

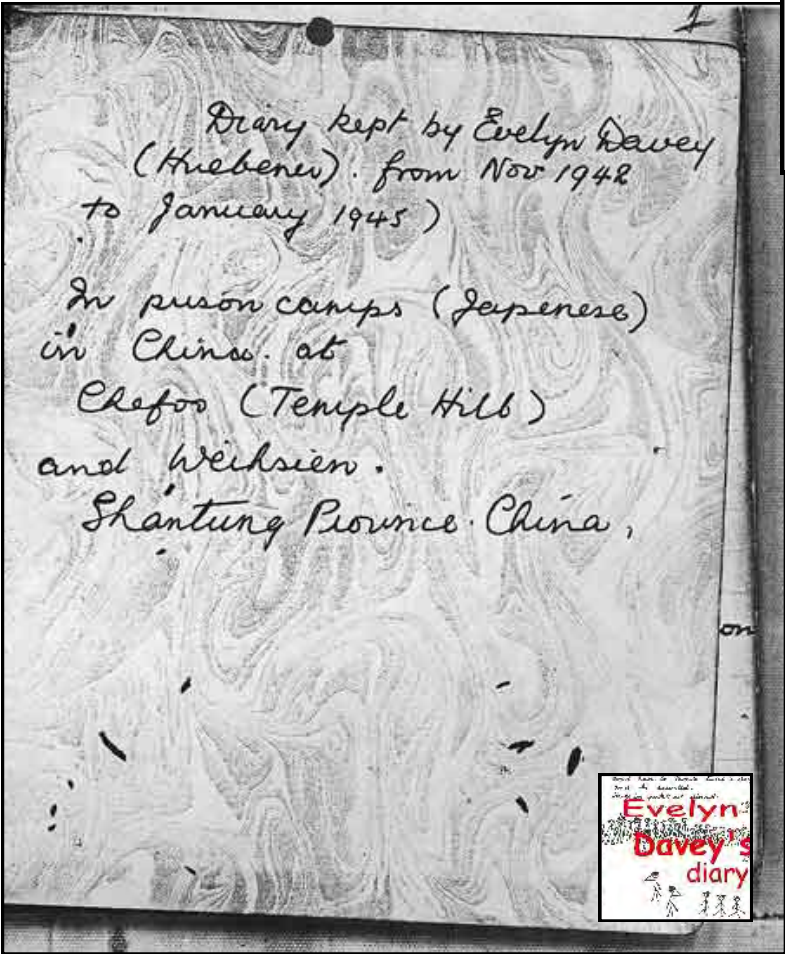
# WEIHSIEN

**excerpts**

NORMAN CLIFF'S  
*scrapbooks*

DIARY

kept by Evelyn Davey (Huebener)  
from Nov. 1942 to January 1945



In prison camps (Japanese) in China at

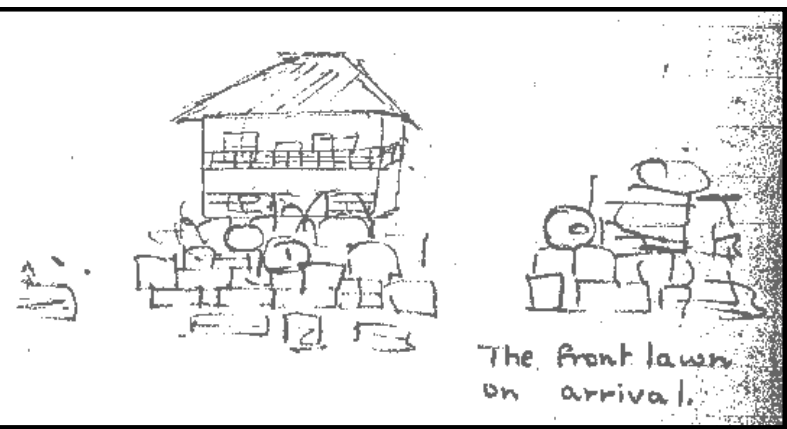
- Chefoo (Temple Hill) and
- Weihsien, Shantung Province, China

November 6<sup>th</sup>

Well, here we are in our internment? (or concentration) camp. I brought the Prep Girls over yesterday morning. We left the C.I.M. compound accompanied by five rickshas with cases, violins, shoe lockers and hard-boiled eggs; the children carried their dolls, and I carried my cat, Perry, in his basket.



He entertained us by poking a beseeching paw under the lid at intervals. I led the procession and we trailed across the city to Temple Hill. We have been assigned the top half of a house for the Prep. When we arrived the front lawn was piled high with luggage four or five trunks deep. Grimy B.S. boys were doing noble work sorting and carrying. Orders, questions and appeals for help, in Chinese and English, flew back and forth.



"Has anyone seen a cabin trunk marked Fraser?"

"Are all the Prep mattresses there?"

"The San stove hasn't come yet."

"You two boys carry that co.... to the Burn's house."

"I've lost my best suitcase, has anyone seen it?"

"Nubbins escaped from her bag the way over."

"Has anyone seen Mr. Harris?"

We had a picnic lunch on the steps in the midst of it all and gradually light began to appear.

Superfluous furniture was cleared away, rooms were swept and washed, Prepites beds laid out on the floor and the Staff assigned to rooms in the Chinese servants' quarters. It was all friendly and picnic-like and only the presence of Japanese soldiers complete with bayonets reminded us that we really were being interned in enemy territory.

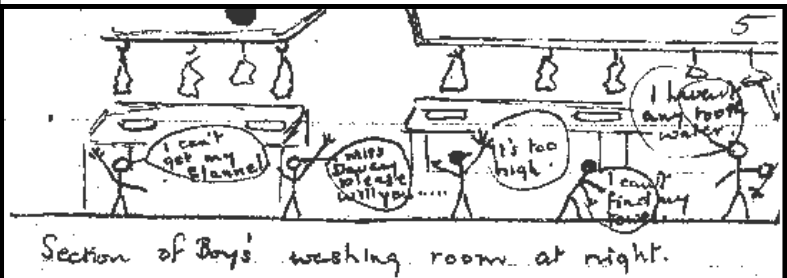
Pearl and Dorothy and I have a dear little Chinese out-house with three minute rooms, so we are in clover! The plaster is off the walls in patches, so we can see the mud bricks beneath, it was filthy dirty; and panes of glass in the window are "mo yu la" - but it is just grand to have a home of our own!

Perry has got himself into trouble already by going into the kitchen and stealing malt!! Ai-ya!

To-day Pearl and I have cleaned out the servants' kitchen ready to be used for a washing room. You should have seen me, arrayed in a dirty purple overall, & a white towel on my head, swishing a filthy rag mop around the floor.

November 8<sup>th</sup>

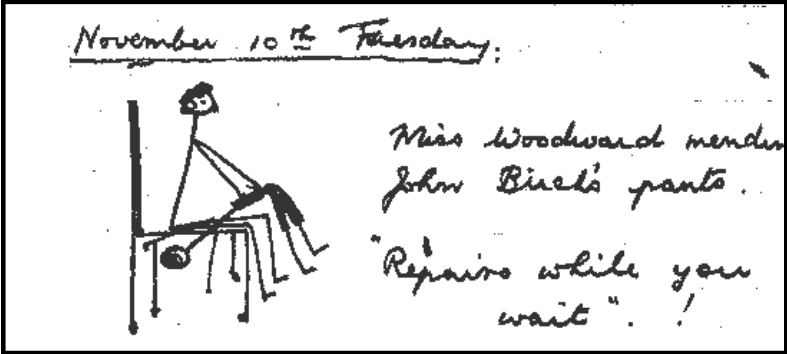
Yesterday I did my first duty in an internment camp. Putting the children to bed was hectic. We had to wash in relays, and all face flannels and towels have to be handed from high pegs. Hot water has to be carried from the boys' washing room (the old servants' ....?) to the girls' washing room (miss Beagle's bathroom); and cold water has to be carried from the girls' to the boys'. We are only allowed to wash at night, because water is so scarce! We ate our supper sitting on cabin trunks in the hall - the Preps in their dressing gowns and pyjamas! other wise we all eat together in two rows downstairs - all sixty-two of us. We balance plates on our knees, eat stew with a soup - and enjoy it all immensely.



To-day is Sunday - and we have had an easier day. We had Morning Service led by Mr. William Taylor and a Song Service in the afternoon.

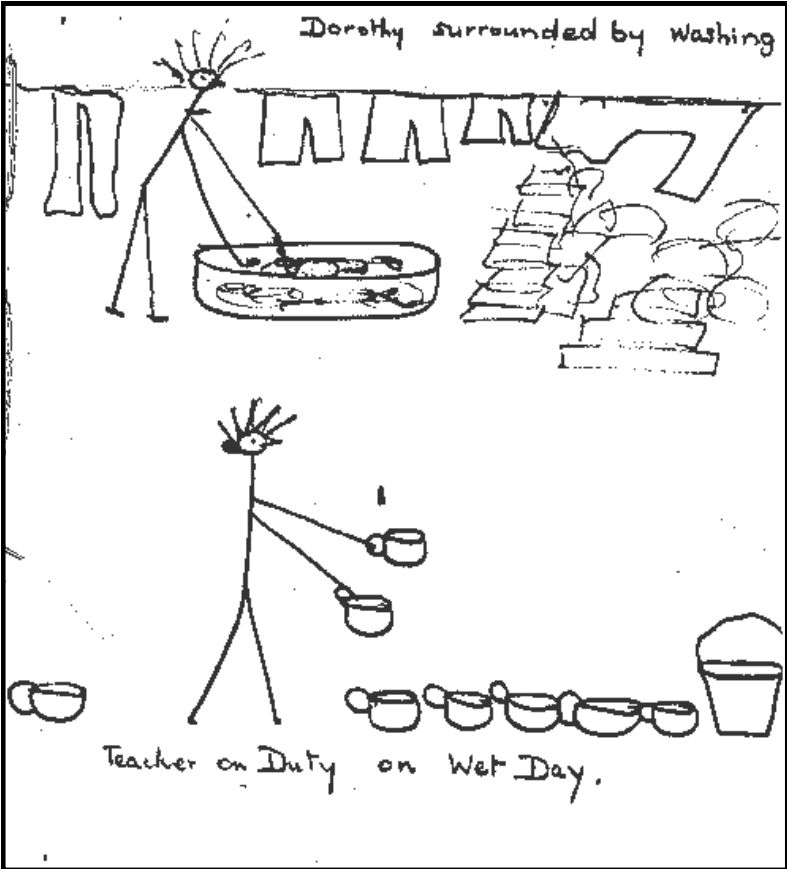
Perry has settled down happily & made friends with Margaret Fraser, aged 3, who lives with her mother in the outhouse across the courtyard! He also has a grand time hiding in a clump of bushes, and jumping out at people as they pass by.

November 10<sup>th</sup> Tuesday



The kitchen Staff are working very hard. However they could not fail to smile at Ben Hayman's prayer - which was "Oh Lord, bless the people in the kitchen who are working so hard, and help them to work harder and harder and harder."

A very sad thing happened yesterday. Mr. Harris fell from our loft, - the ladder slipped - and hurt himself badly. Dr. Young was allowed over from the other camp, with a guard of soldiers, and they say he has fractured the base of his skull. He was unconscious for a long time. The boys carried him down the rickety backstairs to his room, on a door.

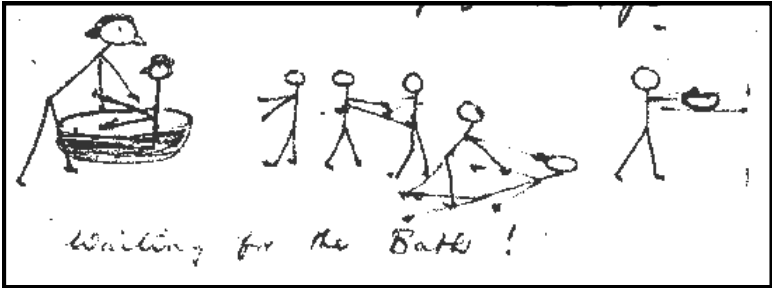


November 29<sup>th</sup>.

Now the cold weather is here and the fun has really started. I was on duty on a cold, wet, sleety day! The children had to play indoors - in their dorms and the hall. It was SOME squash! I wandered around stoking stoves, answering questions, quelling quarrels, finding paper, pencil, glue, string etc. "raving" at people for walking on the beds, and emptying "chambers"! They could not go to the outside lavatories because of the snow - so I was kept busy. To crown all, the electric lights failed to come on, so we had to go to bed by candlelight. I had just escorted eight little girls into the bathroom to wash, holding a very wobbly candle, when the candle overbalanced, fell behind the geyser, and left us in complete darkness. I took a step forward to find it - and knocked over a jug of cold water which swamped the floor! Oh dear! Poor Teacher on Duty! However, the day ended at last!

Yesterday we had an epidemic of children being sick. Dorothy spent the day washing out innumerable sheets, dressing-gowns, pyjamas, pants and other garments.

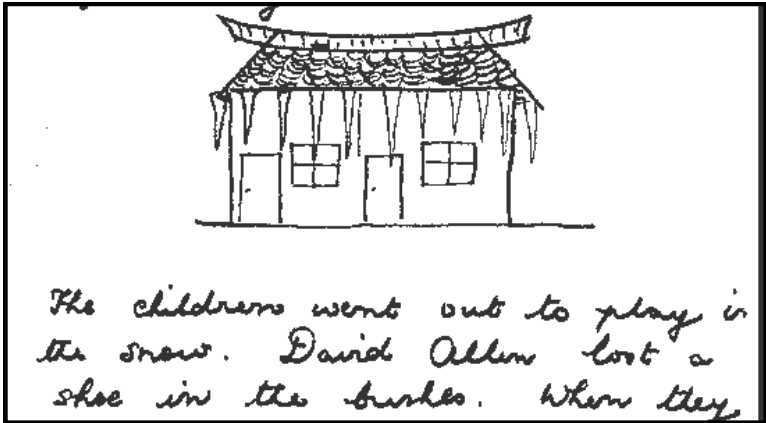
We have a communal bath system for the children. They all wash all over using their own basinful of water, and then we have a common rinsing tub.



Unfortunately, after Brian Kerry got in, the water was so dirty that we had to stop for the night!

December. 5<sup>th</sup>.

We have had a lovely snow-storm. It is about 2 ft. high on the walls; and every morning we go out with tin dust pans before breakfast & clear pathways. Ailsa's and Mrs. Fraser's house has beautiful icicles hanging from the roof. They are about 5 feet long.

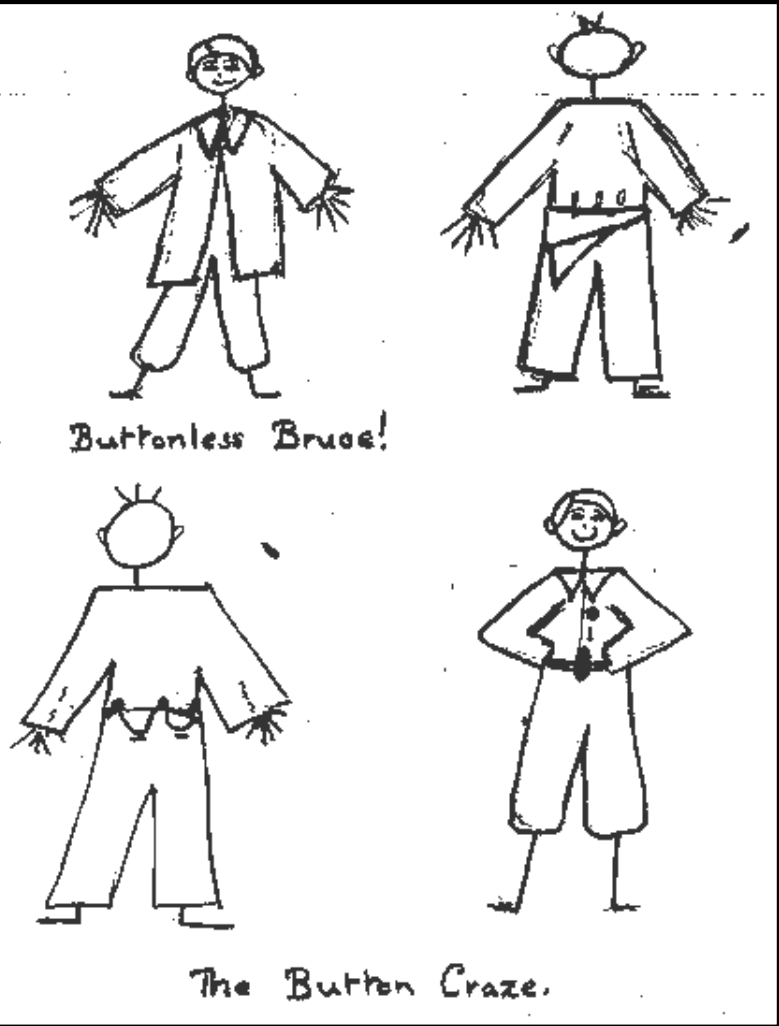


The children went out to play in the snow. David Allen lost a shoe in the bushes. When they came in they were just soaked. We had to have lines of washing across the hall to dry. Just like the East End slums!! Perry hates the cold.

When I put him out he just looks for a nice sheltered spot to sit. Bea came & told me to-day that she'd found him in the "penny house" sitting on top of the box!!

Dec. 13<sup>th</sup> 1942

The boys have a new craze playing with buttons and string. The result is that Bea collected 26 buttons they had pulled off their clothes! Bruce Keeble hadn't got one left on his coat.

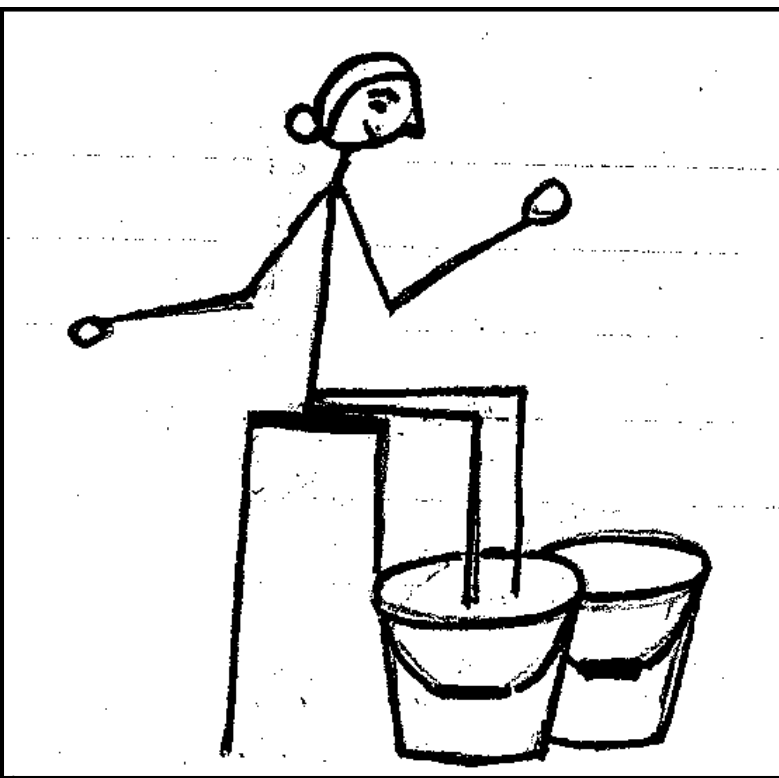


We have a pig. A small black pig - named Augusta. She lives in an alcove under the house, and we are fattening her... presumably for Christmas.

December 19<sup>th</sup>.

Dorothy & I were cleaning the children's shoes the other evening and a terrible tragedy occurred. We discovered - when nearly at the end! that we had blacked all the girls' brown shoes!! The night before the lights had gone off in the middle, and in the ensuing confusion the brown lid had been replaced on the black tin!!!

My chilblains are causing me much distress. I find the only remedy which touches them at all is soaking in alternate hot & cold water. The cold water is very unpleasant. I have convinced Dorothy that they must really be pretty bad if I prefer sitting with my feet in ice cold water in the middle of winter!



February 16<sup>th</sup> 1943

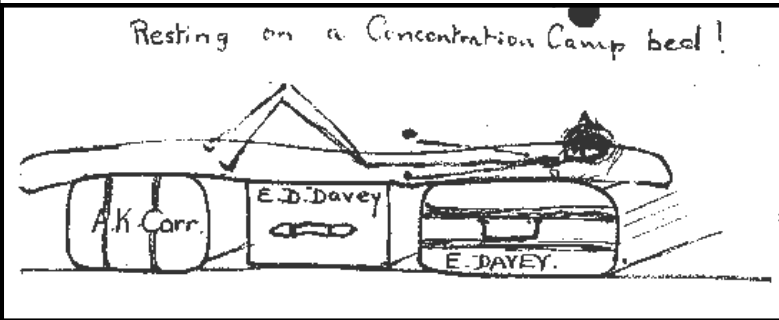
It's ages since I wrote anything in here! Things are just the same as ever. The present great idea is "walking miles". A mile is from the front gate to the San gate 14 times. Some of the children have done about 63 miles!! They have a wonderful chart on which to record their score.

Paul Grant was funny on Sunday, Mr. Bazire asked them to say what the Bible says about Heaven, and Paul's contribution was: "We won't have to work so very hard there." Typical! I'm afraid we all laughed.

Saturday (14<sup>th</sup>) was a great Chinese heathen festival. The Temple behind the hill is the Temple of Jû Huang, the great God of the Taoists (some long ago Emperor deified). And the people started streaming up the hill to the Temple early in the morning. By eleven the road was packed and the hillside was pretty well covered. The Temple gong banged and the cymbals went all the evening before.

February 17<sup>th</sup> 1943

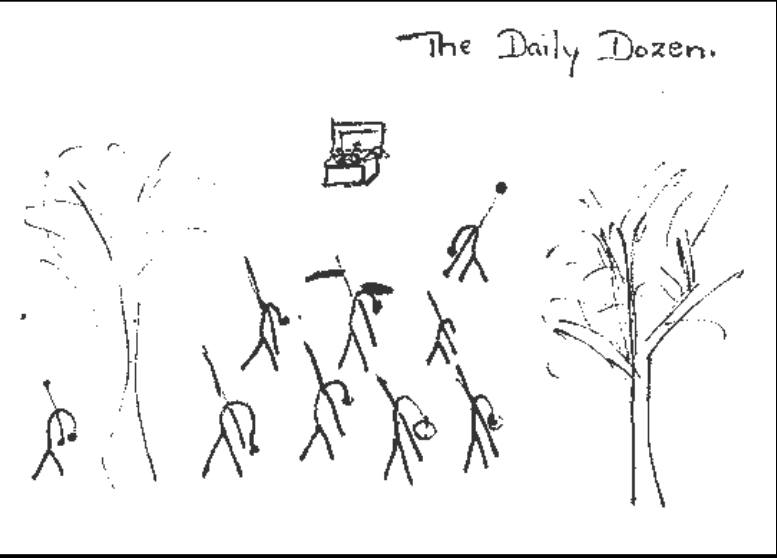
A letter from Helen! It arrived via the Red Cross from somewhere abroad, we guessed Cairo because of the Red Cross stamp on the envelope. My first letter from my family since November 1941.



March 7<sup>th</sup> 1943

Bea has discovered some records with instructions and music

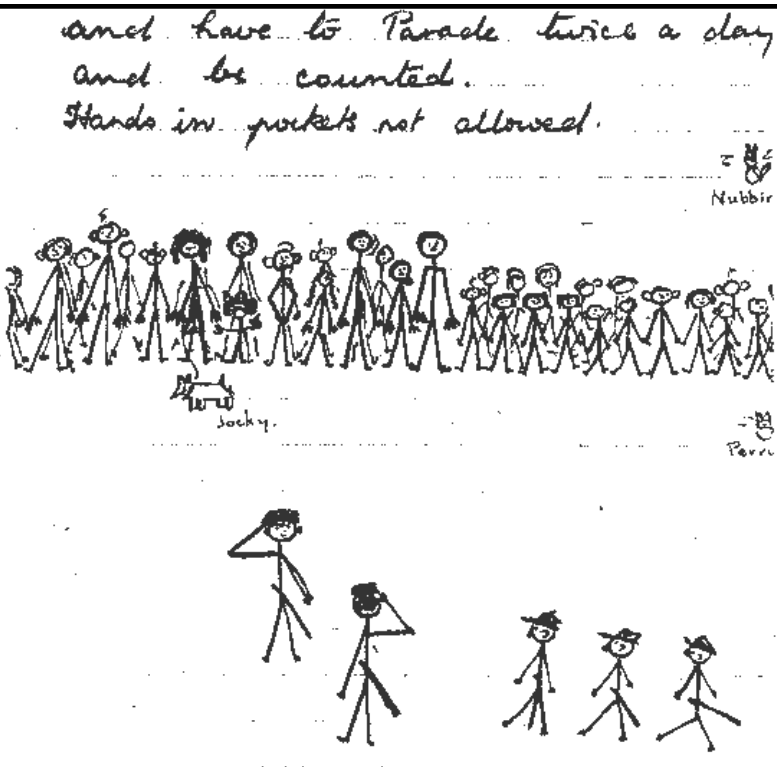
for a "Daily Dozen", so in the dinner hour we gather outside and do our exercises - Preps and Grown-ups together. On Saturday afternoons we play hockey on the tennis court - five on each side, over twenties versus under twenties. That's good fun too. Lately we have had an epidemic of thieves. Pearl's trunk on the verandah [sic] was robbed one night. Ettie's week's washing went from her verandah. A third night the ladies downstairs went out in their night attire armed with dress-hangers to scare a thief away. And yet another night Mr. Bazire chased two men down the front drive with a poker! I have moved my trunks from the ti-tung and



am sleeping on top of them. It's even harder than the floor.

April 9<sup>th</sup>.  
We are now handed over to the Consular Authorities, and have to Parade twice a day and be counted.  
Hands in pockets not allowed.

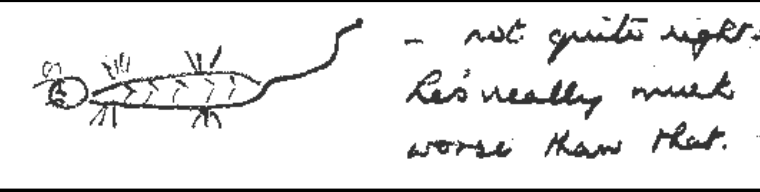
May 16<sup>th</sup>  
The latest piece of news is that we may be moved from here to a big Chinese school up the hill - everyone together! It is supposed to be a huge, bare place - no heating, no wells, no cooking arrangements except Chinese "kous" - oh well! we shall see.



Pearl was bitten by a scorpion the other morning; so we are all very "scorpion-minded" now. I shake my slippers and dressing gown very carefully before I put them on.

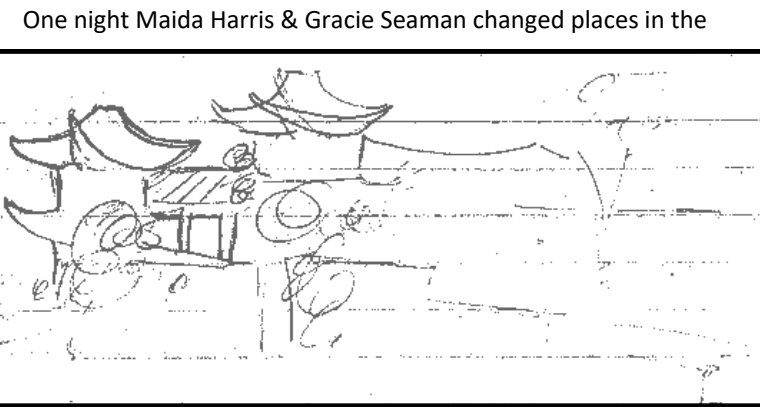
We number off in Japanese now. My number is Chiu Roku (16) The first day was very funny - even the J(apanese) police couldn't help smiling at our efforts. Now he only smiles at little "Chiu Hatchi" ( Margaret Fraser) Margaret is sweet. The other day she asked her mother if she might wear her petticoat on top of her dress, like the Preps did on Sunday (their white pinafores!). And she also asked her mother to pull out her two front teeth, so she would be like Kathleen Smail.

Cubs and Brownies are both flourishing - I have the Brownies as well now. I set them competitions nearly every week and the poor T.O.D.s are besieged with requests for paper etc. for the



next few days - but it keeps them well occupied.

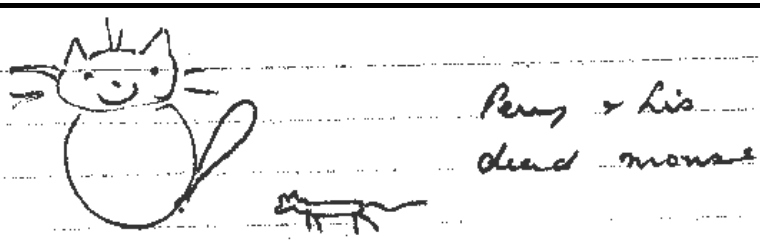
June 1943  
Some of the girls and boys have been sleeping out in the garden. (I have done it several nights too - before the mosquitoes started to bite!)



middle of the night.

The wind got up & Mr. Seaman came to see if they were all right .... And kissed MAIDA & tucked her in. Maida's comment afterwards was that she "wondered what it was all about."  
One night Mr. Seaman was ill so Mr. Martin went to sleep in his room instead of Mrs. Seaman. In the middle of the night he was thirsty. Got up in the dark & had a drink from a glass on the table. Thought it was very cold & heard something clink at the bottom. (Ice??) In the morning discovered it was the glass containing Mrs. Seaman's false teeth!!

Kathryn Phillips woke up one morning to find a dead mouse



in her bed! We gave it to Perry.

Weih sien July, 1944

What a long gap! We were moved here by the Japs on Sept 7-9<sup>th</sup> 1943. We came by boat – lying in rows on the floor of the hold and it was some journey. There was only one lavatory! And as we were not allowed on deck until 9 a.m. and therefore could not even reach that one!! – there was always a queue for the little pot behind a curtain held by a kind friend (Dolores Hughes)-! - all in the public



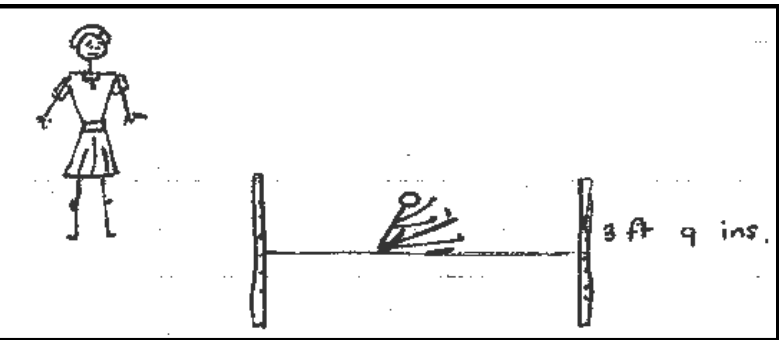
corridor of course.

Weih sien is a big camp –1400- and is mainly composed of queues.- You queue up for meals in a large bare-boards dining room. You queue for hot water, you queue for showers, you queue for the Canteen! Etc. In fact, it's a new game to develop patience. I teach the Weih sien four-year olds – and of course do the eternal Prep school duty

July 4<sup>th</sup>

We had sports today to celebrate American Independence Day – and I jumped for Kitchen 1. I have got old and stiff but I managed to do 3ft. 9i. I wore Dolores Huges' pink pleated shorts! I felt rather embarrassed in front of the demure C.I.M. eyes but I think I looked nice. Also, I have bobbed my hair again. That deed was done on June 10<sup>th</sup>.

