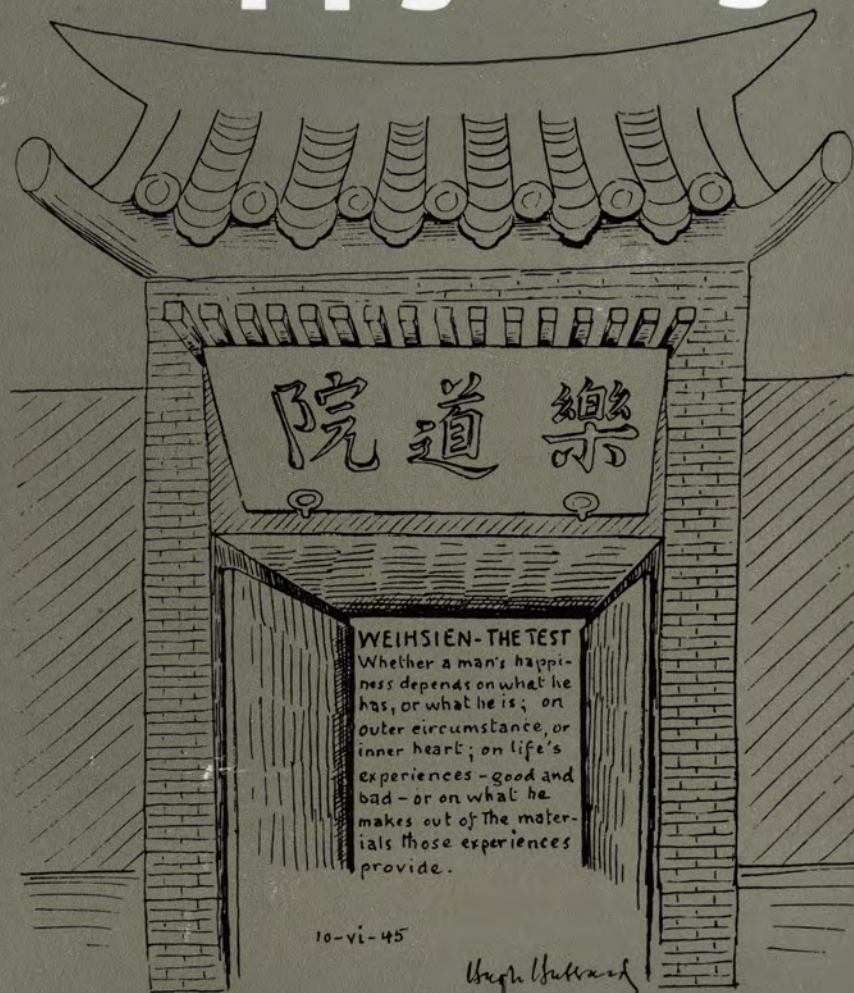


NORMAN CLIFF
**courtyard
of the
happy way**



COURTYARD OF THE HAPPY WAY

by
NORMAN CLIFF



Published by
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ABOUT THE AUTHOR AND THIS BOOK



NORMAN CLIFF was born in China of missionary parents in the year 1925. His maternal grandparents and great grandparents were also members of the China Inland Mission, his great grandmother being a sister of Dr. Hudson Taylor, founder of the Mission.

After matriculating at the Chefoo Schools in North China, Norman Cliff with his two sisters was interned by the Japanese in Weihsien Camp until the end of the Sino-Japanese war. With the advance of the Japanese forces westward

from the coast his parents left their mission station, and settled in Durban, South Africa.

In this story, covering the first twenty years of his life which were spent in China, Norman Cliff recalls the arrival of the Japanese armed forces in the port of Chefoo, where he was at school. He goes on to tell how in the years following "Pearl Harbour" an entire Mission school was interned under the Japanese for three years.

The community in Weihsien Camp faced all kinds of hardships and adversities but the book forcibly reveals God's unfailing protection and provision during those difficult war years.

The story closes with their dramatic rescue by seven American airmen in August 1945.

In a sense Norman Cliff's story, going back over three generations of missionaries, spans the entire eighty years of Protestant missionary endeavour in China prior to the Communist takeover.

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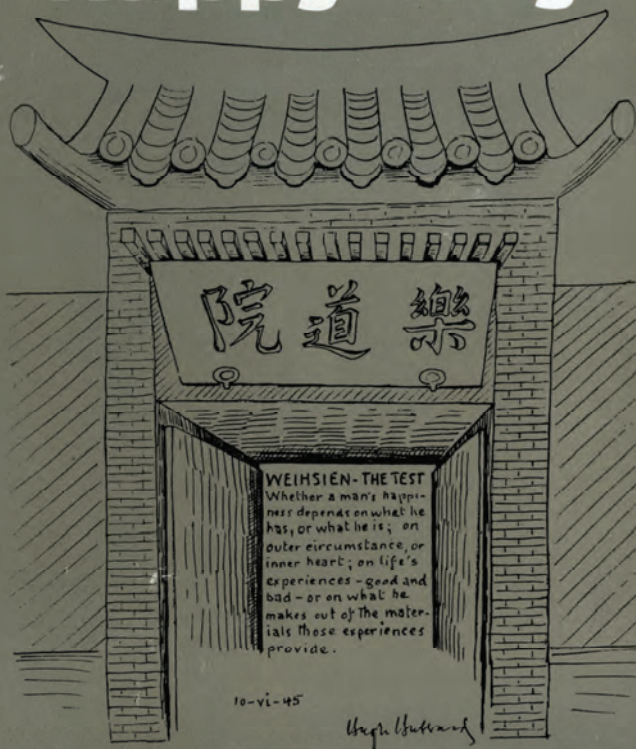
DEDICATED

to

LILIAN, KATHRYN, PAUL and JAMES

to whom I have recounted these
stories many times

NORMAN CLIFF courtyard of the happy way



FOREWORD

THE 1937-45 war in the Pacific began disastrously for 1 China, and continued even more disastrously for Britain and America after Pearl Harbour; but finally ended in triumph for the Allies and defeat for Japan and her grandiose vision of a Greater East Asia Co-prosperity Sphere.

Inevitably, civilians were caught up in the maelstrom of war. Internee camps were set up by the Japanese in China, Hong Kong, Singapore, Indonesia, the Philippines, Korea, Taiwan and Japan itself. These were rigorously, often harshly administered. Over thirty years have passed since the Allied victory brought dramatic release to the internees who had suffered severe privation and often brutality at Japanese hands. However, war memories may be fading for most of us but the memories of the internees have been indelibly imprinted with the events of those years.

Norman Cliff, son of missionary parents and descended through his mother from Benjamin Broomhall, brother-in-law to Hudson Taylor, was one of those internees. The Staff and children of the Chefoo Schools, after being confined temporarily in the northern port of Chefoo, eventually joined a much larger international community inland, for the duration of the war. This book is a very personal record of reminis-

cences of the author's formative years in Chefoo, and the unwelcome interlude between the end of his High School education and the commencement of his career

as an accountant and in the Christian ministry. This interlude of forcible detention, while armies fought on the world's battlefields, was one of increasing strain on human nature and of growing frustration. Rough living conditions and severe food shortages entailed severe hardships. But there was light as well as shade. Individual Christians lived courageously and selflessly for the inspiration and strengthening of others and helped to maintain the sagging morale. The author himself, as with others among the teenagers, found his faith tested but came through to a deeper, more real Christian experience. This in turn led to his call to the ministry of the Church.

Faith in God and God's faithfulness shine from the pages of what might easily have become a story of squalor and degradation.

Crowborough 1977

LESLIE T. LYALL
Retired O.M.F. missionary
and well-known author on
the Chinese Church.

PREFACE

TO WRITE about one's experiences during the Sino-Japanese war over thirty years after that war is over

has not been an easy task, especially as I have written most of it from so far away from the scene of the events as Rhodesia.

This book was written in my spare moments over some five years. I have been fortunate in having a number of letters, cuttings and photographs with which to sharpen my memory.

The background to my story is the Chefoo Schools and the China Inland Mission (now the Overseas Missionary Fellowship). In introducing them in the first two chapters I have drawn heavily from the writings of three C.I.M. missionaries (listed later under Acknowledgments); and I wish to thank the O.M.F. for their kind permission to do this.

I would like to express my gratitude to three ladies who gave such willing help typing the manuscript—Mrs Marion Purkiss of Fort Victoria, Mrs Yvonne Barkley and Mrs Marlene Harding of Sinoia; and to my wife Lilian who not only helped with the typing, but encouraged me to see this work through to completion. Mr J. Liddy kindly checked the MS from the grammatical and literary point of view.

The purpose of this book can best be summed up in a verse of the Chefoo School anthem:

Plaudits of men we lightly appraise, set we a nobler aim,
Ever to bring through the toil of our days glory to God's great name.

I trust that in this in some small measure I have succeeded.

Sunderland 1977

NORMAN CLIFF

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CHAPTER I

UNWILLINGLY TO SCHOOL

*"Oh Chefoo shore, so bare and wild,
Fit land for a poetic child;
Land of brown hills and blinding blasts,
Land of slow junks and swaying masts.
Land of my youth,
What mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy sunny strand?
As I review each well-known scene,
Think what is now and what has been,
My soul would fain, as days of yore,
Stand on thy sunny, shell-strewn shore."*

(Author unknown)

*"The whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school."*

(Shakespeare, As You Like It)

I WAS STANDING IN THE DOORWAY of the Principal's office. Inside were the Prep. School Principal, Miss Kendon, and on her left my mother. I had just kissed Mother goodbye.

Suddenly my childish mind grasped the significance of it all. This was no parting for a brief trip to school or a birthday party; Mother must be going to rejoin Dad at Li-ch'eng, in inland China, and I was now to be a boarder at the Prep. School.

The truth of it all suddenly hit me. It was a traumatic experience, the pain of which I can recall today, forty-four years later, as though it happened yesterday. I waved mechanically and then ran out into the school playground to try to play with the other children, as though nothing very unusual had happened.

My last glance at my mother has remained as a photograph on my memory down the corridor of time. She looked pained; for her this was her first parting from one of her children. Was I not her firstborn son? The child of special honour in this land of my birth? Within a few years Lelia would be the next fledgling to leave the nest, and then Estelle, now still a babe in arms.

An hour later I stood outside the school building overlooking the north playground. Across the bay a steamer was slipping out of the harbour in front of the Bluff. It then turned north and disappeared from sight, leaving just a curl of smoke. I was alone for the first time in my life.

The year was 1931, the place, Chefoo, a quiet port 500 miles to the north of Shanghai. I was six years of age. Ten years previously Father had given up a post as lecturer in pharmacy in London to become a missionary with the China Inland Mission, a large, interdenominational society working in the inland provinces of China. Leaving behind security and comfort, he was to embrace, under a deep sense of divine call, a life of frugality, danger and separation, as the unfolding of my story will show.

Mother's roots with the Mission in China went back two generations to the very beginning of Protestant work in that land. Her grandmother's brother, Dr. Hudson Taylor, was pacing the Brighton beach one Sunday morning in 1865. The tide was going out and the beach was empty. Church bells summoned the faithful to worship, but Great-Great Uncle Hudson, a young Yorkshireman, was facing a big decision as he paced the deserted shore.

That night he scribbled on the flyleaf of his Bible, "Prayed for 24 willing, skilful labourers at Brighton, June 25, 1865." And on Tuesday evening he recorded, "June 27. Went with Mr. Pearse to the London and County Bank and opened an account for the China Inland Mission. Paid in £10."

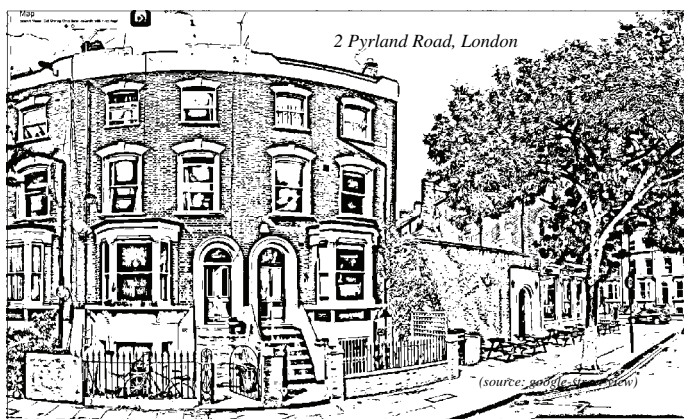
On May 26 1865, with more faith than funds, Hudson Taylor boarded the 760-ton Lammermuir with his party of missionary recruits. My grandfather, Hudson Broomhall, then a mere lad, stood on the Tilbury docks with a group of well-wishers, largely composed of Broomhalls, as the historic ship sailed down the Thames to begin its four months' hazardous voyage to Shanghai.

My great-grandfather, Benjamin Broomhall, married to Hudson Taylor's sister, was then living in Bayswater, Lon-



don. His many activities included the general secretaryship of the Anti-Slavery Association, and more especially the Anti-Opium Movement. For the latter cause he crusaded up and down Britain, trying to arouse the nation's conscience to this growing evil of opium, writing in the press and interviewing members of Parliament. At his deathbed, his son Marshall, my grandfather's brother, read to him from The Times a report from Mr. Morrison, the paper's correspondent in Peking. The passage included these words: "... the agreement means the extinction of the opium trade within at least two years, or even earlier." And one of Great-Grandfather Benjamin Broomhall's last words were, "Thank God, I have lived to see it."

Later he was to move to 2 Pyrland Road, London, to run the



Mission's first home. This entailed not only entertaining missionaries en route to and from China, and interviewing candidates for the Mission, but also looking after, in addition to their own four sons and six daughters, the seven children of Hudson Taylor while he opened up the Society's work on the field. Three years later he was appointed General Secretary of the Mission. The day was to come when Grandfather Hudson Broomhall (who never, to his dying day, forgot the scene on the London docks of the first party leaving on the Lammermuir) also went to China, eventually to become at the Sinza Road headquarters in Shanghai the Mission's trusted treasurer. Thus, Mother was born in China at Kuling in 1894.

I have before me the faded certificate, signed by the British Pro-Consul of Hankow, recording the birth of Mary Gertrude Broomhall on January 15, 1894. At the turn of the century, 1901, she too had been taken to the Chefoo Schools while her parents and the younger members of the family went on furlough to England. Having qualified as a pharmacist in London during the First World War, she went into business in 1922 in Shanghai, near the Mission's old headquarters where her father was still working in the administration offices.

The pull of heredity, environment and vocation proved too great, and she, too, joined the C.I.M. Here, at the old headquarters in the Hongkew district of Shanghai, Howard Cliff met Mary Broomhall. The certificate of marriage, dated December 14, 1923, records that they were "married in the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity according to the rites and ceremonies of the Church of England".

Their first home was at Kaifeng where they worked in the Mission's hospital as pharmacists. From there they went to Chefoo for my birth, which took place on April 4, 1925. It was the Diamond Jubilee year of the Mission, which could now boast 1,000 missionaries in its membership.

Ominous clouds were settling over China. Sun YatSen had just died, Communism was asserting itself, and brigandry and lawlessness were beginning to stalk the land. A small incident in the international settlement in Shanghai sparked off a widespread anti-foreign rising. This had spread across the country and wrought havoc to Mission property, including the Language School in Yangchow, where father had first grappled with the intricacies of the Chinese language, and the hospital in Kaifeng where my parents had worked after their marriage. Five thousand Protestant missionaries of various societies were evacuated, many never to return. I accompanied my parents to England in 1927. A windy day on the ship going to England provoked my first spoken words. Significantly, they were in Chinese. "Pu iao to feng" ("I don't want a big wind").

In a small nursing home in Torquay, Devonshire, near my father's childhood home, Lelia was born. Father's parents rejoiced at the ill-wind of anti-foreign uprisings which had blown their son and his family home from afar to Torquay for Lelia's birth. I can remember vaguely the old apple tree in the garden at Windsor Road, Torquay, the Mission's sombre buildings at Newington Green, London, and a trip to the London Zoo.

These, then, were the circumstances and events, over many years, which brought me to that eventful day when the steamer disappeared from sight, and I was now one of a hundred "preppies" in boarding school, almost to a child there for the same reason.

Mother and Father had taken Christ's words literally when He said, nineteen centuries before, "Everyone that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sister, or father or mother, or wife or child or lands, for my name's sake shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life" (Matthew 19:29).

But all this was cold comfort to a homesick boy getting undressed in a large dormitory that night. It was all a strange new world. We jumped into small tin baths. Amahs were coming in and out, bringing buckets of k'ai hsui (hot water). The teacher on duty, a Canadian, went from tub to tub assisting each boy to wash himself. Seeing my red eyes, and knowing I was a new arrival, she planted a kiss on my cheek. This brought incalculable solace.

After saying my prayers I got into bed. I saw on the wall beside me a picture frame in which were a collection of family scenes. Among them was Father, kneeling with arms outstretched, as he often had done at Hwailu, Honan (the mission station which had been our home a few years previously). I wanted to run into those strong, loving arms again, and imagined myself doing so as I dropped off to sleep.

CHAPTER II

THE FIELDS OF YESTERDAY

*"In eighteen hundred and eighty-one
The Chefoo School was first begun,
The finest school beneath the sun,
Chefoo, Chefoo, for ever.*

*School work, and tennis, and cricket, and tea,
Boating and swimming in the sea,
Football and hockey and sport for me,
Chefoo, Chefoo, for ever.*

*In eighteen hundred and eighty-two
They started cricket in Chefoo,
And beards and toppers improved the view,
Chefoo, Chefoo, for ever.*

*In eighteen hundred and eighty-three
Football began with brutal glee,
And ankles were broken, and shins and knee,
Chefoo, Chefoo, for ever.*

*In eighteen hundred and eighty-four
They started to row by the Chefoo shore,
And backs were tired, and hands were sore,
Chefoo, Chefoo, for ever.*

*In eighteen hundred and ninety-six
They built the school of straw and bricks,
And the scholars got up to monkey tricks
Chefoo, Chefoo, for ever.*

*In nineteen hundred and thirty, see
McCarthy welcome P.A.B.,
They're jolly good fellows, and so say we,
Chefoo, Chefoo, forever."*

(A song sung at Chefoo. See chapter IX for the rest of it)

*"Across the fields of yesterday
He sometimes comes to me,
A little lad just back from play—
The lad I used to be."*

(T. S. Jones Jnr., Sometimes)

CHEFOO AND THE CHEFOO SCHOOLS were to be my home, school and community for the next twelve years. Indeed, no other place qualified as home, for Mother and Father were to move from Li-cheng (Shansi) to Shenteh (Hopei) on to Hangchow in South China for their longest stay in any one place, and then to furlough. Their subsequent stations in North China we were never to see, due to the vicissitudes of war. They were only addresses on letters from home.

Chefoo was a port in Shantung Province, 500 miles

north of Shanghai, situated on the curve of a quiet bay with a yellow sea-front and a range of hills behind it. It was to prove an ideal centre for education and training. It had a dry, bracing and sunny climate, though in winter it was subject to cold, north winds.

In a land of famine, poverty, banditry, civil wars and floods, it was a haven of peace for generations of missionaries' children who journeyed to it from the far-flung provinces of inland China by mule cart, goatskin rafts, river boats, stopping at insect-infested wayside inns for the night, and facing such hazards as attacks from armed robbers, and also infectious diseases. The last lap of the journey nearing the coast would be under less primitive conditions, for this would be by train and coastal steamer.

The compound included a Boys' School, Girls' School, later a Co-Ed Block, a memorial hall (in memory of old boys who fell in the First World War), a sanatorium, a business department, staff residences, playing fields and, just outside the compound up San Lane, the Prep. School to which I have already referred. How this unique centre of learning came into being once again centres round that legendary pioneer missionary, Dr. Hudson Taylor.

On May 8, 1879, some fourteen years after the founding of the Mission, Dr. Taylor arrived on the *SS Pao Tah* at this then undeveloped sea-coast port, ordered by Dr. Johnson of the London Missionary Society to convalesce there. The bracing air of Chefoo proved an ideal tonic for the invalid missionary, who was quick to write about the place to other missionaries needing rest and recuperation. Near the east end of the pebbly beach, and out of the town, was a bean field which was "bought for a song" by Dr. Hudson Taylor. Timbers from two wrecked ships, *The Christian* and *Ada*, were used for the first building. Subsequently more land was bought and more buildings erected.

Tired from a heavy spell of famine relief work in the Province of Shansi came a Mr. Elliston, a man with educational training. He was soon instructing the four sons of another missionary couple who were convalescing. From this grew what was known in the early years as The Protestant Collegiate School. Children from other missions joined the small group, children of business men in Chefoo and Shanghai followed, but scholars from the C.I.M. formed the largest group. It was not until 1901 that the family hotel, just east of the compound, was bought and became the Prep. School. Staffed by missionaries, many of whom had graduated from universities in Britain and North America, the school was run as a



Source: Google images



British public school, with cricket, football, hockey, rowing and tennis. At sixteen, Oxford Matriculation exams were taken, and sent to England for marking. Chefoo invariably ranked high in the annual results.

Although I have mentioned Chefoo as a haven from the unrest of the land of which it was a part, it inevitably had the peace occasionally disturbed during its sixty years' history. The Sino-Japanese war of 1894, various epidemics (including pneumonic plague), severe typhoons, outbreaks of fighting between bandit groups, all had their temporary effects on normal school life, the greatest impact being the Japanese invasion of China, to which a large part of this story will be devoted. With its high standard of education, good sporting facilities, strong sense of discipline and deeply religious environment, Chefoo was proudly referred to as the "best school east of Suez".

A large proportion of its former scholars returned as missionaries to the land of their birth. Many others made their mark in their home countries as doctors, professors, authors and the like. These include Henry Luce, editor of Time and Life; Carrington Goodrich, professor of Chinese at Columbia University; Thornton

Wilder, author and playwright; Vivian Gonder, Vice-President of Canadian National Railways; and Jeremy Bray, a former British Labour M.P.

Life in the Prep. School soon settled down to a normal and happy routine for me. Our teachers were dedicated women missionaries who carefully instructed us in the three Rs. At breaktime we ran out from the classes to play rounders, marbles and hide-and-seek. On Sunday mornings we walked in a crocodile to Union Church. The route took us in front of the mission compound, along the edge of the Chinese city to the settlement, with its Chefoo Club, its modern, Western style shops, and then part of the way up Consulate Hill to the church, with its view across the port. The building was long and shadowy, and the services seemed cold and slow. We returned in family groups, having linked up with brothers and sisters in the Boys' and Girls' Schools after the services. The afternoon service in the Memorial Hall was, by contrast, informal and varied. Object lessons were often given, and every part of the service was more understandable.

In front of the Prep. School was the beach and the school's

bathing shed. Here we went for a daily dip in the warmer months. Picnics up in the hills behind the schools on "Register Holidays" would be to such favourite spots as Adam's Knob, and farther afield to the Bamboo Temple. At least once every summer there was an all-day picnic by launch across to Lighthouse Island.

Chinese servants did our cooking and took turns pulling the punkah during the Memorial Hall services in the hotter months. Amahs, with their bound feet, made our beds. Our lessons every Friday were disturbed by an amah entering each classroom, going from child to child, cutting our fingernails, a weekly ritual we accepted as part of the establishment. One lesson every week was devoted to writing letters home. Suggested topics would be written by the teacher on the

blackboard, also difficult words that we could not spell. The Principal censored all outward mail. Letters from home came round at mealtimes. Older brothers or the teacher at the end of the table would assist the young to read the letters.

