There were plenty of holes he could have fallen into, and the deck-rail he could have fallen from. We looked and looked, getting more and more desperate. Finally, a member of the crew came by and said, "I don't know who it is you are looking for, but there is a little boy in the main dining room, Deck A, beating on the drums and blowing the horns." Sure enough, there Bob was, in all his glory! We were delighted to find him. But it still was a tense matter, trying to be parents of active pre-schoolers on a boat that was going six thousand miles across the Pacific, through waves and

rolls and occasional storms.

## A "T"-Bone That Wasn't Meant To Be

Let me give you an unforgettable memory that has to do with son number one. Houston liked to amuse himself on slides and swings, between other activities. When he was about seven years old (this would have been about 1932) he fell out of the swing one day and fractured his arm a few inches below the shoulder. My brother Norman, who by then was the doctor in Sutsien, did the best he could. But with no X-ray he could only manipulate the arm to try to evaluate the fracture, and the arm was hurting Houston too much to be able to do even that effectively. As Houston lay on the bed and suffered, and as the weeks went by, we realized that the arm was just not healing.

We knew the bone was out of line when one day we could actually see a bump under the surface that looked like a bone at the wrong place. There was an X-ray machine at Hsuchowfu, so we made arrangements to take him there. When Dr. McFadden took a picture, it showed that the bone was not in line at all. The piece from the elbow hit the other piece about two inches from the end, and where they met it looked like a crossed "T." In the meantime, the pieces had more or less grown together. Dr. McFadden told me to bring my son to the hospital, that he was real sorry but he would have to break the bone. He would do the best he could.

Houston had been suffering with that arm for a month. When I told him what was in store, he looked like he might start to cry, and then he didn't. He just asked me, "When I go into the operating room, will you go with me?"

I said, "Sure!"

Then a second question, "Will you hold my hand?"

I said, "Sure.

Then he said, "All right, let's go."

Talk about unforgettable! This may not have meant very much to him, but did it mean a lot to me!! As I said, I've never forgotten it.

## "Blitz"

When I came back to the United States the summer just before Pearl Harbor, in 1941, Houston was sixteen years old. The family was reunited at "Dam Hill," my parents' farm in retirement. It just so happened that a neighbor near the farm in the Tinkling Spring Church community, a Mr. Gilkeson, had an old car that he had parked in our shed. Mr. Gilkeson had in mind selling the car

for about $35. In those days, we did not have as many debts in America as we have now, so the dollar was worth something.

My son Houston almost had a heart attack, hoping against hope that I would let him buy the thing. Well, knowing he didn't have $35, I finally told him, "You don't have that much money."

He went to Mr. Gilkeson and sweet-talked him into selling it for what he had, which was about $23 or $24. Then he came to me and said he had it all worked out and he could buy it. Either from a soft spot in my head or my heart--I don't know which--I gave in to him, and then had to convince Frances that it was the wise thing to do, which of course it was not. I could not see myself keeping that youngster on a farm, not knowing many people, by himself a great deal of the time, and not giving him anything to do. That was the solution.

Believe it or not, from the first day he produced his money and got the car, it was the idol of his eye and in the center of his heart. He named it "Blitz," petted it, polished it, washed it, took needle and thread to sew up the torn spots in it, and did everything in the world to show all of us that car was a good car. He always was very careful with that car and never once made me regret that I had allowed him to own that contraption.

Later on, when he was in the navy as part of the disruption of World War II, he sold the car. I think that even today he regrets that he didn't keep it. It probably would be worth a hundred times as much today as when he bought it!

## Paddling Across the Pacific

Our second son, Bob, was a good and obedient child, but then of course, sometimes he would decide that he wanted to do something and would manage to forget that he had been told otherwise.

Bob was three years old, or just possibly four (1930 or 1931). In either case, he was right small. We were at the seaside missionary resort of Peitaiho. There was a beautiful beach, and all the missionary families spent hours swimming in the waves.

Houston and Bob pestered me to rent a boat, which we did. It was a little flat-bottomed, two oared, blunt-ended job that was

built to hold no more than two people. The rules were very strict. Bob could not swim. The waves were big enough to tip the boat. The water got deep a little way out. There were no life guards. The only thing between the beach and six thousand miles of ocean was an island off in the dim distance and a battleship anchored a half mile away. So Houston and Bob had been told that under no circumstances were they to get in the boat and try to row unless I was with them.

I let them play for a long time, then pulled the boat up on the sand and went for a short swim myself. That is when it happened. I heard a lot of commotion. Friends were calling my name. I looked up and with unbelieving eyes saw Bob standing up in the little boat, paddling with all his might, heading straight for America. It looked to me like he had almost gotten half way. I yelled, but he did not hear. Finally I made it to the boat and brought him back to shore, told him to go to the house while I thought up a punishment, and started him off with a couple of paddles.

The interesting thing was that Bob became so incensed over my interrupting his trip back to America that he hardly spoke to me for two days. There obviously was a confusion in confrontation and communication.

## Heads On and Off

"Hurry, Pat. Hurry". It was Mrs. Pat speaking. We were in Sutsien and were taking a short afternoon walk to look at the West Lake. Houston and Bob were about six or seven (about 1932). "Don't look back. I'm frightened that the children will receive too much of a shock."

We kept on walking. The Chinese crowds around were most casual. Frances continued, "It is horrible. I wish I had known those heads were there, and we would not have walked this way. I looked back and saw two bandit heads, one stuck on each pillar of the big gate through the city wall."

My reply was an attempt to comfort. "Don't let that bother you. Kids don't get shocked that easily. I remember as a kid seeing this many times. It never kept me awake at night. I imagine the kids saw the heads anyhow. They do not miss much."

She replied, "Oh, I hope not. I can't stand to think of their trauma. Let's go home another way."

Our little half mile afternoon walk was right much ruined for the day. We went on and looked at the old Yellow River bottom and the lake collected there. We enjoyed the sunset hues reflected on its changing surface. Why, in this land to which we had committed our lives and that of our children, did life and death, beauty and

sordid reality, well-fed bodies and starved rib-caged, have to stand out in such bold contrast? How much must be endured before it was too much, and one could give up and quit? Where did one turn for a reconciliation of opposites, that one might have a peace in unity?

We walked on home. The kids never made mention of the heads that they must have seen. We did not want to bring up the subject. Frances was still obviously upset. Eight o'clock came and the boys went to bed. I went upstairs a little later to tell them good night. They were both amused and snickering to themselves. "What's so funny, boys?"

"Daddy, did you see how funny that man looked. His mouth was all pulled down and he looked like he was trying to laugh. The one head was stuck on crooked too." That was all they ever said. I told Frances she could forget the trauma angle. She never forgot the heads though.

What some consider cruelty, others consider just desserts. What does one do or say when two cultures collide? What was I to do in China land when I looked out the train window and saw a twelve year old boy hanging by his hands from a tree limb, being whipped by some Japanese soldiers???