The champion did 4ft. 4" (Diana Candlin) but our Kitchen didn't manage more than 3' 10".



October 25<sup>th</sup>

Still here! and everything much the same. I was paid three compliments yesterday!

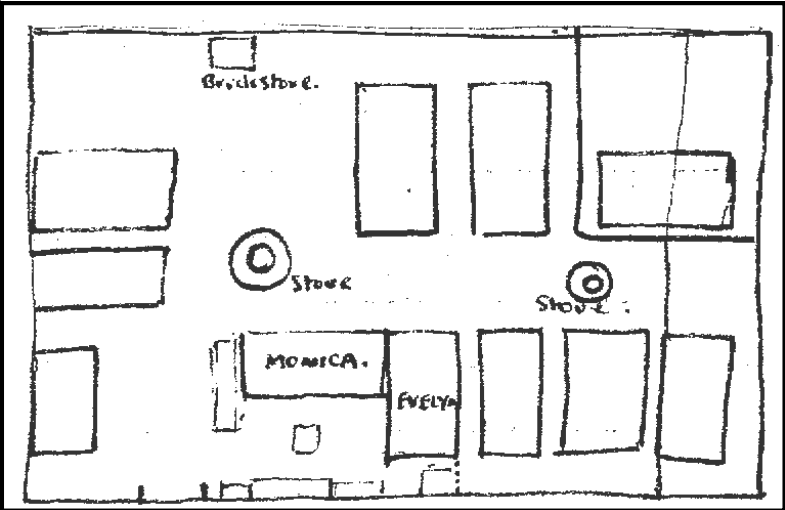
No1 – Uncle Twif came to se the children and said he came to see me as much as the children because he always got a nice cheerful smile.

No2 – Mr. Hayes had to queue for an hour outside the shoe shop and meanwhile listened to me teaching. He came up at dinner time to thank me for my hours' lesson in patience.

No3 – Donnie McKenzie aged 4 was talking to me about poppies. What are they like? I asked. "Like you" he replied

gallantly !!!

I had a letter from Mother last month to say they have moved to Cornwall. It sounds delicious! Rocks and breakers, heather and honey-suckle – and cream for tea. I'm looking forward to furlough!



For six months Monica and I had a little room to ourselves in the Hospital, but now we have lost it (Jan 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1945) and have ben moved into a big Dorm. 23/5 – shared between 11 of us. I imagine the average age is about (?60?) and we have to be just terribly good all the time!- I herewith append a plan of said dormitory:

Rules of Dormitory 23/5.

- 1- The poker must be laid at the right hand of the stove.
- 2- Wood must not be dried in front of fire.
- 3- The axe-edge must be turned away from the stove.
- 4- (Chin?) Must not visit in rest hour.
- 5- No "foreign body" must be put in the "highway".
- 6- You must be in bed before "lights-out" (10 p.m.)
- 7- Mats must not be shaken on the balcony.

Typical conversations.

M.

"May I put potatoe skins on the fire?"

Mrs. W

"Mrs Mungeam, where are we to put potatoe skins?"

Mrs. M

"Well, in the fire or the garbage box I think. If it's a good fire – perhaps they could go on the fire this time.

M.

"If you'd rather – I could go downstairs to the garbage box.

Mrs W.

"I think it's a good fire to-night.

M.

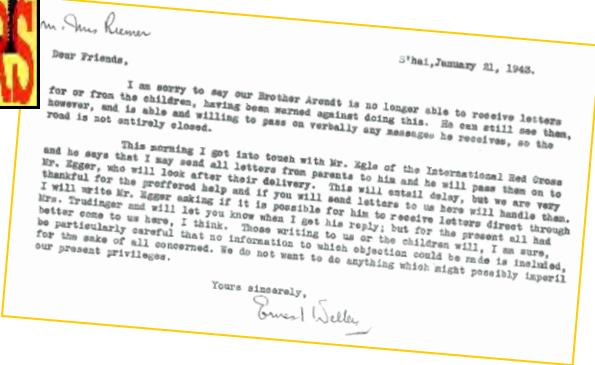
"Well I'll put them on the fire – It won't hurt it

M. puts them on the fire.



Mrs. Hodge was tending the fire and by accident clattered the top. She apologised humbly to the room for making a noise.

--- end of the diary ---



Shanghai, January 21<sup>st</sup> 1943.

Dear Friend,

I am sorry to say our Brother Arendt is no longer able to receive letters for or from the children, having been warned against doing this. He can still see them, however, and is able and willing to pass on verbally any messages he receives, so the road is not entirely closed.

This morning I got into touch with Mr. Egle of the International Red Cross and he says that I may send all letters from parents to him and he will pass them on to Mr. Egger, who will look after their delivery. This will entail delay, but we are very thankful for the proffered help and if you will send letters to us here will handle them.

I will write Mr. Egger - asking if it is possible for him to receive letters direct through Mrs. Trudinger and will let you know when I got his reply; but for the present all had better come to us here, I think. Those writing to us or the children will, I am sure, be particularly careful that no information to which objection could be made is included, for the sake of all concerned. We do not want to do anything, which might possibly imperil our present privileges.

Yours sincerely,



November (?) 1942

I must tell you about the happenings at Chefoo in order that you may know how to pray for the children, their teachers and the other friends. As you know the authorities gave notice some time ago that they wanted our compound for military purposes. A time limit for evacuation was given but owing to the promises offered in exchange being altogether, unsuitable for winter residence, this time had to be extended more than once. Part of the compound had to be given up in September, so before the end of October, when the new "greater east Asia ministry" began to function, our friends had been squeezed into the boys'

school building, the girls' school building, and the sanatorium. Our final request was that they be allowed to come to Shanghai, or failing that, be housed at Temple Hill where the American Presbyterian Mission property was mostly unoccupied, the missionaries having been repatriated.

On the 29th of October our friends were told not to go out of the compound. It was rumoured that the folk still residing at Temple Hill had been ordered out of their houses by noon. Later it was said that all non-C.I.M. foreigners had to go to Temple hill, each one taking bedding; and a suitcase. Some people had only two hours' notice. The whole group was congregated in two of the mission houses, and had to cater for themselves. Next day some of the men were allowed out on parole to return to their homes and bring out stores and other necessities. In the meantime our folk were warned to be ready to leave their compound and be "concentrated" in other, four of the temple Hill houses. Packing was now the order of the day. Mr. Bruce and others were taken over to view the premises allotted to us. The J. officer who escorted the inspection party appeared very solicitous regarding the welfare of the children. "They must not be allowed to sleep on the verandahs lest they catch cold! They must not be too crowded in case of sickness breaking out!" How could they avoid being crowded? A billeting committee was formed and they did have a job fitting everybody into the allotted space. If you have ever visited Temple hill you will perhaps know the different houses. The rooms are spacious and the verandahs wide. Three of the houses have good attics, and two of them have very satisfactory central heating arrangements. There are at least twenty good stoves on the premises, so with an adequate coal supply as promised there should be some measure of comfort in the very cold season. Pray for the old people for they will feel the inconveniences and discomforts most.

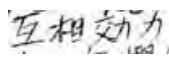
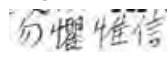
In the billeting the **Brown-Irwin House** was estimated to take 71. These included all the girls (with the exception of a few who are with their parents in the other houses), the girls' school staff, the Chalkley, Welch and Warren families and Mrs. Broomhall. The **Young-Bryan House** was reckoned to accommodate 58, made up of the boys, a few girls who were with their parents, the Bruce, Martin and Seaman families, Mrs. Lack, Mrs. Thompson and Miss Brayne. The **Berst house** was given over to the Prepites and their staff, eight older boys and some girls to help with the chores, also the Harrises and the Bazires. This group also numbered 58. The remainder of our people, with the exception of Mr. and Mrs. Faers and Mr. Herbert Taylor who are with the community folk in another compound, are in the **Lanning House**. With them are twelve boys and four girls helping with chores. In all there are 47 in that house. I think the committee, did wonders in their planning.

On November 3 orders were given that our whole compound be evacuated by Friday, the 6th. That would have been impossible without motor transport. As it was the authorities provided trucks and the removal was accomplished on the Wednesday and Thursday. It was allowable to move personal baggage, kitchen utensils, stores and bedding. A special arrangement was made about the supply of coal. No Chinese servants are allowed, so all the cooking, washing up, pumping and carrying water, sanitary and laundry work has to be done by the internees. Most people are sleeping on mattresses on the floor,

the few available beds being reserved for the old folk. Food is not being provided by the J. because they say this is not an "internment" camp but a "concentration" camp. We dense foreigners cannot see the difference! Anyhow, food has to be found and paid for just as it was on our own compound. So far our friends are all right for supplies. A Chinese go-between arranges about marketing and other outside purchases. It is yet to be seen how sticky his palm is. The compounds are straightly shut up and no communication, with the outside is allowed. There is ample room for reasonable recreation, but we have not heard whether or not it will be possible to carry on school classes. We are hoping that restrictions will be somewhat relaxed later. On the Sunday (Nov. 8) there was a combined service in the Berst House, conducted by Mr. Wm. Taylor.

The weather was good during the days of settling in so it was easy to be cheerful. For the past year the school has been extraordinarily free from sickness. Pray that this may continue. Alas! a sad accident befell Mr. Harris on the 9th. He was going up to one of the attics when the ladder slipped away from him and he crashed to the floor. He was unconscious for more than fifteen minutes. Dr. Howie was at hand and Dr. Young of the Presbyterian Mission, was permitted to come in. In their opinion the base of the skull was fractured. Our sympathies will go out to Mr. and Mrs. Harris.

The bigger boys and girls looked forward to this latest move as a new adventure, though some of the younger ones may have been a little bit nervous. A non-enemy friend who was able to visit the houses writes that "the children enjoy the change." One of the Chefoo, boys who is here in Shanghai with his parents feels that he has been cheated out of something by being out of school at this time!

We have been praying for many months and the result as outlined above is very different from what we looked for. But our friends up there know and we know that "all things" work together for good to them that love God. He governs our circumstances for us if we have accepted His "purpose of eternal good" in Christ Jesus. It is in the "working together" of circumstances that is for our good. God changes these circumstances. Sometimes they are bright and cheerful and sometimes rather dark and dismal, but He makes them — (  ) — for our highest good. Let us "trust and not be afraid." The four characters — (  ) — in Luke 8:50 make one of the most precious combinations I know.



**Copy of a letter received from Chefoo through Swiss parents:**

"It must be weeks since you heard of the children, for no mails are allowed in or out these days. Can you imagine the bitter disappointment of the children with all boxes packed, when news came that all British ships had to proceed to Hong Kong! The "Hsin Peking" had taken the northern party up to Tientsin and the southern party were merely awaiting its return. The children were

simply marvellous when they heard they had to remain there for the holidays. The Binks family, two now in the Upper one, hadn't been home since they came to us in the Primary. Reg. Bazire had escorted the Northerners up and we all wondered how he would get back to us. He went down to Tsingtao (he has a wonderful story to tell of passes granted at a minute's notice) and then on Monday, Dec.8th, he boarded a bus and came right through to Chefoo in one day. He was greeted, at the Bus Station at night with the news that war had been declared and all the foreigners were in a concentration camp. He wondered if he would ever see his family again. However, a very courteous little J. came up to him and telephoned to headquarters and received permission for him to proceed. He arrived at his home about 8 p.m. to find everybody there. That afternoon we had many visitors on the compound. They were very polite, and after removing our radios and having a good look round, they took Pa Bruce off with them and left us with guards in charge of the compound and a wooden board saying that the great nation now were in charge of the place. Other gentlemen were taken with Mr. Bruce and were housed in Astor House. By other gentlemen I do not mean any of our Mission. They were kindly treated and had good meals which they paid for very handsome, and most of the time had coals supplied. Perhaps you can imagine the stacks of forms we had to fill in for ourselves and for the children, detailing all our possessions and the values and the most minute details of our buildings and furnishings and costs, our names, ages, addresses and nationalities included, in each. Finally we have each been given an arm band to wear when we go out. It has our nationality on it. One day, after filling in a particularly large number of forms all in duplicate, the one who took the prayer meeting gave out "Count your blessings, name them one by one!" We have cut down our meat and milk bills by half and dismissed a number of servants. The boys and girls in the other schools set the tables and clean rooms. Here the Staff do their own chores and spread bread. It is quite a business to clean one's room before morning school. We are also limited in the number of pieces of bread we eat. The Preps eat 9 a day. At supper they are allowed one piece every 5 minutes and each is very particular that no one gets over his share. We are having the most interesting meals- "teo-fu" (bean curd) in huge quantities and peanuts in a number of dishes, one of the most popular being peanut loaf for dinner. Of course we see no fruit though we have a lot of vegetables and often have raw cabbage and carrots for a salad. I am sure no one has talked so much about food for years. We spend absolutely no money outside the compound more than is absolutely necessary. We are ripping up war knitting, scarves, etc., and remaking them for cardigans for the children. The Staff are busy knitting stockings and other necessities. I wish I could tell you of the wonderful way that God led certain people to prepare for this contingency. Others outside the compound were fearful of changing money at a low exchange and were left with almost nil and a small stock of coal, whereas those of the head of affairs in the compound had laid in a stock of coal for the winter and it was wonderfully sent when there seemed none to be had. Also Mr. Jackson had been extraordinarily wise you can guess along what line. Then at Christmas, our puddings had been made weeks beforehand when supplies were not short and Mr. Olesen very nobly killed one of his goats to supply most of the compound with Christmas fare. Then as presents! We could almost write a book on the way the Preps were able to have about five little parcels each! Just the day or so before things closed up a large parcel came from Shanghai bringing quite a store of children's presents from parents down there. An evacuating mother left a veritable



toyshop behind with Miss Carr and the toys were all as good as new. Two large parcels for a little boy in Kansu have been lying with us for a year or two and we took the liberty of disposing of its contents. Another evacuating child left us with ten tins of jam. Another parcel from America with gifts of books had arrived too late for last Christmas and came in handy for this one. It was marvellous! Then we have been so glad to hold our Memorial Hall services, so we could all meet together on Christmas morning. In the afternoon we had games as usual, and the B. S. put on a very good puppet show which was followed by Father Christmas coming down the chimney. He came with cholera certificates and the usual passes and enormous photos of himself. Mr. Bruce and most of the inmates of Astor House were allowed home for Christmas and had to report again next morning at 9 a.m. They could be seen most days at their windows and waved at and sometimes their wives were allowed to speak to them for a few minutes? To-day, January 24<sup>th</sup>, has been a wonderful day. Miss Carr and I were down town and saw a number of rickshaws outside the Astor house and later on almost all the inmates came home with their luggage. The B. S. and G. S. lined the walls of the football field to greet Mr. Bruce when they got wind of his coming. All the services in the port are held in our Hall and Mr. Stocker takes a C. of E. one every third Sunday in the month. The spirit of the children has been wonderful and there hasn't been a grouse about rations or not being able to go home. The guard were left on the compound for several weeks, changing every few hours, but now they hardly come at all. There has been much prayer regarding them as they spent so much time in our kitchens, and with food carefully rationed things became a little difficult when a good deal of milk and bread was tucked away. However, we have much to be thankful for, especially in the courteous treatment, and no unpleasantness of any kind. There is much that I have to leave unsaid, but there will be a great story to tell when the war is over."



**Chefoo, June 20, 1942.**

Dear Parents of Boys and Girls at Chefoo:

You will rejoice with us in days when so many things are out of joint, that Chefoo continues peaceful, and especially that Foundation Day has been celebrated with almost all its customary functions and happiness. We miss our boating and we miss our visiting parents, and our home letters are few. But hardly any other of the joys of Chefoo and Foundation Day has been taken from us.

General conditions, of course, are changed, and we westerners are no longer the spoilt children of the world. The boys' field is marked with the unaccustomed white lines of a baseball diamond, and not infrequently the field is used by the Japanese for their games, particularly on Saturdays and Sundays. One night from 9.30 to 10.30 the field was used for a movie-talkie show of propaganda films, attended by a thousand or more Chinese (but this crowd was entirely orderly and notably unenthusiastic). On the beach our boundary stones have been removed, on the bathing sheds Chinese flags have been hoisted, and our newer boats have been annexed, so the boys change for bathing in their House, the girls in the school day room, and preps in their House. The Compound also is frequently visited by

Japanese officials, civil and military, casting would-be-proprietary eyes around, and as we see them, we realise the more how many amenities enrich our ground and buildings.

But these features are not the whole picture. Chefoo has gone on, normally in the main, through Winter Holidays, Spring term (with hardly any sickness), Spring Holidays (with an exceedingly valuable C.S.S.M.) and more than half the Summer term. Memorial Hall services continue, and though the Union Church and the Anglican Churches are not available, we have (in the Memorial Hall) one Anglican morning service each. Three weeks, and we have the other two morning services conducted under arrangements made by the Union Church Committee. We are fortunate in having still in Chefoo about twenty men (including members of other Missions and business men) able and willing to take these services. Even the Sunday baseball does not disturb the Sunday quiet of the compound as a whole since the field lies (as so many of you will remember) at the western end of the compound away from the main paths and most of the buildings. In many things the Japanese are considerate. Last week, since wells they drew on for some building south of the compound were running dry, they turned the water carriers away from the G. S. well, but later they inspected our various sources of supply and decided to use none of our wells, since the last weeks have been unusually dry. They are therefore carrying water for their building from the sea; six li for each load.

So by God's loving kindness we go on, and you would find Chefoo life refreshingly normal and, I think, more than usually happy, for wartime difficulties have knit us together even more than before, and God has been speaking to young and old. Foundation Day has been as happy as ever. The celebrations started with cricket instead of the usual boat races. To repair the boats was impossible: this year on grounds of expense, and latterly the newer boats have been taken for the pleasure of the Japanese residents. The boating has been sadly missed. So cricket came first, then some tennis. Then for the thirty boys and girls who would have formed the boat clubs there was a boating picnic all together in the gully south of the Cottage. Simple fare (gone are the ice-creams of the past) but good fun. Then came games and competitions with a nautical flavour, and then singing of the boat club songs to the juniors thronging their dormitory windows. Then the boys bathed and ducked each other by the light of the new crescent moon.

The next day being Foundation Day proper saw the finish of the cricket. The boys had batted first; their team was Calvin Cook (captain), Wallace and Alvin Desterhaft, Ronald Slade, David Clarke, Jimmie .Bruce, John Andrews, Robin Hoyte, Beau Howell, Chris Costerus and Henry Lack, of whom Cook, W. Desterhaft and Slade are the prominent batsmen. They started off well, then several wickets fell, cheering the visitors; but then J. Bruce and J. Andrews, the smallest members of the team, made a stand which gave the School high hopes. All were out for 128, of which Jimmie Bruce made 43. So everything depended for the visitors — as often in past years — on Mr. Bruce's success. Mr. Bruce has been complaining of his age; but if he has been less successful lately, it has been due to the age in which he lives rather than the age to which he has attained. At any rate on Foundation Day he was in top form. Many parents will remember the delicious coolness and

the gay holiday atmosphere in which cricket starts on Foundation Day. It was just like that this year when Mr. Bruce and Mr. Arthur Rouse (so long and so diversely an affectionate ally of the School) went out to bat. The boys bowled and fielded well, but the visitors, including also Bazire, Houghton and Martin of the School Staff, Dr. Howie, Mr. Seaman, Mr. Murray (of McMullans) and Jim Murray, Jack Bell and Norman Cliff of last years sixth form, were undismayed, when they saw Mr. Bruce invincible. So the score mounted until Old Age triumphed for the first time for three years Mr. Bruce made 81 not out, so you may be assured that the Chefoo Staff are not senile yet.

The Foundation Day service lacked a visiting parent to give the address,, but Mr. Welch's talk on the Foundation of God with its double seal (2 Tim.7:19) was both steadying and stimulating. The service, even more than, in normal times, was truly the heart of the day.

The social tea-time on the north terrace of the boys' House was one of the things we missed this year, chiefly as an economy measure, and partly that we might not flaunt our celebrations in the eyes of the passers-by. For we have been told on good authority that the officials here resent it not a little that we k'uai k'uai loh loh tih ko jih. But the boys and girls had their tea, in three lots, not out of doors, and a pleasant celebration it was.

Two teams had been drawn up representing "Coast" vs. "Inland." For the Coast there were Isabel Harris, Betty Harle, Ruth Jordan and Jean Lack, R, Slade, D. Clarke, H. Lack, C. Cook; for the Inland regions, Grace Liversidge, Margaret Learner, Irene Trickey and Agnes Bell, G. Savage, B, Howell, W, Desterhaft. J. Bruce. I hardly dare report to the numerous Inland parents that the Coast triumphed, by 11 matches to 3. It will not surprise you to learn that the tennis seemed to go on and on and on. The number of visitors must have been less than in other years, but not noticeably less, for the terraces were well filled with conversing adults, and the immediate environs of the cart had their usual fringe of boys and girls ranging from Primary prepites frankly more interested in their own dusty pastimes to Seniors vitally concerned in the success of relative or friend. All just as you remember it; isn't that something to praise for?

And then the concert, starting somewhat earlier and finishing with a more meticulous regard to punctuality. The Memorial Hall almost full (instead of crammed) and music of many sorts. Piano pieces by Miss Greening, Miss Hills, Miss Taylor and Mrs. Bazire, songs by Mrs. Lack and a topical one by Mr. Houghton. A new event in two solos on the saw by Mrs. Hess. A reading (from "Three Men in a Boat") by Miss. Hills, and quartettes (Miss Hills, Mrs. Thomas, Mr. Houghton and Mr. Chalkley). The biggest and merriest thing in the programme was the last act of Midsummer Night's Dream, with Andrew Hayman as a genial Duke, and Robin Hoyte as an admirably blockish wall, Nick Bottom with his liveliness and lack of inhibitions was well done by David Clark, and the whole piece gave real pleasure to us all.

The concert concluded with Isaiah 35 set as a vocal quartet, a delightful finish; and then a heartfelt Doxology, in which we

invite you to join. God is making His grace abound to us, and we pray that you too may be filled with all joy and peace in believing that you may abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost.



**As from :- C/o Mr. H. M, Conway  
Box 303,  
WELLINGTON.  
December 1946.**



My dear Prayer-Partners,

I find that the two previous letters mentioned in my November one have never reached you, so I now reproduce them as written, except for minor alterations.

Written, from Weihsien Internment Camp, September, 1944.

My dear Prayer-Partners,

What a long, time it is since I was able to write you a normal letter! I'm not sure just how long. I am not even yet in a position to post such a letter, but I am writing this in the faith that before long we shall be free to post uncensored mail. Such news as comes to us suggests that, in Europe at any rate, the conflict may soon end, and we hope that, with a not-too-large interval, there may also be peace here in the East. And then..? We know not just what will happen to us - whether we shall return to Chefoo, or remove elsewhere in China, or whether we may be able to come home on furlough. We leave it to the Lord to plan for us and will be happy whatever He arranges, although we shall rejoice when the time comes for us to come to New Zealand to see you all - four of us for the first time!

I sent you a 25-word Red Cross letter in January 1943. I have had no replies to any of my N.Z. Red Cross letters so do not know whether they have reached their destination.

Well, where shall I begin my news?

I fear I have lost in the many shifts my copy of my last letter to you, so I am not sure up to what date you had tidings of us. From the time war was declared in December, 1941, until August 1942, we were left on our compound in Chefoo in comparative peace. There were of course many comings and goings on the part of our Japanese friends, with sheaves of forms to fill in and some restrictions. e.g. "curfew" at nights, and having to wear arm-bands with a "B" (for British) and a registration number on them. There were always guards at our gates, and occasionally our Chinese servants were not allowed to enter the compound in the mornings, or the tradesmen were not allowed to bring in our supplies, but in the mains life went on very satisfactorily We were not allowed to associate with our Chinese church, however, and mails ceased almost altogether. For some time prior to August, (1942) there was much activity on the part of the authorities,, in the way of careful measurings in our houses, with the rumour that they were a about to take our compound for their own purposes, and in that month they began by tuning us out of the hospital, our house, and several adjoining houses. We moved to the accommodation house on the compound. A further two months and several other houses and the Preparatory school had to be vacated, but this still left the Boys and the Girls' houses intact. Then on October 29th a "bombshell" fell and, with only a few

hours' notice, all the "alien" business folk in the city were placed in internment in the American Presbyterian Mission compound, and we ourselves had notice that in a week's time we were to join them.

What a scramble during that week! And what a problem to decide what to take and what to leave. But the Lord was our guide, our strength and our peace, and when the day came to move we were more or less ready. We were not allowed to take beds or furniture but could take most other things. I can tell you it was a "concentration" all right - all in our compound being squeezed into four houses - large houses to be sure - but it meant even the attics crowded. At first the rooms were so piled up with boxes that there seemed no place to sleep, but gradually we got things cleared up, and, apart from the crowding, we were moderately comfortable.

We were allowed to hold what meetings we wished, for prayer and worship, and, after a time, the schools were able to commence some classes. It might be imagined that under such circumstances, we would have a good deal of leisure, but this was by no means the case - we seemed to be busy from morning till night! We had precious times of fellowship with the Lord, though, and were able to hold three CSSM campaigns among the scholars. As a result of these, and of the Lord's working between times, we saw tremendous blessing among the school boys and girls, many of whom came to a new knowledge of victory over sin. On several occasions we had testimony meetings at which many testified to the blessing received.

We, of course, were allowed no Chinese helpers, so everything, including cooking, had to be done by ourselves. The authorities made us an allowance of cash per head per day, and we did our own buying of foodstuffs etc. through Japanese-controlled tradesmen who were allowed to come into the compound. On the whole we lived happily and in moderate comfort. We had a very enjoyable Christmas, complete with Christmas tree and candles! We were at times threatened with coal shortage during the winter, but the Lord always sent supplies in time. We were glad, however, when spring came.

The compound was very pretty when the trees became green, and in our part there was a lovely garden with a beautiful show of anemones, roses, etc. The great event for us in the spring was the arrival of Baby Margaret on May 5th. The Japanese authorities were very kind and considerate, and allowed my wife to go to the neighbouring hospital (formerly run by the American Presbyterian Mission) where the Chinese doctors and staff looked after her splendidly. Her meals were sent across from our house and I was allowed to visit her almost daily - in fact I was permitted to stay at the hospital the whole night on which the baby arrived. We were rather packed with five of us in the small room when mother and baby returned to camp, but we managed to get along fairly satisfactorily.

In September, came first the rumour, then the news that we were to be shifted here to Weih sien. Oh, what a business! But "My grace is sufficient for thee" - the Lord again undertook for us and about three weeks later we found ourselves aboard a small steamer chartered for the purpose - about 300 of us all told - packed like the proverbial "sardines in a tin". Our Father's Hand was surely behind the beautifully smooth voyage, and, after a day and a night, we reached Tsingtao. How thrilled the children were to see the trains there, and the four hours journey to Weih sien provided grand entertainment for them!

It seemed as though the whole 1500 internees had turned out to welcome us, as we approached the compound walls, lined

with rows and rows of people, and we were given a most kind reception. Our luggage and bedding did not arrive till several days later, and in the meantime our fellow-internees were kindness itself in the way they freely lent us what we required. About a week later, some 300 Americans left the camp to repatriate, and we were then allocated to their quarters, which, in our case, consisted of two rooms in a row of twelve. We were lent beds, and the rooms had each a table, a stool or two, and a set of shelves. For a week there was much activity making wardrobes and "places to keep things", and boxes were much in demand for that purpose. Our chief difficulty was space. The rooms are only 12' x 10' and by the time our beds were in, and our boxes stowed away, there was not much room for "us". We often wish our feet covered a little less area - there sometimes seems just no place to put them'

Well, we soon settled down to camp routine, and thirteen months have passed by like so many weeks. Included in the 1500 here there are 3/400 missionaries. About 14 nationalities are represented, and, as you can imagine, all kinds of people. What impresses us is the tremendous need of a mighty work of God amongst them. We are praying much for an outpouring of the Spirit. We are able to hold what religious meetings we want, so there are services held on Sundays and weekdays. The "evangelicals" have formed an "Evangelistic Band", and hold a special Gospel service each Sunday evening. We so far have seen very little definite fruit, but believe we shall see great things before we leave this place. We have held two CSSM campaigns - one for children 14 and over, and one for 13 and under. The Lord gave us souls in each of these, but we look for much greater things among the young. Numbers of us are realising the necessity of a new anointing with power in our own lives, and are seeking the Lord for this. One has a good many opportunities for personal dealings in one's medical work, but here again one is, up to this time, humbled before the Lord at the paucity of definite results.

It has been a great joy to have fellowship with numbers of choice people of God belonging to other missions. It has been a pleasure, too, to meet business folk from all over North China. May they not leave this camp without many coming to know Him Whom to know is life everlasting,

We, of course, hear nothing of war casualties. Some of you dear friends will likely have lost loved ones. May the Lord comfort you each one.

The life here naturally is not without its trials, but our experience confirms the Scripture affirmation that "They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing." The family are at the present time well. David and Ivan do not thrive as they might, but enjoy moderate health. Baby Margaret is just walking and doing very well. Mrs. Howie and I keep healthy. We all send love, and pray that the Lord may bless and use you each one...

(P.S. 5th Sept 1945, How we praise the Lord for peace! I may now get this posted. We are not yet free, but have U.S.A. troops looking after us. We are receiving bountiful supplies of extra foods and clothing.)

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Written Aboard R.M.S. "Tamaroa", December, 1945.

My dear Prayer-Partners,

I wonder if you received the letter I posted from Weih sien

about the middle of September? I trust you did. Mails seem still very uncertain -

We ourselves have had no letter of any sort since long before peace came, although we were delighted to get a cable message from N.Z. in September. My news in last letter was mostly 1944, so let me follow on from there. In spite of somewhat restricted supplies, we had a very good Christmas. Kind gifts of nuts and sweets had been sent in from outside sources, and our camp kitchens excelled themselves in producing a dinner which included pork and apple sauce, and very good Christmas pudding. It was surprising, too, how the kiddies' stockings got filled up with quite nice gifts. David made me a shovel from a meat tin, and I made him a hammer from a piece of brass I found in the rubbish! We had a C.I.M. party in the evening and altogether it was a good day of rejoicing in the Lord.

At the end of January there was great joy and thanksgiving in the camp over the arrival of a large shipment of Red Cross parcels - sufficient to give a 50-lb. package to each person. What a wonderful sight it was as we opened the neat cardboard cartons -- tins of milk, butter, jam, coffee, chocolate, meats, raisins, sugar, etc. There was also a quantity of medicines, clothing, boots, etc. all of which were a wonderful gift from our Father Himself. For the next several months we fared well, the extra nourishment making a tremendous difference to the well-being of many, psychologically as well as physically.

In April the news that seeped in began to give us hopes of an early peace in Europe. Thereafter we had almost daily rumours that peace had come. Then on May 5th. we had news which seemed reliable, that Germany had collapsed. The camp in general took it quietly, but with a deep thankfulness to God. That night, though, a very amusing incident took place. About 11 p.m. (one hour after "lights out") two enterprising young men crept up a forbidden bell-tower and startled the camp by ringing a loud peal on the big bell. No one knew what it was all about, and the Japanese guards were at first much alarmed -- thinking there was a riot on -- and later, when they learned the truth, much annoyed. We afterwards heard that the ringing of this bell had been pre-arranged by the Japanese as an emergency signal to summon help from the city guards, two miles away, and this, of course, did not decrease, their annoyance, To "get even" with us they ordered a parade for roll-call about 1 a.m.! It was strenuous work getting everyone out, especially the kiddies, who were heavy with sleep, but it was not a cold night, and everyone felt it was thoroughly worth while, considering the greatness of the occasion!