Towards the end of the year the teacher would write on the blackboard the dates of the various parties going home by ship for the Christmas holidays. We would then write home, giving these dates, and systematically count the days till departure. I well remember the little village where I spent my first Christmas at home.

Lelia and Estelle were too small to play with. My parents were engrossed in their missionary labours. There were no white children, for the nearest station was many miles away. I was glad to be near my parents, yet I was bored for lack of entertainment.

The service in the Fu Yin T'ang (Gospel Hall) at the bottom of the property was of the simplest. The pews were hard pan-tengs (benches), Chinese characters were across the front of the hall. There was a rickety pulpit and an old organ. The peasants, with crying babies and ragged children sang lustily, and listened eagerly to the sermon. I could only join in "Yes, Jesus loves me" and the "Yamen" at the end of the prayers. Along the only road in the village, heathen worshippers trudged to the local temple. In its dark interior one could see frightening-looking, many-horned gods, and smell incense brought there by their devotees.

The first few weeks back at school were invariably filled with acute homesickness. Letters from home and getting back into the old friendships and programme gradually restored a sense of equilibrium.

The following Christmas with my parents at Shunteh meant less travelling and a little more contact with Western life, for a few miles away was the friendly American Presbyterian station. Christmas included giving presents to the children at the orphanage and then joining the Presbyterian Chinese School as they sang carols.

Primary, Transition, Lower I and Upper I days passed by swiftly and happily. The final years in the Prep. brought its changes. We left behind the cold dormitories and creaking floors of the old Prep. School, the hotel of former days, and went inside the compound to a beautiful new school, well planned and solidly built, warm and comfortable.

CHAPTER III

THE GOD OF WAR

*"The god of war is drunk with blood
The earth doth faint and fail".*
(Gwin, King of Norway)

DURING AUGUST 1935 I moved with the boys in the Upper I class across to the second form in the Boys' School. This brought many changes. We moved across to the Co-Ed Block for our education. French and Latin were now part of the curriculum. On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays after school there was compulsory sport—cricket in summer, football and hockey in winter. Tuesdays and Thursdays were Exeat Days. After having obtained permission from the master on duty we could walk or ride by bicycle, out of the compound gates to Second Beach, or up to Adams Knob behind the school. For the third year in succession I went to Hangchow for the Christmas holidays in 1935, the only station to which I went for more than one holiday.

Our home next to the Bible School was comfortable, with an attractive garden. Unlike Li-ch'eng and Shunteh, there were many westerners in the city. We often went to the C.M.S. compound where we played with Evelyn and Noel Taylor. At Christmas there were joint parties and carol singing, with many British and American families. Father was kept busy preparing lectures, marking papers and talking to students. As he walked across the garden to a lecture he would kick the football with me for a few moments. On Saturday afternoons we rode side by side through the dusty roads to the famous

Hangchow Lake. We would push the bikes to the top of a bridge and then ride on again.

The students at the Bible School came from many provinces, and therefore spoke a variety of dialects. They were being trained to be leaders of the Chinese Church. They took turns in conducting school prayers. From a lounge window we often saw a student feverishly going over his sermon, leaning out of the window at the end of the first floor of the building. Alongside the Bible School was the Chinese church whose pastor, Mr. Li, was a kindly man and a good leader. After the service on Sunday mornings the students would meet in prayer outside the church, holding their bikes and some Chinese religious tracts. When prayer was over they scattered through the city in twos to hold open-air services. Here, at Hangchow, was the nearest to home life I ever experienced.

During the following year Mother and Father went on furlough to England, and my Christmas was spent at the school with other children whose parents lived in provinces too far

away for holiday travel.

Every summer the American and British fleets anchored in the bay. The American naval forces ashore injected much money into the port's economy. "White Russian" women courted these husky sailors, who spent their time ashore in the pubs and on the beaches. The British fleet challenged the school in football and cricket. On Saturday afternoons the boys played the business men in the town, or teams from the British warships. Captain Boucher was a legendary cricket



China Inland Mission "Chefoo School" (Protestant Collegiate School)



In Deo Fidimus and Nihil Absque Labore

Location

[Yantai, Shandong, China](#)

Information

Type	Private Boarding
Religious affiliation(s)	Protestant Christian
Established	1880 (closed in 1951)
Athletics	Soccer, rowing
Source: Wikipedia	

player, the best batsman, we were told, in the Far East fleet. Imagine our pride when Yorkstone bowled him out one Saturday, middle wicket. Hayman bowled out Yorkstone soon afterwards during school compulsory sport. Soon many budding cricketers in the school were describing themselves as "the man who bowled the man who bowled the man who bowled Boucher".

May 12, 1937 was a great day for the British community in Chefoo. Away in London the Coronation of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth was being held. In our eastern port there was a funfair on the grounds of the British Consulate, not far from the Union Church. There was a moving ceremony on our school field where British marines had a parade. There was a twenty-one-gun salute from H.M.S. Danae, then in the harbour, and that evening a display of fireworks and search-



Chefoo School was operated as a part of the China Inland Mission agency. Staff of the school were required to be full members of the C.I.M.. The curriculum was based on the British education system, heavily emphasizing classical courses designed to prepare students for entrance to British universities such as [Oxford](#) and [Cambridge](#). Christian education was also a focus. The Principal led prayers daily, and there were two services each Sunday. The school year had four terms beginning in February, April, August and October. The school also competed in sports such as [soccer](#) and [rowing](#). School magazines included *Lux Tenebris* in 1887, and *The Magnet* in the 1920s, and *The Chefusian* begun in 1928, and continued until 1942. (© Wikipedia)

lights. We were proud to be British, proud of the ships which stopped in the bay, proud of the naval crew who played us in sport, proud, too, of the red patches on our at-lases, showing the size of our then far-flung empire.

Meanwhile, the dreaded spectre of war was rearing its ugly head over China, the land of my birth. Red Communist armies were marching through Kweichow and Szechwan, capturing and pillaging and looting, as we knew from the story of Hayman and Bosshardt (two missionaries, who had been held by the Communists in south-west China and forced to travel with them on the "Long March"), as well as letters from parents of some at school. Farther north, rival bandit groups were causing the same havoc. Chiang Kai-shek, with his ill-prepared armies, was faced at the same time with a civil war at home, and attack from the ambitious empire of Japan which, with its overpopulated islands, was casting covetous eyes on this spacious land as an outlet for its economic needs. It required just a spark to set the land aflame with war and bombing.

That spark came in July 1937 with the Marco Polo Bridge incident, near Peking. The effects were soon felt on the peaceful port of Chefoo. Chinese youth were recruited for the army. We could see them in training, marching on the front roads. Coolies with picks and shovels worked feverishly digging trenches, erecting pillboxes. Families were evacuated, leaving their mud houses bare of furniture. Those who remained dug air-raid holes in their gardens. Meanwhile letters from Shansi spoke of villages being besieged by the Japanese.

I was now twelve and becoming conscious of new energies and vigour. When Exeat Days came, feeling cooped up in the exacting rounds of homework, tests and school discipline, I would roam the hills behind the school with Grant Hanna and Jack Bell, in search of adventure and excitement. We entered deserted Chinese homes on the hillside, where families had left to go inland. We jumped on air-raid shelters till they gave in, threw stones till all the paper windows were broken. With wooden poles we charged at the walls which crumbled under our blows.

Not far beyond the Erh Ma Lou, running behind the school compound, was the Isolation Hospital which was used for outbreaks of measles, scarlet fever and so on. One day the three of us wandered past it. At the end was the humble dwelling of the Chinese caretaker, and outside his home a pile of dry grass. On the spur of the moment I said to Hanna, "If you light a match I'll set fire to the grass."

Five minutes later we were running desperately back to the compound, with the caretaker hot on our heels, uttering every Chinese swear word in his vocabulary. In the distance all we could see was smoke and fire. Hiding behind the sanatorium to catch our breath and plan our next move, we agreed unanimously that the punishment to be meted out by Pa Bruce would be considerably lighter if we made immediate confession of the incident. This reaped dividends, for after a few minutes in his office we were whipped three times and "gated" for a week.

Over the wall from our sports field was an old Chinese farmer living in a dilapidated mud house, growing rows of vegetables. Inevitably tennis balls and footballs went over the school wall into his fields. The youthful players, begrudging the time lost in the middle of an exciting game, jumped the wall, invading the vegetable patch, with one eye open for the

JAPANESE IMPERIAL WAR RESCRIPT

(Taken from The Mainichi, a Japanese newspaper)

We, by grace of heaven, Emperor of Japan, seated on the Throne of a line unbroken for ages eternal, enjoin upon ye, Our loyal and brave subjects:

We hereby declare war on the United States of America and the British Empire. The men and officers of Our Army and Navy shall do their utmost in prosecuting the war, Our public servants of various departments shall perform faithfully and diligently their appointed tasks, and all other subjects of Ours shall pursue their respective duties; the entire nation with a united will shall mobilize their total strength so that nothing will miscarry in the attainment of Our war aims.

— To insure the stability of East Asia and to contribute to world peace is the far-sighted policy which was formulated by Our Great Illustrious Imperial Grand-sire and Our Great Imperial Sire succeeding Him, and which We lay constantly to heart.

— To cultivate friendship among nations and to enjoy prosperity in common with all nations has always been the guiding principle of Our Empire's foreign policy. It has been truly unavoidable and far from Our wishes that Our Empire has now been brought to cross swords with America and Britain.

More than four years have passed since China, failing to comprehend the true intentions of Our Empire, and recklessly courting trouble, disturbed the peace of East Asia and compelled Our Empire to take up arms. Although there has been re-established the National Government of China, with which Japan has effected neighbourly intercourse and co-operation, the regime which has survived at Chungking, relying upon American and British protection, still continues its fratricidal opposition.

Eager for the realization of their inordinate ambition to dominate the Orient, both America and Britain, giving support to the Chungking regime, have aggravated the disturbances in East Asia.

Moreover, these two powers, inducing other countries to follow suit, increased military preparations on all sides of Our Empire to challenge us. They have obstructed by every means our peaceful commerce, and finally resorted to a direct severance of economic relations, menacing gravely the existence of Our Empire.

Patience have We waited and long have We endured in the hope that Our Government might retrieve the situation in peace, but Our adversaries, showing not the least spirit of conciliation, have unduly delayed a settlement; and in the meantime, they have intensified the economic and political pressure to compel thereby Our Empire to submission.

This trend of affairs would, if left unchecked, not only nullify Our Empire's efforts of many years for the sake of the stabilization of East Asia, but also endanger the very existence of Our Nation. The situation being such as it is, Our Empire for its existence and self-defence has no other recourse but to appeal to arms and to crush every obstacle in its path.

The hallowed spirits of Our Imperial Ancestors guarding Us from above. We rely upon the loyalty and courage of Our Subjects in Our confident expectation that the task bequeathed by Our Forefathers will be carried forward, and that the sources of evil will be speedily eradicated and an enduring peace immutably established in East Asia, preserving thereby the glory of Our Empire.

(Imperial Sign Manual)

(Imperial Seal)

December 8, the 16th Year of Showa.

missing ball, and the other for possible capture by the irate farmer.

After school prayers one morning, Pa Bruce passed on a complaint received from the farmer, and reminded us that our parents were missionaries to the people of the land. Being born in a mission-



Source: Google images

any situation often created this tension in our minds. The work to which our parents had been called, noble as it was, was not of our choosing, but we, nevertheless, had to maintain certain standards of behaviour expected of missionaries' children.

On a Friday morning in February 1938 snow, half melted, was still on the ground in untidy damp patches. We were at school in the Co-Ed Block. I was in the Fourth Form. S.G. Martin, our Latin master, had drawn a pair of trousers on the blackboard and written under them, "Castra goes like trousers. It is plural in form but singular in meaning." His eyes caught something outside, and he exclaimed quietly, but significantly, "So here are our new rulers."

And that was our first knowledge of the Japanese invasion and capture of Chefoo. We looked out of the back window of the classroom. There, sure enough, were some Japanese guards on duty on the front road outside the Compound. They were a new race of people to us, in steel helmets, khaki uniform and heavy boots, and carrying bayonets. How short and stocky they looked compared with our Chinese people.

Japanese lorries passed back and forth. Gunboats raced into the harbour. Planes off an aircraft carrier flew over dropping leaflets about the New Order in East Asia. It had all happened so suddenly and so quietly. No fighting, bombing, noise or loss of life. How was this? The facts came out during the following weeks.

Japan had long planned that Shantung should be one of the first provinces to be under her control. Soon after the fighting had started in China they had made private contact with General Han Fu Ch'u, governor of the province. Knowing that his central Government army was ill-equipped and totally unable to be a match for Japan's disciplined and crack troops, Han had little bargaining power, and some kind of understanding had been reached. In characteristic Chinese style he had sent troops to the north of the province to meet the invaders, more as a face-saving exercise than to engage in battle. As expected, the Japanese had pushed steadily south and Chefoo had fallen with no local resistance. With the Mission's long experience of surviving the Boxer rising, the anti-foreign rebellion of 1927, and numerous hazards to health, life and limb in its eventual history, it was not hard to see behind this quiet retreat and incident-free take-over another Hand protecting the fledglings of the flock.

On Exeat Days during the weeks which followed I cycled out of the compound gates to the military barriers to get a close-up view of our new rulers. They appeared hostile and reserved. Their speech was so different from their Chinese fellow-orientals. They could not get their tongues around the letter "L", and Cliff they pronounced in three syllables, as

"Ko Ri Fu". A large proportion of them wore black-rimmed, myopic glasses. There were usually one or two gold fillings in their front teeth.

Chinese farmers poured in daily on bicycles, or pushed squeaky wheelbarrows from Muping and surrounding villages, loaded with chickens, vegetables and pigs. They were carefully searched, sometimes punished or hit with the butt end of a rifle. They had to produce their p'iao (pass) or they were sent out of town again.

The characters of the Japanese written language were taken over from Chinese. Thus, though the spoken languages were radically different, Japanese guards and Chinese peasants would communicate on bits of paper.

Our position in this new situation was that we were neutrals. Japan and China were at war. We were free to come and go, provided we did not take photos of military sites or behave in any indiscreet way. Gradually the guards at the barrier thawed to the missionary children. They spoke to us in broken Chinese or faltering English. They showed us their bullets, photos of their sweethearts or families at home, and laughed and joked with us. We learned their names and began learning to count in Japanese.

Studies and sports continued in much the same way as before. Letters came less regularly from home, and told stories of bombing and destruction at stations in Hopeh and Shansi.

In September 1938 I moved up to Lower V. Now in the Senior School, I joined the Debating Society. Some of the motions we debated were:

"It's is better to be healthy without wealth than to be wealthy without health."

"Chinese should be substituted for Latin in the school curriculum."

"America should enter the present war against Germany."

It was in these Debating Society meetings that I learned to speak in public. For one year I was secretary of the Literary and Debating Society.

The effects of war were gradually being felt. Some children of other Missions joined their parents to return to England and America. With the fighting lines sprawling north and south down the middle of China, travel was

more hazardous and so more children stayed behind for school holidays.

In 1939 an event took place which gave added interest to our sports and social life. Twenty-two young men, new recruits for the Mission from Britain, North America and Australasia, were sent to Chefoo to do their language studies, as the war made it unwise to send them to the usual school in Anking. Three of them were old Chefusians. All were young and bursting with zeal and religious fervour. One of twenty-



Source: Google images

nine years of age, older than the others, had come to Chefoo with the Merchant Navy in previous years. They took school prayers and preached at the Union Church and Memorial Hall. We hung on their every word as they told how God had laid hold of them in the Australian bush, or at sea in the Royal Navy, or during their university days. They formed into two sports teams, and many exciting cricket, football and hockey matches were played with the school. When the spring athletics came round, they ran, with severe handicaps, round the race track against us. When the language exams had been completed they were appointed to provinces all over China, with the exception of David Bentley Taylor, an M.A., Oxford, who joined the permanent school staff.



For China 1939 had meant not only war but for Hopeh Province also a tragic flood. This affected the regularity of my letters from home and the frequency of my parents' visits to the coast. Parents of my friends were assisting in flood relief, refugee work and emergency medical work in addition to the normal ministries of preaching and teaching.

During this year my parents were able to stay in Chefoo for about six months. Unable to get through the fighting lines to their new appointment in inland China they hired a house, called Moores Fort, across the fields behind the Boys' School sports field. This was to be our last bit of family life for six years. We went to the beach together for swimming and had pic-

nic with other missionary families up from the interior. Towards the end of March 1939 my father and I cycled to the shops beyond the Chinese city, and not far from the Settlement. Father went to buy some things in Yung K'ang's, while I stayed outside to guard the bicycles.

Standing behind some sandbags not far away were two Japanese guards on duty. One of them came over to me, and was exceptionally friendly. He asked "Vot yoroo Kontree?" and then "Vot yoroo namoo?" After I had answered, he beckoned to me to stand beside him while his comrade took a photo. On a torn piece of paper drawn from his tunic I wrote my name and address.

Five weeks later an envelope arrived in the post. It was from the battle front, for a field post office stamp was on the envelope. The date on the stamp showed that it had taken twenty-six days to reach me. Opening the envelope excitedly I found inside an excellent photo of the soldier and myself, and the following letter:

"I can not speake English to be disappointed chagrined at. You and my can be finished to take photograph. I am both happy that it have you present photograph. Goodbye from your friend, Japanese a soldier of one." I sent the letter and photo to the London Times weekly for the page entitled "Pictures from our Readers", and became the proud recipient of one guinea.

Some months later, imagine my surprise to find the same soldier on duty outside the compound gate. I learned that his name was Goto Toro. Amid the tensions of war we became fast friends. I came to know him well when he was on duty, and went and chatted to him on the front road. Once I joined him and other soldiers as they practised jumping from trench to trench at Second Beach.

The following winter one of the Sons of the Prophets wrote from South China (he was later to become a professor in Chinese at Oxford University). Crossing the Yangtze on a river boat with a crowd of Japanese soldiers, one of them had come forward, produced a photograph of me, and said out of the blue, "You know Mr. Norman Ko Ri Fu? He my friend." That was the last I heard of Goto Toro. I have often wondered if he survived the battles of those years.

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Source: Google images

THE BOYS' SCHOOL AT CHEFOO IN WINTER.
This view shows the back of the school with the sea beyond.

CHAPTER IV

THE HOUND OF HEAVEN

*"I fled Him down the nights and down the days;
I fled Him down the arches of the years;
I fled Him down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears
I hid from Him, and under running laughter,
Up vistaed hopes I sped;
And shot, precipitated,*

*Adown Titanic glooms of chasm'd fears,
From those strong Feet that followed, followed after."*

(Francis Thompson, 1859-1907)

I HAVE OMITTED SO FAR to mention the strong religious emphasis which permeated life at the Chefoo Schools. The day began with Quiet Time at 7 a.m. for a quarter of an hour. After breakfast before going to Co-Ed there were school prayers. In the evening before homework was done, again there were prayers. Sundays included the Quiet Time, school prayers, Union Church in the morning, Crusaders in the afternoon, and, later, Memorial Hall and evening prayers. During Sunday the Sunday book section of the library was opened, while other books were under lock and key. In addition, letters for our parents had to be handed in by bedtime. On Wednesday nights there was Band, usually addressed by missionaries on holiday at the coast. In all, the religious programme was indeed a heavy one.

If there was one criticism of our upbringing it was here—the over-emphasis on religious meetings. Educational and sports facilities were excellent; climate and environment were ideal. The teachers, by precept and practice, were men and women with tremendous dedication to God. To find one's religious faith in such an environment was both easy and difficult. Easy because everything was laid on. Behind all the teaching and talks was the underlying motif, "God is alive, Christ is a personal friend, the Bible is a living book." It was difficult in that there was the nagging feeling that one had become a Christian simply as the result of being a victim of one's environment, because one's parents and teachers were dedicated Christians, and one was in danger of yielding to the pressures of an overwhelmingly religious atmosphere:

Denominations one knew little about, for the C.I.M. was ecumenical in the sense that its thousand missionaries were drawn from Anglican, Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Congregational and Brethren churches, though its ecumenicism was admittedly limited to those who were conservative in theology. Also, on Sundays, a small handful of scholars walked in one procession to St. Andrews, the Anglican church, while the rest went in another procession to the Union church. These were the only groupings of which we were aware.

After school prayers in the spring of 1940 Pa Bruce gave out what was an annual announcement; on the third Sunday in July there would be a baptismal service. Those wishing to be baptised had to obtain their parents' consent, speak to Pa Bruce personally and begin instruction classes. I was now fifteen, and in Upper V—the usual age for those baptised. I had always been extremely reserved and sensitive about religious matters, in spite of the continual emphasis religion had

in our school life.

Seven years before, in the old Prep. School on one Saturday afternoon, when we were playing in the north playground, two girls in my class had asked me, rather unexpectedly, if I "trusted Jesus". I felt that my privacy had been invaded. The question was an affront to my whole upbringing, for had not my parents and grandparents given their lives to God in missionary work? Sitting there, in a corner of the playground, while others were jumping on the parallel bars, or playing an impromptu game of cricket, the answer came in the form of a sudden vision of Christ hanging before me on the Cross, nailed there for my mistakes and sins. After a simple, child-like prayer came a sense that God had accepted my life to be His. Well-meaning evangelists and the occasional hell-fire missionary speakers were later to try to sway the emotions, but I never moved from the firm conviction given that day that "this God is my God".

And so, when the announcement was made regarding baptism, I realised it was time I showed my colours. I wrote home for permission from my parents. Letters were slow at that time, both in reaching them and coming from them, for the Yellow River winding its way through Shensi, Shansi, Honan and North Shantung was in flood. Dykes had broken and normal means of travel and communication had been blocked.

I waited nervously for their reply. When the classes began in the Co-Ed Building I received permission to attend although my parents' approval had not yet been received.

The month of July came, and still there was no reply from the mission station in Honan. On July 18, three days before the great day, the headmaster said to me firmly, "Cliff, it looks as though you will have to stand down for another year. Your parents' consent has not arrived." I prayed hard that something would happen to make my baptism possible the following Sunday, but it all seemed most unlikely.

A day later I was called in to the Principal's office. There was a smile on Pa Bruce's face as he turned to me and said, "Mr. Conway has had a serious infection in the eye, and your father has taken him to the coast for treatment, and will be here tomorrow."

By Saturday night it had been established that Dad had not only given his consent, but would also be conducting the baptism himself!

Sunday, July 21, 1940, was a perfect day. The sea was as smooth as glass. The crowds from the school compound gathered on the beach, and Chinese were standing on the road and pavements.

We were dressed in white summer clothes, and walked barefoot slowly down the beach into the water led by Father. There were fourteen boys and girls to be baptised.

As we walked out deeper into the water we were feeling cold and nervous, but the congregation behind us on the beach were singing:

*"Follow, follow, I will follow Jesus,
Anywhere, everywhere, I will follow on.
Follow, follow, I will follow Jesus,
Anywhere He leads me I will follow on."*

What they were singing I meant from my heart, though I little knew what it was going to lead to within eighteen months from that date.