## Almost Blinded by Lime

The quick-lime pit came so close to being a major tragedy for us that it is still not comfortable to think about. Some readers of these notes may just possibly not be familiar with lime and its dangers. We use mortar mix today in masonry construction, and for many years I have not seen limestone burned and mixed to form a mortar. Our word "sarcophagus" means "flesh eating" because in olden days they put corpses in limestone coffins to eat up or dissolve the flesh rapidly. When we built houses in China we had to take this raw, flesh-eating limestone and prepare it for use. The masons would dig a hole which would be just about big enough to bury your automobile. The raw limestone and water were mixed together while it bubbled and the excess heat escaped in steam.

One afternoon, masons who were working on the Women's Bible School were engaged in this job, and they had their hole more than half full of this dangerous liquid. To help stir the brew, they had laid two planks across the pit. The Women's Bible School was just a short distance from our house, and Houston and Bob were playing around. For some reason that only a boy would understand, these two boys of mine were daring each other to walk across the planks. Having done this successfully several times, and with the Chinese masons protesting, which only added to the thrill, they decided to hop across. Houston made it. But Bob at the time had a cast on his broken arm and so was somewhat handicapped. He fell off directly into the hot, white, thick, lime soup, which was over

his head.

The masons grabbed him out before he gulped any into his lungs or throat. But his eyes went under. They knew the danger and threw water on his face and rushed him home. They peeled his clothes off and washed him all over as quickly as possible. When I got back shortly afterwards, I looked in his eyes, and I still could see little flakes of lime down deep around. These we washed and picked out. The next day, we had the cast removed, and were glad to find that little lime had gotten under it.

So far as we know no permanent damage was done, but it was so close that we have wondered ever since. Just suppose... Just suppose... Just suppose... Paul says, "I can do all things through Christ who at all times gives me the strength" (Phil. 4:13). It was mighty nice not to have to ask for strength this time.

## Father or Surgeon?

My brother, Norman, had succeeded Dr. Bradley as our station doctor in 1931. So he was the attending physician when our third child and first daughter was born, October 16, 1932. We named her Anne Rutherford.

Any family that has only one girl does not have to be told that she is very special. The one most interesting thing to me about this daughter of mine was that she never realized what a prize she was in herself. She was always trying to compete with her older brothers. What is the use of trying to compete with brothers when you have the crown jewels on your own head? Her main motto in life was, "I can do it. I will do it." She had spirit, and she had a mind of her own, and she showed both in later life in her commitment to become a medical doctor.

I well remember the urgent message that was whispered in my ear one Sunday morning as Pastor Ch'eng of the Sutsien Church was preaching his morning sermon. "Dr. Pu [Chinese for "Patterson"], come quickly. Little Mei Mei [Chinese pet name for Anne] has mashed her finger off."

Anne had been left at home in care of Ch'ang Sao-tze, Anne's amah, a very faithful and reliable person. The year was about 1935 and Anne was not much over three. There was no missionary doctor in our station at the time. Men and women were seated separately in the Chinese church in those days, so Mrs. Pu was settled with the women. I signaled to her, and we started out together to get home as soon as possible.

The distance was just under half a mile. We were both frantic. Frances had on her heavy padded garments and her thick padded shoes. Walking fast was almost impossible. Soon she said,

"Pat, you run on ahead. I will come more slowly. See what has happened and what can be done."

Poor little Anne. There she was, with Ch'ang Sao-tze holding her hand, blood visible in spots. She had been playing with a plank, putting it up against the brick wall and seeing how far she could walk up the incline. All would have been well, except that when the plank slipped she had her finger tips on its bottom side. As her weight dropped on the plank, there happened to be an iron pipe which crushed the tip of the little finger.

I looked at the finger. The nail was pushed up over the tip, and the flesh was with it. I could see the little bone sticking up. With no hospital and no doctor, we would have to do whatever was to be done. So. . . . I figured the only thing to do was to put the nail and the flesh back over the tip of the bone--and hold it there until it began to heal. But then how could one disinfect? Mercurochrome I knew was sterile and also would not inhibit healing. So we soaked the little tip in mercurochrome for a few minutes, put the skin and nail back on top of the bone where it had come from, wrapped it firmly, again soaked it with the medicine, and that was it.

In a few days we took the bandage off. You can still see that the job was not perfect, but aside from an impaired finger nail, Anne never knows today it is not a perfect finger. You do what you have to do when you have to do something. I was grateful to God that the bone was not crushed. Don't try to see what the tip of your bone in the little finger looks like. I can tell you if you have to know. . . It looks like the tiny end of a very small broken stick.

## Anne's Career Decision

One thing that my mind turns to when I think of this number three: She went to Agnes Scott College. We cut all the corners that we could, and got her through college, but when she came back from Atlanta, she told us that she had decided to be a doctor. I was somewhat nonplussed and overcome, and my Scotch nature rebelled at the thought that we had put her through four years of college and there was nothing that she could do, but I persuaded her that maybe if she wanted to be a doctor, the simplest thing was for her to be a nurse.

Well, after due consideration and after long argumentation, she agreed. As some of you know, becoming a nurse doesn't take much money. Believe it or not, we sent her to the Columbia University school of nursing, in New York, and she took two years of R.N. training at a cost to us of about $400 a year. You don't get training like that very often, so she graduated and came back to Bluefield and she was so well trained that she was immediately called upon to go to Charleston and teach nursing. But she still

wanted to be a doctor. I might tell you that she tried nursing for a year or two. Then she said, "I still want to be a doctor."

I knew this girl well enough to know that she had had her mind made up for ten years, so there was nothing I could do. I said, "Most hospitals don't take women."

"I'll find one," she said.

So she went to the University of West Virginia (Morgantown), took premed, and came through with flying colors. That spring she wrote to three medical schools: one in Morgantown (the state medical school, in West Virginia), one in Philadelphia, and one in Atlanta (Emory University). The last one she knew very well, since Agnes Scott College was just next door. When she sent in her applications, and they saw where she had been to school and what she had done, they all accepted her. She had the choice of three schools.

To make a long story short, that girl almost put herself through medical school. It cost her very little. She saved at every corner, and the corners where she couldn't save, she just cut off. Being a very independent young lady, she found a chance to work for the government in Arizona. While in Phoenix, she and Alfred D. Hammes were married, and she has been in Arizona ever since. She has always been a marvelous, marvelous daughter.

## As the Twig Is Bent . . .

Houston made it through his early broken arm and his later riding of motorcycles. After we came back to the United States permanently in 1941, he entered McCallie School in Chattanooga. (Dr. Park McCallie was very loyal to missionaries and he made it possible for us to send him there.) He was in the wartime naval V-12 program. It sent him to Stevens Technological Institute, Hoboken, New Jersey, where he earned an engineering degree. He pretty soon returned to McCallie, where he has spent his life as a teacher of mathematics and later a Dean of Students.