All this time we were much burdened for the lost in the camp. The work of the Evangelistic Band went on, with its regular meetings for prayer several times per week, and its Sunday evening evangelistic services. At times, too, there was great liberty in prayer, but the opposition of the enemy seemed intense, and only an odd soul was brought to the Lord through personal work. In early August an -Incident took place that I shall never forget. A young fellow of nineteen who had had experience of salvation about two years previously, had backslidden badly, and was really known throughout the camp as a rogue. He had not been coming near any of the services for a long time but one Sunday evening he came to our service. As he left afterwards, I felt led to speak to him, and we had quite a long talk. He acknowledged his backslidden condition, and seemed to have a desire to come back to the Lord, but wanted to delay until he had put certain things right with the folk he had wronged. I urged him not to put off his dealings with God, but to confess and get right

with Him first. This he did before we parted, and he called the next day at noon for prayer. He seemed very happy, and said he had the assurance of his acceptance with the Lord. About 4 p.m. the same day while helping to get some dead branches from a tree for fuel, he fell thirty feet and was dreadfully injured - skull, spine and forearm all fractured - and he passed away at midnight. This created a solemn impression through the camp, and I was asked to recount the incident at the following Sunday evenings service. Much prayer was concentrated upon this, and, using the two texts "God who is rich 'in mercy..." and "Today if ye will hear His voice", I told of the Lord's mercy towards the youth and urged the unsaved to accept Christ without delay. The leader of the service held an after-meeting, where, four young people and one adult confessed Him, and later a second adult did the same

The next great event was Japan's surrender, word of which reached us on the 15th august. Even this stupendous news was received comparatively quietly - mainly because we had heard so many false rumours in the past, that we hardly dared to believe that this was true! It more and more became evident that it was true, however, and. how we praised, God! Then, on the morning of the 17th, a huge U.S. "Flying Fortress" flew over the camp, and, before we knew what was happening, had dropped seven live parachutists just outside the walls! Oh, the excitement! The crowd of internees just ignored the Japanese guards and swarmed outside the gates to welcome them. From that time on things were altogether different for us. Very soon our American succourers had installed radios to give us the world's news, and established a reading room to "orientate" us with regard to past events. Right up to the date of our departure five weeks later however, the Japanese continued nominally in control. Kind Chinese from surrounding parts commenced to send in most generous gifts of eggs, fruit, etc. and to call to enquire after our welfare.

On the 27th we had another most exciting time when for four hours, about twelve U.S. planes flew back and forth dropping shower after shower of supplies by parachute. It took all day to gather them in, and, from then on, what with tinned meats, fruits, chocolate, etc. we lived in utter luxury! Marvellous quantities of clothing also were included, and, by the time the internees had donned the U.S. military issues, it looked as though an American army had suddenly sprung up in our midst!

On 10th September came the long-looked-for order to pack up, and on the 25th, the first large party of 580, comprising those going overseas (including ourselves) left the camp. It was indeed a memorable day, with lovely weather, and everything admirably organised by the U.S. Army officials in conjunction with our own camp committee. We were taken in trucks to the station where a special train waited to carry us to the port of Tsingtao, 4 hours' journey away. Cheering, flag-waving crowds of Chinese greeted us at every point along the way, whilst the reception at Tsingtao was just overwhelming. Imagine the thrill given by the sight of a platform guarded by real live British bluejackets, with groups of British and American officers, a Chinese delegation of welcome, and a Royal Marines Band playing "Colonel Bogey".

We were quartered in a large modern hotel on the seashore, taken over in full running order from the Japanese, where, under the kindly care of the American Army authorities, we just lay back and enjoyed leisure end luxury for twelve days. Here we met some of our C.I.M. German Associate members who have been living in Tsingtao during the war; and with whom we enjoyed most happy fellowship. They had from time to time sent us "comfort parcels" into camp as they were able, and hence had

proved themselves real friends in need.

On October 7th we embarked on the U.S. "Attack Transport" Geneva for Hongkong. We were rather tightly packed, and had a very rough trip on the outskirts of a severe typhoon, but after five days reached our destination, and were delighted to be in British territory again and in the midst of so much Royal Navy and R.A.F. activity. Here our American benefactors, who had done so much for us, handed us over to the British R.A.P.W.I. authorities. The evening before we disembarked, a number of us had a most happy meeting with two keen Christians of the "Geneva's" crew, with whom we enjoyed fellowship in song and testimony.

Hongkong with its lovely autumn weather and green mountain scenery was a real tonic to us. We were quartered in modern flats in Kowloon and were shown most kind attention by the British authorities and by the Australian Red Cross. We expected to be there only a few days, but our stay extended to over a month -- thus incidentally shattering our hopes of being in England for Christmas. While there, we met some warm Christians from the forces, and enjoyed fellowship with them. One had numbers of opportunities of speaking to servicemen of the things of God, and it was a joy to see several enter into Life. We also had happy fellowship with a Japanese pastor who had acted as liaison officer between the Japanese army and our Prisoners of War, and who had shown much kindness to our people. Because of this, he has not been interned, as have the rest of the Japanese there, and is now using his liberty to do Gospel work among his interned countrymen, of whom there are thousands.

I fear my letter is getting too long! Let me quickly bring my news up to date. We are now aboard R.M. S. "Tamaroa", having left Hongkong on 17th Nov., calling at Shanghai on the 21st, Singapore on the 30th and Colombo on 6th Dec. Our ship is at present in the Gulf of Aden, and we expect (D.V.) to reach Liverpool about the 29th. As you probably know, my wife's parents are in England, and I am looking forward to visiting the Homeland. After some months there we hope, if the Lord will, to come and visit you all in New Zealand. All five of us are well. David is aged 7, Ivan 4½ and Margaret 2½. The kiddies are fast friends with the servicemen on board, to whom no doubt, they are a touch of home.

Thank you indeed, each and every one, for your prayers all these years. "My God shall supply all your need, according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus" - He has fulfilled His promise to the utmost and we praise Him accordingly. May He cause His face to shine upon each one of you.

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And now, before this "goes to press", let me add a stop-press item. The expected newcomer arrived on 30th December, and we have given her the name "Kathryn Mary". All went so happily and well that we know the Lord heard our prayers. May she be always and wholly His! We now expect to go south in February.

With warmest greetings, I remain,

Yours very sincerely in Christ,

A. HALLAM HOWIE.



January 31<sup>st</sup> 1945

# RED CROSS PARCELS

by Mrs. Grace Harris  
Chefoo School teacher



I expect that the happiest day in Weih sien will be the day we leave. Next to that, I doubt if any day will be happier for the camp as a whole than January 31<sup>st</sup> 1945, for on that day, the Red Cross Comfort parcels were distributed. For days before, these parcels and who were to receive them had been the subject of conversation "ad nauseam". So much so, that one meal time, when we had agreed not to mention them again, someone wanting bread said absentmindedly, "Please pass the parcel." I remember that it was a cloudy but very mild day. We woke up that morning with a very pleasant feeling that there was something to look forward to. There was a festive air abroad, nearly everyone looked contented.

Soon after morning roll-call, the queues began to form outside the Assembly Hall. I remember that I could not credit it when I was told that each parcel weighed 50 lbs., but it was true, and we were glad enough to accept the offers of the young and strong to carry them home for us.

One compensation of living on very plain fare is the capacity that it develops of enjoying simple things -- such as a cup of coffee, a stick of chewing gum! Most of us are still enjoying our parcels. Our hope is that the war will be over before the burden under our beds is empty.

Surely for the rest of our lives, we shall feel a glow of gratitude whenever we see "American Red Cross" -- and these new words we have added to our vocabularies such as "spam" "prem" "mor" will bring back memories of craving for something good to eat amply satisfied.

As our Russian neighbour often says when she comes to borrow our patent can-opener, "God bless America!"

Grace Harris.

- Chefoo School teacher -- 1943

- Weih sien 1943 - ?

April 12<sup>th</sup> 1945.



# ALARM AT WEIHSIEN

Incident of 5<sup>th</sup> 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 grouching 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



THE ASSEMBLY HALL  
CIVILIAN ASSEMBLY CENTRE  
WEIHSIEN SHANTUNG

By Lucius C. Porter

My first glimpse of our destination, as we rattled along a dusty road from the railway station, was the red-tiled roof of a windowed octagonal construction rising above the dark green of tall juniper trees.

As life at Weihsien developed that tower and the cruciform building that supports it has become the centre around which many vivid impressions cluster. Originally built as the Church for the large

Christian community that has grown up around this flourishing mission station, this building has served our camp in more ways of special significance to our life than any other structure.

First it was our church in which different Christian groups worshipped. Who can forget the Catholic services of the early months, with five bishops on the platform and an audience of hundreds of priests and nuns, trained in chanting the mass; or the meetings at which our Weihsien Christian Fellowship was born; and those in which it has worshipped or the beauty and worshipfulness of Bishop Scott's leading of Anglican services.

But soon we needed a hall for concerts, dramatics and other types of recreation and the Church became an Assembly Hall. It was used as a go-down for the baggage of the American evacuees, and there they were inspected before their release.

Nine months later the same building became a prison in which nine of us spent nine days of confinement under strict supervision night and day, while the camp expressed it's concern for us with daily service of food and visits from afar

off.

Once more a go-down when the International Red Cross parcels arrived. It will be remembered as the scene where, with carefully planned efficiency, these same parcels and other gifts of shoes, clothing etc, were distributed to grateful and eager recipients.

Many will remember the funeral and memorial services held in our Hall, especially that in memory of President Franklin Roosevelt.

Through worship, through music, through drama, through dancing given in the Assembly Hall there have come, during our stay in Weihsien, many moments of spiritual uplift and stimulating inspiration, helping us to keep sane and steady.

May 25<sup>th</sup> 1945  
Lucius C. Porter.

From Ron Bridge's listings:

Porter	Lucius C		American	<1881>	M	Protestant Priest	23/10
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1  
ARRIVAL AT WEIHSIEN

A FEW SNAPSHOTS OF  
WEIHSIEN

American friend (since repatriated) welcoming British arrivals, saying as she flourished a large carving knife – "Oh folks it's fun – I'm cutting bread, and it's just like camp." Fun in Weihsien lurks round corners and is found in unexpected places. Fun is doing things one has never done before , doing without things we had deemed necessities. Fun, --- in turning old clothes into new!

## CHRISTMAS AT WEIHSIEN

The first Christmas toys and gifts made in camp for the children, Christmas decorations, (wherever did they come from?) parties for young folks with a Punch and Judy for the tinies - Christmas service in the Assembly Hall where small children could be seen hugging their gifts. The second Christmas promised little, but found a Christmas spirit that took no rebuff. Christmas, as usual with generous giving and a wonderful Christmas pudding made from the simplest ingredients. "Post early for Christmas" read the slogan on the pillar-box. "If I post a card to myself, will I really get it?" asked one small girl. "Try it and see" was the reply!

CONCENTRATION COLOUR AND CRAFT as seen in the two exhibitions held in the Assembly Hall, where exhibits of all kinds showed the skills an ingenuity exercised in making simple things for use in camp. "If you can't do what you like, like doing what you can", said a friend under Doctors orders to give up doing many things she enjoyed. In this spirit, the Camp has done wonderful work making gadgets and utensils of every description. Perhaps the most popular exhibit was the "Tower Brick Stove" - a model of a Camp stove complete with plans to build it yourself, a set of pots and pans and real cakes in the tiny oven. The beautiful art selection showed how some internees have used their leisure and contained some pictures more true to camp life than the Authorities appreciated! Plans for ideal homes set us all thinking and planning for future days of the new life ahead;

## CHURCH PARADE

The Assembly Hall half filled with Scouts, Guides, Brownies and Cubs always made a deep impression and brought home the realisation of how much the Camp owes to youth. How well we have been served by the Scouts and Guides - what a desolate place it would have been without the laughter and games of children - - How many lessons of faith and friendliness. We have learned from tiny tots who know the Camp as their World and all the World their friend - how we have loved the bonnie Weihsien babies who have so well repaid the care bestowed upon them. God bless them all, when as Camp disperses they go into the outside World and carry with them impressions of friendship, co-operation and service formed in an Internment Camp in China.

Norah M. Busby  
London Mission, Peking  
August 4<sup>th</sup>, 1945.



## Impressions of Weihsien

August 7, 1945,



To give first the most recent impression - it is that of a friendly company. This was especially bought home to me during my recent indisposition. All kinds of folk came to see me to cheer by game or friendly talks, the many weeks I could not leave my room. For over two months I had at least two, sometimes several visitors each day -

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Educational facilities have been much greater than could have been imagined - classes in French, German, Chinese have given opportunities unimaginable in a busy life - drama and music have stimulated thought and emotion and above all un hoped for diversity in libraries have proved more than a compensation for the use of a well stocked private library with little leisure for reading.

The Christian Fellowship has had a surprisingly catholic appeal and has gradually grown in harmony. It still leaves much to be desired in mutual appreciation of differing gifts - the closest approach come and then has come in smaller groups but the lessons learnt in these groups have not for the most part reached the general body of members - there should have been more upbuilding. The value of Weihsien impressions will only be apparent when we have left - here also "by their fruits ye shall know them".

The greatest disappointment despite the numerous contacts between people of all classes and breeds has been the general conservative temper - theological, political, social (is it typical of exiles?) - when so many things are being shaken the kingdom that cannot be shaken should be more apparent - we only adventure for that we value. When so many idols of the market place are being overthrown there is the possibility of deeper scepticism but also the opportunity for purer worship.

C.E. Busby  
7/8/45 London Mission, Peking

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C.E. BUSBY

7/8/1945 London Mission Peking





## Father Scanlan

Into our Weihsien routine, and during the period of our greatest depression, Father Scanlan burst into our midst, making things lots easier for us.

Plucked from his solitary Trappist monastery in the mountains, one would expect his retirement in this camp, as far as possible from this heterogeneous humanity among whom he was thrown, but not Father Scanlan!!

With untiring energy and at great personal risk, he conducted a black market, supplying the camp with many essentials and comforts of living, and also helped to distract us from our sorry state of mind, as his nightly adventures were our daily entertainment.

He was apprehended and put into solitary confinement, by the Japanese, which did not daunt him, as he returned the hero of the camp, and continued his activities as before.

The most popular member of the community, he was invited everywhere, and no tea party, dinner or ball game was complete without him.

His leaving us was truly a great loss to the camp, and we have certainly missed him.

More power to you, Father Scanlan !!

Ethel Churchill  
Weihsien 8/8/45

## FATHER SCANLAN

By Ethel Churchill

Weihsien, 8/8/1945

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## WEIHSIEN BRAVERY

By Rev. Mark Wesley Earl  
Methodist Missionary Society  
Weihsien, 14/8/1945

In the early days of camp life, we all stood more or less in awe of the Japanese guards

who had such complete power over us. If they told us to do something we did it; if required to abstain we abstained. A loud grunt and a pointed bayonet struck fear into the hearts of even the most recalcitrant. At this time, two Catholic Fathers gave us a fine example of the power of moral courage. As they were passing by the Guard House they saw an old Chinese peasant woman being cruelly ill-treated. She had been caught selling black-market eggs over the wall. Instead of passing quickly by, they went over and stood staring in at the window. The guard, seeing them, stopped beating their victim and motioned to the Fathers to go away. They stood their ground. One came out shouting and waving his sword at them but still they stood there. "Go away, what do you want?" he demanded. "We want nothing" they said "But if it is wrong to beat an old woman like that then you shouldn't do it whether we are watching or not and if it is right, don't mind us but go ahead with your beating." The guard went back into the Guard House but as long as the Fathers stood there the woman was beaten no more.

Weihsien, 14/8/45

M. Wesley Earl



## HIGHLIGHT IMPRESSIONS

On August 17, 1945 ---

When, around ten in the morning, out of a beautifully clear sky, a B-24 began circling over our camp, the excitement increased and came to a climax as we watched white parachutes opening over the grazing fields outside, and could hardly realize that there were men, seven in number, attached to them hanging from red parachutes which at first looked the size of large thermos bottles and others which were cubical in shape.

We rushed irresistibly out through the gate along the road leading towards Weihsien to meet these Americans, discovering that they were on a humanitarian mission which had left from Kunming the previous day, but coming by Sianfu, where they spent the night and left at 6:30 a.m.

This mission had been sent here in order to find out in what condition we were in and send in a report to headquarters.

For many, our elation was tinged with sorrow, when one of the packages, dropped without a parachute, on a Chinese youth of about 15, on a shoulder, violently throwing him against the ground, causing a concussion of the brain. He was quickly reached by a camp doctor and others who brought him to the hospital for treatment. We were saddened by the possible death of an innocent Chinese who was evidently too dazed to know where to

run for safety in watching this package, consisting of a net holding the duffel bags of the officers, quickly increasing in size as it approached the earth.

My first emotion was of gratitude caused by the thought of the prompt solicitude of the American authorities for our safety and welfare; no doubt because Lieutenant Hannon, one of the mission, had had such bitter experiences himself as a prisoner of war of the Germans.

It was also moving and inspiring to mingle with the Chinese in the fields and on the road, and to see their joy and pleasure, as they came flocking out of Weihsien, expressed on their faces and by their very eloquent gesture, consisting in holding up the thumb of the right hand, while saying enthusiastically: "Mei-kuo"

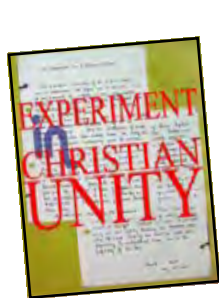
Another highlight was the welcome given to the Americans as they entered the camp, by the Salvation Army band, playing a medley of national anthems, being most enthusiastically clapped by the Chinese crowded outside the gate, when they heard their own.

Personally my two greatest reasons for rejoicing were, first, that after so many decades, China is to recover Formosa and Manchuria while Korea is to regain to independence. Secondly that we were once more in touch with the outside world, by wireless and by the visits of representatives of Chinese military, civil and Christian organisations. A thrilling feature of each of these visitors was the evidence of their friendship for us in the bringing of gifts of money, foodstuffs, cigarettes and clothing.

Yet one sobering fact, like a dark cloud, threatening to overcast the bright blue sky, brilliant with sunshine, of our rejoicing over the coming of the final peace in East Asia, is the continued military struggle between the governments of Chunking and Yen-an, which presages a protracted period of suffering for the Chinese people.

*George R. Loebis*  
*Yenching University – Peking*  
*C.A.C. Weihsien*

*August 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1945*



## An Experiment in Christian Unity

"The Christian Fellowship of the C.A.C. Weihsien" was an experiment; its object was to discover whether it was possible to include in one organisation Christians of diametrically opposite theological and ecclesiastical opinions, as well as the varying degrees of thought in between.

Experience has taught us that it is – at least, that it is under the pressure of life in an internment camp. But the conditions of such success have also been made clear, the chief one being the complete autonomy given to various groups in the Fellowship. For instance, the Anglican Community mans its own servers, with its usual prohibitions against non-Anglicans leading its services (with rare exceptions); the Evangelistic Band conducted its services,

with a tacit exclusion from its pulpits of those of liberal theology. Groups who wished to work free from the oversight of those of different opinions did so independently – as did "Christianity in the Modern World". Diversity was far more obvious than Unity.

Of what value then, was the experiment?

Much every way. For by being thrust together we learnt to appreciate one another. Perhaps we did not always attain to the apostolic injunction each to count others better than ourselves; but at least we realised the power and prayer behind the activities of each group, the inner experience of God in Jesus Christ which was being expressed, even if the terms of expression were not those we should have used.

But there was unity at times, notably in the Tuesday Fellowship Meeting, and the last two semi-annual General Fellowship Meetings; and despite our diversities there was a steadily growing feeling of "belonging".

Deeper still were the friendships which began and flourished between members of widely differing schools of thought. Indeed, at times it seemed as if we were really hearing our Masters' voice when the sound "Love ye one another" and were beginning to understand that Love is the fulfilling of the Law.

*Harold T. Cook*  
*Methodist Mission Society*

*August 25<sup>th</sup> 1945.*



## « Enemy Aliens » An Appreciation.

By G. W. Chilton.  
September 1945



During the early spring of '43, after a too long period of inactivity in Tientsin I was asked to propose various schemes to cover the possible internment of Enemy Nationals residing in the port city. Internment was, at that time, only a possible alternative to repatriation and not a certainty, however in March we were informed that many "EAs" would be interned and to make arrangements to move to a destination which would be announced later.

It fell to me to take charge of the first group of Tientsin residents to be interned in Weihsien and although the greater number of those destined for this centre were surrendering their businesses, their homes, their comforts and associations they did so in a manner which filled all, who were in contact with them, with admiration. They were sad but determined to live it through and always confident that they would return to claim their property and other possessions and to live again as free citizens of a democratic country.

Having issued instructions to those members of my group regarding their assembly point, and initial inspection of baggage, route to the station, entrainment, etc., there happily proved to be little else for me to do as all included in the move did everything possible to see that there was no hitch in the arrangements. The first group came down to this centre in four sections; the sections being in

charge of Messrs. Appleboom, Bird, Cameron and Darling. All credit for the detail of organisation of the sections and the carrying through of the move is due to these gentlemen. Details of the first assembly in Tientsin, baggage inspection etc. would fill pages but I will mention only our "hour of humiliation" when all the able bodied males marched under escort of Japanese Consular Police from the H. Q., Tientsin Volunteers, to the East Station and accompanied by the elder men, women and children of our group in rickshaws. The route to the station was lined with, chiefly, a friendly and sympathetic, but curious crowd.

The entrainment at Tientsin, the journey to Weih sien, which took approximately 16 hours, in third class day coaches, our arrival here and transfer from station to camp was carried through without a hitch and the manner in which one and all settled down to their new life in cramped quarters, with poor food and generally unsanitary conditions prevailing at the time calls for the highest praise.

Having in turn met and settled in the two remaining groups of Tientsin residents which followed the first group I was also struck by the goodwill and cheerfulness which was displayed by all arrivals. The way in which everyone accepted the position went far to ensure a good working team for an indefinite period of internment.

As anticipated, all went well with the internal affairs of the camp and folk cheerfully accepted and carried out their respective camp assignments.

With the departure of many able bodied men in September 1943 when the second American repatriation ship left Shanghai, the camp found it difficult to fill all vacancies existing in the labour market as we had shortly before the American repatriation lost a large group of Fathers, etc. from this centre. However the labour situation was more than compensated for it's lost by the timely arrival of what proved to be the best organized and most efficient group of all i.e. the Chefoo School group.

Coming from Chefoo as seasoned internees, this group made light of our many labour problems and under their most capable H.M. and his excellent staff. They quickly and cheerfully took over more than their share of the essential camp assignments.

Looking on from the "side lines" I have, day after day, month after month, come to understand and appreciate the outstanding qualities of Mr. Bruce and all members of C.I.M. The responsibilities which they have shouldered so ably and cheerfully and with such tact are deserving of the highest praise it is possible to express.

The camp ends with the same spirit in which it started for with the arrival on August 17<sup>th</sup> of Major Staiger and his airborne group every man, woman and child turned out to assist the party in and to afford a welcome which would warm the heart of any combat soldier fresh from a world at war.

G. W. Chilton  
Weih sien  
September 10<sup>th</sup> 1945



# Whitting's war

## BAT man's North China internment and final liberation

*Percy Whitting first joined BAT (= British American Tobacco Co.) at Ashton Gate Bristol, back in 1912. When he came back after army service in World War 1, he was first with Leaf Department in London before being posted to China in 1921. BAT NEWS published the diary of his sea voyage out, under the heading: 'Slow boat to China', in the issue of Spring 1983.*

*Most of his service was in North China at the Leaf station at Ershihlipu or at Tsingtao. It was at Tsingtao that he was staying at a guest house (Mrs Whitting like many BAT wives, had left China for less uncertain shores) in December 1941. On December 7th the Japanese bombers struck at the US fleet at Pearl Harbour.*

*Percy Whitting spent the greater part of the next five years interned by the Japanese in North China, being eventually liberated by the Americans. On February 17th 1946 he wrote a long letter to his family, recounting what had happened over those five Years. Here we give extracts from the letter, covering his initial internment, the move to a new camp, and the heady days of liberation.*

## War is declared

On the morning of December 8th 1941 I was a little late getting out of bed, and so missed the early morning news broadcast. This was rather disappointing as we were naturally all full of speculation regarding the negotiations going on in Washington, and hoping that war would be avoided. Whilst having my bath the 'boy' came in and excitedly asked if the radio was working. I told him I had not tried that morning as it was late. He came back a few minutes later with a chit from downstairs in the guest house, asking "was it true war had been declared?" I switched on the radio, but couldn't get any news until the second Shanghai broadcast - a reading of Japanese proclamations saying that war had been declared, and that all enemy nationals must remain at their homes. No one came to pick me up for the office that day, so I remained in the house with my ears to the radio. Throughout the day I was able to pick up from various broadcasts - Far Eastern, European and American - the thread of events. Everything remained quiet in the town; though there were Japanese troops all over the place as there had been for months. It was not until 10 am on the morning of December 9th that they came for us.

## '... a good movie'

Their arrival would have made a good movie ... two trucks and two private cars. There was one truck and a car each for the Army and Navy. We didn't know it at the time, but the two services had been allocated certain enemy nationals to round up: e.g. the Army to take in the British, the Navy the Americans, etc. They made a grand rush into the garden, taking up positions with fixed bayonets. The officers and interpreters then came in, and everyone was told to assemble in one room. As we were all British the Navy party withdrew with a lot of bowing and scraping. We then had to give details of names, employment and so on. Radios were confiscated and telephones disconnected. When they left we were told to remain indoors, and two sentries were left. Just after they had gone I was called to the gate, and there found our Chinese No.1 with a car, and a



pass for me to go to the office. At the office were all the other employees. The factory was in the hands of the Japanese military and gendarmerie. We met the Japanese colonel in charge: not a bad old fellow. He told us to carry on with our duties. Later on two Japanese officials arrived from the north with a letter from our BAT No.1 in North China saying that the bearers had come to take over the factory, and we were to be guided by what they decided. Clearly we were to continue to operate, but under Japanese control.

*'Under Japanese control' meant that at first things continued without too much interference, though gradually they took over, and it was clear that the BAT people would ultimately be 'squeezed out'. After 10 or 11 months they were told to pack their clothes and food for three days. It turned out that they were now bound for an internment camp. The BAT factory at Tsingtao continued to be operated by the Japanese throughout the war. Working under Japanese military control had brought some advantages. The BAT people there had a little money and limited freedom of movement. Percy Whitting describes this period:*

## Freer from interference

I remained at the guest house for several months, when we were notified at the office that we must all live in one area - so those in town had to move to Iltis Huk. I took a small house on my own, situated between Faulkner and Overton on one side, and Webb on the other. I was fairly comfortable, and managed to live reasonably well considering how little cash we had. The “boys” and other Chinese helped us out by not pressing for payment on the nail. One advantage of the move was that we were freer from interference by the Japanese. In town the houses were inspected at least twice a day by soldiers: some of them were all right, but others were unpleasantly arrogant, with threatening attitudes. But I did not hear of any definite cases of manhandling except for occasional face-slapping. Sometimes the servants were knocked about, but nothing serious. Any serious man-handling was of course done at headquarters, as the Chinese and some foreigners know to their sorrow.

*This pattern of life came to an end with the move to the internment camp, which Percy Whitting describes:*

## A new destination

The order was given at 11 am and we had to be ready to leave by 1 pm. We had no idea of our destination. After a while a truck came to collect me and my hand baggage, and it turned out that we were only bound for the Iltis Hydro, no distance away. We were received there without much trouble. Eventually the camp was to number 146 people of all “enemy” nationalities. Having been previously occupied by troops, the Hydro was in a very dirty state. Only a very rough clean-up could be managed that first evening, but later we got the place gradually more habitable. It was obvious we were to stay there for an indefinite period.

We were under the Japanese Army, with a small detachment of soldiers and two gendarmes. The highest rank was probably Sergeant. Here too we had considerable freedom to contact outside people, and our servants and neutral nationals were able to come to the gate at specified times for short conversations. Any Axis friends (i.e. Germans or Italians) used discretion, and kept away to avoid being picked up for conversing with the enemy. This contact was very convenient, and enabled us to order or buy the things we needed, as well as to get items such as beds or bedding from our homes. At first we had most of our food sent in from outside, but later a Japanese contractor took over, though some of us continued to rely on outside

sources. Later, when the Consul and Consular police took over, there was a little tightening up at the gate, drink was definitely out, but other arrangements stood.

Medical needs were for outside attention except for minor matters which interned doctors would handle. At first a dentist was permitted to come to camp, but later a Japanese dentist from the Donkai Hospital was the only one allowed. Generally our health was good. We had one appendicitis and one birth, needing outside attention.

*Conditions in the camp were comparatively easy when compared with the military POW and some of the civilian internment camps elsewhere in the Far East. There was little work to do - just looking after the boilers, cleaning, waiting at tables and the like. The cooking was done by the contractor's staff. So the internees had plenty of spare time on their hands. As time went by there were rumours of another move.*

## To Weih sien

Rumours of leaving the camp were rife long before we left, but we actually had about two weeks' official notice before-hand, and this gave us ample time to prepare for our journey to Weih sien, which is about midway between Tsingtao and Tsinanfu. Permission was obtained by many to return to their homes to collect personal effects. I was fortunate in this respect, and was able to pack a considerable amount of stuff which I had left behind for safe keeping. Better, than the numerous cases which I had stored at the factory. When we had finished working there, we were told that all personal effects stored in the godowns would be looked after and kept safely. We have since learned that, during October 1944, all the stuff stored by the Company members at the factory was dragged out into the street and sold by public auction. This means we have lost about 20 cases of our belongings, besides furniture, electrics and so on. The loss is considerable, perhaps sentimentally rather than in terms of money...

Our heavy baggage was shipped from Tsingtao to Weih sien a few days before we left. Beds and bedding went a few hours before we did and we carried our light hand baggage. This meant that we had everything in Weih sien when we arrived. Just before leaving Tsingtao I was elected with two others to represent the British group.

*The Tsingtao group was the first to arrive at Weih sien, and to them fell the task of getting the camp ready for the others who would follow from other parts of North China. They were to be there for two and a half years. Food was not scarce, but there was little variety. They were kept going on bread. Extras could be obtained - but at a price. Eggs for example. A Chinese dollar pre-war could have bought 100 or 120 eggs. Now they cost \$60 each! So bread was the staple, baked by the internees. Even so food became scarcer, with many items being withdrawn, and rations frequently being cut. The arrival of American Red Cross parcels towards the end was a godsend. Fortunately there was a hospital building within the camp, which was run entirely by the internees, with drugs and other necessities supplied by the Swiss Red Cross. There were hundreds of surgical operations carried out during the 2 years, some of them serious ones. There were about 30 births, and a similar number of deaths during that time. It was fortunate that the ranks of the internees included some first-rate doctors. Generally speaking they all kept fairly healthy, despite the unbalanced diet, though Percy Whitting lost 30 to 40 pounds in weight. Mental and nervous disorders increased considerably as the war continued - a natural result of continuing confinement and an unknown future, let alone separation, in many cases, from families. But life went on. There were marriages in the camp. There was sporting recreation on the parade ground. And there were dramatic and*

music productions to entertain the internees each week. The late Percy Gleed of BAT was prominent in these shows.