We were baptised one by one, with just the verse of a hymn in between each ceremony. It was all so simple,

but the ceremony marked for me a spiritual milestone. Up to now religion had been largely a matter of absorbing willy-nilly a certain spiritual environment, but from now on I was to feel that I had made my own choice.

Those who had been baptised that day had no idea that in Western lands theological controversy surrounded this simple rite. Some were adamant about the quantity of water required, others about its having to be suitably blessed, and others about the validity of the ministry of those officiating. Perhaps it was just as well.

As we walked back to the beach, the crowd were singing Doddridge's great hymn:

*"He drew me and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine ...
Now rest my long divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest,
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.
High heaven that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear . . ."*

All the boys in the group received from Father a New Testament, with a zip cover. Inside mine he wrote, "Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Saviour be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Jude, Verses 24-25."

Within a few days Lelia, Estelle and I sadly kissed Dad goodbye. It was to be the last contact in five and a half years.

Six weeks later I entered Sixth Form. I was now a prefect and house captain, and playing in the school cricket, football and hockey teams. Being a prefect brought with it special privileges and duties.

School routine continued in a normal way while war clouds were blackening around us. While we were playing hockey we could see lorry-loads of Japanese going out towards Muring, armed to the teeth. Before the referee's whistle had called the game to a halt, the lorries were returning to headquarters not far from our sports field. We saw on them men with bandaged faces, stained uniforms and so on.

The Yu-chi-tui (guerilla bands) were more of nuisance value than an actual military threat to the rule of the Japanese. Soldiers on lonely patrol were attacked by bandits hiding in bushes. A few lorries of soldiers would go out, and order was restored once again. At Fourth Beach some bandits dug a hole in the road, filled it with loose straw and grass, and covered it with soil, and waited in ambush. A lorry load of Japanese soldiers drove into it, fell into the hole and was attacked by those poorly trained Chinese.

For Christmas 1940 over a hundred scholars remained in school. Owing to the war, travelling to stations in the interior was becoming increasingly difficult.

Then came the new term. Oxford Matric. exams were now approaching. We went over Virgil, Caesar, geometry theorems, French verbs, St. Paul's missionary journeys and Shakespeare's *The Tempest* until we knew them thoroughly. We sat a series of trial exams based on earlier papers, and got used to the usual questions which were being asked.

Final examinations went off perfectly, then followed Exhibition Day. It was a solemn moment when each member of the Sixth Form came down from the public platform

to receive a Leaving Bible, a traditional ceremony. Standing along the front of the platform we were commended to God in prayer.

Then there was the drill display in the school quadrangle, ending with our standing in a pyramid and singing:

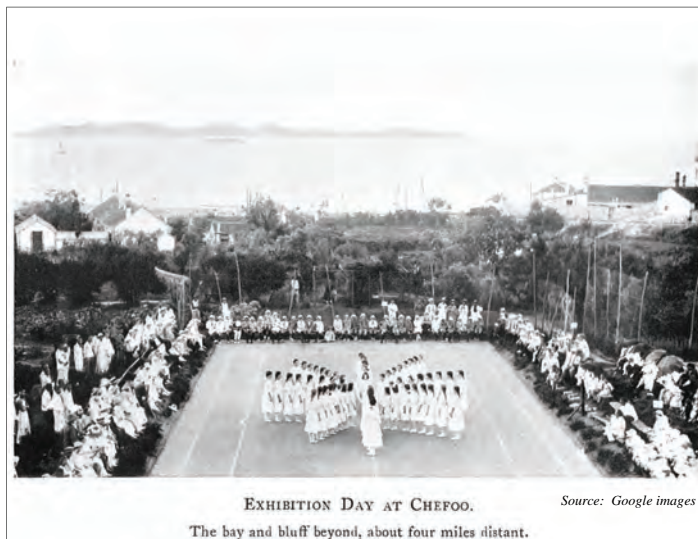
*"Lord of all Power and Might,
Who art the Author and Giver of all good things,
Graft in our hearts the love of Thy name.
Increase in us true religion,
Nourish us with Thy goodness,
And of Thy great mercy keep us in the same,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord."*

But for three of us who had completed our studies this was merely a token farewell. Our parents had requested that we stay in Chefoo till December so that they could see us before we travelled to England and Canada. This extra six months was to become for me an extra four years. Had I gone with the other sixth-formers, how different my story would have been, but could I not in spirit hear the crowds on the beach singing again:

*"Follow, follow, I will follow Jesus,
Anywhere He leads me I will follow on?"*

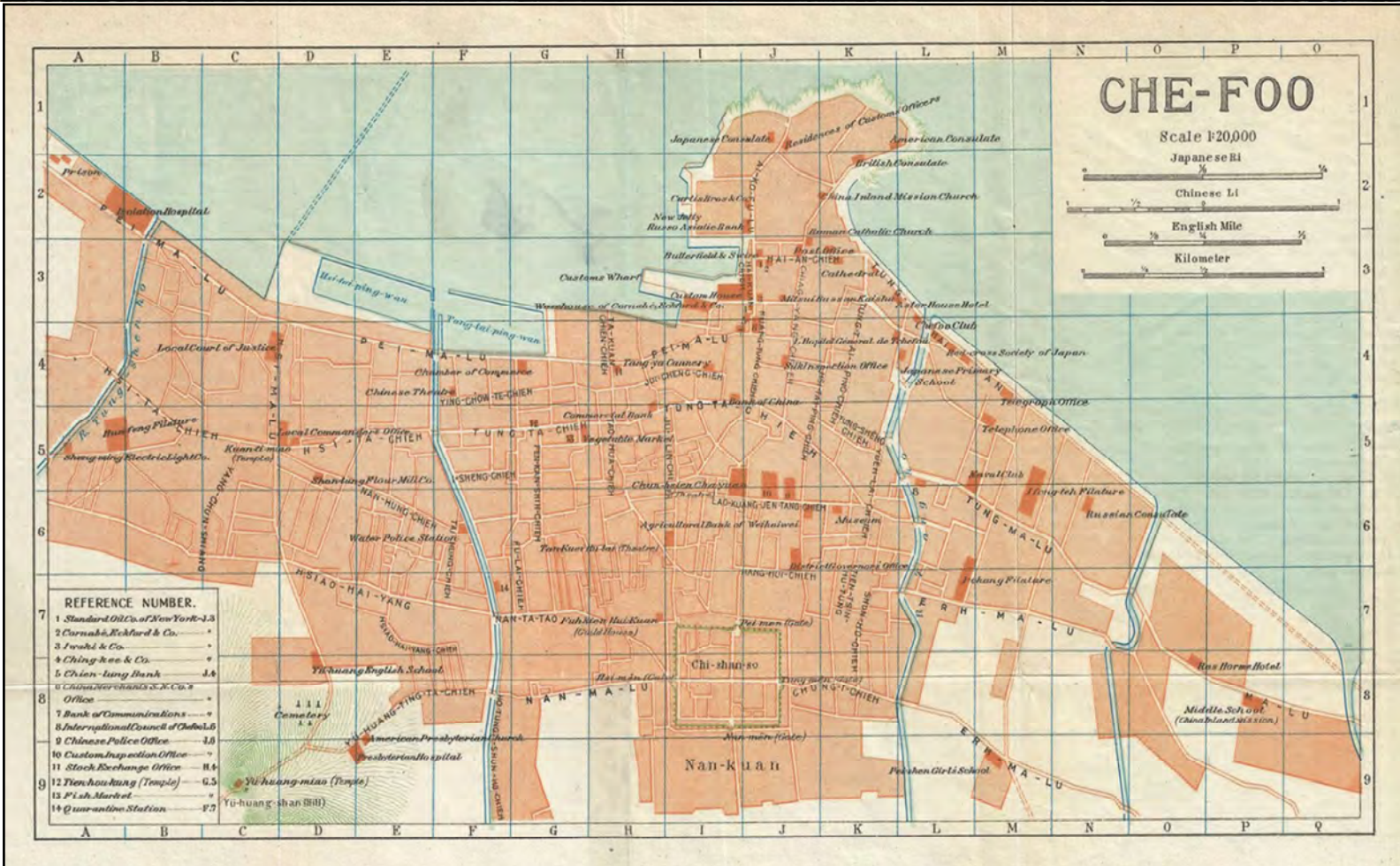
Early in August a ship left the harbour, and could be seen plying its way across the bay towards the ocean. On board were boys and girls with whom I had studied for many years. They went that day to England, Australia, Canada and America. I longed to leave school, to start a career, to do further studies in England, but it was not to be.

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Google Earth image of Yantai
The rectangle corresponds roughly to that shown in the 1924 map.



CHAPTER V

POACHED EGGS FOR BREAKFAST

"The surprise was complete. On the Nevada the marine band prepared to play the national anthem. Elsewhere men ordered poached eggs for breakfast, addressed Christmas presents, glanced at the Sunday papers, played games, or just lay in their bunks . . . A few minutes before 8 a.m. this peaceful Sunday was blown wide apart. Japanese planes swept in to the attack . . ."

(Account of the Pearl Harbor attack by C. Bayne-Jardine, World War Two)

I WAS NOW WITH JOY KING, Grant Hanna, and Jack Bell, in a newly formed class called Seventh Form. To fill up the time till December 1941, when we were to see our parents and leave China. We studied shorthand, book-keeping, typing, advanced French and advanced Latin.

In addition Joy King and I studied Chinese. Tam I Li was a cultured Christian Chinese who taught English at the Chinese Middle School behind the compound. His pronunciation and command of English were superior to anything I had previously heard among the Chinese. Twice a week in the Memorial Hall vestry we learned Chinese characters. It is said that there are some 60,000 monosyllabic characters or word pictures in that language. We were merely learning the first few thousand. The language is limited to 400 sounds; each sound can be spoken in one of the four tones, roughly corresponding to the four intonations of the word "dead" in these sentences:

"John Brown is dead" (first tone).

"Dead?" (second tone).

"Not dead!" (third tone).

"Yes, dead" (fourth tone).

Mr. Tam gave us good tuition and made the subject most interesting.

Meanwhile, the Japanese were pushing westwards in inland China. David Davies, a missionary of another society, was languishing in a small prison cell in Tse Chow, Shansi, accused of spying for the Chinese Government. Chiang Kai-Shek had moved his government to Chungking. Edward Torjesen's father had been killed in a Shensi air raid. Mother and Father were in the firing lines in Honan.

Dad wrote in one letter how he had been preparing lectures in his study when a siren sounded. He rushed to a trench in the garden just in time. Bombs were dropped inside the compound. When the raid was over, his reading glasses were thick with dust amid the ruins.

Even in quiet Chefoo the general political uneasiness could be felt. Business families departed, in some cases leaving only the father behind. Anti-British demonstrations were organised by the Japanese, in which every Chinese family had to participate. Thousands marched past the compound singing anthems, walking on stilts, waving banners.

The Japanese had enrolled a vast army of Chinese puppet soldiers to help keep guerrillas and Communists at bay. The Japanese authorities were busy in the Chinese schools with

anti-British propaganda. English, which had been an important subject on the syllabus, was reduced from three or four lessons a week to one twenty-minute period. In its place the Japanese language was substituted. If challenged in the streets the Chinese students were expected to reply in the language of the invader.

In all these circumstances the question arose—should the Chefoo Schools evacuate before Britain and America were directly involved in the war? British consular officials in Shanghai pointed out that if so large a section of the community in Chefoo and Shanghai left there would be panic on the part of the Chinese public. Mission leaders were asked not to organise a mass exodus, and were given an undertaking that if we were caught in the meshes of war the British Government would guarantee our prompt rescue.

My parents had arranged that I should have a week's leave at the sanatorium at the top of the compound in the first week of December. Halfway through the week I was met in the corridor by a missionary who exclaimed, "Have you heard the news? The Japanese have attacked the American fleet at Pearl Harbour. Britain and America are now at war with Japan.' Pa Bruce has been taken off to Astor House Hotel, where all the business men in the town have been rounded up."

I made my way back to the Boys' School. A cloud had come over the lives of the entire community in the compound. Japanese guards were on duty at the front gate, where a notice had been posted, "These premises are under the control of Great Japan's Navy."

An emergency committee of school principals and others met. The declaration of war meant that no more money could



Source: Google images

come from the Mission's headquarters in Shanghai. A basic budget had been worked out and, if adhered to, would mean that the compound could survive another four and a half months with the present funds in hand. This entailed, among other things, five slices of bread per day per scholar, and a drastic reduction in Chinese staff in the schools, sweeping, cleaning and setting of tables now having to be done by the older scholars.

Tam I Li, my Chinese teacher, never came to give another lesson. I have never seen or heard of this kindly and cultured gentleman to this day, and have often wondered what his fate was during those war years.

We in the Seventh Form tried to assess the significance of

各戶掛日本國旗歡迎日本人來

日軍快護回日本領事和僑民來

日僑務須安居樂業

官必維持公安

日本軍是軍規嚴正保護良民

傳單

日本軍總司令

The Japanese Army is coming soon to protect Japanese civilians living in China. The Japanese Army is an army of strict discipline, protecting good citizens. Civil servants must seek to maintain peace and order. Members of the community must live together peacefully and happily. With the return of Japanese businessmen to China, the businesses will prosper once more. Every house must fly a Japanese flag to welcome the Japanese.

JAPANESE ARMY HEADQUARTERS

The Japanese Army is coming soon to protect Japanese civilians living in China. The Japanese Army is an army of strict discipline, protecting good citizens. Civil servants must seek to maintain peace and order. Members of the community must live together peacefully and happily. With the return of Japanese businessmen to China, the businesses will prosper once more. Every house must fly a Japanese flag to welcome the Japanese.

JAPANESE ARMY HEADQUARTERS

This leaflet was dropped over Chefoo in February 1938, when the Japanese took occupation of the port. British and American residents were regarded as neutrals until the Pearl Harbor raid on 8 December 1941. The Chefoo community were interned at Temple Hill in November 1942, and were transferred to Weihsien Camp in September 1943.

Astor House Hotel. Stories filtered through about their being interrogated into the night about alleged anti-Japanese activities in business. Japanese officers had taken possession of the foreigners' houses and cars in the city. A former school servant had given some information to the Japanese about Pa Bruce returning from furlough in England across Siberia, a route often taken by returning missionaries. He was asked by the Japanese why he had gone this way, what political activities had he aided? He was surely a British agent first and a missionary second?

One wintry day I walked out of the school compound past the guards. On my arm I wore the required armband—B for British. Walking along the Bund towards Consulate Hill, Astor House Hotel came in sight. Snow was on the ground, guards were stationed along the front of the premises. As I came directly in front of the hotel I took a guarded look to the left. Each room had its inmate, standing in the window, looking out to sea. I recognised them all. Many had played against the school in sports. They waved slowly to me, and I walked on. It was a sad sight. In the space of a few weeks these executive businessmen had lost their businesses, their homes, their cars and, worst of all, their freedom. They were under stress and strain from prolonged periods of cross-examination.

Christmas came, and the entire community at the hotel was allowed home. All at the compound briefly celebrated the birth of the Prince of Peace, amid the uncertainties of war. We sang carols at a Christmas Day service, and had an enjoyable, though rationed, Christmas Day dinner. After Christmas the prisoners returned to their hotel, to be released permanently a month later.

How well I remember during a game of hockey how we spotted, over the wall of the sports field, a long line of men marching along under Japanese escort. Some were unshaven, others obviously physically exhausted. There were smiles of relief on their faces; they had been released, and were on their way home, and among them was Pa Bruce. Spontaneously we sang:

*"God is still on the throne,
And He will remember His own."*

Pearl Harbour on our future careers. Our parents should have been coming to the coast to say farewell to us that December, and we would have been going to England and Canada respectively to launch out into further studies or commercial careers.

A friend of the schools had promised me an opening in the Austin Motor Works in Birmingham. Alternately, as the Mission had its headquarters in Newington Green, London, all Chefoo boys and girls could get London County Council scholarships for further studies. But all this was now off "for the duration", whatever period that was going to be.

We pictured ourselves being transported to Japan and doing hard labour; and what if the Allies lost the war? Would we be prisoners for life? Studies were reduced as we tried our hands at dish washing, bread-cutting, table setting. How spoiled we had been by having Chinese servants all round us up to then doing all these things. The rationing of food too had its effects. We were growing boys and found ourselves perpetually hungry.

Then we were wondering about prisoners under arrest at

But one key businessman had been detained, Bob McMullan, the leading industrialist of the town. Subjected to torture and wild accusations he was detained for a further three months, during which he was transferred to a small, low-ceilinged cell in Tsingtao Prison. To come out or go in meant crawling on his hands and knees. One day in April Mrs. McMullan was told that he would be home on a certain day that month. Great preparations were made for his return. The day dawned and some guards marching past the house called out to the excited wife, casually, "Ma hsieng seng si liao" ("McMullan is dead").

We later learned that he had been reading a Bible daily in his prison cell. Inside the front and back covers he had kept a brief diary. A doctor, reading the descriptions of his pain in these notes, stated that he must have been given poison.

The year 1942 was one of uncertainty, speculation and increased rationing. Anti-British demonstrations through the



"The officer then gave us a hand-made armband each bearing the letter 'B' denoting British and some Japanese characters. He ordered us to wear them at all times."

streets of the town increased. One day the gates of the sports field were swung open by Japanese officers, and soon thousands of Chinese swarmed on to the sports field. At one side a large screen had been erected. Two of us peeped out from an upstairs bedroom window, curious to know what was going to happen. Thrown on to the screen, a film of the successes of the "New Order in East Asia" was shown. We saw villages and towns being occupied, Japanese lorries bringing in well-trained soldiers, aeroplanes flying overhead. The Chinese populace responded in the required way, with applause.

One Sunday as we were going to church a hundred Japanese soldiers with helmets and facial guards took up position on the football field. They lunged at each other with bayonets, shouting "Ya" in unison. Having bayonet drill on our sports field was to become a common occurrence.

It was at this time that the local fighting between the Japanese and Chinese bandits increased in volume. Lorries and lorries of Japanese soldiers armed to the teeth drove past our compound. We heard, soon afterwards, the crackle of distant fighting. More lorries rushed out. At dusk the soldiers returned, tired, wounded and untidy. Chinese prisoners were tied together; later, I heard, to receive "water treatment" at the Japanese military headquarters.

The shortage of food in the school kitchens was aggravated by Japanese guards off duty walking into the pantries and helping themselves to delicacies, upsetting the carefully planned rationing system. This posed a problem. One day a large notice was written out in Chinese characters by one of the missionaries and put in each kitchen. It read, "We have had no instructions from the Japanese authorities to feed Japanese soldiers." This was a risky step, but it proved successful. They never invaded the pantry again.

Then there was the question of writing to our parents in inland China. Mail had ground to a halt since the Pearl Harbour incident. We were in Japanese-occupied China, and most of our parents were farther west in free China. For many parents the Japanese frontier was advancing on their stations. There were bombings, the capture of nearby villages by the Japanese, and subsequent recapture by Chiang Kai-Shek's forces.

In addition to the hazards of war around them they would naturally be wondering how their children had fared since Japan's declaration of war on Britain and America. All mail written in English had been stopped and taken possession of by the Japanese. Several times Chinese evangelists had slipped into the compound with news of one family or another in Honan or Hopeh. Other than this we had little information. How was this problem of communication to be overcome?

By February 1942 the tense political atmosphere at the compound gate was beginning to thaw. Japanese guards were once again laughing and talking with us schoolboys, teaching us to count and giving the basic greetings in their language. My ear was getting attuned to this new oriental language, and I could now say, "Ichi, ni, san, shi, go, roku, shichi, hachi, kiu, chiu" (counting up to ten), "O-ha-yo" (good morning), "Sai-yo-na-ra" (goodbye). Chatting with these soldiers on the beach front was always a welcome change from school rou-

tine.

One day I was on one of my routine visits to the guards when, just at the gate, I saw a Chinese postman furtively dropping some mail in the watchman's house. The watchman beckoned to me. They were Chinese style envelopes with printed red lines surrounding the names and addresses of the addressees. I looked carefully at the Chinese characters—they were letters addressed to various members of the staff. I delivered them excitedly to Mr. Welch. Inside were letters in Chinese written on thin rice paper. We identified the names of the children for whom they were intended. I helped to translate them. Boys took them excitedly to the other members of their families at the Girls' and Prep. Schools.

Replies written in Chinese and placed in Chinese envelopes were promptly posted back to parents in inland unoccupied China. We had outwitted the Japanese, for how could they identify as enemy correspondence letters written in Chinese to parents, using their Chinese names?

Soon the postman was coming once a week with small batches of letters. I would collect the mail, identify the names and distribute the letters. Mail was now going back and forth at fairly regular intervals.

We then tried writing in English and posting the letters inside Chinese envelopes. If this were successful, correspondence with our parents would be so much simpler. And successful it was. The batch of mail brought by the sympathetic Chinese postman was getting larger and larger. I never heard of any instance when mail of this kind was intercepted.



Westerners could not use the Chinese mail. They got round it by writing in Chinese as letters between Chinese people. This is a postcard written in 1942 from Howard Cliff from Henan to Norman Cliff at Chefoo

Through this same route came our Oxford School Leaving Certificate examination results. They had gone from Oxford to our Mission headquarters in Chungking, Free China, and then to us at Weihsien in a Chinese style envelope. The results were outstanding. The "best school East of Suez" was certainly maintaining its good reputation for academic successes.

Meanwhile, the apparently invincible forces of the Rising Sun were driving back the Chinese, the British and the Americans. Christmas 1941 had seen the British colony of Hong Kong fall to the invader, as well as the American bases of Guam and Wake Islands. Two months later Singapore had fallen, and four months later the Philippines.

The Japanese had certainly taken the Allies by surprise with their skill in jungle fighting, as well as by their prowess at sea and in the air.

To say the least, the outlook was bleak. By August 1942 the "New Order in East Asia" extended from the northern borders of Manchuria in a solid block over Inner Mongolia, across the famous Great Wall, covering the provinces of Hopeh, Shantung, Shansi, Honan, Kiangsu, Anhwei and Chekiang. Going farther south it included Hong Kong, Kwangtung, Formosa, French Indo-China, Thailand, Malaya, Sumatra, Burma, Borneo, Java and a part of New Guinea.

Was it a matter of time before the remaining areas of China would fall, and perhaps Australasia? To our little Western community the Allied Forces seemed so far away. We were now in the middle of a vast Nippon Empire stretching west to

What is the New Order in Greater East Asia?

India, China, Philippine, the East Indies and Indo-China were the lands of paradise created by God. During the last two or three centuries, however, these lands turned into an area of misery and suffering by the aggressive exploitation of the White race—the English, French and Dutch. It was like an invasion by a burglar while the whole family was asleep.

The good natured people did not know how to defend themselves from the burglar with weapons. There was no other way left for those people who were dreaming in their paradise, but to let their invaders do what they please. Spiritually and culturally these

<http://www.psywarrior.com/JapanPSYOPWW2.html>

Shansi, and east across the Pacific Ocean to small remote islands such as Wake, Marshall and Gilbert.

It was at this time that I read for the first time St. Paul's assuring words:

"I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord" (Romans 8:38, 39).