Bob didn't drown when paddling across the Pacific, and apparently he recovered from the quick-lime pit. (No one could convince me, after that, that we are not under the care of a God who is in charge and who knows what we can do and how much we can stand!) He went on to get his Bachelor of Divinity degree from Union Seminary in Richmond, Virginia, and his Doctor of Philosophy degree from Yale University. He is a professor at Rhodes College in Memphis, so I judge his earlier experiences did not upset his constitution.

I will be telling later about our return to Sutsien in 1939 and about Anne under the Japanese. I have already mentioned that she attended Agnes Scott College, as had her mother. In Arizona,

she became a public health doctor, using Phoenix as a base to go out and visit the Indian reservations. More recently she became a specialist in the treatment of substance abuse. She lives now in Phoenix with her husband.

I mentioned that Bob was born in Kobe. Sometimes our family has had a hard time convincing immigration officials that we are all natural born Americans, but that is the fact of the case. With my being born in China, Houston in China, Bob in Japan, Anne in China, and Frances in Lexington, Virginia, people have a tendency to cock one eye and look askance, wondering who is kidding whom.

## A Test I Didn't Have To Face.

One question I never answered in my thinking and never had to answer in fact: what would I have done if I had realized that a bloodthirsty mob of renegade soldiers were planning to torture and kill my family in order to see me suffer and hear my heart break? This was a very real possibility. Thank God I never had to resolve that conflict in the span of my missionary confrontations.

As I look back in my own life and at those three children that God gave us, I know that we could not give them very much. Missionaries don't have a real salary. They simply have a keeping allowance. What is necessary for food, they are given, but they are not given enough to save. So a missionary cannot do very much for his children. But there is one thing that I think my children know, they have no doubt about, that I "did what I could" (Mark 14:8). You know, it makes a tremendous difference in a child when a parent does what he can to make a child happy.

# FROM THE BOXER REBELLION TO PEARL HARBOR:

# MY CHINA THAT WAS

## PART III. THE TIME WILL YET COME

# CHAPTER XV

## DARKNESS FALLS (1937-1941)

On July 7, 1937, war between Japan and China began in the far north of China, near Manchukuo. About five weeks later, on August 13, the Battle of Shanghai unexpectedly broke out and shifted the war front drastically southward to the coast of mid-China, right where our work was situated.

We had spent the year just before that at Mission Court in Richmond, Virginia, on furlough. In the summer of 1937 our furlough was up, and in July we left for China. The boys and I drove across to Vancouver, Frances and Anne followed by train.

We had been booked on one of the beautiful Canadian-Pacific ocean liners, to sail for Shanghai. But the shift of the war to the Shanghai area put that out of the question. Besides ourselves, two other Presbyterian missionary families, the George Hudsons and the Ed Curries, had been intending to sail on the same ship. We all had no choice now but to settle down in Vancouver and wait to see what would happen.

Frances and I put the children in Canadian schools. I found a small Vancouver congregation that I could serve. And we waited. But more Chinese and Japanese troops poured into Shanghai, and things only got worse. In November, the Board in Nashville suggested that we come back to the east coast and consider finding a job. By December 2, Shanghai had fallen. On December 12-13, Nanking, the capital of Nationalist China, fell. In the weeks that followed, Japanese troops carried out one of the most barbarous acts of the war, the still-notorious rape of Nanking.[1]

As for us, we came back across an icy country to Hendersonville, North Carolina, where we spent Christmas with my wife's sister (Mrs. Frank Sanford, formerly Mary Glasgow) and her family. The church in Tazewell, Virginia, was seeking a minister, and the Lord miraculously guided out pilgrimage there. In January of 1938 we moved to Tazewell. Tazewell was a beautiful residential town, and Frances and I and our three children were soon happily established.

Then, in 1939, once again God sounded the call to go back to China. Dr. William F. Junkin, my co-itinerater in the Sutsien

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[1]During seven weeks of deliberate savagery in the conquered city, at least 42,000 Chinese were murdered in cold blood, many of them buried alive or set afire with kerosene. About 20,000 women were raped.

field, himself already back in Sutsien, 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 that knows these people personally. They have been ravaged by war. You alone can come and help them at this crucial hour!" May the Lord give me credit for the fact that, in spite of knowing that I was taking Frances back with me into a war-torn country, in spite of pulling the children out of school and taking them into an uncertain period of their lives, I went back.

Houston (15), Bob (12), and Anne (6) told their Tazewell friends goodbye. Frances, always meticulous, had the manse ready to return to the church. I had the family Ford as ready as possible. In mid-July we headed for the Pacific. By the second week of August, 1939, we were safely aboard a different Canadian Pacific liner, the Empress of Russia, with the Ford strapped to the deck and the one-wheeled baggage trailer disassembled and carried aboard as personal luggage.

We thought we knew what lay ahead, but we didn't.

## The Peking Medical Diversion, 1939

A sense of disaster and war filled the local and international news. On September 1, 1939, before we reached Shanghai, Hitler invaded Poland. On September 3, Great Britain and France declared war. We had not heard from my parents, in China, since the first of June.

When we arrived off the China coast and our ocean ferry took us up the battle-scarred Hwang Pu River to Shanghai, we could see the vast rubble areas left from the assault on the city two years earlier. The Japanese had then lost more than one hundred thousand men and the Chinese had lost half a million. By 1939, the heaviest fighting had moved to the central part of China. Shanghai was now perfectly safe as a place to disembark. As it happened, some boxes we had left in storage when we came home on furlough in 1936 were unharmed, and we were able to collect them. We also discovered that it was considered acceptably safe for us to go upcountry.

Shanghai in the summer is one of those places where you look for the fan during the night and find none, and then roll over into a puddle of your own perspiration. Our first night there thrust us bodily into its overwhelming humidity and heat. The next morning we got our first shocker. My father wrote from Tenghsien that my mother was in the Peking Union Medical College, that her breast cancer operation was reportedly successful, that his retirement had become mandatory, and that he had tickets to leave Shanghai for the United States at the end of September. But floods from the Yellow River had terminated all transportation to Peking from the south, for a hundred miles. Someone had to go get my

mother--somehow, someway. In my father's weakened condition, clearly he could not do it. I was the appointed candidate. I accepted the challenge somewhat like old Abraham, who set out to go to the land of Canaan and "unto the land of Canaan he came" (Gen. 12:5).

Ordinarily, there was only one way to get from Shanghai to Peking, the railroad. But it was now flooded. There was an alternative, but it was complicated: coastal steamer to Dairen, train to a temporary terminal out from Tientsin, a water segment of sixty miles to Tientsin, to be covered in ways not known, and then a spur of the railroad over to Peking. Not having any other options, I started that route.

The boat to Dairen wasn't too bad, though I had to share the cabin with a stranger. But so what? In Dairen, the Japanese had limited foreigners to one hotel. When I left for Peking, I told the fellows at the desk to be sure to save a room for me on my return trip. This of course was just a conversational ploy. They gave me no written promise, I made no deposit.