As the war went on the internees were joined by some Italians, no longer the allies of the Japanese, though they were initially kept separate from the rest. And so the war dragged on its weary way.

But there were signs of hope, as Perct Whitting's letter shows

....

## The Americans “drop in”

Through back door information we had rumours that the Japanese were either surrendering or were about to. It was causing much unrest in the camp, and we called for a meeting with the Japanese. During this meeting, at which we were having a hard time to get any information from the Japanese, an American B-24 zoomed over the camp - and kept zooming. The excitement was terrific, and any continuation of the meeting was impossible. The next minute a roar went up as seven men parachuted from the plane, following the dropping of numerous packages of supplies. These seven men were heroes - and then again heroes. People rushed out of the camp, ignoring the guards, and ran to the fields where they had landed. I think the guards were as excited as we were.

The whole camp was delirious with excitement, and it was a job to keep the people away from the sky visitors. After reporting to the Japanese Chief of Police we all met - that is, the committee and airmen with the Japanese. The Japanese had nothing to say: they apparently had no definite information, but accepted all the Americans had to say without comment.

## A different face

From then on the camp took on a different face, but none of us will ever forget the day those seven men dropped from the sky. Without exception they were a very fine bunch - doubtless hand picked for the mission. It was a pleasure to work with such a good crowd, and the camp took them to heart from the very beginning. Later we had other air visitors, and finally a larger force under a Colonel arrived to complete arrangements for leaving the camp. But it was, and remains, the first group which we took to our hearts.

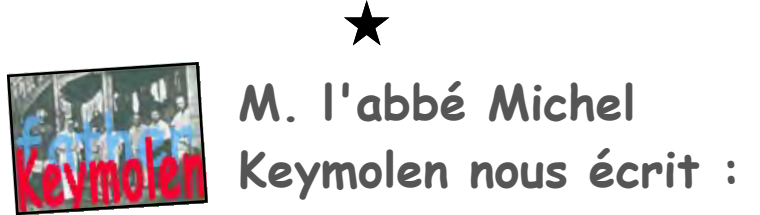
Following their arrival contacts were made with outside authorities and organisations, and the camp had streams of visitors. Gradually restrictions were removed. But at the time of writing we are still not sure when or where we shall go. As well as the supplies brought in by the US Mission attached to the camp, we have been literally showered with food, clothes and other necessities, dropped by Super-fortresses from Okinawa and the Marianas... An airfield has been constructed near the camp - towards Ershihlipu - but the very heavy aircraft could not land there due to the soft surface of the runway. Hence the parachuted supplies... We certainly lived in fine style from then on, for the US authorities also put pressure on the Japanese to increase the supply of fresh foodstuffs - and they did not hesitate, believe me.

On September 25th 1945 the first lot of internees got away by special train to Tsingtao, but Percy Whitting was asked by the US Colonel if he would stay on until the camp had been cleared. It took longer than originally anticipated.

While the Nationalist and Communist forces of China had united to fight the Japanese, their rivalries now re-emerged. The Communist armies frequently cut the railway, delaying the evacuation for some weeks. When he left the camp, Percy Whitting did so in style - aboard a US plane. They circled over Tsingtao, seeking out familiar landmarks and generally having a fine time. A few days after

arrival he moved into the BAT house in Tsingtao 's Chi-tung Road. The town was occupied by about 20,000 US Marines, leaving little room for the returned residents, who were nonetheless delighted to see them there. A few BAT men arrived from the United States to get things organised, and Percy Whitting's life began to assume some kind of normality once again as he looked forward to home leave.

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*Peking, le 8 novembre 1945.*

On vient de me remettre cette feuille de papier qui, prétend-on, sera envoyée par avion en Europe, à condition qu'elle soit prête demain. Comme il semble que les communications sont encore très mauvaises avec l'Europe, je profite de l'occasion ; d'autant plus que nous ne savons presque rien de la Belgique et de ses habitants, et absolument rien de vous, ni directement ni indirectement par des amis. Ce silence est un mystère que nous n'arrivons pas à comprendre. La seule nouvelle que nous avons apprise est que la branche féminine de notre groupe forme actuellement un magnifique essaim. Nous en sommes fort heureux, mais un peu plus de nouvelles, surtout de vous, nous feraient un immense plaisir.

Il ne me reste qu'à vous donner un bref aperçu de notre odyssée. Au début de 1943, le bruit nous était parvenu que nous serions internés. Le 19 mars, après des adieux « très humides », nous quittons Suan-Hwa : l'abbé N. Wenders, trois trappistes, un Anglais qui se rendit célèbre plus tard au camp, le Père Scanlan, un Canadien et un Hollandais qui attrapa le typhus un peu après son arrivée à Weihsien et moi-même ; le tout escorté par des policiers consulaires japonais. Au moment où les pousses démarraient, je criai aux séminaristes : « Reveniez. mus cum Victoria » (1) ; la coquille de victoire m'a précédée.

D'abord à Kalgan, chez le curé, où nous ne tardons pas à voir arriver les Pères de la Congrégation de Scheut au complet et les chanoinesses de St. Augustin. La plupart ont pu emporter autant de bagages qu'ils voulaient ; nous, nous n'avions été autorisés à emporter que deux valises, une partie à l'avance, et l'autre dont nous pouvions nous charger ; cela dépendait des policiers. On dort par terre sur des couvertures fournies par le consulat japonais qui pousse l'amabilité jusqu'à nous envoyer à chacun un saucisson que les policiers se sont disputés à grand fracas toute la nuit.

Le 22, 256 pères et une quarantaine de religieuses partaient pour Péking. A Péking changement de train ; on refuse même aux sœurs l'aide de porteurs. Sur quoi Mgr Desmet, un vieillard, se fâche et « attrape » l'attaché du consulat japonais qui baisse pavillon et fait appeler des porteurs.

A Tien-Tsin, nouveau changement de train ; on est serré comme des harengs dans une boîte à sardines, on passe la nuit comme on peut, c.-à-d. mal. A Tsinnanfu, nouveau changement de train ; tout le monde se moque de l'esprit de désorganisation japonais. Enfin vers 4 h. de l'après-midi, nous arrivons à Weihsien ; le consul suisse de Tsingtao, délégué de la Croix-Rouge internationale est sur le quai ; sa présence est pour tous un grand réconfort car l'expérience nous a appris à attendre le pire des japs. Des autobus japs nous emportent au camp situé à une dizaine de lis (2) de la ville de Weihsien dans le Shantung. C'est un centre de presbytériens américains (protestants), immense propriété, plusieurs buildings à étages, hôpital etc. Les alliés de Tsingtao nous accueillent. Nous devons avoir l'air assez farouche car plus tard un missionnaire protestant me dira qu'il croyait que

nous étions les « troupes de choc des Roman catholic ». Il faut que j'abrège. Bientôt d'autres groupes arrivent et parmi eux les samistes Paul Gilson, Raymond De Jaegher, Herman Unden, Albert Palmers. On nous met heureusement ensemble dans deux toutes petites chambres. Les japs fournissent des vivres, font l'appel, montent la garde et ne s'occupent pas du reste. Tout le travail est fait par les internés, boulangerie, cuisine, etc. Tous sont occupés aux cuisines sauf Paul et moi qui sommes préposés à des besoins bien moins poétiques. Après le départ de Paul, Raymond le remplacera. Nicolas, cuisinier, puis chauffeur, Herman et Albert, boulangers.

Nous sommes environ 500 Pères et Sœurs alliés ; leur présence a mis la joie et la gaieté dans une société qui était passablement abattue. Beaucoup même parmi les catholiques ont eu comme une révélation du prêtre; surtout les Américains, bons enfants et très cordiaux. Ah! les magnifiques matchs de base-ball où tout le camp se précipitait et où bien des sympathies allaient aux « padres ». Ils ont laissé un souvenir très bienfaisant et inoubliable. Le 15 août, ils sont repartis vers Péking sur les instances du Délégué. Comme c'était à nos frais, nous avons préféré ne pas grever le budget déjà si maigre de nos évêques et sommes restés avec l'approbation de Mgr le Délégué. Paul seul est parti à cause des exigences de la procure de Pékin. On a vu aussi les missionnaires protestants. Nous avons fait quelques amis parmi eux.

En septembre, un nombre important d'Américains ont été rapatriés, et à leur place est venu le groupe de Chefoo, composé surtout de l'école de C. I. M. (China Inland Mission). Au début nous étions 1800, depuis 1500. L'atmosphère du camp changea complètement; elle devint assez terne. Beaucoup de gens étaient fort « clown ». Nous rencontrons Mme Hc de Keyser et ses trois fillettes (les trois garçons sont à Shangai et Jean (3) à Tchungking). Avec Raymond on devient fort bons amis. Ils quittent, libérés, en février. Je donne des leçons de latin et français à l'école américaine établie au camp et qui est pratiquement catholique.

Les laïcs habitués à la vie confortable ont certainement beaucoup souffert; nous pas. J'ai grossi.

Le camp me vaut un dixième an dont j'avais absolument besoin. Je reviens du camp rayonnant de santé. La philanthropique de Tien Tsin nous a envoyé des colis.

Le 17 août 1945, sept Américains sont arrivés en parachute au camp. Dans un délire de joie, tout le camp se rue dans les champs à leur rencontre. Le 16 octobre, je suis évacué avec Raymond et Manu Hanquet à Péking par avion. Les autres suivent le lendemain. Albert était parti un mois plus tôt pour Shangai. J'habite chez Paul Gilson avec Nicolas. Suan-Hwa est aux mains des rouges. Impossible de retourner; d'ailleurs le Séminaire est scindé et éparpillé. Les Pères de Scheut attendent encore toujours à Péking. Il faudra bien attendre quelques mois avant que tout cela ne s'arrange. Le grand séminaire de Suan-Hwa a été occupé par le gouvernement provincial des japs, maintenant par les rouges. La résidence, le couvent du Petits Frères, etc. à Ankwo ont été pillés plusieurs fois par les japs, maintenant ils sont également occupés par les rouges qui ont relégué Monseigneur dans une petite chambre. Raymond et Herman sont à la procure des Petits Frères près du Petang. Manu songe à rentrer à Huntung sous peu.

Salut cordial à tous.

MICHEL.

(1) Nous reviendrons avec la Victoire.

(2) Environ 8 km.

(3) Jean Ho, ancien étudiant de Louvain, marié à une louvaniste.



## Looking back on Weihsien

By GORDON MARTIN

March - April 1946

'GOD meant it unto good,' as He means all things to work together for good for His servants. Hard times are not something for us to dodge, not something to get through as soon as possible; they are a rough field to be tilled for a harvest: they are something which GOD can train us to welcome. But GOD's purpose of good is for us to attain, and afterwards we must not let it slip away.

What good has come from Weihsien ?

It was good that missionaries and business people should live together. Both sorts live in China absorbed in their own lives there is usually little intercourse and too much feeling of difference. In internment camps, missionary and business man were neighbours, knowing each other's ways and temper; sharing camp duties, sweeping, carrying garbage; standing in the same queues, silent queues, impatient and resentful queues, talkative, cheerful queues; seeing each other take hardship or responsibility. Many of us are very grateful for the chance of knowing fine men and women from the business world, whom we should never have met but for internment.

Then what a chance to meet our missionary partners ! The whole missionary body of North-East China was in Weihsien, except for German or neutral missionaries. We were of different denominations and diverse in outlook; but we had a Weihsien Christian Fellowship, a Fellowship in spirit as well as in organisation. In this matter we owed very much to Harold Cook, of the Methodist Missionary Society, and to Bishop Scott (S.P.G.). We all had a chance of enrichment, and we shall have friends everywhere, as a result of internment.

These new contacts made possible new duties. We from Chefoo were no longer living in a small largely feminine community. We had to work with men and commend our Gospel by being active and efficient. Some of us were Wardens looking after the needs of people in our blocks ; others were cobblers, bakers, butchers. Gordon Welch became manager of the camp bakery - a vital function! - and for a long time he served on the most difficult of the camp committees, the Discipline Committee. Managing the games for the camp, running a Boys' Club in the winter, running Scout and Guide activities, and many other tasks gave us new chances of being useful. Cleaning vegetables, issuing stores, managing the sewing room, mending clothes were less interesting tasks : but all meant new contacts; and new contacts and necessary tasks were for our profit.

As I think about the Chefoo boys and girls in the camp, what was their gain? We know that their book learning was curtailed, that they went through considerable discomfort, and that they were tested severely in character. Some minds have been contaminated, early training has been shaken, standards have become uncertain or

# Weihhsien Camp Internees Saw No Jap Atrocities

By Lt. Edward Kuhn, Jr.



**TIENTSIN, May 10 — American Marines with preconceived** away. Through the efforts of these two, news of Allied victories began leaking into Weihhsien. As the Japanese tide ebbed westward across the Pacific, spirits in Weihhsien rose, defiance and black market activities of life in a Japanese concentration camp will lift an unbelieving eyebrow when they hear of Weihhsien. The Tientsin internees on the Shantung peninsula saw no atrocities.

The town of Weihhsien is 80 miles northwest of Tsingtao and 25 miles inland from the Gulf of Chihli. Here 1,500 Occidentals — 700 British, 300 Americans and smaller groups of Dutch, Greek, Italian, and Belgian nationals were confined from March 24, 1943, until October 17, 1945. What precipitated their internment by the Japanese was the seldom mentioned declaration of war on the Allies in January 1943, by Wang Ching-wei's puppet government in Nanking.

Formerly an American Mission School, the camp .was surrounded by an eight foot wall with corner watchtowers, guards, electrical barbed wire, and other Alcatraz accessories. Inmates lived in long rows of one-room mudstucco huts. Standard room dimensions were nine by 12 feet, two or three persons to a room. Inside the cubicle of the more ingenious inmate could be found a mud: stove with stove-pipe made of tin cans, chairs that once were wooden crates, expedient tables, a trunk, suitcases, and two beds. Plumbing facilities were comparable to those back on the islands; outdoor showers and strict shower hours, outhouses, no running water. Food consisting mainly of bread porridge, tea, sweet potatoes, and weak soup was proffered service style to long lines of internees.

Community, affairs were handled by a nine man committee of prisoners granted an amazing amount of power by a lenient and, reasonable Japanese commandant. The latter, it was rumored, spent time: behind barbed wire in the United States before repatriation via an enemy alien swap. Time spent possibly at, White Sulphur Springs, had softened the commandant to such a degree that he allowed the committee to offer suggestions and to register complaints. As the war drew to a close, these complaints became demands. Among other painless regulations the Japs called for two daily roll calls and a ten o'clock curfew.

Each prisoner had a job. Men hauled carts of flour and coal in the same back breaking fashion that the Taku Road coolies do

lowered. Close contact with men and women of every sort has opened the eyes of our boys and girls: they have seen dishonest and vicious people ; they realize how widely diverse are the standards of conduct and amusement, even among people of upright life; they have seen many varieties of Christian life and worship. To assimilate so much experience was not easy without some upsets. But in these matters they are the better fitted by these experiences to enter the adult world of their home countries. And tests are God-given: we do not know the end of these testings. To counter-balance those boys and girls whom we think of as defeated, we look at others who not only survived the tests, but triumphed; who were shaken, but ended with their convictions settled on the Rock. I believe that most of our boys and girls will be stronger for life because of Weihhsien.

In self-reliance, in manifold abilities they have gained greatly: cooking, stove-building and tending, household duties are familiar to them. To choose their own occupations, their own reading, friends, way of spending much of Sunday, the fashion of their private devotions - these choices have been forced upon them by circumstances. For choosing adult careers, they are better equipped both by what they have done and by the contacts they have had, than by the ordinary training of school and college.



Will our internment mean any gain for the Chinese ?

I think the Chinese will feel themselves nearer to us for two reasons. First, the missionary lost his national superiority . For so long, we Westerners had been neutrals, looking on while the Japanese armies invaded China ;

now we have been with the Chinese, equally the objects of Japanese control and spoliation. Then, the missionary lost his superior economic position : no longer was the missionary rich (compared with the average Chinese) and living in comfort (compared with most Chinese houses). The missionary was now housed in Chinese houses : he was in need of every scrap of fuel now, and went gathering cinders from rubbish-heaps, like any Chinese beggar; the missionary lived on the simplest foods and relished the simplest Chinese extras, peanuts, soy-bean sauce, jujube-dates, to flavour the dull fare. So we have 'eaten bitterness', as the Chinese say, sharing the dish of deprivation from which most Chinese eat constantly. This should be a real bond between Chinese and missionary.

Looking back on Weihhsien, I feel we have learnt for life (though I know how easy it is to forget GOD's lessons) that externals don't touch internals. What is outside can't affect what is inside: in two ways. Covetousness does not come from outside, but inside. It was easy when supplies ran short, to excuse oneself for covetousness on the score that it was natural to make sure you (and your family) had enough, but when airborne supplies came beyond our needs, still the covetous heart urged people to grab, even with abundance around. But even more, contentment, and resting in GOD, are not caused by external circumstances, nor are they at the mercy of adversity. So 'I congratulate myself on the pressure of adversity; for adversity fashions endurance, and endurance produces tested character, and character breeds hope; and that sort of hope never lets us down, because GOD loves us and GOD has revealed His love in our experience.'





the work today. Women were nurses, cooks and pan washers. Everyone took a turn at latrine duty and tried their hand at manning, the pumps. Such occupations were novel to most, painful and •filthy to all. But somehow a group of people, any group, will rise to meet a situation. The prisoners at Weihsien were no, exception.

As the war progressed and the committee widened its scope of activities under the temperate commandant, recreational committees planned baseball and football games, stage productions, musical concerts and weekly dances. The fact that one of Tientsin's better dance bands was interned almost intact in Weihsien added a professional flavor to the entertainment.

The Japanese as masters were ineffectual and pathetic as well as indulgent. The extreme form of punishment was a meaningless slapping around and eventual confinement in the Japanese section. Their propaganda attempts to lower camp morale included a bizarre tale about the death of Deanna Durbin in child birth and a story about Carmen Miranda losing both legs in an automobile accident. Apparently the Nips thought Carmen's legs were of more vital interest to the inmates than the death of F. D. R. They failed to capitalize on the tragic truth. Towards the war's end half of the Japanese guards were involved in black market operations with the other half trying to apprehend them.

Two men disguised as coolies, an American and an Englishman, ventured and accomplished escape over wall and barbed wire to join a Chinese guerrilla band which operated only a few miles ities increased. Particularly effective at this latter avocation were the missionaries and priests whose meditations led them on long walks by the, prison walls. With the Scriptures before them in their right hand, the holy men would trade over the wall with sympathetic Chinese peasants with their left.

The long awaited rescue came on August, 1945. Peace rumors had been circulating in camp for a week. When confronted with a demand for information, the Nip commandant refused to confirm or deny the news — which action on his part was really confirmation enough. About nine o'clock the morning of August 17, a large transport with an American flag painted on the body circled the camp uncertainly, finally dropped seven paratroopers. Weihsien tenants, imprisoned two and a half years, stormed the gates to swoop down upon their "rescuers", an unarmed AUS peace team.

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- The writer of this article must have been misinformed --- !

In fact, we were rescued by a fully armed team from a well trained American commando ready to fight fot it if the Japs disobeyed to HiroHito's surrender speech two days before. They were parachuted from a B-24 bomber with stars and stripes painted on its fuselage and wings. Furthermore, in the camp, young & valid men were ready to help the American soldiers with what they had --- butcher's knives, axes etc ...



## First impressions of Weihsien, or Wayseen! 1943

After a journey which would require ten volumes to describe, we found ourselves 2 stations from Weihsien.

It was like this, we were sitting in 2 crowded railway cars, tired, dirty, hot and thirsty. Someone was asking wearily, "how far do you think we shall have to go" when a military guard entered and informed us that the next stop would be Weihsien, and that we would be allowed 2 minutes to alight with all our hand-baggage. I have only a vague memory of what happened during the remaining 15 minutes or so. Everybody seemed to be moving, collecting baggage, talking, sighing or laughing. Women and children were to get down first and be ready to catch the luggage from the windows, men and youths were to remain behind to throw it out! As the train slowed down we were all ready, I can't remember if the platform existed or not, it was nothing to speak of where we jumped down, as jump we did, it seemed to be a three foot drop, cases and baskets tumbled all about us. It all happened so quickly. Before we had time to think the train was disappearing and we were standing breathless, a party of almost 300 amidst piles of baggage. This was exactly a 2 minute effort but it looked as though we should need hours to sort ourselves out. A Japanese officer was shouting out orders, but no dramatic performance. We interpreted his meaning to be of the "hurry along" without the "please"! We were loaded into buses some of the boys sat on top of the luggage truck, we overtook them on the road to the camp, their engine broken down, but that was nothing, it happened every trip.

It seemed as if the whole camp were lined up to welcome us. Kindliness and cheeriness helped to revive our spirits, "cheer up, it's not so bad here when you get used to it." We started to chat straight away. We were herded into the main yard in front of the officer where we stood while the Camp rules and regulations were read to us. From there we were escorted in parties to our preliminary quarters, my family was divided, the boys went off with a party of boys, while Jean and I were in a group of women, our room was an unused hospital ward — we had the cement floor for a bed. What kindness was shown to us! Rugs and coats and covers of all kinds were brought along and lent to us for the next three weeks to lie on until our own bedding arrived, or didn't! It was three weeks before we were to see it again and find how much of it remained, literally how little. One fellow internees had prepared supper for us, Leek soup, Cornflower and water custard, dry bread and tea (no sugar or milk, such luxuries don't exist!). I remember I had an awful headache and the attempt to eat that first meal nearly choked me, all I wanted was my cement bed. There were 20 of us in that ward and how we groaned on that hard floor! We laughed at ourselves and at each other in our attempts to be cheerful!

Daylight brought many fresh impressions but I must stop — Amongst those which stand out most clearly in my mind the Lavatories and Showers come first — "What impossible Lavatories" I thought, and what revolting cesspools. I still feel sick at the sight of them. I shall never forget the thrill I had upon being told there were showers, I hurried along, delighted at the thought of a wash, but what a let down to walk inside and see about ten women all standing in a row, washing in public! This was too much, I could have shed enough tears to give myself a good wash up. Never will I get used to it, and I have, but I walked away dirty that first day! I think we all



touched bottom of dirt and shocks during the first three weeks, we had only the clothes we arrived in and it was still hot weather.

Well Cheerio, the end is near and we are looking forward now to homes, rooms, food, baths, new clothes, real shoes, and above all the welcome smiles of loved ones.

Then we shall smile and say, "Goodbye Weihsien"!

Beatrice Lack  
July 1946.



## Chapter 26. Internment

Biography of Wiley B. Glass, Missionary to China,  
By: Eloise Glass Cauthen.

# "HIGHER GROUND"

In October even our limited liberties ended. All "enemy aliens" were confined in the Chefoo Civil Assembly Camp. Only one man escaped from it, and he was caught and returned.

The Presbyterian compound on Temple Hill was divided into three parts for the camp. Our part was two one-family residences beside the church. Forty-seven people were placed in one house; Jessie and I were two of the sixty-three assigned to the other. After ten days of impossible crowding, twenty-one were moved to another place; but forty-two of us still shared it.

There were ten people in our bedroom. We spread what we had on the floor and were grateful that Lois' two trunks produced bedding to share. Later we were able to get bed boards, saw horses, and even curtains to partition off our spaces. We appropriated many things from the attics for our use and were especially glad to find plenty to read. Each room had a stove. We were allowed to hire artisans to make boilers, stove pipes, and other essentials. One big snow had already fallen, and it was a long, cold winter.

Each house group was assembled, and a military officer read the regulations that would govern our lives. No one was to leave his assigned yard without an accompanying guard. All men had to go with the military while they took inventory. All funds of any kind were counted and put in a safe, which was never to be opened except in the presence of the Japanese in charge. I was made camp treasurer. We were to feed ourselves as long as there was any money. We made a weekly assessment of twenty dollars per person, but some had come in without a cent; and before long few could pay. Before the winter was over, the Japanese had to feed us. We ran short of meat, butter, and sugar, but we never really suffered.

We organized to share the chores of living. One of the Presbyterian doctors was my partner on the sanitation squad to empty the toilet buckets. There were no flush commodes or sewers. Some chopped kindling and brought in coal. All ashes had to be sifted to find any cinders that might burn again. The younger men pumped water, two at a time. It was a strenuous job, and the pump was constantly getting out of fix. We had to do our own laundry, of course. Folks managed to keep fairly decent. After the ground began to thaw, one old man got his exercise by working in flower beds and planting flowers everywhere they would grow. A particular inconvenience was lack of a dining room. After we picked up our plates in cafeteria style, we took our food to our bedrooms and ate on the small bit of floor space marked out as ours.

Mail was so rare that any letter became everybody's letter. Very few trickled in from the outside. A letter written by Baker Cauthen from Free China in November did reach us in February.

Somehow we learned that the eight thousand "enemy nationals" in Shanghai were all to be interned as we were. We wondered how it would go with them.

We really were not badly off. The Japanese officer in charge of our camp was a gentleman in every way. He granted every request he dared think the military would allow. He had been a captain. Most of the guards were disabled soldiers, and only a few were friendly. Most were brusque and strictly businesslike, so I was touched when one of the officers said of me to others, as we were leaving, "This is my friend from Hwanghsien."

The former Japanese consul, who had been most considerate and efficient, was removed by the military, but his successor seemed to try to help the internees as much as he could. The Swiss consul was our representative with the Japanese and looked after our interests. He obtained some money for milk for the camp when the milkman had said he would deliver no more until bills were paid.

Our Baptist group received some love gifts from Chinese Christians who, like David's men who brought him water from the well of Bethlehem, risked their lives to help us. David poured his water out as an offering, but we used what came to us.

The Japanese insisted that anyone in the camp with money would help to support the camp. In polite English, but with a bayonet at his throat, they told a Greek import-export man, "Yes, you put in money, please. Thank you."

This wealthy man, said to be the richest in the port, was allowed to go home once a month under guard to visit his invalid daughter and his aged mother. At those times we sent out dirty linens to the laundry by him. Through a German neighbor who often visited his home, we were able when we left internment to send our comfort money (five dollars in United States money per month, totaling one thousand dollars in Japanese currency) to the Baptist pastor in Chefoo. Pastor Yang deposited it with Hwanghsien firms that had business in Chefoo. They paid it to our seminary in Hwanghsien.

It was a deep joy to know that Tsang Tien-pao, my former student, then my colleague, and now principal of the seminary, was

keeping it going. He led in planting the campus with vegetable gardens from which the students could support themselves.

A great variety of people were interned in the Chefoo camp. Some of the non-religious had a superstitious faith in our daily five o'clock evening prayers. "After we go in and listen to you folks pray," they said, "we know nothing can happen to us before five o'clock tomorrow, anyhow."

At first the various preachers were called upon in turn to lead Sunday services; but by the first of January, our two houses beside the church decided they would choose a pastor. Everybody was given a vote, and I was unanimously elected. We had good music, and I greatly enjoyed preaching. One of the favorite songs was "Higher Ground," unfamiliar to many of the group until that time. Because I taught it to my congregation, I was somehow identified with it.

We had fun times, too. Occasionally we planned a social evening. Every Thursday some qualified member of the group delivered a lecture. Daily classes were offered in a variety of subjects.

We were aware that negotiations were continuing in Tokyo for a second repatriation ship, but as we saw little prospect of a speedy release we made the best of our confinement. Having committed our situation to the Lord, we did not feel alarmed for the future.

## Chapter 27.

### Repatriation and Release

When repatriation plans were at last made definite, I requested permission for Lois and me to visit the cemetery. Everybody in camp helped to gather flowers with which we filled the two rickshaws we had hired. The guard who accompanied us rode a bicycle. We heard Chinese people along the way speculating that there had been a death in the camp. As no conversation was allowed en route, we could not tell them they were wrong.

The gardener's daughter and another girl in the cemetery had been at our school in Hwanghsien. When they saw us they called out, "Our teacher, our teacher!" and came running to know why we were there.

I spoke to them, explaining our errand, until the guard came toward us threateningly. The girls

away, but watched while Lois and I went throughout the cemetery laying flowers on the graves of all Baptist missionaries and children of missionaries. We longed to talk, and the girls longed to hear; but we had to return to camp without another word to them. Enough had been said, however, for the Chinese to know that we were to leave China.

It was a relief not to be rebuked for having spoken to the girls. Lois had received one reprimand, and that was all she wanted. She had written postal cards in Chinese and received letters in internment; consequently, she was reported by a spy. I had been called on the carpet twice but I was never abused, struck, or manhandled.

Three days after the cemetery trip, fifty-five of us were shipped to Tsingtao. There we were put on a train for a huge camp at Weihsien. Swedish missionaries visited us at the train in Tsingtao, bringing us welcome news of Hwanghsien. "The seminary is open," they said. "We've just sent a group of students there." How we thanked God for the spirit of our Christian brothers in Hwanghsien!

We were held in Weihsien sixteen days, the remainder of the Chefoo camp joining us a week after our arrival. The well-organized Weihsien camp held about two thousand internees housed in the dormitories and classrooms of a Presbyterian school compound. Japanese officers occupied the residences. We enjoyed meeting old friends and attending concerts by a gifted pianist who was interned there.

Our real troubles began when we left Weihsien for Shanghai. The whole experience from then on was a nightmare. It was summer. On the train for two nights and nearly three days, crowded, hungry, and thirsty, when we finally arrived in Shanghai, we were kept waiting in the station because of a bomb explosion.

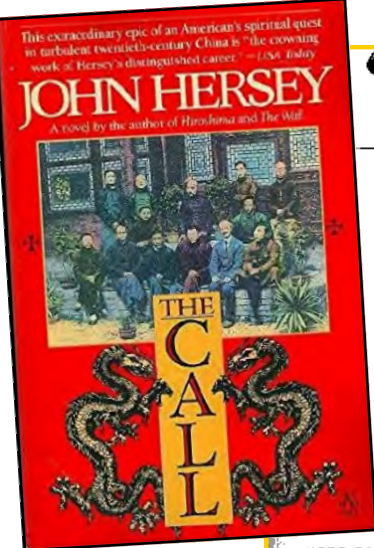
The ship we boarded was an old French liner renamed the Teia Maru. The typhoon season having begun, it rained constantly. We could see that the lifeboats were so cracked that the rain ran right through them, and there were enough only for about one-third of the sixteen hundred on board. The masts were cracked, and the ropes were rotten. We sailed from Shanghai on September 20 and spent a whole month reaching Goa, on the west coast of India, where the exchange was to be made for Japanese nationals from the United States.

Food on the ship was the worst of our experience. Rice was steamed all night, but only three-fourths of the worms were well cooked. We received fat pork only half-cooked. Once in a while we had eggs, but they were not good. Coffee was hard to get because persons who had Japanese money raided the kitchen and left no coffee to serve the tables. During this time Jessie developed sprue, the sore mouth and inflamed digestive tract that follows dietary deficiency. It continues for life.

At each port where repatriates were to be picked up, our vessel sat out in the sea. Our ship stayed several days in Hong Kong and four more days in stifling heat off Dagupan in the Philippines without any fresh water. We touched Saigon, pulling into the river, and small boats piled with fruit immediately began to crowd around. That fruit looked tempting after our deprived diet. The boatmen threw ropes up to the deck where we stood. A basket was tied to the other end of each rope. We pulled up the baskets, placed money in them, and lowered the baskets to pick up the fruit. When the Japanese observed what was going on, they ran a launch around the ship and chased all the vendors away. That seemed unnecessary cruelty to us.