Outwardly everything was bleak indeed. Rations were getting more stringent. Former Chinese servants were giving information to the Japanese for a price. The atmosphere of a war which we were losing was closing in on us. High-ranking Japanese officials came to the compound weekly requiring very exacting information about ourselves. First it was the Navy giving us many-paged forms to fill in but assuring us that we would never have to leave the compound. Then a consular official, as though oblivious of earlier visits by the Navy, produced other forms for us to fill in, warning that we might soon be evacuated to South Africa. Hard on his heels came a trio of military officers again with duplicated forms, looking over the premises, measuring the classrooms and dormitories, reminding us that they had won the right to occupy the compound in the name of Great Japan's Army.

To make matters worse, at night there were attempts by Chinese to enter the compound and burgle. Chinese watchmen were asked to guard through the night. I was among the prefects who assisted the masters to take turns paying unexpected visits to ensure that they were awake and on the alert. More often than not they were sleeping.

It was at this time that we sang bravely:

"So Vitamin or Vai-tamin, it does not matter which, Take A to Z variety, and fill that empty niche. We're rationing for victory, and victory's on the way; It may be long in coming, but it's certain as the day."

CHAPTER VI

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH

*"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways."*

(Tennyson, The Passing of Arthur)

"We take off our shoes and socks today, but do not know whether we shall put them on tomorrow."

(Chinese proverb)

BY THE END OF AUGUST 1942 the Japanese had taken possession of the hospital, doctor's residence and a block of staff residences. Imagine the feelings of the missionaries, whose compound half a century previously had been dedicated to the service of Almighty God, walking past some trees where a Japanese priest was performing a strange ceremony, setting the ground apart to the Emperor of Japan.

Rumours varied from day to day. We were going to be moved to Manchuria, then we were to be evacuated to the Cape of Good Hope, then it was to be removal to Shanghai. We felt like pawns in some complex manoeuvre. Excitement, depression and uncertainty came round in ever recurring cycles.

But the shape of things to come soon became clearer. On October 29 we heard authoritatively that the business community had already been moved to a large house in the American Presbyterian Mission compound at Temple Hill to the west of the city, and that within a week we were to join them.

The next few days were a mad rush getting rid of unwanted books and furniture, selling them for funds for the unknown future, and selecting the basic items we could get into a rickshaw that would take us across the city. I smuggled my bicycle over the wall of the school field on to the main road, placed across the handlebars a bath tub full of school brushes and bottles, my father's field-glasses from the First World War, some books — and slipped into town, stopping here and there to sell my assortment of wares to passers-by.

November 5 was the great day. With some trepidation concerning what I was in for, I boarded a rickshaw at the compound gate where I had often collected mail from the interior in those Chinese envelopes, the gate through which I had frequently gone on Exeat Days to trudge to Third Beach or to chat with Japanese guards. At my feet was a large trunk with all my earthly possessions and on my lap some blankets.

Mine was one of a long file of rickshaws. We went through the Japanese barrier and past the front of the Boys' School. I looked wistfully back at it. I had spent within its walls seven happy years; and now even as we left we could see Japanese and Chinese looters rushing into the buildings we had just vacated.

On we trailed into the Chinese city with its narrow streets and oriental odours. Shopkeepers came to their doors

to see the astonishing sight. Street pedlars selling dates and peanuts on the narrow pavements dropped their wares and stared in amazement.

My mind was working fast and apprehensively. How long was "the duration" going to be? Would we die of starvation or maltreatment? My sad musings were mercifully interrupted. Someone a few rickshaws behind struck up the chorus:

*"God is still on the throne, and He will remember His own.
Though trials may press us and burdens distress us,
He never will leave us alone.
God is still on the throne, and He will remember His own.
His promise is true, He will not forget you,
God is still on the throne."*

It certainly reassured me, and the many Chinese onlookers were even more wide-eyed. The foreign devils' God seemed to help them in adversity.

On we went past Consulate Hill, where we had often trudged to the Union Church; past the harbour, reminiscent of earlier years when we boarded ships for Tientsin or Shanghai for Christmas holidays. On to a part of Chefoo with which we were less familiar. At the end of a long lane we came to a spacious missionary house — spacious for a missionary family, but seventy girls, eight teachers, three boys plus some missionaries from other societies were all to squeeze in.

The luggage on the rickshaws was emptied on to — a lawn overlooking the harbour, and we three able-bodied boys carried it inside piece by piece. The girls were allocated the large attic. Mattresses were placed side by side, and beds of sorts were made. We three boys settled in a room down in the basement. One small barred window looked out at ground level to a footpath outside. The community lounge was furnished with cabin trunks round the edge, and some tables in the middle. This was to be our chapel, dining-room, classroom and sitting-room combined.

The boys worked out a rota for going on duty at the pump-house. When our work was done we walked round and round the house, six times round to the mile, to pass the time. The girls worked mopping the floors, peeling vegetables and cooking the food.

Every morning we had roll-call, numbering off in Japanese. The guard on duty would then salute the commandant and give a speech with which we soon became familiar. It went something like this —

"This is Camp No. 3. Out of 98 inmates there are 94 present. Three are on duty, and one is sick."

As soon as this formality was over two of us boys would carry a crate of ashes out of the back gate next to the pump-house. Emptying the contents, we would leave the crate lying upside down for a few moments while we took the coveted opportunity to look across the beautiful countryside and breathe the fresh air. It was a treasured moment of enjoying the open spaces, pretending to ourselves that we were not prisoners, before returning to the narrow confines of what came to be called Irwin House.

A bitterly cold winter descended upon us. Supplies of coal and fuel were dwindling fast. We dressed ourselves warmly to make up for other shortages. Christmas Day came. We were fortunate to be given permits to go under escort to the two other camps, see old friends, compare accommodation and conditions and return late in the afternoon to our Ir-

win House.

The girls in this camp soon resumed studies. When not doing manual labour I began to learn New Testament Greek with the Rev. Ives Stocker, Port Chaplain, who was in this camp. I also taught Gregg shorthand and book-keeping, which I had been studying since taking the Oxford Matric in July.

Food at Temple Hill was fairly good. By divine overruling a former Chinese servant was contracted to deliver food and take orders for the next day. Japanese guards watched this daily operation carefully, but when the soldier on duty moved away momentarily, news of the outside world would be conveyed tersely in Chinese.

Jimmy Murray had a girl friend at the Business Camp. We would engage the guard in a prolonged conversation in the pump-house while he ran the two hundred yards to the next camp of internees.

The small contingent of consular police who guarded the three small camps lived in quarters just next to Irwin House. When going off duty they would put on white open-neck shirts and shorts, go out of the camp gate, and mingle freely with the Chinese on the streets. We watched them over the wall as they spied for their country in their leisure hours.

One night Mr. Arendt, a local German missionary, pushed some bags of rice over the camp wall and a bundle of letters from parents inland. There was one for me. Mother and Father, harassed by the increased bombing in Honan province, had travelled to Szechwan by train, flown over the Himalayas to India, crossed India by train, and gone by ship to Durban, South Africa, where Father was acting vicar of Christchurch, Addington.

I shared the letter with my two sisters, Lelia and Estelle. We discussed our family affairs. Our parents did seem far away on another continent, but at least they were out of danger. But the possibility of reunion with them seemed remote, to say the least.

America, we heard via the anonymous grapevine, was taking the offensive in the Pacific. In anticipation of raids on Chefoo, the Japanese began placing sandbags everywhere and rooms had to be blacked out at night.

Sandbags were needed in the Temple Hill camps. We three boys were asked to march down to the West Beach, near the harbour, to fill up the empty bags with sand. It was a day of unprecedented liberty. We marched through the streets escorted by a guard. Arriving at the beach we quickly filled the bags and, turning to the consular policeman, pointed to the water. He nodded. By the language of signs we had obtained permission to have a swim. We stripped off our clothes and had ten minutes of swimming — an experience we talked about for days afterwards. As we got dressed I looked nostalgically across to the harbour, the Bluff and familiar landmarks, associated with school holidays, picnics, long swims.

A German Jewish dentist was allowed to come at regular intervals to attend to our teeth in a room close to where the Japanese guards lived. While extracting teeth, inserting fillings and so on, he spoke in French and German, passing on the news he had heard over the radio at his home.

It was just at this time that Mr. Eggar of the Swiss Red Cross made his first appearance with Red Cross letters and messages from the Mission leaders, as well as news of the other camps in Hong Kong and Shanghai. As he was based at

Tsingtao we were to see him at regular intervals throughout our internment period.

Another spate of rumours hit our small community. The schools were going to move to Lourenço Marques — there were some buildings in Cape Town for us to occupy — another story claimed that we would continue our schooling in Peking. They all came to naught. At a concert soon afterwards we were singing to the tune of "The British Grenadiers":

*"Some talked of 'Vacuation, and some, I'm also told,
Of hostile transportation to Peking's temples old.
But whatever information may reach this distant hill,
We're here in concentration, and bright and happy still.
Some talk of Nagaoka, and some of Mr. Wang,
Of Chong Shan or Messawa, they gossip loud and long.
But of all Chefoo's great heroes, there's no one to compare
With the valiant Mr. Eggar, who brings us words of cheer.
Some talked of far Lourenço, and some of bare Cathay,
And some of Shanghai's compounds, so we didn't know what to
say.
But of all the world's great places, there's nowhere with such thrill
As living in small spaces in Chefoo's Temple Hill."*

The months at Temple Hill dragged on monotonously. Stocks of flour and coal often ran dangerously low to be renewed in the nick of time. Clothes were wearing out, and children were outgrowing what they had. Dresses and shirts were made from curtains brought to camp. We were learning to improvise in a hundred and one ways.

In the spring of 1943 "Candleblower" (so named because of the face he made when listening to the guard's speech at roll-call) handed over to Kosaka as commandant. This immaculately dressed man, with kindly face, impeccable manners and a good command of English, stands out in my memory as unique and superior to any Japanese officials with whom we dealt up to that time and subsequently.

He never raised his voice in anger and always approached us with a courtesy which removed all the fear and tensions of those difficult days. He would inquire after our health and well-being, and showed a special concern for the older missionaries.

We gathered that he had come under the influence of Christian missionaries in Japan, was a Christian himself, and regarded himself as having been divinely placed in this largely missionary camp to soften the hard blows of the war for his fellow Christians.

One day in August 1943 a top-ranking Japanese officer from the consular headquarters accompanied by Kosaka came to each of the three Temple Hill camps with the curt instruction—

"Make immediate preparations to be transferred to the Weihsien Civil Assembly Centre."

Certain Americans and Canadians were told to prepare to travel ahead of us to Weihsien via Tsingtao. There they were to be grouped with hundreds of other compatriots and be repatriated to the USA and Canada in a recently organised exchange of prisoners.

We did not take long to pack and make ourselves ready. We had already discarded all extraneous belongings when at the C.I.M. compound, and were living with our basic possessions—mattress, blankets, clothes and a few books.

In September amid much excitement we boarded a small Japanese steamer in the harbour. At last we were leav-

ing the narrow confines of the Temple Hill camp. The Japanese had warned that they would not be supplying any food for the voyage, and so the baker, a former mission employee, who had been bringing bread daily to the Temple Hill camps, had agreed as his last transaction with us to deliver to the ship enough for the short voyage and journey ahead.

But when the ship's siren sounded the baker had not arrived. The vessel began to glide out of the harbour. The headmaster had visions of a shipload of frantically hungry school-children crying out for food. But the ship stopped in the harbour. A launch was making its way from the docks towards us.

The determined baker had secured transport for his important cargo of food. The bread aboard, we slipped out of the harbour in front of the Bluff towards the open sea. Across the water was the whole port of Chefoo — the place of my birth eighteen years before, the scene of my upbringing for the previous twelve years, including a year's internment. Few could lay greater claims to this port as being home.

There was the Bund along which we had trudged every Sunday to Union Church, the Chefoo Club where the business community had had their social life, the Settlement Hill with its consular offices in past days. Every glance recalled a thousand memories.

From the deck we looked across at the Boys' School, the compound, the Co-Educational block, the bathing houses, and in front of them all the sea, where we had bathed and had boat races. On looking more closely we could see alterations to the premises—stables and other buildings erected by the Japanese.

In that small geographical area which we could see I had learned virtually everything I knew of life-discipline, sportsmanship, educational knowledge and, not least, trust in God.

The fleeting glance at the schools was over. We were going out to sea, but Chefoo was still very much in my heart.

*"Land of my youth!
What mortal hand Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy sunny strand."*

My mind went back over the events since Pearl Harbour nearly two years before — the food brought to the compound by a German missionary, the arrest and subsequent release of the business men of the town and Pa Bruce, the ten months at Temple Hill and the launch with the supplies of bread arriving in the nick of time.

Was it not a twentieth-century version of the wanderings of the Children of Israel? We "mish" kids were the Children of Israel, and Pa Bruce our Moses. Manna had been coming down upon us from heaven. The pillar of cloud was now moving south. The wilderness was that part of the Yellow Sea through which the steamer was taking us. We knew it was subject to storms and typhoons at this time of the year, and yet all was calm. There was also the danger of mines left by the American navy. . . . We could sing with the faithful of past ages —

*"O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy children still are fed,
Who through this weary wilderness
Hast all our fathers led."*

The sun was setting beyond some islands in the west. We had eaten a few sandwiches as our supper and were sit-

ting on our hard "beds" in the hold of the ship, hungry, damp, cold and uncomfortable. The portholes were covered by thick sacking lest American submarines should spot us.

Some two to three hundred lay side by side in the ship's hold. An improvised curtain (some military equipment) divided the boys from the girls, the sound of whose giggling and nervous chattering reached us.

We tried to settle down for the night. The floor was hard, the ship was rocking, our stomachs were hungry and rats were running over us. As I dozed off into a light sleep I could hear the girls a few yards away on the other side of the "curtain" singing in harmony,

*"Jesus, Saviour, pilot me
Over life's tempestuous sea;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee:
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me."*

Two mornings later we looked out of the portholes to see the harbour of Tsingtao. We disembarked, carrying our luggage from the docks to the railway station. Changing from ship to train we passed Chinese students who showed their contempt by spitting on the pavement.

Soon we were in the train with our mattresses, blankets and boxes. Standing on the platform was Commandant Kosaka, doing all in his power to ensure that we left Tsingtao in as comfortable circumstances as was possible. The train pulled away. Kosaka was standing at attention and at the salute-my last sight of a great Christian gentleman. It was a sad parting.

That afternoon we arrived at Weih sien Station — 130 miles inland from Tsingtao. Tired, hot, dirty and thirsty, our morale nevertheless high, we were curious to see where we were going.

Three hundred weary travellers were soon standing on the platform, surrounded by cases, baskets and boxes. A Japanese officer was yelling commands which we did not understand.

The womenfolk and younger children were packed into buses. I jumped on the back of a lorry piled high with luggage. We rattled and bumped along a dusty road for several miles past Chinese farm fields. What we gathered must be Weih sien Camp sprang into view. Rows of juniper trees, long lines of dormitory blocks, the red-tiled roof of an Edwardian style church — all surrounded by a wall with electrified wires and with cement boxes here and there.

The lorry bounced along the rough road and turned a corner through some trees. We were now driving towards the entrance of the camp — a large Chinese gate, over which were three Chinese characters meaning "Courtyard of the Happy Way". Japanese guards with bayonets were standing on duty.

We were driven through the gate, past the guardroom on the left, and up the hill; the lorry stopped on the central

road of the camp. On our right was the church building and beyond it a sports field.

The streets were lined with hundreds of internees staring at us curiously. The men wore only khaki shorts, were bare-foot, tanned with working in the sun, and looked like creatures from another



world. As we clambered off the lorries they cheered and surrounded us excitedly, asking all kinds of questions.

Their accents were American, Russian, Greek and British, a cosmopolitan group indeed.

The story of our arrival in Weih sien as seen by the local inhabitants is recounted in the following poem, entitled "The Two Hundred and Ninety-seven":

*"Hooray! The Chefooites
have all arrived at last!
Right heartily we cheered
them as through the gates*

they passed.

*They trudged up Guardhouse Hill, their baggage in the lead,
We 'Servers' nudged each other: 'Great Scott, more mouths to feed!'*

*That's not a nice expression but our rations were so low
And they had come from what we'd call luxury, you know.
They joined the Tsingtao Kitchen, school-children big and small;
We fed them on bread porridge, and they ate it, one and all!
We felt sorry for them when we filled their cups with bitter tea,
But they said, 'If you can drink it without sugar, so can we,
Then came a real calamity, the camp ran out of yeast.
Our manager said, 'Doughnuts! Make twelve hundred at least!'
The boys soon took to 'Pumping' and other hard work too;
Some girls became dishwashers, others joined the kitchen crew.
We've grown fond of these school-children who so bravely stood*

the test

And should they ever need our help, we'll gladly do our best!"
(G. E. Norman)

We were herded through a Moon Gate into a courtyard which was outside the administrative offices. There we stood listening while the chairman of the camp's Discipline Committee, a fellow internee, read out the camp rules and regulations. Everything was so much more sophisticated than at little Temple Hill.

There were three kitchens each with a dining hall, and each catering for some four to five hundred internees. We were placed with Kitchen I where the best possible supper in the circumstances was ready for us-leek soup, corn flour and water custard, dry bread and tea.

We were taken to Block 23 to sleep. It was to be three weeks before all the luggage from the train would be sorted out and distributed, and so we slept with borrowed rugs and coats, kindly lent by the Weih sieners.

The next day we met the Canadians and Americans



CHAPTER VII

WEIHSIEN THE TEST

"Weihsien — the test — whether a man's happiness depends on what he has, on what he is; on outer circumstances, or on inner heart; on life's experiences — good or bad — or on what he makes out of the materials those experiences provide."

(H. Hubbard)

WE WERE SOON TO LEARN the story of how Weihsien Civil Assembly Centre, as the Japanese officially described it, came into being.

Six months before our arrival in Weihsien, Allied personnel from all over Japanese-occupied North China had been rounded up to go into internment. In Peking and Tientsin the Chinese populace lined the streets to witness the strange spectacle of hundreds of British and Americans of all ages and backgrounds struggling through the streets, dragging the luggage allowed them in the official circulars just sent out. It was a deliberate act of humiliation by the Japanese.

They were from all walks of life — lecturers and professors from Peking Union Medical College and Yenching University, missionaries of the London Missionary Society, the English Methodist Society, Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, officers of the Salvation Army, business executives of the British & American Tobacco Company, priests and nuns from North China and Manchuria.

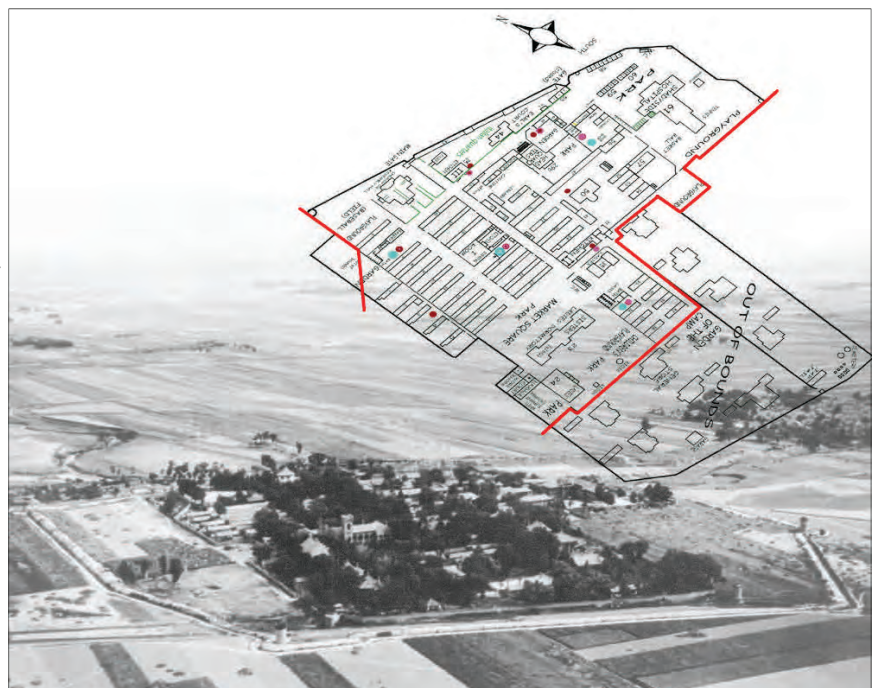
Some two thousand of them came by cart and train, converging on Weihsien, tired, apprehensive and ill-prepared for the manual labour and hardship which were in store for them. Their relatively easy life in these Far Eastern communities with plenty of servants and a high standard of living had come to an abrupt end.

who had preceded us from Chefoo. They were excited at the prospect of getting to their home countries.

A week later they lined up outside the church. The authorities had stipulated that they could take with them no printed matter except one Bible per head, without markings or notes. Japanese officials took them into the church building where they were carefully screened, and stripped to the waist. By an arrangement made by the International Red Cross they were to travel in a Japanese ship to Goa, where they would be exchanged for Japanese prisoners from North America, and continue from there home.

At the request of my sisters Mary Pearl Nowack had memorised my parents' address in Durban. In her luggage was a handkerchief embroidered by Lelia and Estelle which she had promised to post to our parents, undertaking also to write and tell them about our conditions and experiences. She proved to be as good as her word, for later we were to hear of what this kind gesture meant to our news-hungry parents.

Then followed what was to us who were left behind a sad farewell just inside the front gate. Among the hundreds going were Jack Bell and Grant Hanna who had been classmates with me since Prep. School days. Loaded with excited travellers, the





The deserted compound to which they had been brought, in size 200 yards by 150 yards, had been a flourishing Presbyterian mission centre, which included a church, hospital, rows of tiny rooms (9 feet by 12 feet) for the housing of Bible students, tuition buildings, and, at the farthest end from the main gate, staff houses for the American missionaries, teachers and doctors.

In its very earliest days two now well-known American personalities had been born here — Henry Luce, editor of Time and Life, and Pearl Buck, popular authoress of novels based on Chinese life and customs.

The new arrivals had found the premises in very bad condition; after the missionaries and Chinese student body had left, the property had been looted by Chinese bandits, and then occupied by Japanese soldiers; afterwards vacated and left to deteriorate further. The roads were strewn with rubble, the toilets choked, and the remains of desks and tables lying around, having been broken up for firewood.

These first internees had set to work with that resourcefulness and determination characteristic of the human race when looking for the basic comforts of life. They cleared roads, cleaned the rooms, opened up three big kitchens (Kitchen I for the Tientsin community, Kitchen II for those from Peking and Kitchen III for Tsingtao internees), each feeding five hundred people. Catholic priests from Belgium, Holland and America, mostly in their twenties, cleared the toilets and erected large ovens for the camp bakery.

A well-organised community was soon running its own affairs, each person with his or her own specific duties. At the top of the organisation chart was the Japanese commandant, and under him the camp representative. He was in turn chairman of a Council of Committee leaders, covering general affairs, discipline, labour, education, supplies, quarters, medicine, engineering and finance.

How fortunate we were in that by the time we arrived in this self-contained community all was running smoothly and efficiently. The administrative machinery was most impressive. The Quarters Leader allocated us dormitories, the Labour Leader gave us forms to fill in with crosses to put down to indicate how much experience we had had in teaching, engineering, cooking, baking and other spheres.

It was quite evident that the four hundred Catholic priests and nuns had made a great impact and profound impression on the internee community. They had turned their hands to the most menial tasks cheerfully and willingly, organised baseball games and helped in the educational pro-

gramme for the young.