The trip along the Manchurian coast by fishing scow, and from Tientsin over to Peking by train, was pretty primitive. I wondered how I could possibly bring a sick mother back. But at that point, some plans for the future had to be labeled procrastination.

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

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

Getting on a train in China is quite an experience in the best of circumstances. Once or twice Frances got on a train by being pushed through a window and landing in the coach at someone's feet. I knew that the situation in Peking was worse than usual. So I went to the station and found a nice looking porter and gave him

a tip. He promised to get her on without the usual confusion and battle if I would bring her to a certain little back gate. I did, and we got her on the train early one morning, and she was even able to lie down until we got to the terminal near Tientsin.

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

When we got to the temporary terminal in Manchuria, things went smoothly again. Our tickets were good. She shared her compartment with a twenty-five year old missionary woman with whom she was already acquainted. There was even a dining car on the train.

After twenty-four hours, we arrived in Dairen--after dark, and in a rainstorm. I found a coach drawn by a rather anemic horse. When I told the driver to go to the international hotel, he laughed. "You don't have a chance for a room. There is a war going on, and the place is overflowing."

I said, "We'll go anyhow."

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

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

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

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

even snore. I sat in a chair on the deck, and continued sitting in it until we arrived in Shanghai two days later.

My father was waiting in Shanghai, and took over. Within a few weeks, they were on their way to America, where they lived for another twelve years.

## Living Under Four Governments

Sutsien, the mission station that had opened up under my parents in 1894, was going to pieces and there was no way to hold things together. In addition to the Japanese invasion, and no doubt in part because of it, our part of China was overrun by banditry, disruption of every kind, and a chronic lack of economic stability. No one in our situation had any idea of which way to turn.

During the years of the Japanese invasion, Sutsien, and all the occupied territory of China, was having to exist under three competing governments. The Japanese occupied the chief cities, such as Shanghai and Nanking, and the smaller ones, too, such as Sutsien and Tenghsien. They also held on to the railroad lines, if they could, and during the day they sent armed patrols to roam through the countryside to try to cow the people. The Central Government or Nationalist Government (known also as the Kuomintang, or K.M.T.) kept armies on the move and technically governed all the towns and villages except the occupied cities. The communists (Chinese Communist Party, or C.C.P.), known as the Eighth Route Army by some and as bandits by others, with officers who had been trained in Russia from captain on up, roamed at will after dark. These three governments all assessed and collected taxes, not only for the current year but also for two or three years in advance. In addition to these three, we missionaries were under a fourth government, that of the United States, and by virtue of that we claimed certain rights as neutrals. This gave us some slight protection, unless some soldier shot first.

In September of 1939 we left Houston and Bob in the 9th and 8th grades at the Shanghai American School and took only Anne with us into the interior. I remember that as we travelled northwards towards Sutsien, the September kaoliang grain in the fields was tall and green. On the night we arrived, we got to Sutsien after dark. Our plan was to live in a house at the South End, near the hospital and outside the city walls. In the darkness we moved in to begin our residence.

At day break we happened to look out of the two windows of our bedroom. Out of one window we saw the Sutsien city wall, where we knew the Japanese were garrisoned. Out of the other we could see the tall kaoliang, and we knew the nationalists and the communists were using it for cover. We did not want to get caught in a cross fire. We moved the bed the next night.

The Japanese soldiers loved their bath. The simplest place was just inside the city gate in a big one-hundred gallon drum. It really was amusing to see and hear stories of the shocked consternation of simple peasant women who happened to be entering the city gate while three or four husky braves were standing around in the so-so waiting for their turn to get par-broiled.

Anne was just under seven years old when we got back to Sutsien, and she was the only foreign child in the whole town. Since she had been only three when we left for the United States, she had forgotten all of her Chinese language. We realized she would be the loneliest little girl in the orient if she couldn't talk Chinese. Her mother and I tried to teach her a few words, but we had little success. So we employed a Chinese girl a little older than Anne, and asked her to be both a companion and a teacher. The girl talked Chinese to Anne without any embarrassment, and believe it or not, in only a month or two Anne was talking Chinese without any trouble at all! To this day, as a doctor in Phoenix, Arizona, she is willing to give the language a try if a timid, non-English speaking Chinese person comes into her clinic.

Both the Chinese and the Japanese love small children. So Anne, at seven, became a fine diplomat. Whenever I had to go into town and meet the high brass, or just go into town and see what was happening, I would take Anne by the hand and we would walk together. The soldiers liked her and they knew, since I had her along, that I was not expecting to give anyone any trouble.

Our house had a back yard where Anne would play, and beyond the wall was a drill ground where soldiers would practice. I noticed that Anne and her companion would sometimes get up on a big box and look over the wall and be very much intrigued. Finally I got curious. I looked over the wall, and found that the girls were watching the Japanese soldiers shoot Chinese. I suggested it would be more considerate of the poor scoundrels who were being shot if we would not look at them, but let them die in peace. That seemed to make sense to the girls, so they got down from their box. I, at least, felt better about it.

War is hell . . . it always has been. A woman came into the hospital who had been shot while weeding her garden about half a mile from the city wall. We inquired, and it seemed that a Japanese soldier standing on the wall bet a companion he could hit her with one rifle shot. He did, and won the bet.

## Fires, Pyres, Life, Death, Hope

Cremation was the accepted way by which the Japanese disposed of their military dead. The Chinese in our mission territory buried rather than cremating, and the Japanese practice jarred

their sensibility. But they were even more jarred by another practice that was reported to me by some friends of ours who lived near the Japanese garrison. They said that among the substantial numbers of cremations that occurred in a period of several days, they had seen at least two or three instances of live soldiers, seriously wounded and obviously incapacitated, placed on the pyre with the bodies of the dead and left to burn.

Such a soldier would have a deep belief that it was best for all that he go on to join his ancestors. The legless and bleeding Japanese soldier crying out as the flames began to sear was at the same time glorying in the victory of a quick transition to the Land of the Spirits and fellowship with the ancestors. Out on the Pacific a few years later, the kamikaze pilot as he dived his loaded plane at an American destroyer was elated that in a moment he would be ushered into the presence of the greats who had fought and passed on before.

There's a point here for us to consider. We in the West often think of our ancestors in terms of the past, whereas Oriental people think of their ancestors in terms of the living present and the anticipated future. Any missionary who works among the Chinese people becomes increasingly aware of this fundamental difference in spiritual outlook. Christians have been promised in God's word that our ancestors are alive in Heaven. We as Christians might find a new sense of community if we were more conscious of our ancestors, and of the whole company of God's faithful, as alive in the present and as still to be alive in the future.