End of page.





BOOK NINE

## THE KNOTS UNDONE

A SMELL OF SMOKE

HERE CAME David Treadup, doing coolie work.

The Japanese consular police were herding some three hundred fifty foreigners into the area of the Recreation Ground usually set aside in clement seasons for clay tennis courts. Treadup, wearing a fur hat and a black overcoat with a velvet collar, was trundling a contraption he had put together: a "knock-down" wheelbarrow, two bamboo poles supporting a V-shaped platform, the forward point of which ran along on a sturdy wheel purloined from the tea-service cart in Mrs. Evenrude's parlor.

On this rig rode his valises and those of Phinneas Cunningham. A vehicle of this sort was needed, because both men's bags were crammed to bursting with books. The best advice held that the stay might be long. "Shakespeare," Phinneas had said, "has more utility in the long run than extra underwear." (A supply of underwear and other haberdashery—and, among the miscellany, David's cornet—had gone forward with the men's clothes in their trunks.)

"I had pain in my arm but did not feel it, if such can be," Treadup later wrote. He felt "a false lift"—false, because it had no motor but curiosity. Any

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"I had pain in my arm but did not feel it, if such can be," Treadup later wrote. He felt "a false lift"—false, because it had no motor but curiosity. Any change was better than no change. The dreadful monotony of his uselessness had at least been interrupted. He was worried about Mrs. Evenrude who for some reason had been put down for a second transport of internees; he did not know whether she was strong enough to manage alone in her house for even a few days. But he had the consoling company of Dr. Cunningham, who marched along beside him looking like a hunchback—the little doctor was carrying a haversack, which bent his frail figure cruelly forward, for the kitbag, too, was full of books. The doctor kept pointing out to Treadup the bright side of every disastrous moment of this mass humiliation.

The Japanese consular authorities had set up areas for registration and for baggage search on the porch of the nearby pavilion—a small building of an architectural style which was wildly incongruous in the light of this day, for its bulbed and spiked roof conjured images of the proud palaces of the great days of the British Empire in India. At this very second, Japanese non-coms were scornfully flinging out onto the examination tables illegally held currency which they had discovered under the false bottom in a suitcase of Arthur Elmslee of the Hong Kong-Shanghai Bank. He was clearing his throat with a great roar, as if the hard lump of the humbling of the Union Jack were lodged somewhere just under his epiglottis.

When Treadup's and Cunningham's turn came, a bit later, the Japanese laughed to see the little travelling library, but they made no difficulty about it.

**THE WOMEN** and older men were anxious about the expected ordeal of carrying their bags on the long foot march—more than half a mile—to the railroad station, but at the last minute the Japanese authorities, better than their word for once, turned up with two large lorries, on which they built mounds of the heaviest bags. Treadup paid for the foresight he had invested in his barrow by having to push it with its load all the way.

The procession of three hundred fifty British and American Tientsiners out from the "Rec," along to the rim of the French Concession, down to the Bund, across the International Bridge and to the railroad station presented a sight for thousands of Chinese lining the way—and for Japanese cameramen, busy turning the cranks of their cameras to provide the home front with some cheerful entertainment. The diary:

*They liked my funny little cart, and one of them stuck his lens right in my face. I puffed out my cheeks and made cross-eyes. If a picture of the Imbecile Enemy was what they wanted, I would give it to them.*

By John  
HERSEY

# THE CALL

BOOK NINE

## THE KNOTS UNDONE

A SMELL OF SMOKE

HERE came David Treadup, doing coolie work.

The Japanese consular police were herding some three hundred fifty foreigners into the area of the Recreation Ground, usually set aside in clement seasons for clay tennis courts. Treadup, wearing a fur hat and a black overcoat with a velvet collar, was trundling a contraption he had put together: a "knock down"

**AT THE RAILROAD** station, a Japanese officer shouted through a megaphone that a train would soon be ready. It turned out that there was a wait of nearly two hours.

*When I saw how many women there were, and indeed how very many children, some of them quite small, I felt a flash of helpless rage at Todd and Blackie and the other people in New York for having been so dogmatic about Emily's evacuation — and at myself for having accepted their advice. I wanted her now standing beside me. Then I thought: Would I want to put her through all this? Then I thought: Yes. Being the woman she is, she would be happier here — 'knowing.' By this time I was so raw and my arm was so sore that I nearly bit poor Phinny's head off when he asked me some inconsequential question.*

Finally the whole crowd was loaded, bags and all, onto just two Chinese third-class coaches, with merciless unpadded wooden benches. Treadup left his wheelbarrow on the station platform. Not everyone could find a seat; Treadup sat on his bags. The train crept across the countryside at what seemed to Treadup about ten miles per hour. There was nothing to eat or drink, save what picnics people had brought for themselves. After dark, no one but children slept.

In the middle of the night, at the rail center of Tsinan, all were obliged to change trains. Women needed help with their bags. Children, wakened, screamed with fear and hunger. The new train finally moved. Treadup felt feverish.

Late in the afternoon of the second day, the exhausted company arrived at the Yin Hsien station. Buses and trucks were waiting for the internees. They rode out of the city and through its suburbs into the country, and they were offloaded on a terraced hillside, planted with willows, between a river and a compound wall.

*I was listless, tired, downhearted, in pain, but that wall roused me. My buttocks prickled at the sight of it. It was as if I were in an old wooden house and waked up from a deep sleep smelling smoke. This was the usual eight-foot gray brick mission-compound wall, familiar to me as an often seen boundary of refuge for foreigners, setting the limits of a peaceful sanctuary from the Chinese universe roundabout — except that now there was a difference: guard turrets had been erected at the corners of the wall. This was no refuge. This was a prison.*

**ON EDGE**

**THE• FIRST** sensations, within the wall, were not so alarming — merely of bone chill and brain dampness.

The Tientsin troop was led in and lined up on an athletic ground next to a brick church with a corrugated tin roof. There the Japanese camp authorities held an interminable roll call; there were two or three more names than people, the usual mix-ups, endless palavers in Japanese at a high pitch. Treadup and Cunningham stayed tight, side by side.

This place, they knew and could see, was a former missionary compound, in which there had evidently been a large college or middle school, a hospital, a church, and several Western-style residences; now all was drab and befouled. Most of the passageways were cluttered with all sorts of furniture and trash thrown out from the buildings, presumably by uncaring bivouacs of Japanese troops

and, later, by quartermasters in hasty preparations to receive these internees.

At last the group was marched to Building No. 24. The men were placed in dank basement classrooms from which everything had been removed except some reed mats to sleep on — not enough to go around. Each chose his floor space and piled his luggage beside it. Then the Tientsiners, having been directed to carry along their own eating utensils, were escorted to Kitchen No. 1, where they formed in long lines to wait for food.

*Half an hour later Phinny and I had drawn close enough to the servers to see something important: there was not a single Chinese in the compound. We were being helped by folks, as we soon learned, from Tsingtao. They had been in the camp about a week. Merchants, bankers, lawyers, doctors, musicians, missionaries, former soldiers — people just like us Tientsiners — were manning the kitchen and serving lines. There would henceforth be no servantry in our lives. My first thought: Dirty work I don't mind. But this is verily the end of the end of my mission to the people of China. Cut off. Cut off. I remember the time, long long years ago, when I first arrived in Tientsin, and I thought — in the way we thought, back in those days — this is war, and I am a Christian soldier, a General for Jesus, and I must have courage. Now I'm down to the root of it. Yes, I must have courage. Now I am really to live an army life, with a mess kit in my paw, waiting in line. A prisoner of war of a sort — not quite the kind of hero for Christ I envisioned when I was that boy so wet behind the ears.*

The famished travelers were given a hot, watery brew, in which bits of Chinese cabbage, field carrots, and leeks could be seen to float, and plentiful bread that had been baked, as the servers said, right in the compound.

*I bedded down in my clothes on the chilly floor How unforgiving that concrete was! I hardly slept at all. I thought and thought about Emily. I am safe, Em. My body is safe. But it is hollow, null, and void. I tried to pray. I made several efforts. I would start my silent habitual line of address to the Almighty, only to have the feeling that there was no ear up there. There had always, all my life since I came to know God, seemed to be two of us when I prayed. We were together. But now it seemed as if I, like old Mrs. Evenrude, was mumbling to myself in an empty room. It was the sensation of talking on the telephone and realizing that the line has gone dead. This frightened me.*

**HIS BODY** was not quite so hollow as he thought: In the morning, after a breakfast of bread and tea, he had the urge to go to the toilet. He asked directions. Walking from Kitchen No. 1 to the nearest latrine for men, he got a sense of the choked scope of his new universe.

The compound was large — more than five acres, Treadup guessed — but it was nonetheless a prison. To the right of the main gate stood the church, and beside it the athletic field where the group had been assembled for roll call the evening before, and again that morning just after dawn. Running southward were two straight alleys, on both sides of which stretched about a dozen rows of long, narrow, one-storied buildings — evidently former student dormitories. They reminded Treadup of the rows of stables at the Tientsin Racecourse. Beyond these dorms, to the south, were two large classroom buildings, and farther yet, strictly out of bounds to the campers, were spacious courtyards with several substantial brick houses formerly occupied by missionaries, now sheltering the

Japanese camp authorities in fine style. To the west, in a swerve of the enclosure, stood a large hospital building, with tennis courts and a basketball court beside it.

The men's W.C. to which Treadup had been directed was on the way back to Building 24, where the Tientsiners had spent the previous night. There was a long line waiting.

In the diary, from this time onward, Treadup more and more addresses Emily, as if he were writing to her. Now:

*Em, I cannot describe the horror of that latrine, when finally I could enter it. The Japanese had taken out the Chinese-style squatting toilets and put in some flush ones — but Lord! only 23 for hundreds of people. I had to stand in line nearly half an hour. And then - Gehenna! The conveniences have pull-chains for flushing from wooden tanks overhead, but there is no water supply, and the cesspools below had all packed up, so the toilets were all full and flooded. Human leavings were awash on the floor. Perhaps Dante or Virgil could have described the stench — this was surely the stink of the vilest ring of hell. I suppose the closest bond one can form with his fellow man comes from walking in his excrement — the most equalizing stuff on earth: that of the genius smells as bad as that of the idiot, the emperor's perhaps worse than the beggar's. But it isn't stuff that makes one love his brother man. Except at sea I have always thought I had a strong stomach — here I added vomit to the mess. Even Phinny, my indomitable Dr. Pangloss, cannot, for once, see anything good about this. After his visit to the latrine this morning he came to me and announced that we will all die within a month. I don't mind if we do.*

**TREADUP** went back to the basement room in Building 24 and lay down on the concrete, with his rolled-up overcoat as a pillow. He did not try to read. "Against my shut eyelids, Em, I could see strange shifting patterns of lights — like those I saw when I went under ether, all those years ago when my arm was operated on." It seemed to him that his essence, his selfhood, had been condensed into some sort of hot liquid which was now being siphoned out of his head and torso and into his throbbing arm. "I tried prayer, but again I seemed to be talking into a wind. The fragments were torn from my mouth and blown away. I was afraid."

He had no idea how long this went on.

The next thing he was aware of was Phinneas Cunningham's pink face peering into his. It was a matter of course that the doctor would have bounced back from the mood of the death sentence he had so grimly pronounced earlier; but Treadup winced. That rosy face was too bright for his infirm eyes.

"Rise and shine, old sport!" Cunningham said with a robustness which grated on Treadup's ears. "You are needed."

Treadup sat up. "I'm dizzy," he said.

"Look here, Treads. You can't funk now."

"My arm," Treadup said.

"Yes, yes," Cunningham said. But, he went on, the arm would simply have to wait a week or two, or perhaps even longer. The hospital was a shambles. He, Cunningham, was going to be in charge of getting it back on its feet. The commandant of the Jonathans, he said, had ordered certain committees to be set up, to manage the various operations of the camp. There would be three to five internees on each. Phinny had been given the chairmanship of Medical Affairs. And, he said, "I suggested you for Number One on Engineering and Repairs. It was unanimous, Treadsy-boy. Old Olander of Standard Oil backed you up — said you're a brick — been to one of

your lectures — 'a practical noggin,' he said — said you're soft on the Chinks but after all there are none of them in here, are there? It was unanimous, Treadsy-boy. Come on! Ally-ooop! On your feet!"

"I'm not up to it."

"Look here, Treadup. ... "

"God himself damn you! Leave me alone."

**THE DIARY**, two days later:

*Em, I loathe this person, David Treadup. He is not I. He is a stranger. Imagine using a curseword against my dearest friend — next to you. I have never used such language in my life before: blasphemy: learned it from terrible Mrs. Evenrude. I have bit my tongue ever since. I just lie here. My arm is hot. Phinneas makes me go to meals. Can't eat anything but a little bread. Thank heavens I am constipated — don't have to face the River Styx. When will our beds come? I can't sleep on this bedrock.*

**EARLY** the fourth morning Treadup saw a sight which shook him at least partway out of his lethargy. On his way to Kitchen No. 1 from the basement room, he passed near one of the men's latrines. In the open area in front of it, he saw a number of men in black trousers rolled up above their knees, bare to the waist in the March air, working with shovels and buckets in a trench half filled with a foul-smelling ordure. They were clearing the drains and cesspools for the latrine.

*Catholics, Em! I have always thought Papists to be self-indulgent and high-living, with their Benedictine liquors and feasts of suckling pig. How wrong that mythology must have been. Have I been a bigot? These people were so stolid and vigorous, and so insouciant, roaring at each other in what I took to be Dutch and Belgian and laughing like sailors on some sort of drunken wading party on a shore-leave beach — but they were slopping about in that glaucous, scummy soup of urine and feces — talk about your Augean stables! My word, how I admired them! I honor those Romanists. They put the rest of us to shame.*

**THE BEDS** and trunks came. The Tientsiners were assigned permanent quarters. Married couples and families were housed in the rows of ten-by-twelve rooms in the long, low dormitory buildings. Bachelors and spinsters were placed in former classrooms in the large buildings.

Treadup and Dr. Cunningham now lived with nine other men in a room on the second floor of Building 23. Treadup felt pent up. "There is not space in this pigsty for me to expand my rib cage enough to fill my lungs with air." He had calculated that he had thirty-six square feet of floor area for his bed and his gear. This gave roughly three feet by four at the foot of the bed for what he called his "parlor." The Jonathans had provided a bookcaselike cupboard of open shelves, floor to ceiling, nailed against the wall beside each person's slot.

*Even when the boys were with us, you and I always had privacy and quiet, Em, and since you pulled out I have been alone. This confinement is very trying. I am having sordid*



quarrels. My loneliness in prayer scares me. My arm makes me furious. Everyone seems to take the attitude that because I am big I take up too much room.

**BESIDES** Treadup and Dr. Cunningham, the room held:

- A potbellied retired sergeant of the U.S. Fifteenth Infantry Regiment in Tientsin, a bully by nature and training; he had lived a shady life in the French Concession there, some said as a middleman in sales of smuggled curios.
- An Englishman with startling mustaches like porcupine quills, a grand personage high up in Kailan Mining, owner in Tientsin of the great racehorse Kettledrum, which had won the Tientsin Champion Stakes five straight years.
- An American derelict, formerly a Socony engineer, whose "better years," he told everyone, had been in the Bahrein oil fields in the Persian Gulf, now a lank, gaunt sausage of a man suffering agonizing cramps and sweats in forced withdrawal from his beloved paikar, the fiery Chinese liquor.
- A muscular American Negro dance instructor from the Voytenko Dancing School in Tientsin.
- A Eurasian, half Belgian and half Chinese, a salesman of cameras in a Tientsin store, who looked and acted like a ravishingly beautiful woman.
- A Pentecostal missionary, a bachelor with rattling dry bones under leathery dry skin, a kindly but rather repugnant man, with little dark velvety bags like bat bellies under his eyes, who groaned and babbled hair-raising fragments of sermons in his sleep — bringing loud roars for silence from the sergeant and the dancer.
- An English executive of Whiteaway Laidlaw, the largest department store in the British Concession, a sensible, direct, practical, unemotional man, an observer of rules and a mediator in all storms in the room.
- The former chief steward of the posh Tientsin Club, who still wore the black coat, double-breasted gray waistcoat, and striped trousers of his Club uniform, all of which he somehow kept impeccably clean, a straight-backed figure, honorable and correct, yet also mischievous, a fountain of laughter, a man, as David soon wrote, "too good to be true."
- A mean little Australian errand runner for the Customs Service, with a fake limp, who told a new lie every day about imaginary past glories — as the pilot of a smuggling plane, as a photographer of nude women, as a big-time Shanghai gambler — reduced now to a finicky, sneaky, sniveling complainer, scornful of Americans whatever their station but embarrassingly obsequious to upper-class Englishmen.

**ON THE MORNING** of March 25, word got around that a new transport of internees from Peking was to arrive. The Tientsin kitchen was given responsibility for preparing their evening meal. In

the afternoon Dr. Cunningham made Treadup get up out of bed to help him at the hospital, which was almost ready to take its first patients. Late in the day Treadup found himself among the onlookers as the exhausted Peking people straggled in at the main gate.

*Em, they were tired, but they looked like people from a real world. I realized that in only a few days my hold on the pride and dignity of a free man had given way. I had the mentality of a prison inmate. I was dead wrong in thinking I would want you to go through all this with me.*

Three days later the second Tientsin contingent came in, and again Treadup stood by the doctor's side to watch the arrival. This time both kept an anxious eye out for Mrs. Evenrude. There she was! — being carried in a "fireman's chair" by two priests. She had her arms around their shoulders, and she was nodding and laughing as if this were the nicest outing she had been on in years.

At seven that evening, Dr. Cunningham had her in a bed in the first ward in the hospital to be opened, one for women.

#### THE DIARY:

*What I cannot stand is waiting in line to go to the toilet. The latrines are orderly and clean now; the cesspools, though dangerously close (Phinny says) to the water wells, are working; buckets of waste water are kept at the facilities to flush them with. It's not the mess; it's the humiliation. My bowels are tied up. I wait half an hour for my turn and then can't do anything. This hasn't happened to me in four decades in China.*

#### TREADUP

lay abed much of the day.

One morning Dr. Cunningham said, "I can't treat your arm until the hospital is straightened out. You will be helping yourself if you help me. Get up, now."

*I felt very angry at first, Em, but I held my tongue this time, and in the end I was grateful to him. He put me to work on the horrendous pile of debris beside the hospital. Everything had been ripped out by the Jonathans, presumably when they were stationing troops here. Phinny was in a hurry, because inmates were scrounging all sorts of things for their rooms from the junk piles outdoors, and he didn't want to lose any possible medical gear that way. You would be astonished at what useful things we turned up. Much scientific apparatus — the equipment of the physics and chemistry labs thrown out on the ground without regard for value. Phinny and his staff are adapting all sorts of salvage for medical purposes.*

The work tired Treadup, and that afternoon he collapsed onto his bed again. He wrote in his diary awhile. Then his mind drifted. Suddenly someone was shaking his shoulder.

"Get out of bed, you damnable malingerer," a voice was saying ("in that sort of English accent, Emily, that seems to have been brought on by the swallowing of a wet piece of flannel cloth — do you remember old Bishop Francis at the Centennial in Shanghai—Lord Frawncis, we used to call him?"). This was the voice of the high-toned Mr. Ramsdel, bereft now of his Kettledrum. Red in the face. Beside him, the Customs Service wharf rat, Drubbins — "pale as a fish filet," Treadup later wrote. This mismatched pair had somehow quickly teamed up to make everyone else in the room miserable, with their constant carping and complaints.

"It's a bloody shime, big bloke loik you," Drubbins said.

Treadup sat up. He felt a surge of anger. "I worked all morning," he said. "I have been excused from assignments because I have an infected arm." His own words enraged him even more — they sounded like the last thing he intended: an appeal for sympathy.

"And I have the runs," said the rat. "The blighters didn't excuse *me*."

"And I a toothache," said Mr. Racehorse. "You lie here scribbling."

Drubbins thrust his face so close to Treadup's that David could smell his breath — "air from an abandoned cellar." "You're a bloody nuisance," Drubbins said. "Going to take you up with the Jappies, I am. You've shoved your bloody bed four bloody inches into my particular premises."

*I'm on edge. Everyone's on edge. This matter of inches is everything. I scrambled out of bed to check the chalk marks on the floor, and my bed was in fact an inch or so in Drubbins's area. Being in the wrong threw me quite out of kilter, and I began raving at the two persecutors.*

**THAT AFTERNOON** Dr. Cunningham opened a men's ward, and his first admitted patient was David Treadup.

## OUT OF TOUCH

**H E C A M E** up from ether seeming to be on a deck chair on a very rough day. A basin was providentially in place, just in time. A beautiful face swam into focus for a few seconds, then faded. Later it was there again. He felt less seasick.

At an indefinite time he heard a woman's voice, "That's better, Mr. Treadup."

He saw that it was a nun. He groaned. He had counted on Em.

**T W O D A Y S L A T E R** he was able to read, and even to write a little. There was a gauze drain in the wound in his left arm. He still had a lot of pain. The nun, Sister Catherine, bathed his forehead with a cool damp cloth. Every few hours Dr. Cunningham came to change the dressing and to chat, and in the evenings he came back and talked for a long time. He had brought David a book on the Epicureans and Stoics.

*My little friend Dr. Rubber Ball comes bouncing in here and tells me to get that dark cloud off my forehead. You make me irritable, I say. Look at these ancients, he says, their 'ataraxia' — tranquillity — tranquillity, Treads! — two, three centuries before your Jesus Christ and his agony on the cross. When he says this, I feel an icicle in my heart. I am puzzled by this sudden fear. I am not used to fear.*

Another entry:

*Avoidance of pain. O how I would like to achieve it. Phinny says I will, at least in my arm, in a few days. He says these sulfa drugs that the Jonathans let him have (perhaps the very ones commandeered from his hospital in Tientsin!) are better than faith, when it comes to healing sore arms. But it is the pain in myself, which the drugs can't touch, that frightens me. I had thought Epicurus was more joyous than he turns out to be. Those were very cool nerves he had. No raptures. Anchored under a lee shore out of the wind. It doesn't seem enough to me. Both these schools taught different sorts of resignation; I want and need more than that. I read late last evening, till the print blurred. Realized this morning I forgot even to try to pray last night.*

**"THE ONLY THING** that kept my head above water in those days of my utter raggedness," Treadup wrote in "Search,"

*was Phinneas Cunningham's elation. He seemed to dart about on free air like a chimney swift. His joy lay in improvisation. He and his colleagues imagined a hospital and then materialized it out of match sticks, and pieces of cellophane from cigarette packages, and cold-cream jars, and hatpins, and battered mess kits. The Jonathans provided some equipment later on, but at first everything had to be dealt up by ingenuity. Phinny told me that for a successful mastoid operation on a child from Tsingtao, Flanner, the chief surgeon from P.U.M.C., had to boil up a carpenter's hammer, use a retractor made from a Meccano set, and make sutures with a woman's sewing kit.*

Yet there are numerous notes during the days of his recuperation which suggest that Dr. Cunningham, with his repeated jibes at Treadup's faith, his railing at the "high tone" of missionaries in the camp, his mockery of Christian cant, was causing Treadup increasing pain and fear. "I wish I were back to Ma Ch'iao!" he wrote once. "I am at my wits' end."

**S I S T E R C A T H E R I N E** sat beside his bed each afternoon. She prayed a great deal. Treadup lay and peeked at her over his book as she ran beads through her fingers, her lips silently moving. It was hard to tell her age; the wimple shaded her face; he thought she might be ten years younger than he. Her eyebrows were black smudges on her paper skin. She had amazing physical strength for a woman of her age, and one so willowy and fine-boned. Her touch was as cooling as menthol. She pursed her lips at Dr. Cunningham's heresies. She answered questions openly but asked none.

She had been born, she said, in Milwaukee, in a large German-American family; she was the third of eleven children. Her father drank and beat her mother, who died — "she was ready for a vacation" — bearing the eleventh child. Four of the six daughters became nuns "in order to get away." Sister Catherine had been in China for thirty-two years, all of them spent in the far interior, in Shensi Province. Yet now she did not seem in the least dislocated; she acted at home in the internment camp.

Treadup wrote "to" Em, a month later, that with her so far away when he was in the hospital, Sister Catherine had been the dearest and safest woman on earth to be with, for she was capable of such a hovering closeness that one could almost hear her rapid heartbeat, yet at the same time she kept herself at such a distance that "looking at her was like gazing at a mountain vista a high-sky day

with a cool north wind." Probably, he wrote, the miles of us distance lay in the ever true keeping of her oath of chastity. But she did not seem, like some of the nuns, de-sexed. Pure, yes. The love she gave a male hospital patient held more in it than the word "charity" could contain.

One afternoon he was reading about Epicurus. He was feeling low. Here was a passage in which Epicurus urged a man to be honest, prudent, and fair toward others — not in order to be a good man, but simply in order to escape the censure of society and thus avoid one kind of pain. Suddenly tears started into David's eyes. At once Sister Catherine was up out of her chair and had put a hand on his arm. "What is it, Mr. Treadup?" she asked.

"I don't know," he said. Then he said, "Will you forgive me?"

"What for?"

"I don't know"

"Yes, my son," she said. "I forgive you."

He began to sob. She took his shoulders in her arms and held his head against her breast.

**IN "SEARCH":**

*I see now that I should have taken that emotional break as a warning — or as advance notice — of the far deeper plunge that was to come in a few days. My convalescence was misleading; I guess I was in an unusually vulnerable state. I must not have realized how angry I was at God the Father for having snatched my mission, and therefore, as it seemed, the meaning of all my past life, away from me.*

**W H E N** Dr. Cunningham discharged Treadup from the hospital, he arranged with the Housing Committee to have the big man transferred, because of his infirmity, to a room in one of the long, low dormitory buildings, where he would have only two roommates and less hullabaloo than in his former quarters. David did not like this transfer. He confessed to Emily in his diary that being separated from Phinneas frightened him.

*I was humiliated, being so big and looking so strong, to have to stand by and watch two slight fellows carry my bed and baggage over from Building 23. They certainly didn't like it. They cut some very black looks at me.*

Treadup's new roommates began at once to quarrel with him. Having been just two in the ten-by-twelve room, they had been quite comfortable.

Now they had a jostling, nonworking giant and all its gear to contend with.

One of the men was a sporty bachelor, Cyril Watkins, Tientsin agent for the Jardine Matheson trading company. As everyone else became more and more seedy, he wore silk shirts, handmade in Hong Kong with his initials on them, and Liberty silk neckties with paisley patterns. He had posted on the door a set of fourteen rules of the room: "Beds made before breakfast. No clothes left lying about. Knock before entering ... "

The other roommate was a Rumanian, Ion Titu Corbuc, who, Phinneas told David, had had a reputation in Tientsin as a tout at the Racecourse. It had not taken him long to find a new life as a scrounger: he had built a short wooden ladder, which by day he kept hidden under his bed and by night leaned against the compound wall, in order to bargain over it with Chinese farmers for eggs, peanuts, malt candy, sugar, honey, tobacco, and matches, which he sold to his

fellow inmates. In this "over-the-wall" commerce he was in frantic competition with a group of Catholic fathers, who had early commandeered, for night use, the mounds of earth the Japanese had raised against the inside of the wall for sharpshooters when the camp had been a Japanese military bivouac. The monks had become kings of the black market, partly because of their excellent command of both spoken and written Chinese. As a trader, Corbuc was unctuous, smiling, and agreeable; as a roommate, he was contemptuous, whining, short-tempered, and often vicious. Cunningham thought he may have bought his occupancy in the room from a corrupt member of the Housing Committee.

Dr. Cunningham had asked the Employment Committee to give Treadup four days of convalescence before assigning him to a task. His roommates here, as in the former room, were infuriated by the inactivity of this hulk, and they criticized him for everything he did or did not do: for growling when his arm hurt, for reading and writing in bed, for staying in his pajamas when the Japanese dawn roll call required everyone to go to the doorway of his room.

**T R E A D U P** was assigned to be a kettle and pot washer in the Tientsin Kitchen No 2.

This turned out to be hard work, especially at first, while he was still weak. The bulk cooking was done in vast, shallow, round-bottomed iron cauldrons, four feet in diameter, in which soups and stews were made. This meant that Treadup contended, over and over again, for hours at a stretch, with crusted gravies and fatty mucilages and blackened residues. The wooden covers of the great kettles were particularly hard to clean. There was, as well, an endless oncoming rush of spoons and ladles and smaller utensils in which the kitchen staff cooked black-market eggs for the internees. The soap supplied by the Japanese was itself greasy; his scouring brushes soon lost their stiffness.

The Tientsin kitchen served about five hundred fifty mouths; Kitchen No. 1, Tsingtao, served seven hundred fifty; Kitchen No. 3, Peking, about four hundred fifty. Each meal's serving took about an hour and a half; but each meal's mess took a kettle washer at least three hours to clean up. Treadup worked two meals a day. Grim in his thoughts, his vision still turned mostly inward on himself, he was only dimly aware of the long lines waiting for their turns at the dripping ladles at the great kettles. He sealed himself off from the hubbub of kitchen workers around him.

**N O W C A M E** what Treadup later called "the precipitating incidents." Objectively, these happenings were not nearly so shocking as had been many things he had seen and experienced in the field; their significance, their force for precipitation, lay in his overreaction to them.

- A wiper working at Treadup's side was Irrenius P. Cashman, a Presbyterian missionary who was known throughout China as one of the finest leaders of the Christian movement. He was used to sitting on managing boards, and he had been "surprised" at being assigned to the lowly kitchen cleanup squad. But, he said, dropping out one of his famous saws, "You are never quite safe from being surprised until you are dead." As Treadup gradually became more aware of the people around him, he found himself growing annoyed by Renny Cashman's habit of passing judgment on his fellow man. One of the assistant cooks, a Baptist missionary raised on a South Carolina farm, had a sweet, yielding nature. "Poor fellow," said Cashman, "he always chooses to be the anvil rather than the hammer." ("Mr. Cashman is too ignorant of physical science and the furrier's trade to know that in the long run the anvil always breaks the hammer, not the other way around.") A cockney steamfitter who had worked for the Tientsin Municipal Council kept forgetting to do

things he had been asked to do. "Putting Off is the main sheet in that sinner's Gospel," Cashman said. It got back to Treadup that Cashman had said of him, "Treadup is a good man, but his mind is dark with thunderstorms."

Dark indeed it grew one day when he overheard Irrenius Cashman complaining about the helpings he was being given on the chow line. "These people have me doing donkey work," he was saying to the woman with the ladle, his voice rasping with anger. "You might at least feed me enough for me to bear my burden."

The kitchen supervisor, a Briton named Slawter, former executive of the coastwise traders Butterfield & Swire, stepped quickly forward and made the most of the fact that this time our friend had categorized himself — as a donkey. He said, "We're all asses here, Mr. Cashman. Kindly refrain from being a silly ass."

At that Irrenius Cashman exploded.