But inevitably romances had been formed between admiring Tientsin and Peking girls and celibate Belgian and American priests from the lonely wastes of Manchuria. Anxious Vatican officials had solved the delicate problem by careful negotiations with the Japanese, as a result of which all but thirty priests had been transferred to an institution of their own in Peking where they could meditate and say their rosaries without feminine distractions.

Their departure had left a vacuum in effective manpower for such tasks as pumping, cooking and baking. Thus the arrival of our Chefoo community aggravated the situation further, for out of the three hundred of us only about two dozen were potential camp workers, the remainder being school-children and retired missionaries.

But for ourselves coming to Weih sien proved to be the opening up of a new world, after the cramped and monotonous life at Temple Hill. Here in Weih sien were well-informed scholars, missionaries of other traditions, businessmen with a variety of backgrounds. Adult education was provided in Chinese, Japanese, Russian; book-keeping, shorthand and philosophy. There were concerts, pantomimes, plays, baseball matches and many other community activities.

Soon life in this new camp was running smoothly and we were feeling very much part of this new social environment. I was housed with other boys of the school in Block 23, an attractive building at the far end of the camp, superior to the small blocks of rooms in which the families were housed. The Labour Representative placed me in a kitchen shift of Kitchen I that fed some six hundred people.

Our mode of life was simple and primitive. The day began with filling buckets at the pump for purposes of cooking and washing. Firewood was collected from trees and bushes, and used in the stove in the middle of the room. From this, water was heated for shaving and washing, and at a later stage for cooking breakfast, that is whatever we had privately for supplementing the official rations. We queued up in



Kitchen I for a ladle of bread porridge and some bread. Into our mugs was poured black tea ladled out of a bucket. Back we went to the bedroom to mix the kitchen issue of food with our own dwindling resources in the most enjoyable combination possible.

Then followed washing of dishes, cleaning of rooms, hanging our mattresses in the sun in a bid to kill the bed bugs, washing our clothes, hanging them out to dry, and so on.

By this time the roll-call bell would ring. We would wait in four groups in different parts of the camp for the Japanese guards to inspect us, count us and make provision for those who were on special duties. While waiting for the guards we read books, studied languages, shared camp ru-



mours and speculated about the future.

In addition to the limited resources of the official camp kitchens, there were other sources of supplies. There was the White Elephant where cigarettes, soap, peanut oil and other provisions could be purchased. Internees without ready cash brought books and clothes which they bartered for food.

Cash for buying these commodities came from "Comfort Money", brought by the Swiss Red Cross representative, Mr. Eggar, who took all kinds of risks to visit the camp regularly. Internees had to sign a promissory note, undertaking to repay the money after the war. In Chinese dollars the amounts received monthly sounded large, but with the rapidly rising inflation they in fact bought less and less.

Another factor in the battle for survival was the black market. I watched this delicate operation in full swing. Going to chop wood for fuel in an out-of-the-way part of camp, I stumbled on it quite accidentally.

In between electrified wires were three Chinese, busy passing over the wall below the wires boxes of eggs and some crates of bigar (wine). On this side of the wires were some Tientsin business men receiving the provisions and piling them behind some loose bricks. The operation depended on the vigilance of another internee a hundred yards away on Rocky Road, who was on the look out for any movement of Japanese guards either from their residences in one direction or from the sports field in the other. Farther away another man was posted on the main road, watching for any movement at the guardroom just inside the main gate of the camp. If one guard appeared on any front the man watching blew his nose ostentatiously. The same gesture followed down the line, and within half a minute black market operations came to a standstill till the all clear was given once again.

Through this adventurous exercise families with small children were able to get eggs and other items not available at the White Elephant, while thirsty bachelors could drink the

bigar to drown their sorrows. Initially the goods were bought for hard cash, but as the war progressed I.O.U chits were signed undertaking settlement after the war.

Early one morning I walked past the sports field to see the corpse of a Chinese black marketeer hanging on the wires. The authorities left it there for a while as an object lesson. On another occasion a group of Chinese traders was caught and all were beaten up by the Japanese. On the whole the marketing was carried out without such repercussions.

My only dealings with the black market were unique and perhaps amusing. Pa Bruce, the headmaster, came round taking orders for eggs. I asked for two dozen, and paid cash for them, leaving just a few coppers in my purse. Two weeks later he returned with the eggs.

I awoke the following morning ready for a feast. Around the stove in the centre of the dormitory I gathered a good supply of twigs and cardboard for fuel. The fire was lit, the frying pan placed on the stove. Into it went some hair oil, all I had for frying. Into a mug I broke an egg — it was black and green. I emptied it into a bucket and started again with another egg.

But all were bad. I had hardly thrown the shell of the last egg on to the ash tray when Pa Bruce entered. Sizing up the situation over-hastily, he shouted, "If you are going to eat all your eggs the first day, I won't order any more for you." He was gone before I could explain. I had put all my eggs in one basket in more ways than one.

Another source of nourishment in the early period of internment was the parcels received by the missionaries from their stations in Peking, Tientsin and other places. Catholic nuns and priests received what seemed to us wonderful luxuries on a grand scale. Protestant missionaries did not fare nearly as well.

Soon after I had become a roll-call warden, charged with the task of counting the personnel in Blocks 23 and 24, I was taking the guard along a line of internees outside Block 24 when Aunt Lilian (an American Presbyterian lady missionary who had known my parents at Shunteh) asked to see me after roll-call.

When I found her she said with a tone of uncertainty in her voice, "Norman, I received some Golden Syrup from my mission station, but a rat fell into it as soon as I opened it. I've put it in the garbage box behind the building. If you're interested, take it."

I rushed to the box, grabbed the tin, and went to my dormitory with the valued spread. While there was usually plenty of bread in the camp, spreads were hard to come by. The rat was duly removed, the syrup was boiled for several hours over the stove, and then three of us spread it sumptuously on our bread for some weeks afterwards.

For those were the days when the Lord's Prayer had to be amended to read, "Give us this day our daily bread, and some jam to spread on it."

#

CHAPTER VIII

BOUND TOGETHER BY FATE

"Accept the thing to which Fate binds you. And love the people with whom Fate brings you together, but do so with all your heart."

(Marcus Aurelius)

WITHIN THE ELECTRIFIED WIRES of Weihsien Civil Assembly Centre was a community of 2,000 internees who were indeed a microcosm of any modern metropolis.

After the departure of the bulk of the Americans and Canadians for repatriation, and the transfer to Peking of the majority of the Catholic priests and nuns, as well as the arrival of our Chefoo community, there was a new "mix" of race, age and social grouping. Sixty per cent were British, twenty per cent American, the remainder being a number of minority groups such as Belgian and Dutch. Later we were to be joined by a hundred Italians after their country had capitulated to the Allies. Regarding them as "dishonourable Allies" in contrast to ourselves, who were "honourable enemies", the Japanese placed them in a camp within a camp. They were interned in a block of houses behind the guard room, and at first were not encouraged to mix with the rest of us, but as the months went by the difference in status was dropped.

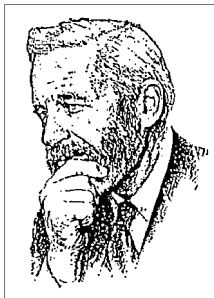
By profession and occupation there was first of all a large missionary community representing the entire spectrum of Protestant and Catholic missionary traditions; then there were top executive business men, and their families, employed by the major industrial and commercial companies, a group previously enjoying a high standard of living in Peking and Tientsin. Largely from Peking were educationists and language students who had come to camp from the cloistered walls of university and college. Last but not least, the camp included some of the drop-outs of Western society, who had run away from their past in a more sophisticated environment to enjoy the wine, women and song of North China's underworld.

A well-known group in Far Eastern society consisted of White Russians whose parents had fled from the 1917 Communist rising in Russia, stripped of land, wealth and status in the revolution which swept their motherland. In China they were a pathetic stateless people with little economic or social security. Many Russian women found security in marrying British and American business men. Some of these were in the camp. Fearful of revealing their earlier background of poverty and manual labour, they were loath to turn their hands to some of the less attractive tasks which camp life demanded, while the wives of British and American top brass executives readily did so; but it was quite foreign to their easy-going life before the war.

There were other internees of mixed blood-half Chinese, half Japanese, half Filipino. There were four American Negroes who had been bandsmen in a Tientsin nightclub. Among the various races were prostitutes, drug addicts and alcoholics, who found their particular moral weaknesses severely cramped in the Weihsien style life.

Inevitably in such a community a few individuals stand out in my memory for their foibles and peculiar personality traits, or their uncommon saintliness and integrity.

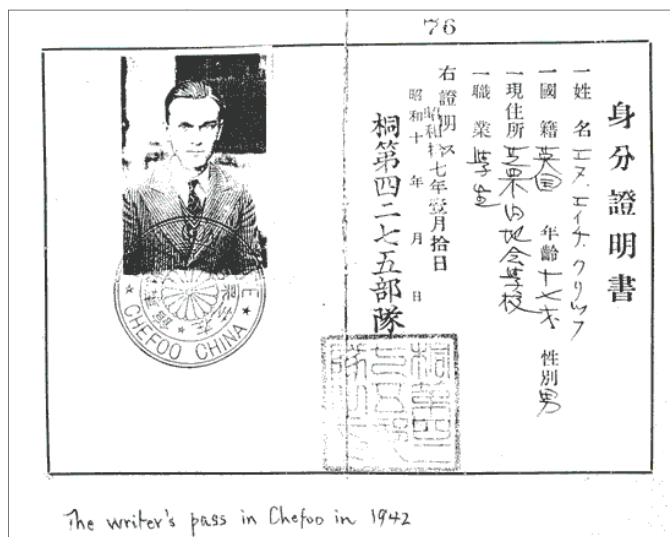
There was a little Eurasian boy known as "Cesspool Kelly". His father had gone out from Britain to the Mongolian border as a missionary, working eventually as a Bible Society agent. In middle age he had married (some said bigamously) a Chinese woman who bore him four children. Miles from civilisation Kelly "went native", wearing Chinese clothes, eating Chinese food and speaking the Chinese language. Coming to camp, he and his little family kept aloof from the social and religious life of Weihsien, and lived in this cosmopolitan community the same peasant life of pre-camp days.



John D. Hayes was a Rhodes scholar and old Chefoo boy, who was a senior missionary among the American Presbyterians. His father, Dr. Watson Hayes, died in 1944 in the camp. Hayes was a brilliant sinologist and greatly respected by the entire internee community for his quiet faith and broad sympathies.

At strategic points throughout the camp were cesspools into which the latrines ran and dirty buckets of water were emptied. Playing near the cesspool by the bakery with his sister, Johnny Kelly fell head first into its dirty waters, and Mary let out wild shrieks to attract urgent assistance for her unfortunate brother. Johnny went up and down four times in the filthy pool to be rescued timeously by a burly British seaman who skilfully applied artificial respiration. The lad recovered from the accident, but for the remainder of the duration was dubbed "Cesspool Kelly".

Then there was the "Vulgar Bulgar", a vivacious extrovert with sparkling eyes and ready humour. This plump shrewd Continental came belatedly to camp. For several years he had successfully dodged internment by producing the right passport at the right political time. He had five different passports in his name, and was carrying on his nefarious trade currency deals in North China successfully until the Japanese caught up with his tricks, imprisoned him and then sent him



The writer's pass in Chefoo in 1942

to our select society. Here he found his niche in the memorable order of black marketeers.

Queuing up near this Bulgarian in Kitchen 1, we invariably heard snatches of black market prices in French, Russian or Greek, and then we saw the quick movement of money into his pockets. For all his dishonesty and greed for profit, the "Vulgar Bulgar" was a pleasant member of the community, always passing his fellow campers with a friendly smile and a greeting in some Eastern European language.

Father Scanlan was an Australian Trappist priest among the four hundred Catholics who moved to Peking before my arrival. Though I never met him, stories about him abounded as we chatted in the evenings, reminiscing on the earlier years of the war. In some lonely caves outside Peking and under a vow of silence Scanlan had been living in solitary meditation before the outbreak of war. Herded by the Japanese after Pearl Harbor, with other priests of various religious orders, he had come to Weih sien. Receiving from his bishop a special dispensation to speak, he was soon making up for fifteen years of silence with his storytelling, jokes and vivacious conversation.



Fr. Scanlan in Marseilles, 1938.



Fr. Scanlan bound for England on the Highland Chieftain, 1946.

© "Stars in The Sky, by Patrick J. Scanlan"

basket of eggs turned the corner. All the precautions I have previously described must have broken down. Keeping his presence of mind, Scanlan quietly took down some laundry hanging out to dry on the line, spreading it over the basket. He continued pulling down vests, shirts and socks until the unsuspecting guard had gone again.

On another occasion he was standing just inside the electrified wires ready to receive some parcels of food when the Japanese guard arrived unexpectedly. He crossed himself, let out some Latin chants which served to warn the Chinese peasant to keep out of sight, and then proceeded to count his rosary. The last thing the guard wanted was to be embroiled in his religious rituals.

One evening he was caught black marketeering, was arrested and taken towards the guardroom for questioning. Realising that he had a lot of money in his pocket from his nefarious activities, he staged a fall into the public toilet. Out of sight for a moment from his captors, he shed the white gown he had been wearing and with it his funds, and emerged

from the W.C. in the black gown he had been wearing under his white one. What was more, he was now surrounded by other internees, also emerging from the toilet. The guards lost sight of him in the crowd with his sudden change of uniform.

But on a subsequent occasion that elusive character was well and truly arrested. At the guardroom, surrounded by angry guards, his Trappist vows suddenly came into operation again, and all questionings brought no replies. Sentencing him to six months solitary confinement, they put him in a room in the Japanese officers' quarters at the opposite end of the camp.

The vows of silence were strangely waived once again. As tired Japanese policemen tried to sleep after long hours of vigil in the camp, during the early hours of Scanlan's first night he began chanting loudly in Latin. By daybreak he had been reluctantly released.

I have left the most outstanding Weih sien personality to the end. Eric Liddell, an educational worker in the London Missionary Society, was in the forefront of the religious activities in the camp. Much of his spare time was spent in coaching maths and science, and organising sports for the youth.



Eric Liddell was a missionary of the London Missionary Society and hero of the 1924 Olympic Games in Paris. Liddell taught science in the camp, organised sports for the young, chess games and many other activities which helped the youth of Weih sien to receive some guidance and motivation. Liddell died of a brain tumour on 21 February, 1945, some six months before liberation from camp.

He was in his early forties, bald, quiet spoken and with a permanent smile. Born at the turn of the century of a missionary family in China, and educated at Eltham College (a school for the sons of L.M.S. missionaries) and Edinburgh University, he had returned as a young man to the land of his birth, first to teach at the Anglo-Chinese college in Tientsin, and latterly, as the Sino-Japanese war was beginning, to do evangelistic work in the L.M.S. stations scattered on the North China plain.

Eric Liddell was the finest Christian man I have had the privilege of meeting. When given the opportunity to preach at the camp church services his discourses were invariably on either the Sermon on the Mount or St. Paul's Hymn of Love (1 Corinthians 13). His life seemed an embodiment of these two passages.

One evening he addressed a youth group (which I chaired) on his earlier athletic career. With a quiet humility

which deeply impressed us he recounted how he had played rugby and run in the Olympics for Scotland. Two incidents he recalled that evening have stuck in my memory. In 1924 he went to Paris to run the hundred-metre race for his country. But on arrival, scanning the athletic programme, he learnt to his dismay that the race for which he had strenuously practised was to be run on a Sunday. This was contrary to his religious scruples. Nothing and nobody could make him change his mind and agree to run. Thereafter he switched to the 400 metres, which he won with flying colours.

Years later when teaching in Tientsin he was asked to run at the Dairen Athletic Meet. On arrival in Dairen he found that his 400 metres race was due to be run half an hour before the departure of his boat back to Tientsin. Resourcefully he arranged for a taxi to be waiting at the tape, he would jump into it and be rushed immediately to the docks. On the day of the race all went to schedule, except that after having alighted from the taxi at the docks, he had to jump over numerous crates and packages to reach the wharf. By now the boat was steadily moving out. Liddell was successful in throwing his bags on to the moving ship, took a running leap, just reaching the deck and grabbing firmly to a railing.

In Weihsien Camp Liddell gave his unqualified support to every worthy cause, religious and social. If there were a call to preach, to coach, to help, to advise, he was there, however busy or tired he might be. Though he spoke of it only to his closest friends, internment for him was a painful separation from his wife and three children who were in Canada, the last child having been born after their separation through the war.

This daughter he was never to see, for he died of a brain tumour in February 1945. The news of his passing came as a shock to the entire camp community, in which he was greatly beloved and respected. The Edwardian style church was packed for the funeral. Moving tributes to his life were paid by leaders of the camp. When his last mortal remains were borne to the quiet cemetery in the Japanese officers' quarters, I had the privilege of being in the guard of honour with other young people.

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CHAPTER IX

EIGHT FEET OF SPACE

"Even though you have ten thousand fields, you can only eat one measure of rice a day. Even though your dwelling contain one thousand rooms, you can only use eight feet of space at night."

(Chinese proverb)

*"In nineteen hundred and thirty-four
The sexes separate no more.
Co-Ed's the scheme for evermore,
Chefoo, Chefoo, for ever.*

*In nineteen hundred and thirty-five
The pirates captured us alive,
But British planes drove off the hive,
Chefoo, Chefoo, for ever.*

*In nineteen hundred and forty-two
They swiped our school and compound too,
But still we stayed in our Chefoo,
Chefoo, Chefoo, for ever.*

*In nineteen hundred and forty-three
They made us shift and travel by sea;
And we came to Weihsien C.A.C.,
Chefoo, Chefoo, for ever.*

*In nineteen hundred and forty-four
We hope to return to the well-known shore,
Our school's the same for evermore,
Chefoo, Chefoo, for ever."*

(These fond hopes were penned in 1943, but were never realised.)

OUR FIRST WINTER in Weihsien Camp (1943) was now approaching. We had been there some three months. By now we had got into the routine of camp life—chopping wood, boiling water over primitive fires, supplementing our diet of bread porridge, bread pudding and bread everything with such delicacies as t'ang hsi (syrup), kao Bang (green beans), porridge and tsao erhs (berries). Socially we were making valuable friendships with Tientsin and Peking fellow internees, attending Adult Education classes and enjoying the wider contacts of life in Weihsien. Economically, through the pressure of increasing shortages, the womenfolk were making clothes out of curtains, and the men were making shoes out of canvas and wooden sandals.

Added to the business of living, eating and washing was the new problem of keeping warm in the Siberian type of winter. We had been freezing for several weeks in November, but in the first week of December small stoves were issued to each room. Throughout the winter small quantities of coal dust were distributed at irregular intervals.

Heath Robinson stove pipes were assembled by fitting together spliced jam tins. The pipe fitted into the stove and led out through a hole in the wall to the outside. Then there was the problem of fuel. Coal dust could not be burned in the condition in which it was issued. It was sifted, mixed with sifted soil in various ratios (one recipe for lighting the fire,

another for banking the fire overnight and so on) together with water, and put out in the sun to dry as coal bricks. By careful rotation dozens of briquettes were prepared and dried in the sun. Wood was "scrounged" (*a great Weihsien word*) off trees and, by some, from kitchen supplies.

Then in addition to the little black stoves issued by the authorities, brick stoves were evolved with a standard design. Heat from the fire in this stove went around and behind an oven (which was a large peanut oil tin), and the smoke escaped up the jam-tin stove pipes. Thus there was scope for cooking, baking and keeping the room warm.

In this desperate effort to keep warm in this biting cold winter not only were coal dust, wood, jam tins and peanut oil containers at a premium, but bricks for the home-made stoves ? where could these be obtained?

One day the Japanese demolished a wall near the sports field in order to use the material for construction work elsewhere. To their amazement all the bricks disappeared overnight. Then a wall was demolished near the hospital for the same purpose. My grandmother was needing a stove in her room on the first floor of the hospital. Late one evening I borrowed a wheelbarrow, enlisted the assistance of my fellow student, Dick Vinden, and filled it with loose bricks from this demolished wall. We were pushing it through the darkness when a guard stopped us, and asked what we were doing.

Playing dumb was of no avail. "Ya men chu," he shouted ("Come with me to the guardroom"). To be taken to the guardroom was the most dreaded experience of camp life. We followed him a few steps, then he lost us in the darkness. The stove was duly built and served my grandmother and aunt for the remainder of the war.

Christmas came. We bought small presents for each other at the White Elephant, made little gifts from our limited supplies of wood, cloth and paper. We had games and parties, as well as a joint Christmas service in the camp church.

A group of us went from block to block on Christmas Eve singing carols, and we invariably ended each visit with this significant postscript:

*"We wish you a merry Christmas, a merry Christmas, a merry Christmas;
We wish you a merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year,
And hope it won't be here!"*

Imagine our surprise and amusement when on Christmas Day a Japanese guard off duty walked happily down the main road from the guardroom, singing merrily:

*"Ha, ha, ha, hee, hee, hee,
Elephants nest on a rhubarb tree,
Ha, ha, ha, hee, hee, hee,
Christmas time is a time for me!"*

The year 1944 came, and winter ended early in March. Supplies began to come intermittently. Such refinements as "adult education" and debating societies began to wane, and things more basic to our survival came to the fore. We became more and more resourceful amid our diminishing supplies. We patched up old clothes to keep ourselves covered. We explored new recipes to make spreads for our supplies of bread. Yeast was sometimes short, and one internee began research into making our own. We made squeegees and brooms for sweeping the floors.

Also visits from the Swiss Red Cross seemed to be less frequent, and consequently fewer medicines, drugs and letters arrived. "Comfort Money" was fast dwindling, and bartering for life's daily needs again became the order of the day.

Some Chinese peasants operating the black market had been caught red-handed by the Japanese and been brutally tortured, so this operation all but stopped.

"Scrounging" became the prevalent sin. Every effort was spent acquiring fuel, food and clothing. The fortunes of war produced some strange situations. One fine British Jewish millionaire could be seen working regularly through a pile of ashes behind Kitchen I, sifting and separating coke and partly burned lumps of coal for his cooking needs. A leading Tientsin female socialite could be seen chopping wood. Away for several years from a hairdressing salon her hair dye was beginning to fade into a strange mixture of colours.

We were now coming to grips with the grim realities of life in a Japanese internment camp. Our bodies were tired with long hours of manual labour. We often went to bed longing for more food. Two slices of bread and thin soup were hardly a satisfying supper after a day of pumping water and carrying heavy crates of food.

I awoke on April 4th and realised that I was now nineteen. I had matriculated three years before, my classmates in the outside world were well on in their careers, and I was marking time behind electrified wires.

My religious faith was tottering a little, though I did not share this with my colleagues. Our prayers for release and liberty seemed of no avail. Was Christianity a mere academic exercise, or did it have some relevance in such circumstances as these, I asked myself.