## Totally Desperate

In the early winter of 1940, we heard a knock on the front gate one night, and I saw a sight that I had never before seen in all my years in China. It was a woman, a beggar, asking for a handout, and she was a foreigner, a Caucasian. She was carrying her baby, leading a little yellow-haired, blond girl, and holding a stick to keep off dogs. We inquired where she had come from, and her reply was, "I have walked all the way from Georgia [U.S.S.R.]." She had fled from the region of the Black and Caspian Seas, across several thousand miles of mountains and plains, and there she was in Sutsien. This was just before Hitler invaded Russia, so I assume it was Stalin's oppression that had driven her to gather her children and flee her home.

She wasn't the only one suffering. We became aware during that winter of 1939-1940 in Sutsien that the situation for the ordinary people in our part of China was really desperate. They were totally unable to make a living, desperate for safety, desperate for anything and everything that had to do with life. Armies, sometimes legitimate and sometimes bandit, marched back and forth throughout our territory. The Japanese roamed over tens of thousands of miles in their big trucks and had orders to

subjugate the nation by violence.

During that year, Frances and I had been the only missionaries in Sutsien. When the boys had their Christmas break from Shanghai American School, we didn't try to get them into Sutsien. Instead, we met them in Hsuchowfu, both because it was on the railroad line and because there would be other missionary kids there for them to play with. The Frank Browns were on furlough, and we spent Christmas in their house.

All the Christmas gifts that we had ordered for the children had been held up by some kind of revolution or flood or something. We had nothing. So the time had come for some make-do. We found a metal shop and persuaded the man to make us some things. I will call them "toys," but actually they were practical things--shovels, hoes, a hammer. We got some nails and planks and enough other things for the kids to use their ingenuity. They didn't know any different about the toys we had ordered from the U.S.A., and my guess is they still remember that Christmas. However, they probably didn't know why Santa Claus had such an oriental predilection in toys that he was able to manufacture at the North Pole.

By the end of the year, our mission felt that Frances, Anne, and I could no longer live in Sutsien. There was no doctor. Our daughter Anne was too young to be subjected to this kind of insecurity. So the mission transferred us to Tenghsien, in Shantung Province, one hundred and fifty miles to the north. Tenghsien had a doctor, it had a group of other missionaries in residence, and it was located on a railroad line. I was assigned to teach at the North China Theological Seminary, the same institution that my father had taught at for almost twenty years until he retired from the field in 1939.

In late May of 1940, we carried out the move to Tenghsien. Our pleasant old summer custom would have been to go to the mountains of Kuling, but the fighting now made that impossible. So we decided to spend the summer months in the Japanese-occupied north China port city of Tsingtao. I accompanied Frances and Anne to Tsingtao, then back-tracked to Shanghai to pick up the boys from school.

## Abdominal X-rays

Our 1940 summer in Tsingtao was a pleasant one. To be sure, Bob came down with amoebic dysentery, as I told earlier. And, to be sure, our enjoyment of Tsingtao's beautiful beach was sometimes interrupted on the days the Japanese soldiers happened to choose it for their daily swim. The soldiers always enjoyed going in, but the difficulty for us was that they had all left their bathing suits in Japan. In this condition they were not too beautiful, so we stayed away. But on other days we enjoyed the ocean immensely. Fellowship was close among the missionaries of many denominations.

If our family had stayed in China, I think we would have continued going to Tsingtao for many summers.

Tsingtao, on the Shantung Peninsula, is located in the area that the Germans used to know as Kiaochow when they held it as a concession from China, 1897-1922. It was one of the first places invaded by Japan, and in 1940 the Japanese held it in strict control. The little incident I'm going to tell happened at one of the UPUSA missionary stations in Shantung, not far from the old German stronghold. (I think the station was Yihsien.)

The Japanese were aware that a missionary doctor at the station was particularly popular with the Chinese. They were convinced that he must be doing something undercover to account for his popularity. So Japanese soldiers entered the hospital with orders to check everything they could find. One thing they found was a photographic negative which they were sure was a photograph of their underwater fortifications in the Tsingtao harbor.

I don't know to this day what the Japanese were doing underwater in that Tsingtao harbor, but I do know they were keeping it under very tight security. Finding now a photograph related to their naval effort, they were not only suspicious but furious. The doctor did his best to explain to them that they were mistaken about the picture, but nothing would convince them. To prove they meant what they said, they put him under house arrest, quarantined the hospital, took over its administration, and informed the other missionaries in the station that they would all have to be imprisoned as subversives.

It took two weeks for the missionaries to find local doctors whom the Japanese would be willing to listen to. These doctors made it clear that the X-rays in question were of the abdomen of someone suffering with gall stones. The missionaries were exonerated and under the regulations of the time were allowed to leave the country.

## A Missionary Smuggler

In the fall of 1940, the war in Europe had taken a bad turn. President Roosevelt was sending American destroyers to Great Britain to bolster their food supply. The President also sent out word through the State Department for all missionaries and other civilian personnel from China who could possibly leave to return to the United States. The federal government commandeered the U.S.S. Washington, a large luxury liner that normally plied the Atlantic, and sent it across the Pacific especially to pick up army families and civilian personnel from China and the Philippines. Frances and the children were among those who were slated to go.

It was then that I became a smuggler of silver dollars. Technically, I suppose being a smuggler was a sin, but actually the

only thing that worried me was getting caught.

Several months earlier, in Sutsien, one of my deacons came around and said, "Dr. Patterson, I have a serious problem. I have $150 in silver dollars. The Japanese garrison is searching everywhere and confiscating all the silver they can find. If they find these dollars in my possession, they will probably tear down my house searching for more. They will search me, but they won't search you. Will you give me currency for the silver dollars?"

With my big heart and small brain, I said, "Sure! Just bring it around." So he brought, and I bought. The one hundred and fifty silver dollars were Kai Yuan dollars, minted by the democracy that came to power in 1912. They were good dollars, each one weighing an ounce in pure silver. I put them in my trunk.

In 1940, Japanese soldiers were stationed at almost every crossroad. They searched you when you went into a train station and when you left, when you went through the gate into a city and when you came back out. They searched your baggage, your pockets, your everything. Even after you were on the train, whenever the soldiers took a notion to search and check, they opened up everything while you watched helpless as dirty hands pawed through your belongings.

Having Scotch blood in me, even though separated from those ancestors by several generations, I could not bear the thought of throwing my one hundred and fifty silver dollars away. Now the family was to be leaving for America. Perhaps this was my chance! The problem was how to get a roll of one hundred and fifty dollars in silver through the many inspections between Tenghsien and Shanghai.

This is what I did, and it worked. I had a two gallon bucket, about eight inches in diameter. I put the silver dollars into it first. On top of them I put various hinges and broken parts of a motorcycle engine. Then I poured heavy engine oil over it until the bucket was half full. With this very dirty looking mess, it seemed clear there would be no "in-depth" examination of its contents. I personally carried the bucket as I went to the Tenghsien station to get on the train for Shanghai. The inspector came to the bucket and asked, "What have you got?"

I said, "You can see it's some little pieces of motorcycle. I'm taking them to Shanghai."