*Serpents, toads, and spiders came out of his mouth, Em. I have never heard such vile speech. Not that he cursed or blasphemed. It was just sheer moral arrogance and contempt, with overtones of an overindulged only child denied its sweets. Slawter shouted in a brusque voice, "Stop your braying, Mr. Cashman." Well! The very idea! That really got the donkey heehawing. I wish I could say it was funny. It made me very much afraid — as so much seems to do, these days. I had always been in awe of Irrenius P Cashman's reputation as a man of dignity, compassion, and humility — "God's truest man in the field," everyone always said. What is happening to us — to me?*

- Here was Miller, the potbellied ex-soldier from the room in Building 23, in charge of the supply-collection detail inside the compound gate. Treadup was taking his assigned turn, as all the men did in rotation, at this hard labor. Yes, Miller was a bully — born to it, and from having sergeanted for so long. His tongue was white hot. There were no such things as adjectives and adverbs in his lexicon — only modifiers standing for excrement, urine, private parts, the rectum, women's breasts and buttocks, and a range of shocking sexual practices far beyond Treadup's ken. But it had gradually come to David that under his hectoring, Miller was astonishingly tender to the weak and the sick. He blustered at, but filled in for, goldbrickers. Roar he might, but he obviously heard and understood the faintest whisper of pain from anyone else.

Supplies were brought into the compound on Chinese carts and wheelbarrows — at first with Chinese muleteers and barrowmen; but the Jonathans, having become suspicious of secret communications with the outside world through the carters, had ordered the Chinese bringing the supplies not to step inside the gate. From then on campers had had to lead the mules or push the wheelbarrows to the supplies depot, several hundred yards away near the south wall. Chinese mules had their own ideas about appropriate language from a driver, and their responses to strangers, especially strangers who had never had mules as friends, were not always cordial. The wheelbarrows were worse — they were wide and their loads were high, and balancing them on their huge single wheels was not easy. Some of the loads had to be carried on Chinese coolie poles. Here were businessmen, whose habitual exertions had been cricket, tennis, and golf, and missionaries, who had not done much more than kneel to pray; all doing the work of louse-bitten Chinese wharf coolies. And here was Miller, in charge, hurling obscenities like a Georgia chain-gang boss.

One morning everything had gone wrong for Treadup. He had cut himself shaving. At breakfast, climbing over a bench at a table, he had spilled his bowl of bread-mush. After twenty-five minutes on the latrine line, he had failed to perform again. He reported five minutes

late for the supply-collection detail, and Miller had put his mouth against David's ear and filled it with decibels and filth. Treadup's lot, then, was a mule cart piled high with leeks. He tugged sharply and angrily at the bridle. The mule threw its head back and brayed. Treadup yanked the head down. The mule reared and then kicked, banging at the cart with its hind hocks and losing its balance in the traces, pulling the cart over on its side and spilling the leeks on the ground. Miller charged at Treadup like a bull, growling unthinkable curses at him. "Get out!" he said. "Get out. You're dismissed. Get out. Go to bed, you overgrown baby." He drove Treadup away and gathered a squad to right the cart.

"He must have sensed," Treadup wrote,

*how exhausted and beaten I was. He was rough but merciful. I felt the kindness in his sound and fury. Miller has never been saved, but there is perverse brotherly love behind that hateful bullying front. I say perverse: he may be kind for scummy reasons, for all I know. But I think St. Pete will not hesitate at the pearly gates when Miller shows up. I can't bring myself to speak to him. He frightens me. Not his foul mouth. No. What frightens me are his faith, hope, and charity. They terrify me. Faith? I don't know what I mean, but it's there, in something, and it's more enviable to me even than his amazing carnal knowledge. Forgive me, Em, but you and I seem to have missed out on a few things. That idea, too, frightens me.*

- Two ancient Belgian Dominican friars, with white beards and faces like old manuscripts, had been assigned to do nothing all day but swat flies at Kitchen No. 2. One of them was unspeakably dirty; he had, as Irrenius Cashman said, "a bad habit" — his long black gown was caked with mud on the skirts and greasy droppings on the lap; his beard was as unkempt as a bluejay's nest. The other, Father Julius, by contrast, was spotless and constantly preened himself like a cat: even while he banged his flyswatter all about, he combed his long, wavy, cobweb-fine beard with the other hand. He said he was ninety-one years old. He had arrived in China the year Treadup was born. He had served out most of his mission in Peking, and there he had taken up the study of ancient Chinese bronzes. The other friars said he was a world-famous scholar, and he talked to Treadup, between whacks, with his eyes transported by the exquisite vision of memory, about ritual vessels of the Shang, Chou, and early Han dynasties. He described to the huge American, as Treadup scrubbed the cooking cauldrons, the ancient casting of these artifacts by the still-used lost-wax method — "old, *old* things, my boy, going back to sixteen centuries before the birth of Our Lord Jesus Christ, sir." Father Julius had been one of those to decipher the ideographs with which some of the objects were decorated.

*I lie in bed thinking about him, Em, and get the horrors. Here he is, at ninety-one, this distinguished scholar with a mind as hard and bright as bronze itself, and what is his destiny? — to kill flies. He is, in a narrow field, a great man. And this is what he has come to: flap, flap, flap. Ever more flies keep coming, as if he were actually multiplying them with his blows. Futility! I actually wept, thinking of him last night, Godforsaken as he is. As we all are.*

- Drubbins had organized a brothel. Miller, the ex-soldier, told Treadup about it. Three White Russian women from Tsingtao, he said, and a half-Chinese, half-French wife of a no-good American ex-sailor. He told Treadup the number of the room — one of the small rooms in the dormitory rows.

*I was drawn to it, walked past it often, Em. I promise you it was not that I wanted to enter. I wanted to condemn, to blame, to stare it out of existence. Then one afternoon, in broad daylight, I saw little Frances Player, the daughter of those Presbyterians who used to be in Tsinan — remember? — the girl's about seventeen — go right in that door. I checked later to see whether I had mistaken the room number. I had not. What did I do about it? Nothing. Nothing — except to stop passing that way.*

- A foolish Dutch priest, a stout, pink man, was caught by a camp guard bargaining with two Chinese farmers over the wall in broad daylight. The Japanese commandant charged the Discipline Committee with dealing him a severe punishment. Guards collared the Chinese farmers and kicked them and beat them with bamboo rods; the whole camp could hear their screams. The Committee staged a trial of the priest. The sentence: He must stand on a mound by the wall every night for a week. In other words, they were sentencing him to deal "over the wall" by night rather than by day.

Later, in the dining hall, Treadup heard roars of laughter from a table of friars. The "condemned" man was regaling some who had not been there with the story of his hour at the bar of justice.

*Phinny guffawed when I told him about it. But Em, this disturbed me, horrified me. Not just the cynicism of it. The beatings, almost to death, of those poor Chinese. This winking at the regulations by our supposed court. You know I have always believed in the rule of law. The floor of values I've stood on all my life is unsteady, as if there were a mild but constant earthquake going on. Yes and No are topsy-turvy.*

- Treadup went to Sunday service. Oh, no! There in the pulpit was Reverend Planson, from Union Church, in Tientsin. He had not failed to bring his purple cassock, his white silk surplice, and his leaden clichés and commonplaces with him in his internment baggage. "Probably the worst sermon I ever heard." The text was Romans 10:12: "For there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek: for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him." Planson seemed to be suggesting that in the Yin Hsien camp there was no real difference between the British and the American, they were God's children, even Belgian and Dutch Catholics might conceivably be God's children; yet he managed to suggest, in easily decipherable code, that Americans were colonials, lacked education, were muddled in their thinking, used bad grammar, and were materialists; even their missionaries were materialists.

*This idiotic sermon cheapened everything. I will not be able to go to church when Planson is to be in the pulpit. I may not be able to go to church at all, for I am so fearful in the pews. I cannot wait for the service to be over, so I can go outside and breathe.*

- Physically stronger, he had become voraciously hungry. It was an unhealthy hunger, a survivor's hunger, something like that he had felt after the drowning of Penn Landsdown in the mountain stream near Kuling, so many years before. Only the memory of Irrenius Cashman's outburst kept him from whining at how little he was served at meals. Even when a server made some allowance for his huge frame and gave him an extra dollop, it never seemed to be enough. The bread, baked at a common bakery for all the kitchens, was fresh and usually tasted good, and he could eat as much of it as he wanted, but "bread melts away to nothing in the mouth," he wrote.

He was on the evening shift. One of the wipers was ill, and the pot washing seemed to last forever. Most people had left.

*Something got into me. I suddenly tingled with what I must have thought was canniness. My heart began to pound. I told Spencer Dodd, who was wiping, to run along, I'd be glad to finish up. He's a young sprig, and he has taken a fancy to a plump Tsingtao girl, Molly Someone, so he was glad to run off. I was alone. All the cooks had called it a night. The meat had been delivered for dinner the next day, and of course I knew where it was hung. I carried a stack of pans into the kitchen, quickly slipped a knife from the rack at the cutting tables, dodged into the cool-room, and hacked off a beautiful slab of lean pork from a whole side on a hook there. I put it under my shirt, I felt against my chest the cool strength it would give me within, when I ate it. I was crazy, Em. I hadn't thought how I would cook it, or how I would hide it from my roommates. But O I was happy!*

"Not you, Treadup!"

Treadup wrote that he nearly fainted. It was Slawter, the supervisor. He must have ducked back in to the kitchen for something he had forgotten.

"I'll have to report you to the Discipline Committee, old man. I wouldn't have thought it!"

**T**READUP's case came before the Discipline Committee two mornings later. Now he experienced firsthand what the Dutch priest had gone through — except that the outcome was very different. The proceedings were exceedingly British. "The only things lacking," Treadup wrote, when he had achieved some distance from the event, in "Search," "were wigs on the judges and barristers." The presiding officer was the former head of the Legation Quarter police force in Peking, a large, portly man, now jovial, now stern. Treadup recorded in his diary that he wanted to say to the Committee: "You let the priest off the other day. He was venal. I was only hungry." But "something — was it a rag of pride I still wore? — something held my mouth shut." The Committee sentenced Treadup to two perambulations of the compound wearing around his neck a sign:

**I AM A THIEF**

On this awful walk Treadup encountered Miller, the ex-soldier, who clapped him on the shoulder and congratulated him for having been a bad boy. Corbuc, the Rumanian scoundrel in his room, looked at him later with pity, so badly had he bungled his theft. At night, unable to pray, he felt a fearful punitive trembling settle in his empty belly.

**T**HE CRISIS, when it arrived, took him by surprise. Though he came, later on, to give it great importance, referring to it as his "counter conversion," we lack a full, coherent narrative of it, perhaps because he was never sure how deep the change in him actually ran. The first note, the morning after, is brief:

*Up all night. Torn to pieces. I was alone in the room, Corbuc out smuggling, Watkins visiting his British friends in Building 24, a drinking party as usual. I am in quicksand.*



Then, a blank day, and then, two days afterward:

*I turned in, three nights ago, thinking myself very tired, but I could not sleep. I got up and began pacing. Bare feet, cold. The strangest feeling. Others seemed to be in the room with me. I was not dreaming. I suppose my imagination was overworked, by the stress of recent days, and by my inability to pray. Phinny was there in my mind, Irrenius Cashman was there, Miller the ex-sergeant, Reverend Planson, the pink-faced smuggling priest, and, perhaps, at the very edge of my perceptions, Sister Catherine. I felt very angry, I argued with the night air. Horrible Planson began speaking to God — and to my surprise his tongue was smooth — seeming to offer me words to address to God: "Thou art the God of my strength: why hast thou cast me off? why go I mourning ... ?" Miller's curses burned my ears, and Renny Cashman's arrogance made me furious. Then — were they whispers I heard from Sister Catherine? or were they from a great distance? — from you, Emily, far away? "My beloved is like a roe or a young hart: behold, he standeth behind our wall, he looketh forth at the windows, showing himself through the lattice. My beloved spoke, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away." I saw the pink-faced priest laughing; I laughed, too. I felt bitterness toward Phinny; he had cut into my arm. I don't know how long I walked back and forth. I remember that I threw myself to my knees beside my bed, the way I used to when I was small, and I may have said "Jesus friend of little children." Whatever I said, the line was dead. No one was listening. There was the most awful void. Then nasty Cashman said, "Your prayer should be, 'Let the day perish wherein I was born, and the night in which it was said, There is a man child conceived.'" At some time in the night, after more, much more, of my confusion, they left me. I was exhausted. I fell onto the bed and slept soundly.*

Nothing, here, about the consequences of the experience, devastating though they were to be for him. He does not speculate — he never will — whether he imagined those presences with him in the room, or was suffering some sort of psychic accident. Several days pass before he can write:

*I am calm. I am out of touch with God. It may be that I realized that night — that I now think — that there is no God. On that point I am not sure. I still feel capable of amazement; I walked out this morning and was dazzled by the shimmering line of dew, touched by the new sun, along the upper edge of the wall that holds me imprisoned. I feel as if my hands and feet had been tied for a long time, and that the knots have suddenly been undone. This has been an eerie experience. I don't think I am going to be quite so afraid any more. If there is a God, I must be a disappointment to him.*

## THE INNER FRAME

**H E F E L T** no raptures, but he began to notice some spring in his legs. The colors of the day had gained intensity. He ate his food slowly, savoring the tastes. He was not so tired at work as he had been. He was still susceptible to fear, but now the fear, when it came, responded to real dangers, real concerns, and it was edged with the

old familiar expectation of surprise, which he had first experienced as a boy, watching the dog Tub give birth to her pups. Fear was no longer dominant. He was open to minor pleasures. Memories of major ones, long asleep in him, rushed forward.

**I N "S E A R C H."** a few weeks later, as his loss of the bulk of his faith hardened in him, he wrote:

*What was happening now was altogether different from the period after my conversion at Syracuse. This was a much calmer aftermath, though colder. I felt, all along, this time, a deep sense of loss — a loss of years of habits of thought, a loss of God's wings over me in the nest, a loss indeed of some kind of narrowness, tightness, which had made life easy for me, without my even knowing it. Yet the gain was palpable, too. Now, right away, I had access to a range of feelings that seemed to me greater than what I had known before. Nonsense and folly, my own and others, were more visible than before. I still wanted to be good in the eyes of others, but the whole idea of sin had found its proportions. Living at close quarters with Miller, the bullying ex-sergeant, and Irrenius Cashman, the supposedly sainted missionary, each with his astonishing contradictions folded into him; and with Sister Catherine, and with the shabby Corbuc and rodent Drubbins, and with Flanders the Tientsin Club steward, "too good to be true," and Phinny, and Ramsdel the pompous Kailan Mining executive - stripped down, all of them, to their most primitive conditions of value — living so intimately together, in such raw states of hunger and need — it seemed to me I was seeing some human constants at work which made the idea of being cleansed of sin by Jesus Christ illusory. One could believe in illusion and take strength from it, and I suppose I had, for all those years, but the moment illusion is seen for what it is — whoosh! its beauty and support are gone. The outcome was bleak for me. It would take a new order of courage to live without this support. Yet the possibility of courage had itself taken on a new meaning, somewhat painful, but challenging, because there was no hand but mine, now, on the tiller.*

**T R E A D U P** was on his way back to his room after the noon shift of pot washing. The day was so brilliant that he felt himself embedded in a, universal sapphire. The compound was livable. Cleanup squads had got rid of all the rubble and debris that had made the camp so unsightly at first, and the English gardening mania had begun to tell a cheery story in a large plot alongside the hospital.

As Treadup walked past one of the two water-boiling sheds that had been set up to provide water both for drinking and for showers — this one was called "Waterloo" and the other was "Dew Drop Inn" — he found Flanders, the club steward, manning the pump which raised water to the holding tank for the boilers. This pump, and others like it around the camp for various water uses, had to be serviced all day long by turns of strong men. "Chief" Flanders, forever tidy in the eye of his club clientele, was in his immaculate black jacket and striped pants. Flanders had always been slightly condescending to Treadup, who had not been "clubable" when he had lived in Tientsin, but now, when Treadup, in the good mood of this bright day, called out a greeting, Flanders stopped pumping, straightened himself, responded with the slight bow of respect he usually reserved for clubmen, and then with an involuntary groan stretched his arms over his head.

"Your back's sore," Treadup said.

"The pump handle's frightfully awkward," Flanders said.

"I see that," Treadup said. "The fulcrum is much too low."

Treadup, "finding myself excited by the problem," examined the pump, then went straight to the plumbing shed of the Committee on Engineering and Repairs. He knew the man on duty, an engineer from the Tientsin Municipal Council, and he persuaded him to let him have the parts and the tools necessary to see if he could heighten the hand pump Flanders was working on.

Hacksaw, threader, wrench, and muscle — two hours. Flanders had left. Treadup pumped hard to make up for the lost time. He could work standing up straight.

## THE DIARY:

*When I wrote the other day about a new, wider range of feeling, I did not take note of something at which I marvel: I mourn the great loss I have suffered, it is bitter and impoverishing, there is a huge hollow place, yet at the same time I am joyous and feel free. I am waking up from a sleep. Phinny kept at me all that time about "entering the twentieth century." Perhaps I have begun to do so. That thought gives me some strength. Part of my joy, I think, comes from my sense that in spite of this void in my spirit, I can look back on my mission in the China field without shame or guilt. It was not all error and mummery. I really think I gave what I could give with a whole heart. And this: Old Todd was onto something, after all, with what I thought was his so offensive charge of "humanism." This experience I have gone through here must have been brewing in me for a long time.*

**I T W A S** May, and the weather was fine. The food preparers worked outdoors, at a long table outside the kitchen. One afternoon Treadup, taking a breather from washing pots, stepped out into the soft air. The workers there were chatting. Treadup heard a familiar, somewhat metallic voice. Mrs. Evenrude! The seventy-odd-year-old woman, who had not done a stroke of domestic work for three-fourths of her life, was peeling turnips. He watched her, without stepping forward, for a long time. She was chatting away like a catbird. Her face was strong and clear. She was doing this menial work with great dignity and amazing deftness and rapidity. When Treadup finally intruded, she threw down her knife and the turnip she was working on and flung her arms around his neck. Treadup had a sudden vivid memory of another unexpected embrace, from long ago, when old Dr. Elting, on the porch of the Astor House in Tientsin, had taken raw young Treadup to his breast, and astonishing tears had come to David's eyes. Now, rather, David's impulse equally astonishing to him — was to laugh. Stiffening, perhaps sensing this, Mrs. Evenrude drew back and presented Treadup to her co-workers, formally, as if she were serving high tea on Davenport Road.

**H E T A L K E D** one evening with Sister Catherine, and, for the first time, looking in her eyes, he saw the deep pools of her loneliness. He touched her with something he perhaps carelessly said, and she suddenly opened out to him with a shocking candor. She was frightened. She had stopped menstruating. She said she had endured all sorts of troubles in China; others had always praised her calmness, her equanimity. But here, in this crowded camp, she was cut off, alone, and now, as she so strangely put it, considering her vows, "barren."

Sister Catherine's loneliness reached like a pickpocket into his. Soon she was in full possession of his starved love for Emily. She drew

from him many pictures of Em: the maiden with nut-brown hair in the Y.W. canteen at Syracuse; the seasick bride riding up the China Sea; the pale being beyond the terrible wall she had built around herself, after the loss of Nancy; the cynosure of four thousand men on His Majesty's Transport Tyndareus. On and on. The nun, having with her disciplined charity put aside her own distress, listened to his, saying nothing.

Emily! As he tried to tell Sister Catherine about Emily's serenity, he suddenly found it hard to describe; it had subtly changed, it baffled him, it became an enigma. He was faced with wondering what Em would think of him now. Would he seem a stranger to her? Would she accept him as he now was? Was he, puzzling over something he had seen so often in her, at a distance from her that was not just geographic? "I was disturbed by these thoughts, and they made me dishonest," he wrote. "I did not tell Sister Catherine a word about my apostasy." And then, a perplexing line: "I didn't want to hurt her feelings."

**E U S T A C E H O C K I N G**, former chief engineer for Kailan Mining and now head of the camp Committee on Engineering and Repairs, asked Treadup if he could find spare time to raise the level of the handles of all the other water pumps around the compound. The committee assigned Treadup a helper. He called their undertaking the Great Yin Hsien Civilian Assembly Center Rainmakers' Spine-Straightening Company Limited. He pieced the work out, between pots and pans, over a two-week span.

Then on a Monday morning Phinny Cunningham asked David if he had seen that day's posting of the week's assignments by the camp Employment Committee. Treadup went right to the notice board and found that he had been transferred from kitchen work to Engineering and Repairs.

Now came a burst of energy which was — on a somewhat lower scale of grandeur — like the one he had had after his first lecture tour in the spring of 1911. He felt, in fact, easily three decades younger than he had a month before. His arm was all healed. He ran three times around the perimeter before breakfast each morning. His mission now was modest. Its slogan: Modernize the Yin Hsien Camp in This Generation!

His ingenuity opened out like a morning glory. First of all, he rearranged the carpenters' and fitters' shop to make it more efficient; he trained the men to think of their tools as precious extensions of themselves, to be cared for as tenderly as their own limbs and extremities. (He even pointed out, as a measurement of value, the sense Sergeant Miller gave to the word "tool." "I could never have uttered such a thing a month ago, and even now I felt a little thrill of shame. My fellows encouraged me by laughing.") Cannibalizing materials already in the compound, he designed and supervised the refashioning of the camp's hot-water boilers. Phinny importuned him to rebuild some of the hospital's facilities. He headed a team that did over the Tsingtao kitchen while it was being used. Every day brought a score of breakdowns, collapses, accidents.

In June he succeeded Eustace Hocking as chief of the Committee on Engineering and Repairs. Dr. Cunningham said he had "engineered" the replacement. Hocking was in fact happy to step down into an easier job.

The diary:

*I must confess I wanted it. Hocking is a friendly fellow, but he is muddled in his thinking and cannot take things in sequence. I'm going to make things hum.*

**TREADUP** played third base for Tientsin. In the fine weather there was a softball game every evening. There were kitchen teams, city teams, corporate teams — B.A.T., Kailan, Standard Oil.

*I hit one over the wall for a four-bagger last night. I don't think I've had so much fun since those games at the summer conference at Silver Bay, when I was how old? — fourteen? We have an arrangement with the Jonathans for one of their guards to shag for us when somebody knocks one "out of the park" — obviously we can't chase balls outside the compound. It's a long peg from third to first, and I manage to get the ball over there. I've booted a few, but so has everybody else. The big surprise is the Catholic team. Their left fielder is a bishop. The best player in the whole camp is their pitcher, we call him Father Windy. He talks constantly while he is pitching — to himself, to the batter, to the umpire, to the crowd in the stands. Which, by the way, is always a big one. Half the camp turns out to root for a team. Even the British come out to be amused by the chaps playing rounders. The nuns and priests all come to watch. Two young nuns act as cheerleaders. "Rome! Rome! Rome! Rickety-rah!"*

**TREADUP** wrote: "My 'I' has moved into my eye." By that he apparently meant: Now he was aware of the world. He wrote in another note that he realized how "shut in" he had been for so long.

One use of his eye (and ear): He began going — as he had not done at first — to the entertainments that were put on in the church building each week. The Pekingers were particularly active in staging these evenings. A young pianist and conductor from the capital, Peter Plumb, gave some recitals on a grand piano which the Japanese had, after much importuning by the internees, shipped to the camp from Peking. Plumb organized, rehearsed, and presented an orchestra and chorus in performances of Stainer's Crucifixion and The Daughter of Jairus, Mendelssohn's Hear My Prayer, and parts of Handel's Messiah and a Bach oratorio.

After hearing the Bach, Treadup wrote:

*What a superb sense of order, struggling against almost uncontrollable inventiveness! The composer must have thought he had a special relationship with his God, who said to him, "Tame your wild imagination so that ordinary human beings can hear what you're saying!" How I envy that, in my spiritual deprivation. If I were a genius, perhaps I would need a God so much that I would still have one.*

The Tientsin entertainments tended to be more popular "and frankly," Treadup wrote, "more fun." A company put on The Pirates of Penzance. Treadup played his cornet in the orchestra. ("I started tooting again about three weeks ago. Corbuc the Rumanian runs howling from the room when I practice. My poor fat lip could manage Sullivan; never could have done the Bach.") Groups got up satirical skits. A squad of hearty British men, dressed up as chorus girls, staged an all-male Folies Bergères. And, finally and inevitably, David Treadup went to work in the engineering shop, and in early July, to full houses on two successive evenings, "trotted out Good Old Gyro." The lecture was a great hit. He had trained Miller, the ex-sergeant, to be his assistant, and Miller turned out to be very funny. "Is there a clown hiding in every retired sergeant? — there's a certain kind of humor, after all, which has cruelty at its core." Treadup himself "felt on the wing up there. Of course it was that dear old spiel — automatic, by now." He was obliged to realize that he was becoming

a Camp Personality.

**THE DIARY:**

*Em, I am at home here in a community, with as much sense of belonging as I have ever had — more, even, I think, than in Salt Branch — far more than in Ma Ch'iao (alas that that should be so). The citizens here have, through a remarkable effort of cooperation, mastered all the basic services that we need, using no labor but our very own. We even have some refinements, now: a laundry, a sewing room, a shoe repair shop, a watch-repairing service. We have a library — the heart of its collection, it goes without saying, being the load of books from Phinny's Tientsin house that he and I lugged here. The Peking American School and the Tientsin Grammar School are going strong, and there are evening courses for adults, with language study predominating — the preference being for Chinese — but with about 25 other courses, too.. Greek classical drama, a history of the industrial revolution, etc. A resourceful lady has started something called the **White Elephant Exchange**, where people can trade things that are useless to themselves for things that are useless to others. Theatricals, concerts, puppet shows, shadow pictures, skits, and sports contests keep us busy. The church is full all day Sunday — three or four early Catholic masses, which I have visited out of curiosity, the music is splendid, especially for the pontifical masses; then an Anglican service at eleven; the "free" Protestant denominations in a Union Service in the afternoon; and hymn sings in the evenings — the last not nearly as popular as an outdoor Sunday-twilight show put on by a Dutch priest, which consists of skits, jokes, and community singing, all to a great deal of laughter. It would be a full life if you were here.*

Even in his diary, while addressing Em and writing about church services, he could not bring himself to tell her about his alienation from Christ.

**ON THE EVENING** of July 7, 1943, David Treadup drew his ration for supper and walked into the dining hall, craning his neck to find a place to sit. He saw Phinny waving to him, beckoning from across the way. David went to him. He had saved a place. David found Mrs. Evenrude also at the table. With Sister Catherine. ("Had no idea they knew each other.") And more: Miller, somehow excused for the evening from kitchen work; "Chief" Flanders of the Tientsin Club; his two roommates, Cyril Watkins and Ion Corbuc; Eustace Hocking; Boggs, the Pentecostal missionary from the first room (where Phinny still lived). "I was suspicious. What was this little caucus?" The people at the table sat in silence, watching Treadup wolf his food. He wiped his chin. Suddenly there was a circle of waiters and table clearers around the table, and one of them was holding a cake with a single candle burning on it. The circle broke into a comical a cappella version of "Happy Birthday." The whole dining hall clapped, cheered, and shrilly whistled.

*I had completely forgotten it was my birthday. Completely. Away from you, Em, I must have an inexorable need to lose track of time — which is elusive in my head, anyway, as you know. Sixty-five years old. Can you believe it? I must say, I feel forty-five right now. I was so touched by fire warmth of all the folks. How did this celebration come about, anyway? Phinny told me later that Mrs. Evenrude had remembered — the date, got the bakery to do up the cake.*

*Goodness, she asked me my birthdate one day months ago, in her most crotchety period. I went to bed early, in order to lie there and think back over the years. I hardly slept at all.*

**THE NEXT MORNING** he arose at five o'clock, went to the camp library, and at a desk there wrote at the top of the first page of a new quarto notebook with marbled cardboard covers, one of several he had brought from Tientsin to use for diaries, these words:

### SEARCH

*Ever since I arrived at this place, and for some time before this spiritual experience I have recently had, I have noticed that my memory has been unusually active. In captivity, nostalgia for the wild grows strong. Perhaps my separation from Jesus Christ has obliged me to try to remember what it meant to be close to him. Perhaps my separation from my wife has forced me to rely, for the special sort of warmth she gave me, upon reminiscence. I think of my boyhood often. Each day I bank interest on my debt to Absolom Carter. Kind women are with me day and night — my mother, Maud Chase, Mrs. Farleigh, Mrs. Kupfer, Letitia Selden, Madame Shen; they all hover about me and keep me from being lonely. Especially, and always, Mrs. David Treadup of dearest recollection.*

*These memories come to me spontaneously, helter-skelter, to meet a moment's need for comfort or comparison. Each recall has had a transient value; together, the mass has not cohered in any way. Because of my apostasy, if that is what it is, I have now determined that I will try to make a systematic search, through the tangled nets of my memories, for whatever meaning I can find there — a search, I presume, for the inner frame upon which the house of me stands.*

And so he began the work which we have seen so often quoted from in these pages. It became his habit to rise early every morning, before the sun, and well before roll call, and to go to the library, where he could be alone, and to write for an hour or so. His diary entries, which he made in the evenings, become less voluminous; quite often days passed without any notation at all.

**"A PARADOX** has ruled my life," he wrote in a passage toward the end of "Search." "It is this: The busier I am, the more time I have to do things." In conformity with this rule, Treadup now took on, in addition to his ever increasing engineering work and his writing, the functions of warden for his dormitory block.

The wardenships had developed as a convenience, to make the daily roll calls less onerous. At each roll call, the Japanese required every inmate to stand at his or her room door to be seen and counted. At first the morning roll calls had been at ten o'clock, but as this interfered with morning chores the time was changed to seven thirty. It was the warden's duty to get everyone up on time, but not too soon, to show a face when the consular police and guards would come by. Treadup had the physique and force of character to get even the laziest slugabeds out — some, to be sure, in nightgowns or pajamas, some men with shaving lather on their jowls muttering about the tyranny of "that blockhead," meaning Treadup, the head of their block. So good did Treadup's record become that soon the guards began to take his word for the attendance of Block 17, without having to see each face.

How thankful certain sleepers were! "I must confess I got a little drunk on their gratitude."

The pleasure of this intoxication led Treadup to make yet more of his wardenship. Each internee received, each month, a small amount of "comfort money" in North Chinese currency, provided by the American and British governments and delivered to the camp by Swiss consular couriers. There was a camp canteen, supplied by the Jonathans and run by the former manager of the Whiteaway Laidlaw department store in Tientsin. The campers could spend their money at the canteen to buy eggs, fresh fruit, honey, and a few delicacies, such as ginger, spices, and dried fruit, as well as such things as soap and cigarettes. The long lines of waiting customers were a great nuisance, and Treadup offered to be the buyer for his block. Each morning at roll call he would take orders, and later in the day he would buy for everyone; he kept charge accounts. Other wardens took up the practice, and soon the lines at the canteen were much shorter.

Treadup then extended the service yet again, offering to act as middleman with the black market. At first he approached Corbuc for help, but the shady Rumanian was after much bigger fish than a few sweet-toothed campers. Corbuc told Treadup to go to the Catholics for retail goods. Treadup asked Sister Catherine to "recommend an honest trader," and she put him in touch with a Belgian Passionist missionary, Father LeGrange. Soon Treadup and the two assistants he had enlisted to stand in line and run errands were supplying the residents of Block 17 with sugar, honey, jam, sourballs, and even paikar, a powerful Chinese grain liquor. "What would Mama have thought!"