Reading through chapter after chapter of the Bible brought me one morning to this unexpected verse in a little known book of the Old Testament:

*"In the day of prosperity rejoice; but in the day of adversity consider. God hath set the one against the other that man should find nothing after Him".
(Ecclesiastes 7: 14)*

Was this at least part of my answer? The crutches on which I had been leaning ? liberty, food, clothing and the like ? were being slowly removed that I might "find nothing after Him". My thoughts went back to the baptismal service in 1940, when the crowds on the beach were singing:

*"Follow, follow, I will follow Jesus,
Anywhere, everywhere, I will follow on.
Follow, follow, I will follow Jesus,
Anywhere He leads me I will follow on."*

While waiting for the guards to come round during daily roll-call, we would look longingly over the wall through the barbed-wire fences beyond the fields under cultivation to the distant villages on the horizon as far as the eye could see.

From camp rumours ? bits of information which had come via cesspool coolies, and speculation ? we gathered that the countryside around us was not uniformly under Japanese control.

While our camp was in the heart of Japanese occupied China, and to all appearances the Japanese ruled with undisputed control for hundreds of miles around us, there were in



fact "pockets" quite close to us of Chinese puppet groups, officially assisting the Japanese but vacillating in their loyalties. Scattered in the area were evidently also pockets of Chinese Communist troops as well as Chiang Kai-Shek units. Fighting a common foe, the Japanese, there was an uneasy and uncertain truce between these heterogeneous groups.

Standing in one of the queues (of which Weihsien life had so many) one day Robin Hoyte, a fellow Chefoo student, nudged me. "Do you see those four chaps walking together?" he whispered. "Pearson tells me they are planning an escape."

They were Hummel (a former English teacher at a Catholic university in Peking), Tipton (an executive in a tobacco firm), Father de Jaeger (a white-haired and kindly Belgian priest), and Roy Tchou (a tall Eurasian from Tientsin). All were fluent in Chinese. From that day I noticed that they were frequently together in deep conversation. Hummel and Tipton had shaved heads, Chinese style, and flowing Chinese gowns, and seemed to be spending hours tanning in the sun. The four were invariably speaking their faultless Chinese together. I watched and observed this, but by now had learned not to comment on my observations beyond my immediate circle of close friends.

One Saturday evening in mid-June 1944 the news spread rapidly through the camp, "Hummel and Tipton have

escaped." The effect on the humdrum routine of camp life was electrifying.

But after the initial excitement of such a dramatic development came a sense of apprehension, tenseness and fear. How would the Japanese react? Would there be serious re-creations on us? Would some of our privileges be curtailed?

Roll-call that afternoon took three times the normal duration. Over the months it had become loosely organised and carelessly administered. As a roll-call warden, waiting outside the guardroom to ring a bell as a signal that the community could break up and return to work, I had noted that the figures chalked up on the blackboard in the guardroom had one day totalled 1,492 and the next day 1,518, and so on, with little effort to account for the discrepancies.

But from now on it was an exercise computed with the utmost care. The Japanese guards would count us over and over again. The roll-call period was prolonged. The Guards were gruff and their attitude one of distrust. If rows straggled crookedly they shouted and swore.

Bit by bit details of the escape leaked out, and as we walked round and round the blocks when the day's work was over, in our little groups we shared excitedly but discreetly what we each had gleaned during that day.

Our camp leaders had been aware of the planned escape for that Friday night, but had planned to report the two men as missing on the Saturday afternoon, to ensure that the escapees had a reasonable start on their journey.

The commandant and his twenty-five guards were furious on hearing of the escape, and immediately made plans to



**Raymond DeJaegher,
A Catholic Missionary In China and Vietnam'**

The New York Times, Friday, February 8, 1980

The Rev. Raymond J. DeJaegher, a Belgian-born Roman Catholic missionary and educator in China and Vietnam for many years and more recently a director of the Asian Speakers Bureau in New York City, died of cancer Wednesday at Saint Rose's Home in Manhattan. He was 74 years old and lived at 86 Riverside Drive in Manhattan.

Father DeJaegher was a teacher and missionary in China from his ordination at Angou Seminary there in 1931 to the onset of World War II. He was imprisoned by the Japanese early in the war and later was a captive of the Chinese Communists from 1943 to 1945.

After the war, Father DeJaegher was active in relief work in Peking. He then came to the United States, where he served as regent of Seton Hall University's Far Eastern Studies institute from 1950 to 1953.

From 1954 to 1964, Father DeJaegher, was in Vietnam, where he served as a special adviser to the late President Ngo Dinh Diem, was director of the Free Pacific News Agency and founded the Chinese-language Free Pacific Magazine and The New Vietnam, a daily newspaper. He also edited the French-language magazine Front de la Liberté and the English-language Free Front.

He wrote more than 100 magazine articles and several books. His most recent book was "Peking's Red Guard."

Father DeJaegher was born in Courtrai, Belgium, studied in England and then returned to his homeland to acquire degrees in philosophy and theology at the University of Louvain.

He is survived by a brother, Francis, and a sister, Helen, both of whom live in Belgium.

A funeral mass will be celebrated at noon on Monday at the Transfiguration Church on Mott Street in Chinatown.



From left to right

Larry Tipton//Father Raymond de Jaegher//Arthur W.Hummel

Centre front

Father Tchou// ... and his Chinese friends who helped L.Tipton and A.Hummel to find their way to the Chinese guerrillas ...



-?-, Arthur Hummel, -?-, Laurie Tipton, -?-, Father Raymond deJagher, Zhang Xihong's father and --- Roy Tehoo

recapture them. Soldiers with police dogs scoured the surrounding countryside unsuccessfully. The local press, we were told, gave a face-saving statement that seven had attempted to escape, and five had been recaptured. For two out of seven to get away was less serious than two out of two!

The nine men who shared their bachelor dormitory were arrested, placed in the church building for ten days, and subjected to prolonged interrogation. They all pleaded ignorance of any planned escape, and were released again.

I was working at the time in a shift cooking food in Kitchen I, and over the subsequent weeks the skeleton facts relating to their escape came out.

In order not to be missed in the routine of camp duties, Hummel and Tipton had taken leave from their shifts on which they had worked in Kitchen 1. They had also moved out of their bachelor dormitories and slept outside, so as not to implicate their room mates in any way.

They had calculated that on a certain night in June there would be a full moon, suitable for their escape across the Chinese countryside. Moreover, at a certain time this full moon would shine on the sentry's tower and cast a dark shadow across a large area of wall. At 9 p.m. the guards would change, and the policeman coming on duty would do a routine inspection of the area around before mounting his watch-tower.

It was that short change-over period that enabled the escapers to escape and for which they had waited as planned. Two internees helped them through the two stages of electrified wires on to the field outside, where Chinese were waiting to assist in their getaway.

One of the effects of this successful escape was that the bachelors were moved from the top floor of the hospital (where they could see the open countryside and thus get ideas about escaping) to Block 23, nearer to the Japanese officers' quarters. The Japanese arranged for them to swap with the boys and girls of the Chefoo schools. I moved with the schools, getting a much coveted room to myself, which had just enough room for my mattress and improvised bedside table.

A guard off duty invited me to play him a game of chess. He took me to the officers' quarters at the far end of the camp from the gate ? a part I had been to only once previously to sweep and spring-clean some houses for Japanese officers moving in.

I sat in his room and looked round his abode simple, clean and cheerful. A picture of his sweetheart was on the wall. Uniforms were hanging up in the window to dry in the summer sun. He passed me a "ringo" (apple) as we played. It was hardly an inch and a quarter in diameter. I devoured it, small though it was. It was the only fruit I had tasted during the two years in Weih sien camp.

Playing chess proved to be a most effective way of diverting one's mind from the trials of those days-the shortage of food, the possibility of a Japanese victory in the Far East and the frustration of losing valuable years of one's life in internment. Thus when off duty I went the rounds of certain chess enthusiasts and played for hours. The intricacies of the game so absorbed my mind that fears and forebodings were temporarily squashed.

Another pastime for me was learning French conversation. I had learned to read and write French, and had had good results in my Matric exams. Now was the opportunity to put theory into practice. The Belgian priests working alongside me in Kitchen 1 spoke French frequently to me, while I in turn helped them with English. Several evenings a week I went to the bachelor quarters of a Mr. Dorland for French conversation. Sitting on his porch in the dark (there was no electricity in the living quarters) we discussed architecture, theology and camp life in general. Rumour had it that Dorland was a spy for the Japanese, and so I steered the conversation along uncontroversial lines.

I also studied Chinese with a Major Littler of the Salvation Army, going through Genesis and the Gospel of Luke with him. I studied, on my own, Nunn's New Testament Greek which I had begun in Temple Hill Camp. It came easily to me, as its constructions were so similar to those of Latin. Also, I was in a group of boys studying Old Testament Hebrew under a London Missionary Society worker. We went partly through Davidson's Grammar, grappling with the complex verb system of that language. I sat a test on the book of Amos in Hebrew. All these studies were carried out with a view to preparing myself to be a missionary. I did not want the years in camp to go by with no preparation for some future career.

Included in this small group of keen Hebrew students was an Irish boy, Brian Thompson. Several years my junior, he was the life and soul of the group, always up to pranks. His mother was on the school staff, and he was the eldest of a line of young children.

One afternoon we were having roll-call on the overgrown tennis court outside the hospital. Five hundred men, women and children were in long lines, waiting for the Japanese guard and roll-call warden to arrive. Some were sitting on deck-chairs reading, others standing talking and laughing.

A school friend standing a few places away from me said to Brian, who was tall for his age and standing next to him, "I dare you to touch that wire." Over our heads going diagonally across the field was an electrified wire, running from the power station to the guard's watchtower behind us. Originally twenty feet from the ground, it had been sagging lower and lower in recent weeks.

Brian, standing with bare feet on damp ground, laughingly took up the challenge and touched the wire.

His fingers contracted around it. Letting out a desperate groan, he pulled the wire down to the ground; it narrowly

missed dozens of fellow internees.

The following ten minutes were perhaps the most frightening in my life.

Panic spread throughout the group. Brian's mother rushed to free him from the live wire, but someone thought quickly enough to hold her back, or she too would have been electrocuted. Screams and cries came from all sides, and pandemonium prevailed everywhere. Some calmer men slashed at the wire with their wooden deck chairs, which would not be conductors of electricity, and belatedly freed the victim, who was rushed in a lifeless state into the hospital, given artificial respiration but to no avail.

A shocked group of internees remained for the completion of roll-call formalities. For the rest of the evening we waited outside the hospital in the hope that Brian would be revived, but it was not to be.

A funeral service was conducted in the camp church the next day. Pa Bruce reminded us that while Brian had missed the roll-call that afternoon when the count was made, he had in fact answered a higher roll-call in the courts of heaven. We sang with heavy spirits but confident faith:

*"When the Roll was called up yonder,
When the Roll was called up yonder,
He was there . . ."*

I was to hear after the war that one of the few pieces of news which reached my parents in Durban, South Africa, during this period was that a Chefoo boy had been electrocuted in an accident at Weih sien. They had naturally reacted ? was it their son?

Brian's sudden death left a solemn hush in my circle of friends.

Whenever free from shift work I was attending Anglican and Free Church services, was superintendent of a Sunday school of a hundred-odd children of many backgrounds and races, and was second trombonist in the Salvation Army band.

All these opportunities for worship and Christian fellowship were serving to strengthen my flagging faith, though there was still a persistent sense of purposelessness and frustration as the war dragged on. As far as my health was concerned I was suffering from amoebic dysentery and back aches, attributable to the conditions of hygiene and the hard manual labour in Weih sien Camp.

From the Roman Catholic priests (whom I greatly admired and came to regard as among my best friends in the camp-though I could not grasp the significance of their rituals and dogma) I had learned the habit of walking back and forth in the open for prayer and meditation. Kneeling at my bed to pray tended to put me to sleep from sheer exhaustion.

Into this situation came what I have come to regard as milestone number three in my spiritual pilgrimage. Back in the old Prep. School playground in Chefoo praying with a classmate on that Saturday afternoon eleven years previously, I had suddenly seen that God has no spiritual grandchildren, and that Christ was on the Cross for my sins and failures. Four years earlier was milestone number two when Father had baptised me on that summer day in 1940 in the bay in front of the schools, while the crowds on the beach were singing:

*"Follow, follow, I will follow Jesus,
Anywhere, everywhere, I will follow
on . . ."*

Early one morning I paced back and forth over the same tennis court where Brian had been electro-

cuted. A guard was on duty at his turret not far from me. At the basement of the hospital nearby was the camp laundry, where women were bringing out shirts and dresses to hang up in the sun to dry. In the hospital itself workers could be seen beginning the day's duties. I was hardly aware of all this as I looked over the wires of the camp wall towards the distant Chinese villages, thinking of God, my religious upbringing, my excellent matriculation results, my interminable period of internment, deteriorating health and vitality, my parents far away in Africa, the paucity of news from them ? and so on.

Walking back and forth half in prayer, half in introspective thought about my life in Weih sien, a Voice broke into my soliloquy, "Will you serve me in the Christian ministry?" I stopped in my tracks. It was as clear as any voice of a camp friend. I had wanted to be an accountant, to get some experience in the hurly-burly of commercial life, receive some theological training, and then return to the land of my birth to continue the work to which my parents, grandparents and great-grandparents had given so many years of their lives. Towards this end I had been studying Chinese, Japanese, Hebrew, Greek and Biblical subjects.

But events were rapidly changing the face of China, and the conviction was now overpowering me that the days of missionary work in this land were numbered. Was God re-directing my steps to the home ministry? All these thoughts crowded into my mind in what must have been the space of a few seconds, for I said almost aloud, "Yes, God, I will, if You get me out of this place, and give me the health and strength to serve You."

And so, as with Moses tending his father-in-law's sheep on the hillside of Mount Horeb, the Eternal had broken into the temporal. "But the bush was not

Consumed ...

*"I heard the call, 'Come, follow',
That was all.*

*Earth's joys grew dim,
My soul went after Him . . .*

#



Mr. and Mrs. R.E. Thompson and their family. Their eldest son Brian, right, was accidentally electrocuted during roll-call in 1944. He was 17.

CHAPTER X

SAIL ON AND ON

*Brave Admiral, say but one good word:
"What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a leaping sword,
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"*

(Joaquim Miller: Columbus)

THE SUMMER OF 1944 was a trying one for our Weihsien community. The physical and mental strains of internment life were taking their toll on internees, particularly those over forty. There were mental breakdowns, workers collapsing on shift with fainting and low blood pressure. Typhoid, malaria and dysentery were prevalent. There was consequently increasing absenteeism at work in the labour gangs and kitchen shifts.

The heat that summer was unbearable. Although we wore only khaki shorts (without shoes or shirts), the perspiration just poured off us as we went about our normal duties at work.

To quench our thirst we could drink only boiled water, as laid down by the camp's Health Committee. When the water had been boiled over a kitchen cauldron, it was put into a large kang to cool off. But if one was thirsty and the water in the kang still insipid, what was one to do? In moments of desperate thirst I drank on several occasions direct from the pump near the bakery, and this was no doubt the cause of the amoebic dysentery which later sapped my strength.

The nights were hot and trying. Mosquitoes buzzed around us persistently. Bedbugs in the mattresses feasted on us as we tossed on our beds. Throughout the night there was the pitter-patter of feet down the corridor to the toilet of those suffering from dysentery. Rats ran over us and became such a menace to the community that the Japanese authorities organised a competition to stamp them out.

Every rat killed was to be brought to a health official working at the bakery, entered in a book to the credit of the internee responsible, and then thrown into the flames of the bakery fire.

Three of us Chefoo boys clubbed together, and entered all catches under my name to increase our chances of winning the rat competition. Ordinary spring traps were one method tried, but it was found wanting, for many of the rats escaped from these contraptions with minor injuries. By trial and error we found the most effective method was as follows: a large piece of cardboard was placed on the floor. Over it was placed an inverted basin, which was leaning upon a thimble-

shaped container filled with cheese and facing towards the inside of the basin. A rat would slip under the gap in the basin beside the container and nibble at the cheese. This made the basin slip over the container gradually and then lie flat on the cardboard with the victim underneath. The cardboard and basin were then lifted and the rat thrown into a bucket of water nearby. Sometimes a whole family of mice or rats was caught simultaneously in this way.

Lack, Hoyte and I took our dead rats regularly to Bloom, the health official, until against my name were thirty-five casualties. Another consortium of rat catchers had clocked up thirty-eight. Our team went into urgent consultation and as a result held back all catches until the last day of the competition? surely a threat to camp health and defeating the very purpose of the competition! The opposition soared ahead in points and became rather confident, finally reaching fifty-six. But on the final day we brought along a box of thirty rats, making a total of sixty-eight. The prize was a tin of sardines, certainly a rarity at that time.

Not only was the Health Committee fighting a losing battle against disease and illness. The Discipline Committee was also up against the very real problems of "scrounging", pilfering and the claiming of excessive "perks". At first the disgrace of being "posted" on the camp notice-boards, and consequently being deprived of certain privileges, was an effective deterrent, but under the pressure of hunger and economic shortage one's personal reputation was a lesser consideration than the filling of one's stomach. Missionaries and missionaries' children, and those in the religious community of the camp, were with a few embarrassing exceptions free from these selfish actions, though not exempt from the same temptations.

The Labour Department likewise faced crises hitherto unknown. Stokers, tired of scraping their sooty faces clean at the end of a day's shift work and with little soap, began to ask for cleaner jobs. Kitchen cooks in charge of teams of kitchen workers found their resourcefulness strained, feeding six hundred people with flour with which they had tried every variety of noodles, dumplings and bread

porridge; they too asked for less onerous work, such as pumping water for fixed times each day. Others pleaded hernias, low blood pressure or advancing age as reasons for discontinuing manual labour.

But the plain fact was that certain jobs had to be done by someone to keep the large community running. Some of the Chefoo boys had now become old enough to pump water, and some of the older Chefoo girls were helping to peel vegetables. But this new source of labour far from solved the overall problems of dozens of internees having to work month in, month out, with little food, dwindling morale, and in extreme weather conditions.

Members of the Labour Committee, interviewing peo-

Say "concentration camp" to most people, and you bring forth visions of gas chambers. death marches, prisoners branded and tattooed like cattle. Auschwitz. Dachau. Bataan. Weihsien was none of that. Awash in a cesspool of every kind of misery, Weihsien was, nonetheless, for us, a series of daily triumphs - earthy victories over bedbugs and rats and flies. If you have bedbugs, you launch the Battle of the Bedbugs each Saturday. With knife or thumbnail, you attack each seam of your blanket or pillow, killing all the bugs and eggs in your path. If you run out of school notebooks, you erase and use the old ones again - and again - until you rub holes through the paper. If you panic at the summer's plague of flies, you organize the schoolchildren into competing teams of fly-killers. My younger brother John - with 3,500 neatly counted flies in his bottle - won the top prize, a can of Rose Mille pate, food sent by the Red Cross. If you shudder at the rats scampering over you at night, you set up a Rat Catching Competition, with concentration camp Pied Pipers clubbing rats, trapping rats, drowning them in basins, throwing them into the bakery fire. Our Chefoo School won that contest, too, with Norman Cliff and his team bringing in 68 dead rats - 30 on the last day. Oh, glorious victory! The nearest competitor had only 56. One, two, three, four, five years I hadn't seen Daddy. I could hardly remember his face now, but I could still hear his voice: "Mary Sweetheart" - he always called me Mary Sweetheart - "there's a saying in our family: A Taylor never says 'I can't.' " In the far reaches of my mind, like a needle stuck on a gramophone record, I heard the messages playing: A Taylor never says "I can't." Thou shalt not be afraid.... © Mary Previte- née Taylor

ple to fill urgent vacancies, had to face the harsh reality that the desire to serve the community and do a job well, a spirit which had characterised the earlier years of camp life, was now on the wane. Here again it was noticeably those with religious faith to whom they largely turned to carry the extra responsibilities and do the unpopular jobs.

In my immediate circle of friends the virtue of thoroughness, promptness and going the second mile were constantly maintained. We cleaned the cauldrons till they were spotless, carried heavy crates of ashes out of the front gate of the camp and were often called upon to do extra shifts.

As I look back on the enthusiasm with which we worked, and then think of all that is required in these days as incentives to make men work ? promotion, overtime pay, bonuses, fringe benefits and the like ? I marvel at the way dozens of people in Weihsien tackled dirty and heavy work for long hours in trying conditions with no prospects of material rewards other than the occasional extra helping after the six hundred in Kitchen I had had their dollop of food.

Then, in addition to problems with hygiene, pilfering and labour was that of keeping the education going of those who, had they not been in camp, would still have been at school preparing for Matriculation.

The Chefoo school on moving to Temple Hill, then to Weihsien, had kept its identity as an educational unit, and to a remarkable degree had maintained a regular programme of studies; in spite of limited supplies of textbooks, paper and other necessary material they had kept abreast of their prescribed syllabi, leading up to the Oxford School Leaving Certificate.

When we arrived in Weihsien children from Peking and Tientsin already had a school running, largely a continuation of the Tientsin Grammar School. But in mid-1944 discipline was low and studies for this group were grinding to a halt.

The camp Education Committee cast envious eyes at the Chefoo school group, with its well-behaved scholars and smooth-running academic programme. The result was that two Chefoo masters and I were approached to reorganise the Weihsien School ? a change which immediately put it on a new footing. I was given a class of eight-year-olds to teach. We sat in one wing of the church. The group under me included White Russians, Hindus and Eurasians. It was a happy experience and the children seemed to get on with their studies with renewed zeal.

The year 1944, with all the problems I have mentioned, brought for me a bright and happy feature which offset many of the trials and tribulations of that period. A Salvation Army officer offered to teach

me a brass instrument and invited me to join their band.

Adjutant Buist was a handsome and outgoing Welshman. In his little camp room (which he shared with his wife and small children) he patiently gave me lessons.

After several weeks of training and practice I joined the band practice every Tuesday evening as second trombonist. The Salvation Army had been treated with suspicion by the Japanese since their arrival in China. They disliked its military associations-uniform, officers and military terminology. The movement had consequently been forced to change its Chinese name from "Save the World Army" to "Save the World Church".

Present at our band practices in a small room next to the boot repair shop were ten Salvationists with four or five Christians from other denominations. We spent many happy hours learning Salvationist marches and hymns. To play the great hymns of the Church with brass instruments in such harmony and rhythm was an indescribable experience.

One of the officers had composed a medley of all the Allied national anthems. But when we practised it all the parts were played except the air, and so the tunes were not recognised by the authorities. Convinced that camp life would one day come to an abrupt end, whether by Russian, American, British or Chinese intervention, we were determined to have a suitable piece of music to play for the great occasion, whenever it was or however it was to happen. We practised it month after month, and the very process of playing the Victory March kindled in our hearts faith and optimism.

On Sunday afternoons we would gather on the grounds outside the hospital, and under the baton of Brigadier Stranks play:

*"Be still, my soul, the Lord is on thy side;
Bear patiently thy cross of grief or pain.
Leave to thy God to order and provide;
In every change He faithful will remain."*

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CHAPTER XI

SET UP IN HOPE OR PLUNGED IN FEAR

"It is a general human weakness to allow things, uncertain and unknown, to set us up in hope, or plunge us into fear."