I didn't actually lie, although I may have fudged a little about disclosure of the whole truth. Still, being a good missionary, I thought maybe God wouldn't hold it against me. As for the inspector, he decided he would investigate no further.

Before we got to Hsuchowfu, that scenario was repeated. Be-

fore we got to Nanking, it had been repeated two or three times more. Before we got to Shanghai, another three or four times.

When we got to Missionary Home (our "hotel" in Shanghai), I retrieved the silver dollars and washed the dirty oil off. When the family got on the U.S.S. Washington, the dollars were in the trunk.[2]

Since being back in America, I have enjoyed looking at these coins, telling people the story, and giving the coins to many of my friends and grandchildren. But just in case you want one now, I have to tell you that I have given them all away!

Actually, I had had some previous experience at smuggling. The earlier time, it had to do with our missionary medical work. In 1940, one of our hospital doctors in Sutsien came to me and presented his problem. "All our patients come to us with Chinese Bank bills. The drug stores in Shanghai accept these bills. But we have no way to send this money, because the Japanese soldiers have orders to confiscate it. We must get medicine or close down. You are going to Shanghai in a few days. Will you take it for us?"

Having to dodge the Japanese army gave a real savor to the trip. I wrapped several thousand in currency around my thighs, secured the bundles with adhesive tape, pulled on my trousers, and was on my way. Everything worked fine until there was a two-hour delay at the Hsuchowfu railroad station. The Japanese soldiers became restless and started peeling off trousers to inspect more carefully.

I was really worried until they did not object when I walked across and joined an "inspected" group. This at least saved me from losing all the money and from a night on a brick couch in a jail. The hospital got their medicine and that is what it was all about. Don't anybody tell me that I did not help in physical therapy and surgery. Ask Nurse Margaret Wood. She is here now, in Sunnyside, and she was in Sutsien then.

## Free Transportation

After Frances and our three children boarded the Washington and headed for the U.S.A., I, like many other people in the fall

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[2]Some people have asked why the Japanese didn't find the dollars when they inspected the trunk. The answer is that once we were in the international concession in Shanghai, the Japanese had no more authority. The pier from which Frances and the children embarked was in the international concession. The old extraterritorial treaties had granted governmental authority to various foreign powers in international concessions, and in 1940-1941 the Japanese still recognized those treaty rights.

of 1940, was left "alone" in China. That winter and spring, I taught in the North China Theological Seminary in Tenghsien.

When June of 1941 came around, I asked for a two month summer vacation so that I might come back to the U.S.A. and talk things over with Frances, face to face. I knew that something permanent would have to be worked out.

One real problem for this proposed excursion was money. It would take six or eight hundred U.S. dollars for the round trip on an American or British boat. The one ray of hope was to buy a ticket in Japanese yen. Tickets were issued in Yokohama based on the official Japanese exchange rate of four yen to one dollar. But in Shanghai, where the Japanese could not regulate exchange rates, the U.S. dollar could be sold for twenty to twenty-three yen.

This meant that if I travelled on a Japanese boat and if I could buy the ticket in Japan, using yen bought in Shanghai, I could get my ticket at a discount of 75%. The Associated Mission Treasurers, through their office in Shanghai, exchanged $200 (U.S.) into yen for me at the 20-1 exchange rate. Then, through their office in Japan, they bought me a second-class ticket round-trip Yokohama to the U.S.A. on the Nitta Maru.[3]

The trip out of China was uneventful. The train to Tsingtao accepted my yen currency. The coastal boat which transported me to Yokohama also accepted yen. While I was waiting in Yokohama, of course I could use yen. The voyage across the Pacific was a pleasant one, on a boat not too crowded.

The family was waiting for me at "Dam Hill."[4] After we had

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[3]The ticket agent mentioned that Nitta Maru was the second name this ship had carried. When it was first commissioned the previous year, it was the Titti Maru. "Titti" at the time was a well-known and honored name in Japan. Unfortunately, when the ship first arrived in Seattle, the stevedores had a different association for the word and broke up in laughter at the ship's name. The steamship company was so upset that they changed the name of the ship.

[4]Father had a farm house near Staunton, Virginia, left to him by his mother. It was near an old mill which had been converted into a barn. The trace for the mill was still there, even though no water flowed. The family dwelling was on a little hill, a hundred yards to the east. We boys called it Dam Hill, and didn't always spell it correctly. This irritated my mother, but she put up with it in good spirits. Later, she promoted the name Maple Terrace, to counter the effect of our nomenclature. When Frances and the children came back to America by presidential order, in

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.

I wrote to Dr. Fulton and got permission to return the other half of my round-trip ticket and let the refund be delivered in Japanese money to our mission treasurer in Japan, with the understanding that the Nashville Board would give me the equivalent in U.S. money. This was O.K. with him. I sent the half-ticket to our treasurer in Yokohama, Boude Moore. He got eight hundred yen for it. Nashville gave me $200. Not a cent lost. Thank you, Hirohito!

(By the way, the Nitta Maru was a beautiful boat, specially constructed to be easily convertible into an armed raider or a troop transport. When Japanese troop ships later were being sunk all over the Pacific, I constantly searched casualty lists to see if my old friend, the Nitta Maru, was there, but I never saw the name again.)

## The Valley of the Shadow

For forty-four years my life had been bound up inseparably with China, but now I realized that the time had come for me to live and work somewhere else. Within months, Japan threw down the gauntlet to America and to the world, at Pearl Harbor. Hitler inaugurated modern saturation bombing in London. His submarines were sinking thousands and thousands of tons of shipping on the Atlantic. His egomaniacal determination to rule the world led him to plunge into what was to be a losing battle in the heart of Russia. As for China, the Japanese classified missionaries as enemy aliens and threw them into detention camps in Shantung and other provinces. The Chinese Christian church, while not entirely suppressed, came under increasing isolation and suspicion. Many Chinese Christians rose to the challenge, giving leadership to a church under fire.

The story of "my China that was" begins with the disembarkation of my parents in China in 1891, and it ends exactly fifty years later, in 1941, when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. So do we close our narrative by talking about the falling of the night? That would not be right. If there were no light ahead, there would be no point in talking about the darkness. Should we in 1941 have asked buglers from the Marine Corps to come and sound taps for the missionary enterprise? Taps emphasize that the lights

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late 1940, they landed at Dam Hill (Maple Terrace) to begin their recuperation. That was where I met them when I came back in the summer.

are going out, the <u>end</u> of the day, and that again would not be right. China, and the Christian presence in China, was heading into the darkness of a long night, but the light of hope was not extinguished. Even in the valley of that deep shadow of death, God was there.