*There's a gold fringe on my pleasure in this work. It is said to be getting dangerous. Why does that delight me so? The Jonathans are punishing the offenders they catch. Why? Because they smell money, they want the business for themselves. But they would never suspect Mr. Teddy! He is so conscientious!*

**I N ORDER** to monitor each internee's general health, Dr.

Cunningham had early instituted a universal monthly weigh — in of every person. Weighing Treadup in his rotated turn, not long after the birthday party, Phinny found that David had gained eight pounds, but he said that on account of the earlier osteomyelitis he wanted David to come in for a full checkup. A few days later Phinny went over him from sole to crown; took blood and stool and urine into his little lab. The next day in the dining hall, Phinny: "Treads, you have been lying to us about your age. You are a young lion."

**O N E O F** the few entries of more than two or three lines in the diary during this period:

*The weather is fiercely hot. Both men and women have reduced their clothing to a minimum. Besides the heat, economy has forced this on us, as we know we cannot replenish clothing supplies while in camp. The exigencies and conditions of camp life have shattered all the common and conventional patterns of occidental apparel, and the results have been extremes of vanity and variety in camp costumes — highly picturesque and often daring. Since we men have been reduced to the level of Chinese farmers and coolies, we go, as they do, with our bare backs to the sun, and some wear nothing but underwear briefs. I have joined the brown race. The women wear the most abbreviated "sports suits," cut to modern bathing suit patterns, and sometimes even more spare. Female beauty (and, alas, ugliness) is being evidenced, in some cases flaunted. Some of the missionary women, who*



*have been most strict in their speech in the past, have suddenly become startlingly immodest in their dress. Is one supposed to look away, or not?*

**I N L A T E J U L Y** two rumors sneaked around the camp: that all the Catholics would soon be leaving; and that there might be a repatriation of American citizens. In August — the sad miracle of confirmation of one of the rumors. It seemed that the Apostolic Delegate in Peking from the neutral Vatican had somehow convinced the, Japanese that the priests and nuns were not their enemies. So they were to be allowed to return to Peking and to missionary work .

On the day of their departure, as the Catholics were assembled on the athletic field to be loaded with their baggage into trucks, all the rest of the inmates gathered around the field and at the gate. Like others, Treadup rushed around saying good-bye to friends — to Father Windy, to the outfielding bishop, to Father LeGrange. He found Sister Catherine, busy supervising the loading onto a truck of some nuns' luggage. He spoke her name.

"Ah, Mr. Treadup," she said, quickly turning to him. "I need Mrs. Treadup's address. I don't know why I hadn't thought of it sooner. I will try to get a message to her through Rome — to tell her what a fine man her husband is."

"Cool and distant," Treadup later wrote.

*I told myself she was keeping strong emotions under check; now I have moments of wondering whether there was any feeling at all. "What a fine man." Drily said. She seemed a teacher or a nursemaid — after all that I had invested in our friendship.*

Treadup ran to the nearby library for a piece of paper and a pencil. By the time he got back, Sister Catherine had been loaded into a truck and non-Catholics had been pushed back by the guards to the edge of the field. He waved toward the nuns' truck that she was in, but everyone was waving and shouting, and he could not tell whether she saw him.

**T H E F O L L O W I N G P A S S A G E** appears, strangely, not in "Search" but in the diary:

I think I can write about this at last. About the team of Communists sitting comfortably on the 'k'ang' in farmer Feng's house in Li Chia village, confronting me. I have never been really at ease, seated on a flat plane with my legs crossed under me. Those young men were trying to make me sweat, anyway. They were hammering away at the theme of my complicity with businessmen in the rape of China. They were too sophisticated to use such phrases as "running dog," but it was clear that they were convinced that all missionaries were tools of nations and corporations, which, with their insatiable cupidity, systematically exploited the poor of the world.

I argued that there were missionaries and missionaries, and I did break into a sweat.

They cited, very bitterly, three cases in which missionaries in the northwest, in Shensi, had informed to the authorities on Communists and had caused their arrests and deaths.

I lost my head. Instead of pointing out to them the missionaries' opposition to such "imperialistic" things as Boxer indemnities and extraterritorial rights, I began shouting about the

Communist slaughter of innocents in Hunan. Our session was becoming ugly. Those young men and I had both reached each other's tender places. They gave me an oral thrashing I have never gotten over

I had a chat today with Gilbert Olander, the crusty Standard Oil man from Tientsin. He gave me reason to remember — was it my first year in China? — his calling the old missionary Dr. Elting an ass, a numskull, and a busybody who hadn't "the faintest idea what the Chinks are all about." As a missionary I myself felt light-years from Olander then — and always have — until today. I certainly never felt I was a running dog for him in China! I can admit now that I disliked and feared him and his kind. But today he congratulated me on my work in Engineering and Repairs, and he actually said, "We should have let you missionaries run the place. You fellows get things done." Of course what he grudgingly admired was strictly a matter of efficiency-energy, really-nothing more. But what a turnabout!

**S O L I D N E W S** came, on the twenty-third day of August, 1943, right from the Jonathans' mouths, that the Americans in this camp would all be repatriated within a fortnight. The last page of "Search":

*With these few lines I shall stop work on this document. It will remain, like everything else in my life, incomplete. I had intended to read what I have written, to peruse it over and over again, paying close attention to what could be seen between the lines, and then pen some grand conclusions. "My mission to Cathay, brothers and sisters, was... "Now there will not be time. There may not have been the possibility. For what lies between the lines is doubtless gossamer, which would be torn by removal. My self.*

## BOOK T E N

# TIME TO LEAVE

## ACCEPT AND ENJOY

**H E W A L K E D** out the gate. He expected a wild surge of elation — he was going to Emily! — but instead he felt — what-ataraxia? A serene emptiness? Or possibly nothing? Or nothing, anyway, but surprise at how little he felt?

He and nearly three hundred others were at the top of a terraced slope. At the foot of the hill the little river wound its slow way northward, reflecting the blue of a champion sky. The terraces were covered with grass freshened by recent rains. Tall willow trees, growing on the different levels of the bank, mingled their feathers in a yellowy canopy overhead. Dappled early sunshine played on the flanks of the black-and-white cows of the camp dairy, which were grazing on the green steps of the hill.

Notes written later in a shaky hand on the train:

*Father had Holsteins. Black and white, too, but much bigger than those runty cattle. That hit me: my memory put me in the barn, my nostrils and ears were full of the sugary smell and the quick thunked splashes of warm milk squirted into the pail. Yes, there on the embankment outside the compound I had a small-boy feeling. Chores were over. Only now aged sixty-five, do I realize how sweet the chores had always been. Inside the barn, inside the compound wall, I had been free-busy, orderly, useful. Released, I felt at loose ends. A great deal had happened to me in Yin Hsien camp, and now all I could feel was a paradox: the loss of the freedom of confinement.*

On the camp road, at the top of the ravine and next to the gray wall, were several motor lorries, onto which the repatriates, Treadup among them, were loading their hand luggage. The Japanese, perhaps glad to be rid of three hundred, were allowing a certain looseness. Boys and girls and some bold adults, who were staying in the camp, sat atop the wall, with their legs outside; other adults were standing at various places within, where the ground rose high enough for them to look out. Inside, the camp orchestra was playing good-bye tunes, and those on the wall alternately sang and showered the repatriates with farewells. Mrs. Evenrude was inside; she had decided to stay; China was her "only home." Treadup was careful not to look up toward the wall, for fear of seeing Phinny.

## **A DIARY NOTE** on the southward trip:

*Hsuchow, delay of several hours. Rumors of line broken by Chinese guerrillas. Picnic food supplied by Jonathans at Yin Hsien, supposed to last whole trip, already running out. Long chat with Swiss diplomatist who is neutral observer of exodus. Fresh-faced 26-year-old, sprightly, perfect English, this is an adventure for him. We had a charming conversation about Rousseau-sweltering RR car, wooden benches, the Social Contract—thank you, Phinny, for my late learning! Pleasured away a terrible afternoon.*

**IN THE INNER COURT** of a dormitory at St. Johns University, in Shanghai, where the repatriates were being housed, an inspection of luggage was to take place. Trunks had been shipped ahead.

The repatriates were ordered to find their baggage and stand by it, waiting for the examiners. This examination turned out to be different from any Treadup had experienced in North China, and it made him realize that the Yin Hsien regime had been a relatively benign one. From where he stood by his trunk, he could see the contemptuous Japanese examiners — from Customs and the gendarmerie — unfolding and shaking out each garment from a trunk, and heedlessly dropping it onto a pile on the ground; and then he saw excitement, resentment, gesturing, shouting, on the part of outraged Americans, as the inspectors seized articles which they ruled, quite by whim, it seemed, as forbidden, and threw them into large baskets and carried them away. It looked like official plunder.

Then Treadup saw something that made him gasp. A book was thrown into one of the contraband baskets. His back diaries and "Search" were in his trunk. In total disregard of orders of the day, he darted out through the unguarded gate of the courtyard, ran to the university administration building, and found the young Swiss consular representative in the office he had taken over.

*Begged the boy to come posthaste and "commandeer"*

*my various notebooks. He demurred. Said he hadn't license to interfere in Japanese procedures, so long as they conformed in a general way to the Geneva Convention. I suddenly heard myself saying, "Then you will have a suicide on your hands, Monsieur Ramminet." He gave me a long, queer look. He must have seen smoke in the pupils of my eyes. Emily and my sons were very far away in my mind. My life seemed to be in my "Search" — intrinsically worthless scribbling, perhaps, but at the moment, at least, I was overwhelmed by a conviction that I couldn't live without some tangible effort, even if unsuccessful, to comprehend the past. I think it may have been Jean Jacques Rousseau who saved my writings. Young Ramminet and I had made a kind of social contract with each other — came to an unspoken understanding about what is valuable on earth, what is worth sacrificing something for — in our talk on the train.*

Ramminet slowly rose to his feet. He walked deliberately to a closet in one corner of the office, picked up a canvas bag, at the mouth of which were a hasp and a padlock; and he said, "Show me the way." Ramminet would not run. He said, "If you would cheat a Chinese, you must cover your action with a loud flurry. To cheat a Japanese, you must be calm as a stone. It is not easy to cheat either one. Mr. Treadup, you are too agitated. Try to be calm."

They walked slowly into the courtyard and to Treadup's trunk. Treadup opened it. His hands were shaking. He rummaged for the notebooks. He straightened and handed them to Ramminet, who dropped them in the bag and locked it.

A Japanese gendarme was suddenly there — yes, calm as a stone. He

asked in excellent Chinese what the two men were doing.

Ramminet said he had confiscated some Swiss property.

The gendarme demanded that Ramminet give him the bag.

Ramminet said it was a diplomatic pouch.

The Japanese said it would have to be examined.

Ramminet reached in a pocket and drew out a paper. Treadup could tell it was a Japanese document, because it had simplified Japanese kana characters, clues to pronunciation, alongside its Chinese ideographs. Ramminet asked the gendarme to look at it. The gendarme took the paper, and Treadup saw the blood drain from his cheeks — this was "a physical picture of a loss of face." He handed the document back to Ramminet and without another word walked away.

Ramminet said to Treadup, "I shall return your papers to you on the ship."

Treadup was so confused that he said, "What ship?"

Ramminet said, "The ship that will take you to heaven. If you had killed yourself, you would have gone to hell. Seventh circle."

*Sept. 19 Sunday. Early breakfast, inspection of hand luggage. I was so complacent, now, as to be truly calm. Was I wood or stone? Seeing I had two straight razors, they stole my better one (my ticket to the Seventh Circle, had I made that voyage — today that idea seems to have been quite insane — not my idea at all — yet at the time it was all too real). Roll call. Then in buses to the Customs House on the Bund. Another examination.*

**AS AN ELDERLY MAN**, Treadup was given a choice berth in a first-class cabin on D Deck — A Deck being the lowest steerage

deck, E Deck being the highest. The ship was called Teia Maru — S.S. "Asian Empire"; she was the former Aramis of the French shipping company Messageries Maritimes, captured by the Japanese, it was said, in Saigon. She was a gray creature with seven huge white crosses painted on each of her flanks. She had been rigged to carry twice her normal capacity of passengers, so that fifteen hundred repatriates could be accommodated, from camps around Shanghai as well as North China, and also, as it was to turn out, from Hong Kong, the Philippines, and elsewhere.

*For two passengers our cabin would have been luxurious, with a window instead of a round porthole, beds with "Simmons" mattresses, wide and most comfortable, four commodious wardrobes, two with full-length mirrors, and a good lavatory with sitz-bath. But two other men have been assigned to the cabin, and they have to sleep on the floor on straw mattresses similar to those provided for the wooden bunks built into all the public rooms of the ship. In the big lounge on E Deck, 240 young and middle-aged women sleep on such bunks — we call that saloon the Sardine Tin. To our astonishment, the ship is filthy: the Japanese are usually so finicky.*

**ON SEPTEMBER 20, 1943**, the Teia Maru was eased by tugs away from her wharf in the Pootung district of Shanghai, and she steamed slowly downriver. The diary:

*For all these days I have been empty. I have been waiting for some emotion — any emotion — to surface. When I left Yin Hsien, nothing. No release, no joy that I would be rejoining Emily. Even when I talked, yesterday, and thought I meant what I said, about suicide, I felt nothing — no fear, no sadness, nothing. Some transient alarm, yes, over the thought of being separated from my "Search" and my diaries. But even that implied a consciousness of my emptiness — a sense that only written words could give my flesh and blood meaning. Such fear as I had — not even strong itself — was that I would never again feel anything 'real.'*

*This morning, on the Whangpoo River, as the ship nosed toward the unknown, my eye carelessly brushed across a certain wharf, and I was startled by a vivid picture of the day in 1905 when I walked down a gangplank, just there, and first set foot in a place that did not seem to me to be China at all. And suddenly, in wave after wave, I crashed into knowing that I was sailing away from all that has been life and breath to me for nearly four decades. I wrote, a moment ago, "toward the unknown." Certainly not toward a place I can think of as home. What new start can a man of my age make? I said out loud, "Good-bye, Johnny Wu!" — meaning. Good-bye, Phinny; good-bye, Mr Lin; goodbye David Liu, Christian General, dear A Ch'u, and all the others; good-bye to everyone and everything. Then I began thinking of my beloved villagers, and I had to rush to my cabin or make a fool of myself in public.*

**A CHANGE** of air, waterscapes, a landfall — green mountains against the sea and a sense of the miracles of diversity in the terrains of this earth. Each surprise of arrival helped mitigate, minim by minim, the enormous pain of having taken leave of a lifetime. Stanley Bay off Hong Kong. A new party of repatriates aboard, among them a number of Filipinos with merry children. Sunday, September 26: San Fernando, a hundred fifty miles north of Manila — the great lizard

spine of Luzon looming to the east. Fifty tons of anomalous sugar aboard. And 130 repatriates who had been interned at Manila — "reunions with many North China missionaries, who were caught here on their way home to the States in '41." Another ocean ride. "Strange: the wind blows, but I have not once been queasy on this trip." Saigon, one more small group of repatriates, mostly gaunt, tendinous missionaries from the interior of Indo-China. Lush fruits and vegetables thrown in heaps on one of the decks — no room in the holds, which were full of repatriates' trunks. Down the Mekong River from Saigon, under a sky with watercolored cotton clouds put to the torch by the setting sun, around the bends of a crooked channel between spreads of mangrove as far as a top-deck eye could see. "What an imagination behind such wonders! My disbelief is being tested." An anchorage in the straits forty miles off Singapore, an oil tanker alongside to refuel the Teia Maru. Then a surprising run to the southeast — the Straits of Malacca said to be mined — around the southern tip of Sumatra: volcanoes, the torn cone of Krakatoa.

*Tonight Ramminet, a fellow named Murchison, and I took our steamer blankets to the top deck and spent the night in deck chairs there stargazing. Murchison some kind of business fellow, captured in Manila, had traveled around these seas, at home in all the heavens. He pointed out the major stars. The Southern Cross is high, up 25° or more, and Scorpio is almost at the zenith. We watched the constellations revolve around the South Pole. I began to feel my proportions. Some of those pinpricks of light started traveling in this direction millions of years ago, and the light would have traveled — I could hear my lecture-hall voice saying this in my spiel "Phenomena of Light" — would have traveled more than 63,000 times the distance between the sun and the earth in every single one of those years. What of my puny 10,000-mile lecture tours? My burnt-out instant — sixty-five years?*

**AS THEY STEAMED** up the Sumatran coast, a Lutheran missionary named Halze died. He had suffered a stroke just after the heavy baggage inspection in Shanghai; it was said that he had blown up, fatally as it proved, because the official Jonathans had stolen a silver cup that he had won in his youth for outstanding scholarship at the University of Wisconsin. Treadup was surprised to learn that the dead man had been six or seven years younger than he. Someone said the man had died of an extreme case of repatriation sickness.

*Didn't know him but for some reason was drawn to his funeral. It was on C Deck aft, at five in the morning. A Reverend Tarpenson conducted the service. Ramminet was there. About fifty people attended. The engines had been stopped and the vessel slowed, not to a full halt but to a calm drift through the dark gray-blue waters of the hour before dawn. The body was wrapped in canvas, weighted, and lowered over the rail at the very stern. There is a somber beauty in burial at sea: "We commit thee to the deep." I wondered afterward what had made me want to see this stranger's remains thrown overboard. Then I recalled that at the service Ramminet gave me a very curious and sharp look; and I made a connection — realized that I have been trying to penetrate (perhaps he has, too) the mystery of my threat to him of suicide. I did not feel have not felt — I do not feel the least bit suicidal. Like everyone else, I have had the symptoms of repatriation sickness. I am sad. I am truly sad to leave so much that is unfinished behind. I have found I can feel a sea-deep and "real" sadness, and I can only say that this ability to feel such strong emotion leads me to want life, not an end to life. I cannot wait to be with Emily*

again. I have even more distant thoughts. I want to go back to China.

## ON THE TEN-DAY VOYAGE

across the Indian Ocean, Treadup, apparently turning toward vigor of mind, toward ever more intense thoughts of Emily, showed signs of becoming conscious of his body. He noted in his diary that everyone talked all day about food. "The dietary," Treadup wrote, "is such that all the men and many of the women with robust appetites leave the table hungry three times a day." At breakfast passengers were served, among other things, "a small portion of rice porridge to which some liquid representing milk and some substance representing sugar have already been added." There were skimpy helpings of meat and vegetables at night.

On the ninth day came a frightful shock. Members of the crew were set to shoveling the fruits and vegetables that had been stored on the open deck overboard. They had all begun to rot. The passengers could have been eating more all along.

*Our outrage is tempered by the conviction that these people are losing the war. They are demoralized and hopelessly inexperienced — so striking in a race from which we have come to expect the utmost in spotlessness and efficiency. The crews are disabled men and young boys. They have a filthy ship. They do not care. They are on a voyage toward futility.*

**FRIDAY.** October 15. At a long wharf in Goa, the Portuguese enclave on the west coast of India, under a green headland crowned by an ancient stone fort, huge electric cranes, like gigantic herons fishing at the water's edge, reached down into the holds and drew up nets bulging with trunks.

Saturday afternoon: land leave for passengers. On the foreshore there was an intricate network of narrow-gauge railroad tracks, many of them rusty with disuse and overgrown with thick, unweedy grass — "felt good to the soles of our feet, which had been treading only the corridors of a ship for weeks."

Treadup and Ramminet took a walk on this turf together. They were allowed by Indian guards as far as a curious stone structure, a kind of shrine, at the foot of the headland, which they specially asked to visit. Over the arched doorway of this small building stood a life-sized statue, in the robes of a papal nuncio, of Francis Xavier, the sixteenth-century Jesuit missionary who opened up Japan to Christ, died on his way to China, and was buried back here in Goa. Ramminet — "a somewhat backslidden Catholic," as Treadup put it — talked with fervor about Francis Xavier's strange, powerful mix of mysticism and horse sense.

*Suddenly I found myself, under the stern gaze of the saint, blurting out to this Swiss boy my loss of confidence in God. He blushed as I spoke, as if my confession amounted to some sort of accusation against him. This is the first person to whom I have unburdened myself. I never even told Phinny. It was a great relief. I have felt as if I had been maintaining myself in disguise, all this recent time, as still a devout Christian missionary. His tactful response — silence — helped me to master the intensity of my catharsis.*

The two men turned back toward the wharf, and there, beyond, inching inside the breakwater, was a white ship with huge black letters on her side: GRIPSHOLM SVERGE DIPLOMAT. The liner was warped slowly in to the wharf forward of the Teia Maru. Her decks swarmed with Japanese, who were being repatriated from the

United States in exchange for the Americans from the Far East. A flag — big red dot on a white field — broke from the Teia Maru's superstructure, and the passengers on the Gripsholm gave out a pealing, high-pitched cheer. At this, Treadup suddenly found himself in tears, which he tried to hide from Ramminet. "My joy couldn't have been for the Jonathans' patriotism," he wrote later. "I think it was for the great beauty of the white ship. It was going to carry me to Emily."

**ON TUESDAY,** October 19, exactly one month after Treadup had boarded the Teia Maru in Shanghai, he marched in a semicircular line of passengers from a gangplank at the bow of the Japanese ship to one at the stern of the Swede; while in a similar but wider loop in the other direction, the Japanese repatriates simultaneously walked from the bow of the Gripsholm around to the stern of the Teia Maru. On the deck of the Swedish ship, while the passengers waited for the just-vacated cabins to be cleaned, Treadup was served, as everyone was, a glass of ice water, which he had not sipped for years; and he was given, as everyone was, a box of chocolates. Delightful! But it was only a few hours later, when he had been assigned to a luxurious four-bunk first-class cabin with three gray-haired men — a Baptist from the island of Hainan, a Catholic father, and a well-known Presbyterian missionary, linguist, and explorer from the borders of Tibet — and when these four had gone together in response to a bell to the dining saloon, and there in a buffet line had been allowed to heap all sorts of delicacies on their plates, taking just as much as they wanted — only then did David Treadup feel the surge he had expected from the beginning, way back at Yin Hsien's gate, the flood of exultation and gratitude for the sense of ease, of material well-being, of open choice, of being trusted — the sense, at last, of being a man released from long captivity.

**NOW CAME** a delay of two days, while the giant cranes and the Indian porters labored at a mutual transfer of luggage and mercies. From the Teia to the Gripsholm went innumerable casks, clearly marked with red crosses, said to contain a mixture of fish and soy beans, for distribution to Japanese in the United States. Two sorts of Red Cross packages went the other way: boxes about twice the size of suitcases, marked "Medical Supplies for One Hundred Adults for One Month-Details Below"; and smaller cartons containing "comfort packages" for American prisoners and internees held by the Japanese. "I thought: One of those boxes is for Mrs. Evenrude."

During the two days the passengers of the two ships were allowed to mix freely ashore. The diary:

*On the evening of Oct. 19, my Presbyterian explorer roommate and I accosted a substantial-looking Japanese man and had a long talk with him. He was from Los Angeles, where he had been in the importing and wholesale business for 31 years. He was thoroughly Americanized. He had been a member of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce and president of the Japanese Chamber of Commerce, and had been interested in promoting many Japanese cultural activities — Kabuki and No drama, and so on. On Dec. 7, '41, he was arrested and held for some days, first in the city jail and later in the county prison, where he lived on jailbird rations. After fierce interrogation he was interned in a concentration camp in Montana, under civilians, and was later transferred to Arkansas, in a camp under Army control, where the regime was strict and harsh. He had been summoned back to Japan — by whom he didn't say. His business had been destroyed, the*



years wiped out. What could be waiting for him in Japan, save defeat and ignominy? Upon parting we exchanged cordial handshakes and mutual good wishes.

*The next evening I talked for a few minutes with six Japanese girls, perhaps 15 to 18, who had come over near the 'Gripsholm' to say goodbye to their favorite Swedish dining-room steward. We talked while they giggled and hopped from foot to foot, waiting for him to appear. They were of a typical American-schoolgirl type — talkative and somewhat frivolous, modishly dressed as pert California girls. None of them knew either spoken or written Japanese. Their parents were still interned, and they were going to live with grandparents in Tokyo. They were critical of the inferior accommodations on the 'Teia.' All said they couldn't wait to get back to America. Enemy aliens! These conversations have made me think that in China I must have got a false picture of the Japanese: the images of them must have come to me distorted, the lines of sight somehow bent — refracted through the medium of war. It is hard to think of them as Jonathans anymore, after talking with these young women.*

**AS SHE** had been first to arrive, the Teia was first to leave. She went out on the twenty-first. "Most spontaneous were the gestures of farewell, and the waving of hundreds of handkerchiefs from the decks of both boats." The Gripsholm sailed the next morning.

**NOW ON** the benign sea came "a moment of utter astonishment." Mail Call. At the time assigned to P-through-T, David Treadup called at the Purser's Office, expecting — from long habit of such expectation — nothing. He was handed a packet of eight letters, seven from Emily and one from brother Paul.

*I could hardly breathe as I made my way through the corridors to my cabin. I threw myself on my berth and read and read and read. I went over those pages many times, till the words had burned their way into my memory. Five of the letters had been written in July and August, after Em had been notified by the State Department of the repatriation, and had been given an address to which to write. One letter had been written back in October 1942, and of course not mailed back then. There was, Em wrote, a huge stack of unmailed letters waiting for me at home. Home? O such a difficult hour These letters were from a stranger.*

Em "seemed to be writing from the moon." Perhaps she was bitter, though she would not say so. She did say she had lived with fear for David so long that her hair was pure white. She wrapped up her news in tight sentences, each of which contained explosives. Young Philip, now thirty-four years old, was married and had two children, the first of whom was named David Treadup. The second, a girl, bore the dangerous name Nancy. Phil was a teacher at a private school for girls. Absalom, who was thirty-one, was still in Maine. He had a drinking problem — no further details given. Paul, still factoring in New York City, was "the Croesus of the family." He had just bought an Oldsmobile "with a Hydromatic — it shifts gears for itself — whatever that means." He sent his mother two hundred dollars every month. He was very big and "as handsome as his absent father" and had six or seven girl friends. Em was still working at the village library. "I have a wide acquaintance among people who owe money for overdue books."

Brother Paul wrote with excessive economy:

*As you can imagine, Davie, these have been hard hard years for your wife. She holds on very bravely. Do not be distressed by her appearance when you see her.*

**ON NOVEMBER 3** the Gripsholm tied up at a dock in Port Elizabeth, South Africa, and on the morning of November 15, exactly two months after Treadup left Yin Hsien, the ship made the harbor of Rio de Janeiro. After the ship put out from Rio toward the north and home, David found a cablegram slipped under his cabin door. He tore it open. It was signed EM.

**BROTHER PAUL PASSED AWAY SUDDENLY TODAY HEART LOVE**

David wrote that the word "heart" in the message "mercifully threw its weight in two directions — Paul's finished him, Em's love filled hers. Without the latter, I would be a man overboard." A later note: "I had wanted so to talk with Paulie. He would have understood" — would have been, this must have meant, the one person in the family to whom David could have trusted word of the withering of his belief.

**THEY WOULD** be crossing the equator soon. The air was warm. The waters had traded whales for flying fish.

One morning the passengers saw a supine rainbow. They looked down on it from B Deck. It seemed to lie flat on the water, stretching from just off the side of the ship in an elongated horseshoe shape clear to the western horizon. All of it except the rosy top point seemed to be on the water. It was not in the sky at all, and it was not so much an arc as a narrow ellipse. The ends of it seemed to bend in toward each other, as in a hand magnet.

Murchison — "what an extraordinary businessman, he seems to know about all natural things" — told Treadup and Ramminet that what they were seeing was a secondary rainbow; the primary one was overhead, but dimmer. He said the one on the water had the purple inside.

*I had forgotten — I had used this in my section on prisms in my lecture "Phenomena of Light" — that primary rainbows always have purple on the outside of the arch. This morning's fanciful quirk of nature gave me pause, as I remembered my conviction, delivering my lectures, that God had made all scientific laws under the firmament. What can I think now? How did this perverse casting of the spectrum down upon the sea come to be? Is the universe mindless? I asked Murchison what he thought. "My God, Treadup," he said. "We have enough to worry about. Why don't you just accept and enjoy?" A practical man's advice. I must try to heed it.*

**TREADUP** could not sleep. He got up at about three o'clock to see an almost full moon in the west, washing the cold sky and sea with silver. He rose again about four and watched the pilot climb a rope ladder up the hip of the ship. By six o'clock in the morning of December 2, 1943, the ship was anchored off the quarantine station on Staten Island. All passengers were called on deck, where they formed a mob and milled about for an hour. No one was examined. The yellow Q flag came down from the mast and the doctor went over the side: The ship's doctors must have satisfied him, no plague on board.

*Passing the Statue of Liberty I remembered the eager young man, still at Syracuse, who had come to New York to be judged for his calling, his appointment put off, who then came to Bedloe's Island and climbed up in the statue and savored his romance with the idea of going across the ocean to bring succor to "your poor, your tired, your huddled masses." My boyish dream!*

By the time breakfast was over, the ship was easing into a dock on the Jersey side, just across from the lower tip of Manhattan. Baggage went off in the morning, to be sorted and stacked by initials in the Customs House. No hope, word came, of getting off the ship until the next day.

**AFTER** lunch the next day Treadup found a note under his cabin door: "They will not let me on the dock. Am at Prince George Hotel. God has brought you home to me. Emily."

**THERE WERE** four examiners: three F.B.I. men and a Navy ensign. They were at a desk in the purser's cabin. The questioning was dry — utmost courtesy with the slightest push of authority behind it. All the usual: age, birthplace, names of family, length of residence in China, places visited in the Orient, occupation, education, skills, language capabilities.

*Then we came to the part that was like pressing the hot jelly out of the gauze bag of boiled fruit — judgment on political and military situation in North China. The ensign said he was particularly interested in this last, and he asked me to have lunch with him. I told him politics and military affairs were out of my line. We had a puzzling talk.*

They were not through with him. The investigation resumed after lunch. He had struck fire with his answer to the question: Had he ever encountered Communists in the villages where he worked? The men wanted every shred of conversation repeated. One finally asked, "Mr. Treadup, do you disapprove of America's war effort?"

Treadup said, "I disapprove of war."

*This statement had to be carefully and extensively parsed, as if its four words contained, cleverly ambushed in them, many relative clauses and adverbial phrases and modifiers and qualifiers. I was reminded of diagramming complex sentences for Absalom Carter at Enderbury Institute. But I had only spoken, and meant, four words.*

The senior F.B.I. man abruptly said, "Thank you, Mr. Treadup. You are free to go ashore."

*I felt a hostility. I wanted to explain. But the line of people waiting to be examined was long. He waved me off.*

## A RAIN OF LOVE

**HIS HEART** "going like a cannonade," Treadup stepped to the reception desk and asked for the room number of Mrs. David

Treadup. He had left his trunk on the dock and had taken a taxi to the Prince George.

The clerk said, "Ah. There is a message."

He disappeared around a partition; he was gone "for five years." Then he returned and said, "They have asked that we ring the room. We have done so. The young man will come down."

David sat in a chair in the lobby. At last a thin man with a balding head, dressed in a tweed jacket and gray flannel trousers, walked toward him, rising and falling a little too jauntily with each step, "as if he were riding a camel." David saw a flashing picture in his mind of the time when this son, Philip the Yale man, had met them at Grand Central and had kept his loving parents at arm's length, giving them manly handshakes; and the father now reached out his hand in something like self-defense. But Irrenius Cashman had been right — "you are never quite safe from being surprised until you are dead" — for Phil opened his arms and threw himself forward into one more never-to-be-forgotten embrace: old Elting on the Astor porch; Mrs. Evenrude outside the camp kitchen; and now, Philip Treadup, responsible oldest son, "in a hug that I immediately understood as a warning, given with love, that I must hold myself together for my meeting with his mother, my wife." Philip at once put the warning into words.