(Gains Caesar)

THE WEIHSIEN CHORUS

*"Oh the joys of Weihsien! Oh the Weihsien day!
Good old Weihsien, tra-la-la-la-la-la!
We rise in the dark, and light the fires with coal that's really rocks,
We carry the water, collect the porridge, and empty the garbage box.
They cry 'pu hsing' at everything, we smile and shout 'hooray'.
We'll live to see another year, and another Christmas Day.*

*Now we've come to the end of the song, and we hope it won't be long
Uptil we leave this Weihsien Camp-in that we can't be wrong.
So let's decide before we go that we will always strive
To whistle and sing a merry song in nineteen forty five."*

(Author unknown. Tune: Solomon Levi)

CHRISTMAS 1944 was now upon us. News from parents had for most families become sparse and spasmodic.

Periodically during 1944 we had been given Red Cross letter forms to complete. With the issuing of these was a long list of prohibited matter? the weather, camp activities, food and so on. The Japanese during the years following Pearl Harbor had become wise to the deeper meanings behind such messages as "Awaiting Uncle Sam's arrival", "John Bull urgently needed", "All is well. Tell it to the marines".

The maximum length of the communication was twenty-five words, and the contents had to be straightforward with no double meanings.

As we sat in front of those official forms struggling to decide what we could write without infringing any of the regulations framed about their wording, many of us decided that the only thing that mattered was that our parents should receive a piece of paper on which was our handwriting; the contents were immaterial. Just to receive that form meant that we were alive, however little it gave of personal news, so we took every opportunity to complete them. Later we were to learn that the Japanese censorship in the guardroom could not keep pace with hundreds of internees writing letters, and therefore proportionately few reached their destinations.

Christmas was celebrated with meagre rations and few festivities, except singing which could not be rationed. During that year there had been periods when flour was our only stock in trade, and the menu had shown little variation from

bread, bread porridge, bread pudding and bread-anything-else. There had been brighter periods when the slate outside Kitchen I had read "millet porridge, black tea, bread" for breakfast, "stew, black tea and bread" for lunch, and "soup, black tea and bread" for supper.

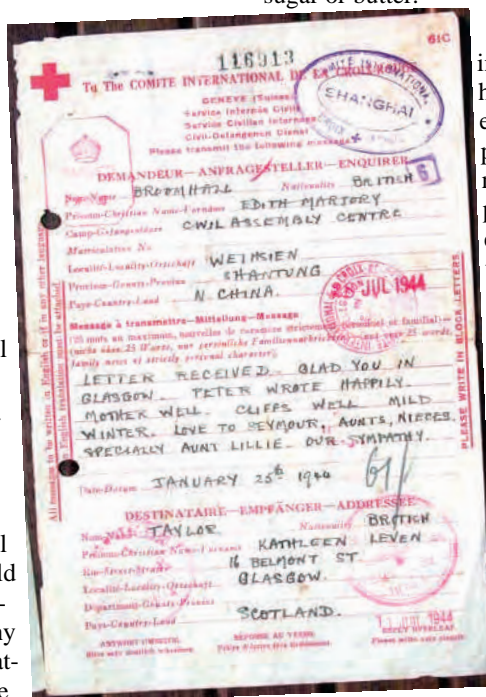
Supplies were now lower than they had ever been, and spirits were following the same graph. The temperature too was unbearably low. Snow and frost were everywhere, with little coal dust from which to make our briquettes to burn in our stoves.

"Can God furnish a table in the wilderness?" asked the Psalmist of old.

One snowy day in January 1945, when I was working in greasy overalls over a kua (cauldron) in Kitchen 1, a tall American nicknamed Skipper came running in and said, "Have a look at what's coming in at the front gate!"

A moment later we were standing on Main Road, witnessing an unbelievable sight. Donkeys and carts were filing in slowly up the hill towards the church (the usual venue for such emergencies). Fifteen hundred boxes marked "American Red Cross" were unloaded.

There were 1500 internees in Weihsien Camp one big box each! There was wild excitement at the prospect of having some good nutritious food and the possibility of enjoying delicacies we had not tasted for years. Since our arrival in "Courtyard of the Happy Way" we had not tasted fruit, milk, sugar or butter.



But most excitement and surprises in this war period seemed inevitably to have their anticlimaxes, and this was no exception. Soon afterwards a notice appeared on the camp notice-boards announcing curtly that the distribution of parcels had been cancelled, as consideration was being given as to whether the donors intended them to go solely to the two hundred Americans in Weihsien.

Two weeks of arguing and dis-sension among the American community followed, the majority of them being adamant that the boxes should be shared with all. A few families, in spite of their missionary status, spoke loudly about the "morality" of ensuring that the parcels were given to those for whom they were intended.

Meanwhile the local Japanese authorities, perplexed at civilised Westerners haggling in this manner, consulted their headquarters for instructions on how to distribute the boxes. The decision from Tokyo was a wise and equitable one-one parcel for every internee.

Soon a fresh date was fixed for the distribution of the parcels. We queued up at the church and then each struggled to his digs with a heavy cardboard box, three feet by one foot by one-and-a-half feet. Sitting at our beds, we eagerly ripped the boxes open. In each were four small sections, each with powdered milk, cigarettes, tinned butter, spam, cheese, concentrated chocolate, sugar, coffee, jam, salmon and raisins.

Tea could now be drunk with milk and sugar. Bread,

our staple, diet, could now be eaten with butter and cheese or jam. Cigarettes could be traded with smokers for further items of food. The long list of items lent themselves to all kinds of recipes and combinations.

If these welcome supplies were used to supplement the official camp rations from the kitchen, and used in careful instalments, we could enjoy nutritious and tasty meals for at least four months to come.

Social calls became popular. At roll-call we made dates to visit each other to try the latest menus and recipes. The White Elephant swung into action again, and as we cooked over the hot cauldrons in Kitchen 1 we would overhear the latest exchange rates for Red Cross food: one packet of cigarettes could be bartered for two bars of chocolate, two tins of spam for one of coffee, and so on, according to the law of supply and demand.

The arrival of these supplies definitely saved the day for our community. Scrounging and quarrelling about rations and perquisites subsided as every family worked out its own method of spreading the food over as long a time as possible. Physical hunger and exhaustion were less acute, and with this the general morale was clearly lifted.

During 1945 we became more and more convinced that the war was turning in our favour in Europe and in our own theatre of fighting in the Far East.

Whispers in the camp indicated that Hummel and Tipton, who had escaped eight months previously, were about a hundred miles away in one of the many pockets of resistance against the Japanese, and that from there they were in touch by radio with Allied leaders in Chungking.

Chinese cesspool coolies, who entered the front gate of the camp daily, were carefully searched by the Japanese guards who frequently hit them with their fists or with the butts of their rifles. One of these coolies came to the camp with news direct from Hummel and Tipton. The guards would search him carefully from head to foot, as with the others, and allow him through. Walking down Main Road towards a cesspool with his buckets over his shoulders he would spit onto a dump of ashes a message in waterproof paper. An internee waiting nearby would discreetly take the paper to the man involved in this operation.

From this source word soon got around Weihsien that the Allies were on the initiative in Europe; that Britain and

America had invaded France and were pushing the Nazis eastward while the Russian army was rolling southward and westward.

A subsequent instalment of news told of V.E. Day. The Germans had surrendered to Eisenhower and Montgomery. This welcome news had little direct effect on our daily lives, except for one incident which happened soon afterwards.

By this time I had moved back from the top floor of the hospital to a bachelor dormitory of Block 23, and was once again a roll-call warden. In the centre of this attractive building was the tower and bell which had been used in earlier days to call the Bible School students of the then American Presbyterian Mission to their classes. But now it was used by the Japanese to announce twelve o'clock noon every day, so that clocks and watches could be adjusted. In fact it rang at 11.45 a.m. one day and at 12.25 p.m. the next. We could only conclude that for security reasons the Japanese did not wish us to have the exact time.

In the middle of a night in May 1945 we awoke rubbing our eyes. The Block 23 bell was ringing. We sat up in bed and speculated anxiously as to why the bell should be ringing at that unearthly hour. Was the Japanese war now over as well as the European one? Was there some kind of emergency?

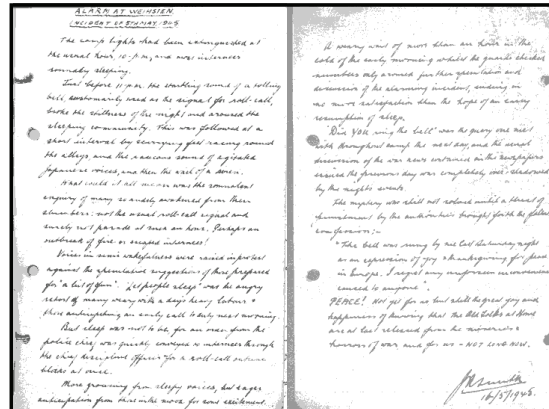
Outside we could hear the heavy boots of guards, and shouts of anger in Japanese. Then a member of the Discipline Committee came in and said that everyone had to line up for roll-call outside in his or her usual group. Had some more fellow internees escaped?

As a roll-call warden for Blocks 23 and 24 I went to all the bachelor and spinster dormitories in the two blocks, passing on the instructions. I passed the message on to the Mother Superior at the other end of Block 23 ? a number of American nuns in her room were sleeping under mosquito nets.

We lined up outside, not very wide awake. The Japanese guard counted us with a pistol in his hand, pointing at each person as he was counted. His manner was abrupt. We could hear shouting and orders

being given out at some of the other roll-call groups.

As we tumbled back into bed the explanation for the crisis reached us. Months before V.E. Day one man had "dared" another that, as soon as the war in Europe was won by the Allies, his friend was to ring the tower bell at midnight. He had taken up the dare and carried it out. The Japa-



ALARM AT WEIHSIEN

Incident of 5th May, 1945

The camp lights had been extinguished at the usual hours, 10-p.m., and most internees soundly sleeping.

Just before 11-p.m. the startling sound of a rolling bell customarily used as the signal for roll-call, broke the stillness of the night and aroused the sleeping community. This was followed at a short interval by scurrying feet racing round the alleys, and the raucous sound of agitated Japanese voices and then the wail of a siren.

What could it all mean was the somnolent enquiry of many so rudely awakened from their slumbers: not the usual roll-call signal and surely not parade at such an hour. Perhaps an outbreak of fire or escaped internees!

Voices in semi wakefulness were raised in protest against the speculative suggestions of those prepared for "a bit of fun". "Let people sleep" was the angry retort of many, weary with a day's heavy labour. Those anticipating an early call to duty next morning.

But sleep was not to be, for an order from the police chief was quickly conveyed to internees through the chief discipline officer for a roll-call outside blocks at once.

More grousing from sleepy voices, but eager anticipation from those with the mood for sound excitement. A weary wait for more than an hour in the cold of the early morning whilst the guards checked numbers only aroused further speculation and discussion of the alarming incident, ending in no more satisfaction than the hope of an early resumption of sleep.

"Did YOU ring the bell" was the query one met with throughout the camp the next day, and the usual discussion of the war news contained in the newspapers issued the previous day was completely overshadowed by the night's events.

The mystery was still not solved until a threat of punishment by the authorities brought for the following confession:-

"The bell was rung by me last Saturday night as an expression of joy & thanksgiving for peace in Europe. I regret any unforeseen inconvenience caused to anyone."

PEACE! Not yet for us but still the great joy and happiness of knowing that the Old Folks at home are at last released from the miseries and horrors of war and for us - NOT LONG NOW.

16/5/1945

nese were given the explanation for the bell ringing that same night, though the names of the offending internees were carefully withheld from them as recrimination would be certain and serious. But in spite of the explanation the Japanese were still convinced that the bell ringing had been the signal for a further escape ? hence the careful roll-call.

Another source of information about the war was a pro-Japanese English newspaper, printed in Peking and distributed in small quantities in the camp. The statistics of casualties, sinking of ships and destruction of aeroplanes were heavily loaded in favour of the Japanese, the intention being to convince us that the Allies were losing the war in the Pacific. But it told us more than that.

In the community at Weih sien was an executive businessman named Jackson from Tientsin who had been a military strategist. In his luggage were some detailed maps of the Far East war zone. With one eye on the Peking Chronicle and the other on the large maps, he was able to read intelligently between the lines and to make some fairly safe guesses about the true situation in the Pacific, and the directions in which the Americans were pushing.

Jackson gave informal lectures on the war situation behind closed doors. With maps spread out on a bed in a bachelor dormitory and a baton in his hand, he quietly shared with an audience of some twenty men what he conjectured was happening to the east of us. We had a man on guard outside while the talk was being given. On at least one occasion the meeting was dispersed and the maps hurriedly put away at the approaching sound of Japanese boots.

Jackson's thesis was irrefutable. However heavy the casualties claimed against the Americans might be the very mention of certain islands indicated at least where the battle was being waged. The mention over a period of months in this newspaper of the Gilbert and Marshall Islands, Manila, Iwo Jima and Okinawa was an unintended admission that the Americans had the Japanese on the run. To be fighting there the Americans must have advanced there!

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CHAPTER XII

HOUR OF GENTLE JOY

*"The Russians have landed in Norway,
Rabaul is reported to be
In the hands of our staunch U.S. allies,
But that sounds like rumour to me!*

*The guards are all leaving on Wednesday,
And week-end will see us free,
But look in to-morrow at tea-time,
And there'll be some more rumours for tea!"*

(Tune: "O bring back my bonnie to me")

"Be of good cheer. After sad and evil days hurries the hour of gentle joy."

(Sextus Propertius)

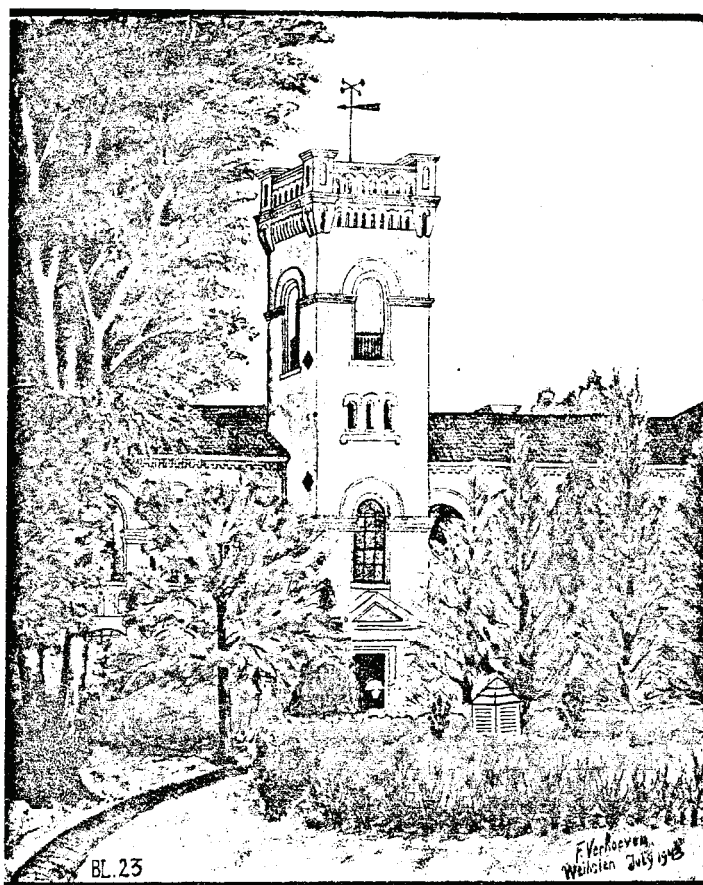
IN JUNE 1945 the discipline, morale and patriotism of the Japanese were clearly beginning to break down. Prior to that their loyalty to their Emperor had been almost fanatical.

From the moment when I had met the first Japanese taking over Chefoo in 1938, I had been struck by their solidarity. In contrast to the lack of cohesion among the Chinese, here were a people loyal to their fatherland, enthusiastic about the New Order in East Asia, and respectful to all orders from their superiors, whatever the task might be or the cost. I had observed these qualities consistently at Chefoo Compound, at Temple Hill Camp and now at Weih sien.

But a change was coming over them. Guards off duty walked to their living quarters unsteadily, the worse for bigar (wine). In conversation with them (by now I had built up a fair vocabulary of their language) they were now critical of their senior officers. One night we were aroused by shouting, and found that two guards had had a violent quarrel; one had slipped into a family room in Block 22, hidden under a bed, while his colleague banged at nearby doors, demanding of sleepy-eyed internees

where he was.

One development in this breakdown of morale and discipline was the formation of what one might call the "Black Market in Reverse". Instead of internees getting necessities over the wall into camp, the Japanese were now buying valuables from them for a song, and reselling them out of the camp to Chinese in nearby villages at four to five hundred per



cent profit.

"Comfort Money" from the Red Cross was no longer being brought to us. Prices of soap, peanuts and other things at the White Elephant were soaring, while our monetary resources were almost nil. The bartering of valuables for these needs was the only alternative left.

The Japanese were in a monopolistic position, and could pay low cash prices for valuable items, which in the fight for survival we reluctantly had to part with. A guard came into our bachelor dormitory in Block 23 one day and bought a watch from an American friend in the bed next to mine and my mosquito net, which was hardly a luxury in those hot summer nights. I walked on the outside of the guard along the long veranda, while he carried his wares on the side of me away from the officers' quarters, anxious not to be caught red-handed.

Soon afterwards two of us were carrying ashes out of the front gate of the camp with the guards' permission. They were clearly in a friendly mood. Leaving the crates upside down on the ground to catch our breath, we talked with the men on duty. From food, sports and romance the discussion came to the war in the Pacific. Chinese, Japanese and English were used according to linguistic necessity. Hesitantly I asked one of them, "Senso- ka o-ari -mashita-ka?" ("Is the war over yet?") He sheepishly replied, "Ma-da ooari-masen" ("It is not yet finished").

His companion then conveyed to us in Chinese, Japanese and sign language the fact that if and when the war did finish, they would shoot us all and then fall on their swords. The same idea was spread by other guards to other internees.

The result was that the prospect of the Allies soon winning the war became for us (as with Pavlov's dogs) one of conflicting emotions ? exciting anticipation mingled with apprehension and fear.

As we walked round the camp grounds in the evenings, the day's work done, not only did we speculate on our own eventual fate as prisoners of a defeated nation, but also on how and from where our deliverance would come. Would the Russians press down from the north and liberate us? Would Chiang Kai-Shek's troops come from the west? Would America invade Shantung Province? Would it be a peaceful finale or a fight to the bitter end?

The "bamboo wireless" continued giving news of American bombings and advances in the Pacific. Then we heard one day that there had been negotiations for an Armistice. . . .

On Wednesday afternoon, August 15, 1945, I joined a crowd in the Moon Gate courtyard outside the administration offices. Voysey, a half Japanese and one of the camp's most competent interpreters, was asking the commandant on behalf of our camp leaders if the war was over or not. It was a delicate matter as the information had reached us via the cesspool coolies who had spat it out in waterproof paper on to a rubbish heap that morning. There was an evasive reply, and the crowd dispersed dissatisfied.

On Friday, August 17, the uncertainty and speculation came to a dramatic end. In the middle of the morning while I was dictating a business letter in a Gregg Shorthand class to a group of girls preparing themselves for Oxford Matriculation, and while hundreds in the camp were at their normal duties, the sound of a plane could be heard.

It became louder and louder. Throughout the camp, studies, manual work and cooking were instinctively and instantly dropped. Standing outside on the roads of the camp, we looked skywards.

A plane was flying overhead lower and lower, as though searching for our camp. We were later to know it as a B24. British and American flags, which had been concealed in the bottom of trunks from earlier days in Tientsin and Peking, were brought out and waved towards the sky. The plane responded to these signals of identity and circled even lower,



dropping leaflets. And then the unimaginable happened. A man floated down on a parachute, followed by six others. They landed not far from the front gate.

Without any thought for the camp regulations which had confined us for years, fifteen hundred internees rushed down the main road through the "Courtyard of the Happy Way" gate, past the solitary guard on duty unable to hold us all back, to welcome our liberators.

We found them a mile outside the gate, perched behind mounds (which were Chinese graves) with loaded guns, uncertain of their reception by the Japanese but ready for any eventuality. I suddenly remembered my commitment to the Salvation Army band ? to welcome whoever freed us with the "Victory March" ? the medley of the various Allied national anthems which we had practised to perfection, hitherto without the air, for obvious reasons.

Getting my trombone from Block 23 I rushed back to the gate. The band was standing on a mound behind the electrified wires at the rear of the church in a position which commanded a good view of the triumphal entry of the seven American parachutists. The baton of Brigadier Stranks gave the signal, and we were away.

But my eyes strayed from the music to the drama going on outside the gate. The parachutists were being carried shoulder high towards the entrance by excited internees. My right hand went through motions of playing the trombone as I watched the developments in front of me. In the group of Americans was Jimmy Moore who had been a prefect at the Chefoo Schools when I was in the Second Form. He had evidently pulled strings to be in this particular relief mission.

Steven, the first trombonist beside me, a tall American lad, stopped playing and collapsed, sobbing like a baby. I was later told that hospital patients, suffering from all kinds of ailments, had jumped out of their ward windows to witness

the morning's spectacle, and never returned to their sick beds, mysteriously healed of their various physical complaints.

Meanwhile in the guardroom just inside the gate an unexpected drama was being enacted. The American major entered the room with a loaded gun. Led by the commandant, the police stacked their guns in one corner ? a symbol of submission. But Major Steiner had other ideas. Not far from the camp, we learned later, a group of Chinese bandits was planning to capture the camp, and use us as hostages in some political bargain. Moreover, with Japan beaten, there were already signs of Communist and Kuomintang troops fighting all around Weihsien, struggling for leadership in the new chapter of China's history.

To the surprise of the Japanese the major dramatically handed them back the rifles. These guards, up to now stubborn enemies in a long-drawn-out war, were to be enlisted as allies, helping the Americans to keep law and order between rival Chinese factions. Among the parachutists was a young Japanese American who as interpreter explained to the frightened guards that their help would be desperately needed. They must continue to guard the camp, from now on under American orders.

At the first opportunity that afternoon we surrounded any paratrooper we passed on the road. They were like deities from another planet. To them these barefooted men clad only in tattered khaki shorts must have seemed like hermits from some primitive Robinson Crusoe island. We listened eagerly as they told us of the final bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki and of their experiences in Burma, Siam and Free China.

Two members of the group came to Kitchen 1 for supper that night. We drew out specialties from our store which we had been using sparingly for our six hundred strong clientele and cooked for these heroes a special meal to celebrate their arrival from the skies. But quietly and politely the food was left uneaten. What to us seemed a treat, to them was unpalatable.

Realising how little of the events of the previous four years we knew, the Americans organised "Reorientation Classes" for us in Kitchen II, to bring us up to date with recent world events. An officer sketched the initial retreat of the American forces following Pearl Harbor, the turn of the tide in mid-1942, and the steady north-westerly retreat of the Japanese, culminating in the dropping of atomic bombs on Japan itself. Our vocabulary too was pitifully out of date. The American officer carefully explained the meaning of certain terms to a class of eager learners ? G.I., D-Day, Jeeps, B24, Mulberry Harbour, Kamikazes and so on.

Chinese officials came to the camp with cordial greetings and cartloads of gifts of food from mayors of nearby villages. I took turns on duty at the gate to help control comings and goings, and thus maintain law and order. Up the path towards the entrance came Chinese Church dignitaries, pastors, Salvation Army officers to visit their respective leaders in the camp. I asked them how the Chinese Church had been faring during the war years of ch'ih ku (eating bitterness). Church attendances had dropped, they told me, "rice Christians" had fallen away, but a new quality of membership and leadership had emerged from the fires of trial and persecution.