# CHAPTER XVI

## AFTER PEARL HARBOR (1941- )

As of this writing, in the year 1990, China has been out of my planning and thinking for forty-nine years. My children, Houston, Bob, and Anne, have long been married and have followed rewarding careers in the United States. My eight grandchildren have entered the working force or are in the last stages of their graduate preparation. My great grandchildren, all five of them, are happily at school. The Lord has been more than good to me, I could never thank him for all that he has done. I look back a few years and remember my father and mother who spent their lives in China and are buried now, side by side, in Virginia. I look further back to mother's father, born of missionary parents in Greece in 1836, and I thank God for him. I thank God for the life of my wife, Frances, who was buried fifteen years ago in the cemetery of the Tinkling Spring Presbyterian Church near Staunton, Virginia. God has given me so much, so very much!

### Tempted to Quit

I will pick up the story by turning back to that dark summer of 1941. When I left China that summer, I carried two suitcases with me. Everything else would be confiscated in the ensuing years, either by the Japanese or by the bandits who roamed everywhere in the confusion of those days, looting, killing, burning. At the end of the summer, when it was impossible to return to China, the mission board told me to get a job if I could. I took my family to Grundy, Virginia, and enjoyed the work there all fall and into the spring, along with supplying the churches at Vansant and Oakwood.

During the winter of 1941-1942, a proposal was put to me that for the only time in my life really tempted me to leave the ministry and the work of the church. You will remember that the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941. A few weeks after that, a nice looking officer of the U.S. Marine Corps looked me up in Grundy to pay an official call. He said the Marine Corps had kept up with me in the years since 1919. They had my record and they felt my experience in China and my knowledge of the language could be of great value to the United States. Hoping I would return to active status, but knowing I would be concerned that my family be looked after, they promised me a rating as either a first lieutenant or a captain. They wanted me to go to China as an interpreter.

It was a tremendous temptation. At the time, I had been away from China for only about six months. I would have loved to go back with the United States armed forces and tell the soldiers

exactly what they were facing and what the Chinese were thinking.

American strategy in those early years of the war was to try to get at Japan through China. China was going through hell. The Russians still threatened Manchuria, just across the bay from North China. The Japanese were crawling all over the coastal seaboard. President Chiang Kai Shek had gone west, to Chungking, and we were trying to use the Burma Road to bolster his troops in their resistance to the Japanese. Americans thought that the terrible drain of fighting Chinese soldiers all over the vast continent of Asia would eventually wear the Japanese down.

The Japanese stranglehold on the cities of China produced an uneasy peace between the Chinese communists and Kuomintang soldiers. China grasped for anything that gave any hope of deliverance from the roving Japanese soldiers in their trucks and tanks and their constant marauding of the countryside during daylight hours.

At that time both the Russians and the Chinese were our allies. The terrors of Stalinism were well known. As for the Chinese communists, they had been prowling all over my territory around Sutsien for many years. They counted North Kiangsu as one of their "base areas." A group of them spent a night in one of our churches and I had a chance to talk to them, so I knew their tactics. In early 1942 I was still freshly returned from many years in North Kiangsu. I <u>knew</u> what the communists were thinking.

The strength and the temptation of that Marine officer's proposal to me was that I was sure I could help to steer our foreign policy away from disaster in China, if I had the chance. If Truman had chosen to leave MacArthur in Peking after the war instead of transferring him to Tokyo, the whole future of the world would have been different.

But I had already been separated from my family for a year. With no church manse, the family would have no home to live in. I did not think it was fair to them to choose this other job because of my personal preferences. So I said "No." I have often wondered what would have happened if I had accepted that offer and said "okay."

In October of 1942, we left Grundy and went to Williamson, West Virginia. In January of 1946, we moved to Bluefield, West Virginia, where I became the pastor of the Westminster Presbyterian Church. We stayed in Bluefield for the next forty-one years. Bluestone Presbytery had a mandatory retirement policy which applied to me at age seventy-five, so I retired from the Westminster Church in March of 1972. My last sermon at Westminster was preached on February 7 of that year. The church was very kind to allow Frances and me to continue living in the manse. That fall, I became pastor of the Bramwell Presbyterian Church, just a

few miles from Bluefield, and continued to serve that church for fifteen years. Frances died in January, 1975, and we buried her in the Tinkling Spring Presbyterian Church cemetery. In November of 1987, just after Thanksgiving, my sister, Margaret, and I moved to Harrisonburg, in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. So it was in Bramwell that I ended my ministerial career.

## A Voice from the Past

One day in the mid-1960's, after I had been in Bluefield about twenty years, I found a package from China in the mail. It was the first direct message from China that I had received since 1941.

I couldn't imagine who had sent it. The package had been sent to Bluefield, and it was addressed to me in English. The package contained only a Chinese-language magazine, one published by a pentecostal or holiness church in Peking. I went through the pages carefully. The church definitely was preaching Jesus Christ. But why had the magazine been sent to me? Then, on the front page, I saw a little dot by a person's name, and I recognized it. . . .

The story had begun about twenty-five years earlier, in the late 1930's. One day a good friend from the town of Lin Chung, not far from Sutsien, visited me. He told me the story of a beggar lad in that town, aged about seventeen, who had turned evangelist. My friend was rapturous in describing the boy's abilities, speaking of him as a new Elijah, a new John the Baptist. He urged me to visit his church and meet this beggar turned preacher.

In China that I knew, any beggar was mired in utter hopelessness. There were hundreds in every town. Young beggars went hungry, old ones died. Was it possible that there could be hope for a beggar, in such a milieu where there was <u>no</u> hope? I wanted to see this beggar who had caught a vision of the morning star, who above the storm had heard the voice of our Lord.

It wasn't long before I found an excuse to go to Lin Chung. When I asked about the young man, the minister told me that physically he showed the marks of undernourishment. He was rather shrivelled for his age, looking perhaps twelve years old instead of seventeen. One day on the street, the boy had heard somebody talking about Jesus Christ. "Only believe," the evangelist had said. "You don't have to pay anything, just serve Jesus Christ with your life." This was the first hope, the first light on the path of life, that had ever come into this boy's experience.

Somewhere he had found some old but decent clothes. He asked his mother to wash them, combed his hair, and began coming to church. "When he comes to church," the minister told me, "he does not bring his beggar bowl. We loaned him a Bible, and he is beginning to learn to read. We have indirectly heard lately that he is taking about thirty minutes off a day from his work as a beggar,

and going up to town to preach on the street."

You may ask, how he could preach with no training? Like John the Baptist and Elijah before him, he preached from his own experience. This young man preached the two S-words: sin and salvation. Sin he knew, upside-down and backwards. In his life on the street he had seen clearly enough the oppression visited on the poor by the rich and the affluent. And salvation? The call of Christ that he had heard, the vision of hope that he had seen, was his clear and personal experience of salvation.

What did he preach? The Christians in Lin Chung told me that his message centered around the sins of the rich and the affluent. He preached about the affluent using their mouths to curse and to oppress. He preached about the rich who by their well-fed bodies showed their oppression of the starving. He preached on the idleness of the upper classes, and about their use of illegal means to get money out of other people. And the people he was preaching to all knew that he was telling the truth.

I was thrilled that God could stoop down and come into the life of this beggar boy in the hinterland of China. I had a chance to sit down and talk to the boy, after church. He was very intense. He was obsessed with a determination to be able to read the Bible and to be used of God in leading people to Christ. He wanted to go to school. He wanted to <u>do</u> something for God. He wanted to know how he could do it.

At the time we were talking, China was in turmoil, bandits and brigands were on the loose, and my own world was in the process of falling to pieces. I frankly didn't know what to tell him. What I said was, "God has led you this far, and you can be sure that God will not throw you overboard now!" Within a year or two, all connections between my country and the beggar boy's country had been severed, and I had left China. I never saw the young man again.

. . . This was the man whose name I now recognized, twenty-five years later, on the Peking magazine. He had gone on with his preaching. He had survived the difficulties of the Japanese occupation and of the transition to communism. He had found his way to town after town, and had ended up in this church in Peking. He had learned to read the Bible and had been asked to be a teacher in that Holiness church. He wanted me to know that God did not fail in his promises. And he wanted me to know that he had not forgotten me. Who can ask for anything better than that?

## <u>The Blood of Former Friends</u>

Now a new political day has dawned. Many times in the last few years people have asked me whether I would like to go back to China. The answer is "No." I can see no point in going back with

no Christian work that I could do. The only possible interest would be to see what changes have been wrought.

Some of the changes made under the communists have been improvements, certainly. The government has cleared much of the country territory in North Kiangsu and has turned the area into large farms. Railroads have been put through, big roads built. There is now television. There are health care facilities that we never dreamed to see.

But many of the villages that I used to visit are no more, because they have been leveled. And Sutsien also, at least the town as we knew it, is no more. The inner and outer walls of the city are gone. Industries have been brought in. A big truck route now cuts the town in two. The communists have converted what were our mission buildings into government buildings of one kind or another. The house where my children played when they were growing up has become an executive office for the local police.

Friends who have gone back say they occasionally run across people who remember "Dr. Pu" ("Dr. Patterson"). But one consideration especially has kept me from wanting to go back. China is a land where many of my former friends have been killed. I simply have had no desire to go back and see the spots where their blood was shed.

## What God Will Yet Do

As I draw these memoirs to a close, I recall the motto that the Smithsonian Institution in Washington has inscribed over its doors: "The past is but prologue." I am convinced it applies to what God is doing in China. As missionaries, we sowed the seed, even though we were not able to stay to see the day of harvest. But today in China, there is a return to God and to the Scriptures and to the things of the Spirit. Just possibly, China may become a great democracy within the span of this generation. Just possibly the time is now here when China will find in Christ the answer to its spiritual yearnings.

If this is possible, we thank God. If it is not possible in this generation, we still can continue to hope. For the time will yet come when people will know that God's Word is always fulfilled and when the Kingdom of Heaven will spread throughout the entire earth!

God bless you, each one, and keep you.

## APPENDICES

## Appendix A

### Pinyin Spellings for Chinese Place Names

The spellings for Chinese place names that I use in the text had been adopted by the International Postal Union in the nineteenth century and were standard usage when I was there. Today's standard spellings are based on a newer system of transliteration called "Pinyin." I will give you a little comparative list, in case you what to look up any of the places on recent maps. For the most part, only the English spellings have changed, not the Chinese names or pronunciations.

| | OLD STYLE (I.P.U.) | NEW STYLE (PINYIN) |
|---|---|---|
| MUNICIPALITIES | Peking | Beijing |
| | Shanghai | Shanghai |
| | Tientsin | Tyanjing |
| PROVINCES/ TOWNS | Anhui | Anhui |
| | Wuhu | Wuhu |
| | Chechiang | Zhejiang |
| | Hangchow | Hangzhou |
| | Sinchiang | Sinjiang |
| | Hopei | Hobei |
| | Peitaiho | Beidaihe |
| | Kianghsi | Jiangxi |
| | Kukiang | Jiujiang |
| | Kuling | Kuling |
| | Kiangsu | Jiangsu |
| | Chinkiang | Zhenjiang |
| | Haichow | Haizhou |
| | Hsuchowfu | Xu Zhou |
| | Nanking | Nanjing |
| | Sutsien | Suqian |
| | Taichow | Taizhou |
| | Tsingkiangpu | Qingjiangpu |
| | Kwangtung | Guangdong |
| | Canton | Guangzhou |
| | Manchukuo | Liaoning (renamed) |
| | Dairen | Dalian |

| Shantung | Shandong |
| --- | --- |
| Chufu | Zhufu |
| Tenghsien | Teng Xian |
| Tsingtao | Qingdao |
| Yihsien | Yixian |

## Appendix B

## Sources for Further Information

Just in case some who read this would like more information, we recommend the following sources:

UTS The Library, Union Theological Seminary in Virginia, 3401 Brook Road, Richmond, Virginia 23227.

DepH PCUSA Department of History (Montreat), Montreat, North Carolina.

PMB The Mission Board of the Presbyterian Church (USA), Louisville, Kentucky.

TSPC The historical archives of the Tinkling Spring Presbyterian Church, Fishersville, Virginia.

MinD Ministerial Directory of the Presbyterian Church, U.S., 1861-1967 (editions of 1941, 1951, and 1967) (information on ordained ministers only)

MisD "Missionary Directory, Presbyterian Church in the U.S." (published by the Presbyterian Church, U.S.A., 1990; includes brief biographical data on non-ordained missionary personnel)

Various descendants keep family papers. As a start you might contact my son, Robert G. Patterson, Memphis, Tennessee; my niece, Patricia Mack Churchman, Bridgewater, Virginia; or Bob's daughter, Mary Moore Patterson, presently in California.

Here are some names that might be useful in tracing information:

Samuel Rutherford Houston [1806-1887] (my great grandfather, a missionary to Greece)
Papers (mss., DepH, Montreat)
MinD

Rutherford Rowland Houston [1836-1917] (my grandfather, born in Greece)
Volume of Sermons, 1892-1901 (DepH, Montreat)
MinD

Brown Craig Patterson [1865-1953] (my father)
Memoirs, 92 pp., mimeographed (circulated in the family; also at UTS, DepH, TSPC)
Papers (mss., DepH, Montreat)
MinD

Anne Rowland Houston [1867-1954] (my mother)
Report from the field to First Presbyterian Church Jackson, Mississippi, 1905, 9 pp. (ms. in the archives of the First Presbyterian Church, Jackson, Mississippi; copies at DepH, TSPC)
Memoirs, 13 pp., mainly about her life before going to China (circulated in the family; copy at TSPC)
Letters from China (mss., Mrs. Margaret Mack, Harrisonburg)
MisD

Craig Houston Patterson [1897-1990]
"Reminiscences of China" (ms., DepH, Montreat)
My China That Was (copies will be given to the Washington and Lee library, to DepH [Montreat], and to UTS)
MinD