Outside the camp among the trees Chinese hawkers formed a market. Canvas was tied between the trees, and underneath in the shade were spread out in trays beautiful ripe

tomatoes, packets of pi-t'ang (sugar) and vegetables. Under a system of barter the internees exchanged these items for old clothes.

Then planes came regularly from the east. They dropped parachutes loaded with food, clothing and medicines. I stood one morning in front of the guardroom, and looked at the sky, which was full of blue, green and red parachutes floating down on to the fields in front of me. It was a moving sight, and with a lump in my throat I sent up a little prayer of thanksgiving to my God. The years of bread porridge, bread pudding and bread-what-have-you were now over. The guards in the room to my right had no further authority over us. Manna was coming down from heaven. I recalled the words of the psalmist:

"Thou spreadest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies. My cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I



will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever" (Psalm 23).

Not only did I take turns guarding the gate. I was also part of a team charged with supervising the arrival of the parcels from the skies and ensuring that they arrived intact at the church for subsequent distribution. As soon as the sound of plane engines could be heard, one of us went up the tower of Block 23 and rang the bell to summon those on duty (the same bell which had been rung on that fateful midnight soon after V.E. Day). We then went into the fields, recorded the parcels as they landed, and later proved that all had reached the church safely.

The sudden cessation of fighting in the Pacific had meant that thousands of boxes of surplus supplies, suddenly no longer needed for American troops, could now be re-directed to needy civilian camps in Weihsien and Shanghai.

But the dropping of the parcels of food and medicine and clothes was not an unmixed blessing. Having been hastily loaded on to the planes they did not all float down softly. Many of the parachutes did not open fully, with the result that the boxes hurtled down, bouncing ten feet high, with tins and bottles scattered and broken around them. Tomato soup and vitamin pills lay in the mud around the large shattered boxes.

Chinese peasants swarmed about them. For food to crash from the skies onto their humble fields was an unheard-of event. Their eyes boggled at the quantity and quality. They tried to take back to their humble dwellings whatever they could lay their hands on unnoticed. But our instructions were to ensure that everything arrived at the church. Rumour had it that one farmer had eagerly devoured a bottle of vitamin pills, and with newly endowed energy was last seen still running north of Peking!

A further complicating factor to the danger of parcels falling to the ground all around us was the fact that as the planes emptied themselves of their cargo they normally closed their undersides, tipped their wings as a farewell sign and went back east. This became the signal to us to go out from our hiding-places behind the trees to the open fields, count the boxes and arrange for others to carry them through the "Courtyard of the Happy Way" gate to the church.

But to our dismay we discovered that on several occasions after the plane had waved good-bye and closed its underside it reopened its belly and dropped a few more parcels not previously noticed. Boxes were raining down. Should I run for shelter and perhaps into the falling boxes, or stand still and pray? I held my breath. They landed all round me a few yards away, bouncing into the air again before lying dented or broken. An American officer standing beside me, shaken and out of breath, remarked that he had faced more hazards that morning in the Weihsien fields than in the earlier fighting in South-East Asia!

From then on we kept on the safe side of tall trees, and going into the fields again only when the planes had gone.

It was not long before the food and clothes were distributed. Supplies were so abundant that this time (in contrast to the distribution seven months previously) there was no quarrelling about how they should be divided, so there was no rationing and we could enjoy them to our heart's content. The welcome food was supplemented by

the fruit, eggs and vegetables bought by barter at the Chinese market, set up outside the camp. We were soon walking round in American Army khaki uniforms, strong military boots and hats. The women folk lost no time in making khaki dresses from their issues of male clothes.

Beer was readily available from nearby villages in exchange for tins of milk powder and chocolate. Parties to celebrate the end of the war were indeed rowdy. Erstwhile moderate drinkers, having a few glasses after several years of enforced abstinence, soon found themselves tipsy.

The more devout internees gave vent to their happiness in services of thanksgiving at the church in various traditions of Christian worship ? Catholic, Anglican and Free Church. The Edwardian style church, which had served at various times as school, prison and distribution centre, was now (as it had often been during the darker years of internment) the focal point of worship and heartfelt praise to the Lord.

Letters and cables came from Chungking, Britain and America. Communications were being re-established with missionary societies, business organisations and not least with families far away. From London I received a message from my Uncle Norman, a journalist with the News Chronicle: *"Your parents eagerly await reunion with Lelia, Estelle and yourself in Durban at the earliest opportunity."*

I was now twenty, and my sisters eighteen and sixteen. We had not seen Father since July 1940, five years previously, and then only briefly, and Mother since a year before that. I got down one day to writing a long letter home (I use the word "home" as the place where my parents had been for two years. I had never set foot in Africa.) But it was not easy. For so long we had been limited to twenty-five words on Red Cross forms, and a formidable list of forbidden subjects. Here I was with a writing pad in front of me, and no restrictions on length or subject-matter. With a strange feeling of guilt I wrote eight long pages, describing particularly the closing weeks of internment and our deliverance.

Other adjustments had also to be made ? eating food unrestricted by rationing; walking in the fields outside the gate unaccompanied by armed little yellow men; wearing shoes and socks after running around barefoot ... These were but a few of the milestones to be passed before I was to become once again a normal human being in a wide open world.

#



CHAPTER XIII

LIKE THEM THAT DREAM

"When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream. Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing: then said they among the heathen, The Lord hath done great things for them. The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad." (Psalm 126: 1-3)

IT WAS NOW the middle of September 1945, a month since our rescue by the American parachutists. The novelties of better clothes, more plentiful food and greater freedom were beginning to wear thin. We were still in Weihsien Camp with its cramped rooms, still walking its dusty roads and living behind its electrified wires, even though they were now less forbidding.

Only one thing mattered, and that was repatriation ? to get home to parents, to get on with our careers after years of delay, to live as a normal person in a workaday world.

Some forty military personnel had now taken over from the eight airmen who had rescued us so dramatically, and their task of repatriating fifteen hundred internees of many nationalities was no easy one. Rival Communist and bandit groups were fighting fiercely all around us. At night we could see and hear gunfire in the distance. Peace had come to the world, but not to our immediate locality.

To organise the transportation of the entire camp to the coast at Tsingtao was not a simple task in these circumstances. The problem was finally resolved by the Americans offering a large sum of money to the guerrilla bands if they would delay their destructive plans to beyond an agreed upon date, during which time the Americans would hurriedly arrange our removal to Tsingtao by train. The guerrillas had already threatened to cut the lines.

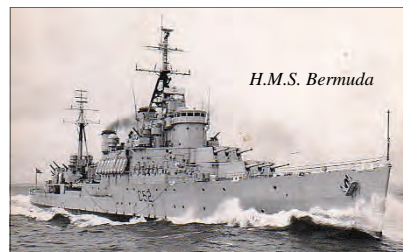
September 24 was the date fixed for the departure of the Chefoo group. We packed as we had done many times during the war in readiness to move to Peking, Shanghai, Cape Town... Previously our hopes had been dashed to the ground. This time there was a strong element of certainty that we were in fact packing to go. Into my box I packed the few treasures I had to my name ? my study books on Chinese, Hebrew, Greek, photographs and souvenirs of days at school in Chefoo, family letters and snaps, khaki clothes and underwear dropped by parachute. I added some green silk, ripped from an American parachute, and a Japanese guard's helmet ? reminders to take home with me of the years inside the "Courtyard of the Happy Way".

I went to bed in my bachelor quarters in Block 23 on the evening of September 23, but sleep was hard to come by. To-morrow I would be free and away from Weihsien, and on my way home! When I did get to sleep it was to awake in the early hours of the morning to torrential rain. As it grew lighter, I looked out of the window to see nothing but mud and slush on the roads. As

we got dressed the news I dreaded reached us our departure was cancelled. Would we ever get away?

The following morning, September 25, we clambered on the lorries with our luggage, travelled out through the gate with all its memories, happy and unhappy, to the Weihsien station where we boarded the train for Tsingtao, now well and truly on our way to freedom.

Two years before we had taken that same train ride in reverse when going to Weihsien for the first time. The Chinese at Tsingtao had treated us with contempt as we boarded the train. But now the situation had changed. At every station the banners were out with slogans in Chinese and English, such as "Victory of the Allied Nations is the base of World Peace". Chinese schoolchildren cheered and waved by the railway line. There was excitement and optimism in the air.



At Tsingtao station the band of *H.M.S. Bermuda* was waiting on the platform, and welcomed us with naval marches. It was the first glimpse we had had of any British in uniform since 1938, and we felt proud to belong to them. We talked excitedly with the naval officers, and after our American style reorientation classes were glad to be assured that Britain had also played her part in achieving the Allied victory!

We were taken to Edgewater Mansions, a luxury hotel overlooking the China Sea. We slept in beds with sheets and pillows. Chinese waiters served us at meals. Japanese prisoners ran at the double, carrying luggage for people as they arrived from Weihsien, polishing our boots, doing anything we required. The tables had turned after all these years of Japanese domination, but what an amazing race the Japanese were! Just as they had been enthusiastic conquerors, so they were now enthusiastic losers. It was as if a fierce game of football had been played for seven long years, the referee had blown the whistle, they had lost, and were now congratulating the winners with the fervour they would have liked to be shown had they won.

We walked along the waterfront of Tsingtao in twos and threes, free people; no Japanese guards haunting our footsteps. Long, uncensored letters arrived from parents in Southwest China, England and South Africa. The details were different, but the contents of each were basically the same ? relief at our release, happiness that we were well in spite of the ordeals and hardships of



"On arrival at Qingdao Railway Station, Sept 25, 1945, we were met in style by a contingent of British naval troops in white summer uniform and by the Swiss consul, Mr Egger. The 3rd class railway carriage is No 6, according to the Chinese character, which is used as an alternative to the usual one. It has some of the Chefoo School contingent - Douglas Sadler et al."



"Following Liberation Day, Aug 17th, 1945, the American forces planned to evacuate the camp residents by rail to both Tianjin and Qingdao, but were frustrated by the constant blowing up of the railway lines and bridges by Communist forces, who were trying to stop the movement of Nationalist forces from their southern bases to the north. Special arrangements had to be made for a temporary truce to allow repairs to be made, following which a trial train with baggage was dispatched and the following day, September 25, some 600 ex-internees left for Qingdao. The following night the track was again blown up and a large bridge demolished. All subsequent evacuations were made two weeks later by relays of C-54s to Beijing and Tianjin."

Photo shows some of the Chefoo Schools contingent: foreground- P.A. Bruce, headmaster; r. to left, Haakon Torjeson; Gordon Welch, teacher; Jimmy Bruce; Mrs Lack; Mr Chalkley, teacher."



"After arrival in Qingdao, we were quartered in the Edgewater Mansions' Hotel for several days prior to being taken by sea to Hong Kong. It was luxurious, in stark contrast to Weihsien CAC conditions - table napkins and silver cutlery, table service and wonderful food, as well as the latest Mickey Rooney films!"

the past months, and keen anticipation of family reunions.

On the first Sunday in Tsingtao I slipped off by myself to a large Chinese church where a Service of Thanksgiving was being held for the end of the war and the release of the missionaries. On the platform were Chinese pastors, leaders of the main denominations and societies. Their faces told the inevitable story of "ch'ih k'u" (eating bitterness) during the war years. Some had been imprisoned; others had had their congregations dispersed in the great trek of families and university groups away from the fighting zones to Chungking and Free China. One by one these men got up, and with shining faces testified to God's blessing and en-tien (grace) during the bombings, arrests and separations.

On October 7 we boarded the American troopship, Geneva,



heading south for Hong Kong. We queued up at mealtimes with trays, shaped to hold soup, meat course and pudding. The bread seemed so finely sifted that it melted in our mouths. The cream and tinned fruit were too rich for our stomachs, which had been accustomed to Weih sien menus. When we had eaten all we could manage, we again queued to put the trays and cutlery into a slot. Carried by conveyor belt they emerged a few feet away spotless and steaming. What gadgets we had been missing, working with our hands over the oily dishes at Kitchen I! The next scene was even more disturbing. From the deck we saw pouring from the porthole of the ship's kitchen into the sea buckets of bread, fruit and vegetables left over from the meal. How extravagant it seemed after our austerities.

Travelling southwards we struck one of Okinawa's seasonal storms. The boat tossed and turned, and so did our stomachs. Passengers and crew alike were sick. It seemed that the tornado would overturn the ship. Like the Children of Israel we began to think nostalgically of the fleshpots of Weih sien, where at least we could walk on terra firma and hold down our meals.

With a measure of relief we got ashore at Hong Kong and were accommodated in flats on Argyle Road, not far from Kai Tak aerodrome. We had been placed under the supervision of RAPWI (Repatriation of Allied Prisoners of War and Internees). Several Indian Army officers, hardly twenty-one, were responsible for booking passages as they became available for ex-internees to get to Australasia, Britain or America. Here my sisters and I found ourselves in an invidious position. As we were heading for Africa, half-way to Britain, the officers were naturally unwilling to book us on a ship bound for England, when we would disembark halfway through the voyage, leaving vacant berths while others in Hong Kong were wanting to travel the complete journey. It looked as if we would be delayed until the last batch.

Hong Kong, tiny British colony at the foot of mainland China, has always been associated in my mind as being a city of refuge. Ten years before I had been a schoolboy passenger on the *S.S. Tungchow*, and after several days of being held by Cantonese pirates, subsequent to their hasty escape to Bias Bay north-east of the colony, had been escorted into Hong Kong by the *H.M.S. Dainty* and a seaplane. Now I was sheltering in this port after release from a Japanese camp.

On our first Sunday in Hong Kong we went to a Free Church service, attended by many British servicemen as well as ex-

internees awaiting berths to return to their home countries. Several British chaplains took part in the service, and then a middle-aged Japanese was called upon to speak.

Before he even addressed us the introduction by the British chaplain aroused my intense interest. His name was Pastor Watanabe. He had been living in Hong Kong throughout the Japanese occupation, serving as an interpreter. Distressed by the prevalence of beri-beri, dysentery, malnutrition and the like in the civilian Stanley Camp and the military Shamshui Po Camp, he had risked his job and his life doing everything he possibly could for those inside barbed wire. His Christian love for these internees and P.O.W.s outweighed his loyalty to his Emperor, and into the camps he had brought over the months and years letters, milk powder, vitamin pills and funds. With the surrender of Japan, all Japanese personnel in Hong Kong were now in the camps in which they had been holding British civilians and soldiers during the war years. Pastor Watanabe was the only Japanese at large, having been given his freedom out of recognition for his humanitarian services rendered at such risk to his own security during the occupation.

We listened eagerly and inquisitively to what Watanabe had to say. The newspapers and general talk around Hong Kong were full of the atrocities perpetrated by the Japanese in the colony-stories abounded of their cruelty, torture and bestiality. Here was evidently a compatriot of different calibre.

In faultless English he told how he had been brought up in a Buddhist home in a village in south Japan. In his teens he began to ask the question which every young Japanese asked himself ? what is the purpose of life? ? a question which if unanswered had led some to commit hara-kiri. Just about this time his university student brother came home with a Bible for him to read. He eagerly devoured its teachings, finally coming to the words quoted by Jesus in His temptation in the wilderness: "*Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word which proceedeth out of the mouth of God.*" There was more to life than bread and rice and money.

His further search for God, aroused by this Book, led him to a group of Japanese Christians, and subsequently into the Christian faith. Hearing the call to serve God in the Christian ministry, he had gone on from school to theological seminary, finally to become a Lutheran pastor.

While serving as pastor and teacher in Hiroshima, he had been surprised to receive call-up papers instructing him to serve the Japanese army as an interpreter, as he was well over the age for normal military service.

Leaving his wife and family behind, he had come with the Japanese forces to Hong Kong, proud of his country's conquests to date in the Far Eastern war. At Shamshui Po Camp, where he did his first stint of interpreting for the military command, he was pleasantly surprised to discover that Christian services of worship were being conducted by a British padre. As discreetly as his position allowed him, he had identified himself with these fellow Christians and helped them as unobtrusively as he could. This full story, told with such genuine modesty, made a deep impression on me.

Twenty years later, travelling in a London tube to work, I was to spot in the morning paper a further instalment in this pastor's life. A book review of Watanabe's biography assembled by a London journalist ? (Small Man of Nanataki by Lam Nolan (Peter Davies)) ? recounted the tragedy which overtook this man of God. In the first atomic bomb attack on Hiroshima the pastor's wife and daughter were wiped out, and his humble home razed to the ground.

Towards the end of November 1945, my sisters and I were assigned berths on the *Tamara*, a British troopship going to England. In addition to ex-internees from Hong Kong and North China on board, there were some British airmen and soldiers due for



"demobbing", eager to get back to their wives and sweethearts. We were naturally very excited.

Just before Christmas we arrived at Port Tewfik in the Gulf of Aden. Imagine our surprise when a loudspeaker summoned the three Cliff children to the captain's bridge. There we found the British consul waiting to see us. We were to go ashore, stay in his home, and be flown later to Durban.

We first went with all the other ex-internees to some tents ashore. Issued with, cards which entitled us to shirts, underclothes, trousers, shoes and other articles, under the RAPWI scheme, we were served by German P.O.W.s as we went through the long tents, producing our cards at each table.

An official car took us to the consul's home. From there we were taken to the Victoria Hotel in Cairo. We visited the pyramids and saw other sights. On the Sunday before Christmas, December 23, we sat in the gallery of the American Church in Ezbekia for the evening service. The lights were dimmed as a choir of American G.I.s filed in, each carrying a lighted candle, and singing:

"O little town of Bethlehem, how still we see thee lie!

Above thy deep and dreamless sleep the silent stars go by.

Yet in thy dark streets shineth the ever-lasting light;

The hopes and fears of all the years are met in thee tonight."

For the first time for many years Christmas was coming to a world free from war and optimistic about a new era of peace dawning.

Early on Christmas morning we sat strapped in our seats in a B.O.A.C. flying-boat parked on the river Nile, ready to fly southwards for a long-awaited family reunion. At lunchtime we were 6,000 feet above sea level and travelling at 146 miles per hour. Our Christmas Day menu was consommé; cold roast turkey; cold ham; chipolata sausages; crisped potatoes; assorted fresh salad; Christmas cake, mince pies; fresh fruit, nuts and raisins; coffee ? a little different from the strange recipes we had concocted in such contrasting circumstances the previous Christmas at Weihien Civil Assembly Centre!

On Friday afternoon, December 28, 1945, we landed at Mayden Wharf, Durban harbour. Within minutes we were in our parents' arms. A Natal Mercury reporter was waiting to "scoop" our story. Afrikaner policemen on duty at the docks cried as they saw this touching family reunion.

Father drove us to our home in Glenwood in which they had been waiting for us for so long.

Mum and Dad had been in South Africa two and a half years. Forced by the war in China away from their missionary work, they had returned to their profession of pharmacy after twenty-two years of being out of it. Working in two government hospitals as dispensers, they had slowly got their hands into this specialised profession again and, just before our arrival, had bought a pharmacy of their own in Stamford Hill. With a number of ministers serving as chaplains in the forces, Father had helped on Sundays in a number of Durban pulpits-Christchurch, Addington, Overport and Mayville Congregational churches, Lambert Road and Bulwer Road Baptist churches.

In spite of a full week's programme (pharmacy from Monday

to Saturday, and preaching on Sunday) they had maintained a habit, formed at the beginning of their missionary careers, of reading many chapters of the Bible daily in both English and Chinese.

Isaiah had always been one of their favourite books, and during their long years of waiting for our release two passages, one in the Chinese and one in the English, had given them immense comfort. The first one, found in their Chinese Bible, brought in the Chinese names of us three children:

"... to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy (Shi-loh ? my name) for mourning, the garment of praise (Tsan-mei ? Lelia's name) for the spirit of heaviness; that they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that He might be brought glory (Rong-yao ? Estelle's name)" (Isaiah 61: 3).

In their reading from the English Bible they had found this promise which seemed so fitting to the war situation at the time:

"Fear not, for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.... I will bring thy seed from the east, and gather thee from the west. I will say to the north, 'Give up', and to the south, 'Keep not back'. Bring my sons from afar, and my daughters from the ends of the earth" (Isaiah 43: 1, 2, 5, 6).

Sunday, December 30, 1945, was a hot sticky day. We had been home two days, and with the oppressive heat of a Durban summer, coupled with the strain, fatigue and excitement of our journey from North China to South Africa, we had slept the hours of Saturday away.

Father was to preach at the Mayville Congregational Church at 5 p.m. For the first time all of us accompanied him in the car to his service. We drove through Glenwood and Umbilo. Outside many of the houses were banners welcoming home sol-

diers back from the war "up north".

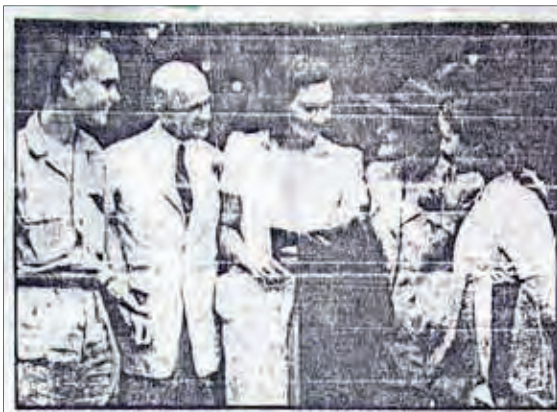
We went up Berea Road some distance before stopping at the little white church, built on a slope and overlooking the main highway to Pietermaritzburg. There were scarcely a dozen in the congregation, including the five of us.

Father ascended the pulpit. The prayer and longings of many years had come to their moment of fulfilment. In his sermons he had often expressed his conviction that one day his children would be released and join him in Durban, though the paucity of news of us and the fluctuations of the war had sometimes made his hope seem unlikely to be realised.

With shining eyes and a lump in his throat he read his opening words of invocation:

"I love the Lord, because He hath heard my voice and my supplications.... Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.... What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me? I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord. I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all His people" (Psalm 116: 1, 7, 12-14).

End of Book.



Return To Parents
Children Interned By Japanese

The happiest people in Durban yesterday were the Rev. and Mrs. H. S. Cliff, who up to Japan's march into China had been missionaries there for 20 odd years.

Meeting the B.O.A.C. flying boat, they had come to welcome their three children, from whom they had been separated for four years. The Rev. Cliff in an interview with a "Natal Mercury" representative told how, when Pearl Harbour was bombed and war was declared; the children were at school at Chefoo, in North-Eastern China.

INTERNEED

They were interned in their own compound at first, but later were transferred to Weihien in Shantung Province. We managed to get mail to them by fooling the Japanese. We wrote all our letters in Chinese and posted them through the ordinary mail. They were all received. Later the Japanese found out and letters became very few and far between.

"Camp life was organized to such an extent that in the end my two daughters were able to take their matriculation there. We are waiting for the results now."

RUSHED GATES

They were released by American parachutists, who baled out after the aeroplanes had circled round the camp. Seeing the aircraft, the whole camp just rushed the gates and forced their way out. The parachute troops said later that this probably saved their lives, as the Japanese were so bewildered that they offered no resistance.

"After three or four weeks they left for Tsingtao where they boarded a transport and sailed for Colombo, via Singapore. They then went on to the Middle East, and now at last we have them home"