"Mother's had a hard time," he said.

"Let's go be with her."

"She's afraid you'll be shocked."

"Let's risk that."

**EXCEPT** for laconic entries, usually only a few lines acknowledging movement or sharp change of some kind, David Treadup's diary falls nearly silent with his disembarkation from the Gripsholm, and remains so for several months. Perhaps he could not bring himself to write down honest words that might wound someone who happened to peek into the notebooks. For his reunion with Emily, from his point of view, we have to rely on a passage from a lengthy "Addendum to Search," which he wrote four years later. There is a merciful distance from the event in the account.

*My first thought was that we had blundered into the wrong room. One problem for me, as I walked into Room 344 that morning and saw Em for the first time, was that I had somehow never had an opportunity, up until then, to think of myself as an old man. One possible signal of that reality, my sixty-fifth birthday party, in the camp at Yin Hsien, had come at a time when I was enjoying a burst of newly discovered vitality. There was only one candle on the cake. I was in health, I was useful. The clock and the calendar aren't necessarily reliable measurers of time. Here, before me, begging me with her eyes not to look at her, was an old woman. This was the reunion in Montclair, after France, raised to the 'n<sup>th</sup> power of difficulty. What made it terribly hard was her being so afraid of my looking at her. Of course I embraced her — partly, perhaps, to get her out of my field of vision — no! I loved her, I had promised myself an ecstasy — and I found myself holding a creature so fragile and so nervy that there came into my head something Murchison had said on the ship: that a hummingbird's heart beats six hundred times a minute. My mind brimmed over with memories of my Emily; I was grateful for her existence; I wept with joy. She was the first to speak.*





From Janette,

...also, John Hersey, who wrote "Hiroshima", "The Call" .. (etc.)... was said to be born in Weihsien, but registered in Tientsin, in all probability due to new consulate regulations, can this be true? or somehow be checked? and by whom?!!...

je suppose que ceci est une question pour Norman!

well, bonne continuation!

Janette

From Leopold

Dear Norman,

I think that I need your help.

--- About "The Call" written by John Hersey

I just had Janette on the phone this morning who told me that John Hersey was a novel writer and had never been a prisoner in Weihsien. He was born there -- in Weihsien -- though his papers said he was born in Tientsin (where the consulate's offices were).

"The Call" is a novel and not exactly an autobiography !? all the names of people and places are changed but the description of Weihsien is really perfect. What he wrote is pure imagination! (?). John Hersey lived there during his childhood and knows the place perfectly.

Also, the fact that I placed the text about Weihsien in the "Diary-Chapter" was not correct.

Do you think that I ought to open a new "subdivision" for "TheCall"? I could name it "NOVELS" or maybe something else?

Could you write (for me) an explanatory text that could explain all this to the folks who visit the Weihsien-picture-gallery-web-site?

à bientôt,

Léopold

From Norman,

I believe that, apart from the change of names, the above book is factual. It is the most detailed description which we have of the earliest months of Weihsien Camp. I don't think that he was born there. The same has also been said of Pearl Buck and Henry Luce of Time & Life. I think that they were all born in the Weihsien area. Norman

From Leopold to [info@yale.edu](mailto:info@yale.edu)

Dear Sir,

All John Hersey's biographies tell us that he was born in Tientsin-China in 1914. **Is it true** (?) that he was born in the missionary camp of Weihsien (Shantung) and that he spent his early years there? -

--- Later, the Weihsien compound was a prison camp for the civilian enemies of the Japanese Empire during World War II? The fact that he was born in Tientsin is because his birth certificate was established by the Consular services in Tientsin --- . Is this correct?

I was in that camp, --- 60 years ago!

Best regards,

Leopold Pander

Belgium.

From Yale.edu

Dear Mr. Pander,

John Hersey was born in Tientsin. I have never heard that he was born in Weihsien.

Yours,

Martha Smalley

From Leopold

Dear Norman,

Hello,

When I got the bone! I don't let it go so easily!

I looked in Ron Bridge's listings and didn't find John Hersey's name written anywhere. The "Gripsholm folks" are on that list though. Must I conclude that he was NOT in Weihsien during WWII?

Made a search on "Google" and found this link: <http://webtext.library.yale.edu/xml2html/divinity.145.con.html>

John Hersey was born in Tientsin --- not in Weihsien.

I then asked "Google" what he thought of this: "John Hersey"+Weihsien

Astonishing: Google sent me back to my own site:

[http://users.skynet.be/bk217033/Weihsien/NormanCliff/people/individuals/SandraRoche/txt\\_smithsonian.htm](http://users.skynet.be/bk217033/Weihsien/NormanCliff/people/individuals/SandraRoche/txt_smithsonian.htm)

I noticed though, that Google's research engine is slightly different from one country to another!!

Where ends the "facts" and where begins the "legend"?

Could it possibly be that John Hersey had the story from one of the Gripsholm folks and included it in his book: The Call?

I am perplex!

I'm sending this message to Topica. Maybe someone can help!

All the best,

Leopold

From Ron,

**Weihsien inmates.**

The list that I let you have and which you have put on your website of Weihsien was originally based on a list that is held by several of us namely a Census of the Camp as at 30Jun44. That list had missing the names beginning with the letter "S" after Str...and all after Wolfson. The copy of that list that I have has the rooms that inmates were in in pencil in the margin but there is no date as to when people were in those rooms except that it must have been after the escape as the Chefoo School were in Block 61 the Hospital. ( it could well have had the room numbers added after the war but I suspect that it was no later than September 1945

Further sources that have confirmed or added to names on the web site list are the following:

A similar list dated 30 Sep 44 obtained from Tokyo Archives but this is complete ( i.e. no missing pages and includes the

names of the Italians who had been moved in from Shanghai)

A US Army Signal Corps telegram despatch of freed inmates dated 30 August 1945 ( This has some names missing and is corrupt text in others also forenames are not given but initials spelt phonetically) NARA Washington

A list of British subjects compiled by the Swiss Consul Tsingtao in June 1943, obtained from Berne. Sadly this is the only one surviving in Swiss records those of other nationalities were destroyed in the 1980s - this one was overlooked.

A list of British subjects moved from Chefoo compiled by the Swiss Consul Tsingtao in Sep1943

A list of Belgian religious raised by Assistance aux Belges d'Asie Orientale dated 6 Feb44

A census of British Subjects dated 31Jul 43 ( This is one page per family and gives passport and next of kin details) totalling 779 British.

A list of Religious Communities undated but believed to be July 1943 held at Cardinal Stritch University

Commonwealth War Graves Commission list of notified deaths ( original is held in Westminster Abbey)

A plan of the graveyard in Weih sien with the names of the 24 interred there. Their date of death, age, nationality and the doctor certifying death ( found in the UK national Archives) The last entry is A Marinellis 6th Aug 1945 ( there is no mention of the graves allegedly outside the walls)

Camp lists of the camps in the Shanghai regions some of which have annotations liked " moved from Weih sien" ( generally applies to children or families which had been separated at the start of the war and were moved together) variety of archives

Shanghai Times list of allied nationals repatriated in August 1942

Passenger lists of the Kamakura Maru, Conte Verde, Gripsholm, Teia Maru,

Shanghai Times list of allied nationals repatriated in September/October 1943

New York Times list of 1236 US citizens exchanged in Gao on 14th October 1943 who will be arriving in New York on the Gripsholm

List of Allied subjects( all nationalities) repatriated from China published by the Malayan Research Bureau Sydney NSW Australia dated Feb 1944. Cambridge Univ.

Sundry contemporary personal diaries. variety of archives

I have also crossed checked against all the names used in books written about Weih sien. Including Gilkey's "Shantuing Compound" where although he used pseudonyms in the book I have copy of Hugh Hubbard's typed de-code provided by Mary Stanley to my late mother. However this quotes a Ramsey but there was no one of that name in Weih sien

In using the names contained in the Newspaper lists has necessitated some elimination antics to arrive at the Camp that they were in. The Shanghai papers give the area( do not forget that they include Japan, Indo-China Philippines Hong Kong and Manchuria) and in some cases the actual place particularly in the 1942 exchange the 1943 exchange and the one that really affects Weih sien has area but the Shanghai Camp lists give the names of those leaving and these can be identified on the ships lists to arrive at those who were in Weih sien.

Weih sien camp operated from Feb 1943 until Oct 1944 thus in no way can John Hersey have been born in camp if he was born 1914. Do not however forget that Weih sien had been a Protestant School and his parents may have been at that establishment. Martha Smalley of Yale is quite definitive but has she consider that births were registered at the nearest

consulate. My own father's birth certificate says registered in Tientsin whereas he was born in Weichen ( A different place) in 1904.

The name John Hersey does not appear anywhere in the 29,000 names of allied nationals interned by the Japanese that I have accumulated as of the time of writing.

As general rule I am however very wary of lists in books that have been written later than the 1950s as the human memory plays tricks and some names are misspelt. Also I have seen cases of people who were babies during the war claiming to have been in a camp and naming the camp. Examination of all known records has shown that the father was in the camp claimed and that the wife and the young children( Under 5) were allowed to stay outside. This happened particularly in the Shanghai area and when the mother was not British or American by birth. There were also several cases in Tianjin (Tientsin) where the Japanese allowed people to stay out of camp to look after aged relatives, this also occurred to my knowledge in Beijing( Peking) and there are anecdotal references to the same policy in Shanghai and Hong Kong. In the latter many part Portuguese were not interned and in Malaya the internment of the Jewish community occurred in May 1944 and normally they do not seem to have interned all of those of mixed blood. I must stop or I will be writing a thesis

bien amicalement  
Ron  
PS if anyone has or knows of any other source documents please let me know.

From Gladys,  
  
Yes, I know that the Hersey family lived in Tientsin as my father, Hugh Hubbard, worked with John Hersey's father in the YMCA in Tientsin. Gladys Hubbard Swift

From Norman,  
Dear Leopold,  
  
I have not researched the matter as you have, but I believe that Hersey was genuinely in Weih sien Camp. The details which he describes of camp life in that earlier period ring true. There are no statements which conflict with anything which we already know.

That is my opinion. Norman

From Leopold,  
Dear Ron,  
  
Thanks very much for your prompt answer to my question. It is — how can I say — “on ne peut plus cartésien.”

My little sister, Mary-Lou was born in Weih sien and her birth certificate was delivered by the “Consul de Belgique” in Tientsin. Place of birth: Tientsin.

When we came back to Belgium in 1952 from Hong-Kong — with no chance of ever going back to China again — our dad had to declare us to the authorities. We all needed identity cards and little Mary-Lou insisted to have her birth certificate changed — to Weih sien instead of Tientsin.

This explains that!  
  
In Weih sien, there were quite a few births and maybe, 60 years later one of you are reading the “Topica-messages”? Your birth certificate mentions “Weih sien” or another place?

I'd like to know! (pure curiosity!)

Best regards,

Leopold

From Mary,

Speaking of legend or fact --

Weih sien rescuer, Jim Hannon, told me this week that he has completed his manuscript, which he has titled "**THE SECRET OF WEIFANG**." Long in the works, this is Jim's controversial account of finding in Weih sien a woman whom he says was Amelia Earhart.

When I visited him in 2000, he showed me the manuscript -- then in progress.

Jim did not tell me this week when he plans to release **THE SECRET OF WEIFANG**. (Weifang is today's name for what we knew as Weih sien.)  
Mary Previte

From Stanley,

Information that might help to unravel the John Hersey legend

The obituary in 1993 covered John Hersey's war time assignmentsa

(June 17, 1914-March 24, 1993)

Born John Richard Hersey in Tientsin, China; spent first ten years of life in China.  
Graduated Yale in 1936; attended Clare College, Cambridge (1936-37).  
During summer of 1937 worked as driver and private secretary for Sinclair Lewis.

Joined staff of Time magazine in 1937 as editor and correspondent, reporting on war from China and Japan (1939),  
the South Pacific (1942),  
Sicily and the Mediterranean (1943),  
and Moscow (1944-45).  
Traveled to Japan and China for Life and New Yorker, 1945-46; reported on atomic bombing of Hiroshima.

Details about the research behind his book The Call can be found in the  
The John Hersey Papers  
Yale University Library  
Divinity Library Special Collections  
409 Prospect Street  
New Haven, Connecticut  
[divinity.library@yale.edu](mailto:divinity.library@yale.edu)

This collection contains research materials gathered by Hersey while preparing to write his novel, The Call. The main figure in this novel, David Treadup, was partly based on the lives of six actual missionaries to China, including Hersey's father.

Hersey did a considerable amount of research in the

personal papers of China missionaries and other figures such as ecumenical leader John R. Mott..

Based on the above information, it would be reasonable to assume that John Hersey's time line as a war correspondent excluded any connection with Weih sien

The fact that six missionaries to China had given him access to their personal papers, would help to explain the amazing detail of camp life, enhanced in the novel by the use of diary excerpts.

Stanley Nordmo

From Gladys,

To add a bit to what Stanley Nordmo has written (below), my father was one of the six missionaries whose lives were used in "The Call". John Hersey personally called me to ask if I would give permission for him to use my father, Hugh W. Hubbard, 's papers in his book "The Call". I gave permission, and also talked with him about the fact that my father had worked with John Hersey's father in the YMCA Tientsin, @ 1908 to 1910. My parents were stationed in Paotingfu after their marriage, which was used by John Hersey in describing Treadup's early married life in Paotingfu and his missionary life there. Gladys Hubbard Swift

From Don,

Regarding John Hersey's sources for "The Call," you might be interested in the following.

One of the sources he used for the composite character of Treadup was Hugh Hubbard, whose daughter, Gladys Swift, recently joined this group. Hubbard has been mentioned by several of you as one of the leaders of the "spirit team." He, like Treadup, started as a "Y" secretary and transferred to the ministry under the American Board (Congregational). Before internment Hubbard was active in Paotingfu, and was especially important as a leader of the literacy movement in China. I think Gladys will confirm that many aspects of Treadup's character and adventures were based on her father, whom some of you remember.

Hersey's end-notes listing his sources also mention two unpublished manuscripts by Howard Galt, another American Boarder, who taught at Yenching University in Peking. One of these describes life in Weih sien and the other deals with the trip back to the U.S. on the Gripsholm. I was able to get copies from the Yale Divinity School library and had them transcribed and saved to PDF format and posted on my "family" web site. You can download and print them by going to [www.d.menzi.org](http://www.d.menzi.org), clicking on the Site Directory and then Weih sien.

(I just checked and found that the Weih sien documents are there all right but there is some problem with the Galt's Gripsholm memoir. I'll let you know when I've fixed it.)

From Norman,

I forgot to admit to you that I was wrong about Hersey being an internee in Weih sien.

The most convincing e-mails came from Hubbard's daughter and Nordmo. The obvious conclusion is that he combined five or six people's stories into one. Nevertheless it is valuable history on the camp.



From Tracy Strong,

Dear All -- John Hersey was certainly not born in Weih sien, nor do I think he was interned there (from a conversation I had with him in the middle 1980's). He was living in Tianjin in the 1920's when my grandfather (Tracy Strong) and my father (Robbins Strong) visited the Hersey's on their way to Geneva. Hersey was also later a friend of Israel Epstein, the AP correspondent who stayed on after Liberation to become the editor of China Reconstructs.

I am the son of Robbins and Kitty Strong (deceased in 1999) and was born in the Weih sien camp.

best wishes,  
Tracy B. Strong

Quite so: Hersey also used the AMB archives that are in the Houghton Library at Harvard. The figure in THE CALL is a composite of, I think, six missionaries and is to my mind one of the very best accounts of the complexities of the Christian Church in China.  
Tracy B. Strong

For what it is worth, I visited the Weih sien camp in 1980 with my since deceased wife, Helene Keyssar, in the course of doing research for the book we published on my great-aunt, Anna Louise Strong (RIGHT IN HER SOUL: THE LIFE OF ANNA LOUISE STRONG (Random House). The local Friendship Committee took advantage of the occasion (not many visitors to Weih sien in 1980!!) to throw a banquet with TWO bottle of Mao-Tai. They apologized for having torn down the building in which my parents (and I) lived, but assured me that ones there were "just like it." The main buildings are now a Middle School if memory serves.  
Greetings to you all,  
Tracy B. Strong

From Dwight W. Whipple,  
Hello Everyone~  
To add to the John Hersey discussion I offer the following correspondence I had with him in 1988:

March 1, 1988  
Dear Mr. Hersey  
Thank you for your novel, "The Call" which brought back so many memories of China to me. Throughout the book I was reminded of so many places and thought patterns and images of life during my childhood. I also identified with the struggle in and for faith that is represented in David Treadup.  
I enclose a copy of a letter that I have written to the Day Missions Library at Yale. Perhaps you have information regarding this inquiry of mine.  
Again, thanks for your book which I enjoyed immensely. I particularly appreciated the cameo appearances of your father, Roscoe M. Hersey, Sr.  
Sincerely  
(signed) Dwight W. Whipple

March 22, 1988  
Dear Reverend Whipple:  
Thank you for your kind letter about The Call. The Day Library will answer your questions; they may conceivably be willing to have the materials copied for you. A.W. March's account was of experiences at one of the other internment camps in China.  
My very best wishes to you.  
Sincerely,  
(signed) John Hersey

For any of you "old China hands" The Call is must reading.  
~Dwight W. Whipple

PS I found the library at Yale to be very cooperative.

From Gladys Swift,  
Another comment: Treadup in The Call may have been based on Hugh Hubbard (among the six) but I have not felt Treadup in any way lives up to his role model Hubbard!!! I said that to Arthur Hersey and he said he felt the same way about Treadup and his (Hersey's) father! GHS



## CHINA BORN

by Mrs. Gladys McMullan-Murray

### FOREWORD

Brought up in the same city, Chefoo or Yentai, where Mrs. Gladys McMullan Murray, the author, was born, I have had the privilege of being taught in her English class. She started to call me Ida, the name I have been using since. My name is pronounced as Yi De in Chinese.

The house where she was born was later rented to the Chinese Maritime Customs where my father was an assistant to the Commissioner. During my junior school years, my family lived in that hillside house surrounded by a large garden. Afterwards, I left the city for higher study in Shanghai.

The works of her parents were widely benefited and praised by the city people. Mrs. Murray was a very joyful, kind person by nature to whom the students responded with love and respect.

"CHINA BORN", her memoir, has been translated into Chinese by my husband and will be published together with the English copy to be distributed free to the benefit of readers of either language.

Ida Chu  
Soudersburg, Pa.

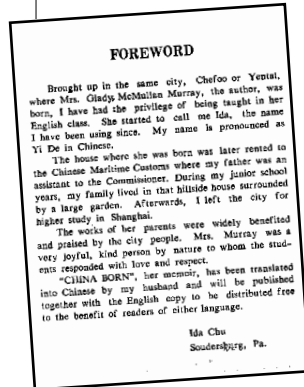
## CHAPTER 10 PRISONERS OF WAR

When our youngest was only three years old, war was declared. The Japanese were already in occupation of Chefoo. Sentries marched in the streets and stood at street corners demanding identity cards and certificates to prove that we had been vaccinated and inoculated.

I forgot my certificate one day while going through the Chinese city. A Japanese soldier compelled me to line up with a lot of very dirty coolies to be inoculated even though I offered to go home to get my certificate. I was surprised not to have any ill effects from the communal needle.

Our poor cook was constantly forgetting his certificate when going to market and was repeatedly jabbed.

One day a group of soldiers came into our house, stamping their heavy boots, and demanding to see my husband. They arrested



him, only allowing him to take a small suitcase of clothes. Other men who had been in key positions were already waiting outside in a truck. They were driven away, without a word of explanation, or told of their destination. The children were frightened and my heart sank, but I tried to cheer them up by saying that Dad had just gone for a ride. All sorts of rumours were rife - some said our men had been shot - it was really terrible. Thank God it was only a rumour.

Later we heard that the men were imprisoned in an old hotel after being driven all round the Chinese city for the Chinese to see the foreign prisoners. I took the children every day past the hotel where Dad was looking out of the window so he could see that we were all safe and well. We couldn't speak to him, and dared not stand still, out only walked slowly past.

While my husband was away, the Japanese kept coming in to see if there was any incriminating evidence. They removed the telephone. All our private papers were burned and all valuables taken. What was left was removed by anyone who happened to want it - after we were interned.

One day, the Japanese came for another searching session. They were rough to start but little Sheila brought in a plate of biscuits and passed it round to our unwelcome visitors. The three-year-old child with the long blonde hair and sweet ways must have touched their hearts for they began to behave better, and even strummed with one finger on our piano, "God Save The King". They still insisted on going upstairs to look in the bedrooms.

I was short of money at the time and, as thieves were coming in to steal, I had hidden some notes in Sheila's soft cloth dog. You can imagine how I felt when the soldiers began to play with the toys. Sheila was a bit worried about her playthings but I said, "They are only looking at them. " When they picked up the dog, I felt quite faint but they threw it back in the cupboard again.

Our two eldest children were cut off from us as they were both working in British firms in Shanghai. Tina was a stenographer and Peter was learning the shipping business. We were most anxious to hear news of them but were not allowed letters. I tried to send a telegram but was refused. However, we did receive a telegram - delivered by mistake - which asked permission for Tina to marry a Norwegian. As my husband was still in the hotel, I asked the officer in charge if I might speak to him. After much coming and going to the Japanese consulate, I was permitted to shout from below the veranda to my husband who was standing with one of the guards. I told him about Tina's request and he thought we should try to find out more about the young man she wished to marry. However, we were never able to get in touch with her so they decided to get married. We lost touch with them until eighteen months later when we heard that they were very happily married and had a lovely baby son. Our son-in-law was a Bachelor of Science - a most capable chap - well able to take care of Tina.

Our older brother, Bobs, was considered by the Japanese as a special due to his position as head of his firm, and also because he was at that time the Grand Master of the Masons. "These things seemed to make him more suspect. He was a very courageous man and, because of his influence, he was able to save his friends. He was imprisoned and we hoped that we would soon see him again, but a message came suddenly to us to say that he had died... a young man of just forty and in excellent health... we could not believe it.

After three long months of waiting and wondering how our men were faring, they were suddenly sent back to us, all except my dear brother.

However, we were not left in peace for long for, one day without any warning, the gendarme came to order us to prepare to go to camp. We were, of course, very thankful that Dad was back with us. We were given an hour to get some clothes together - only one suitcase each. My husband was very depressed as it distressed

him to be forced to leave my brother behind. He had been through a very gruelling time and could hardly bear to talk about it. As we left, our house was left open to anyone who cared to enter. In fact, looters were encouraged by our captors.

As we went through the Chinese city, the bystanders watched us with pity, saying in Chinese "O, they will eat much bitterness now. They have nothing but bits and pieces. "

When we reached our camp which was about two miles away, we were assigned to our rooms. Seventeen people - male, female and children - slept in ours. There were no beds so we slept on the floor which took getting used to but we learned that one can get used to almost anything. The rooms were dirty and all the plumbing was out of order. However, our boys and men were later allowed to fetch mattresses from our homes. Douglas and Jim went with some guards and pushed the mattresses on a cart back to the camp. It was winter by this time and deep snow on the ground. When all the mattresses were spread on the floor, there was no room to walk between and we had to sleep in close proximity to each other. We would turn out the light to try to get some sleep but often lay awake thinking apprehensively of the future.

The first night in the camp, an old lady noticed our room was dark so she stepped quietly inside the door and began to disrobe. She had wanted to avoid undressing in the room where she belonged as the lights were still on but she did not realize that the light from the hall was shining through the fan-light and that she was in full view of us all. One soon got used to this sort of thing.

We had paid our cook some money to buy food for our dog Jerry as we hoped soon to be home - but what a hope! Jerry was a mongrel but such a friendly little chap. He was more my special dog and had made up his mind to find us. Even though our cook tied him up, Jerry got away and, coming all the way to the camp, he rushed past the guards at the camp gates and found us in our quarters. The sentries drove him away but he returned again and again. One night he managed to get inside and got through the window of our room. He jumped over all the sleeping forms until he came to me, then jumped on me, licking my face. It was heart-breaking as we couldn't stand his being so home-sick for us and, as we heard that we were being moved up country, we asked an American doctor to kindly put him to sleep. It was a sad day but the best we could do.

One of our treats was to have a hot bath in a small tin tub in the cellar. We put a large can on the stove to heat the water and took turns to have a bath. One evening a teenaged girl went down to have her bath but there was no light in the cellar - only a candle. She stepped into the tub with joyful anticipation. On splashing the water over herself, she noticed that it was very greasy and there seemed to be strands of sticky material adhering to her. Out she jumped to bring the candle a little closer-only to find that she had been bathing in our cabbage soup!

One day I was helping in the kitchen and sent one of the children to call my husband to come to the meal. The child ran back in distress, saying, "Dad is lying on the floor and can't move. " I hurried to him and found that he couldn't speak and one leg and an arm seemed useless. One of our friends helped us to put him to bed and called a lady doctor to come to see him. She examined him and said, "He's very ill indeed, you'll have to keep him quite still. There's nothing we can do". She was a Missionary doctor and said we must pray for him. I could hardly bear this burden on top of all our other trials. It would not have been nearly so bad if we had been at home. I was so much afraid that the Japanese would take him away and that I would not see him again. Someone in the camp possessed a camp bed and kindly gave it to us for my husband. I fed him and nursed him as well as I could under the awkward circumstances and we all prayed and prayed for his recovery. I believed that the Lord would spare him to us.

People were very kind to me and offered me cups of tea. They thought that Douglas would die but we continued to pray and, at last, he began to improve. One day he was able to speak again and gradually the use came back to his arm and leg, though his arm was stiff for a long time. Again we had proved the goodness of God.

We remained in this camp for a year, then suddenly we were told to be ready to go up country.

We were literally packed into a small steamer. It was a miserable voyage... the hold and every available space packed with people... our youngest slept in my arms... it was unbearably stuffy in the hold... and the smells on the ship were nauseating as the plumbing had gone wrong. The Japanese guards occupied the only cabins on the ship. We were glad to get out on deck in the daytime to breathe a little fresh air. No food was provided but we managed to bring some bread and tea from the camp. Those were really two dreadful days.

When we arrived in Tsingtao, we were herded onto the train... just as overcrowded and most uncomfortable. After the train journey, we were ordered to climb onto trucks and bumped along a dusty road to our new camp in Wei-Hsien. As we came near, we saw hundreds of internees looking over the wall at us. It was very hot and they were wearing wooden clogs and shorts - many bare torsos in evidence. As the great gates closed behind us and we saw the sentries at intervals along the walls - and that the walls were electrified - we realized with a fresh shock that we were indeed among enemies. Our hearts sank and we were fearful as we didn't know what was in store for us.

Our great source of comfort was that God had promised to save those who call upon Him. A wonderful verse came to me as I walked towards our little hut - *"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him and delivereth them"* Psalm 34. 7. These words came with great force and I felt sure that, though the enemy surrounded us, God was even nearer and would be with us all through our trouble.

Our family had two tiny rooms. There was no furniture - just a shelf on the wall. We had our mattresses to sleep on. The walls were full of bugs and each morning we took all our bedding and clothes out in the yard for a sunning, doing all we could to get rid of the horrid creatures.

Everyone was given identification badges which we had to wear at all times. Every day we lined up for roll call for which we had to learn to count in Japanese. Our youngest child had been given a large doll with which she was delighted and carried it everywhere. She asked me to make a badge for the doll so, to please her, I stitched one on the doll. At the next roll call, dolly came too. The guards began to count the rows of people but seemed a little confused about the number. After counting several times, they realized that the extra child was just a doll!

We nicknamed one of the guards "Bu-shingdy" which, in Chinese, is "Not allowed". He would yell out in a very menacing voice, "Bu-shing-dy" whenever he passed us!

Our children collected bricks and made a little cut door oven - not that we had much to cook on it. We were able, occasionally, to buy a little peanut oil but had to wait for hours in line. It was worth it, though, for we kept our ration of bread and fried it in the oil which made quite a nourishing meal. One of the internees owned a machine for grinding peanuts into butter and which she loaned out throughout the camp. We were able to have it at rare times to grind the few peanuts we were able to buy and - what a treat it was - to have something to spread on our bread!

A kind Anglican gave some of his ration of peanuts to our children. Our second son repaid him by taking over the old

gentleman's unpleasant job of emptying the night soil. Jim would tie a handkerchief over his mouth and swing along with the smelly buckets as cheerful as a cricket. Times of adversity seem to bring out the best in most of us. There was a happy bond of sympathy between the old and the young.

We enjoyed the Salvation Army band and were allowed to hold Sunday services which were the highlight of the week. Our community hymn-singing was a great joy too.

As we ate strictly bread day after day, the children longed for jam or butter. One day they said "Can't we ask God for some jam?" So right there and then, we knelt down and prayed and, no sooner had our simple petition ended, than an old lady who had been lucky enough to receive a food parcel, came in and said, "I've a little jam left in the bottom of this tin. It's a bit sharp for me - would you like it?" It's the most delicious jam we had ever tasted.

Our older son was in a camp near Shanghai. He had been very ill with typhus just before the war and we were most anxious to get him into our camp with us so that we could look after him. I began to pray earnestly that Peter would be sent to us. I told people what I was doing but everyone said, "It's quite impossible. He's in South China and all in this camp are from the North." However, I continued to pray.

An official from another camp came to visit ours and I asked permission to see him. As he was going to Peter's camp, I begged him to take a petition to the Commandant there to ask if Peter could come as his father still ill and needed his eldest son. The man took the letter and said, "You may have done your son harm". I was really frightened of what I might have done to Peter and begged for the letter, but he wouldn't give it to me. For days I was in despair and prayed that the man would lose the letter, unless it was God's will.

After a month of agonizing waiting, we were looking over the wall when, down the road, we saw a truck full of a change of guards. As the truck came closer, we noticed that a young Englishman was with them. Just imagine the excitement! Peter was quite in the dark as to where they were bringing him having just been ordered to pack up and come. I wanted; to rush out to meet him but Peter signalled me not to make any move I think he was afraid that they might change their minds and take him back.

Peter's coming did wonders for his Father and for us all. A kind neighbour, who had been saving a pot of jam for months, gave it to us so that we might celebrate Peter's coming. We were given extra bread by other friends and a real tuck-in.

James, our second son, had been with us all along and had cheered us with his happy carefree attitude and his jokes about his cooking. He was one of the camp cooks and concocted cabbage soup, unsweetened corn-flour pudding (which they called "Wei-Hsein Delight"). They wrote up a menu every day on which everything was called by fancy names - Bread Porridge was just bread soaked in water... Stew was made of mule's meat, or other inferior meat, and a few vegetables. One thing which was fairly plentiful was eggplant. It's surprising what unappetising dishes one can eat if really hungry. The so-called coffee was served from a bucket, as was the tea. We had no milk or sugar. All our water had to be fetched from a pump.

In the camp there was a hospital - with an operating theatre - manned by our own doctors and nurses. A special dining room was for the sick. So many had stomach troubles.

There were communal showers for which we were thankful especially when the temperature rose to one hundred degrees.

In the winter we were given small iron stoves but we had to stand for a long time to get a bucket of coal dust. This we made into coal balls by mixing it, two parts of coal dust to one part of earth, which we put out in the yard to dry. Unfortunately, they were sometimes stolen.

The internees ran a white elephant shop where one could sometimes get necessities by exchange. I took my best dress to change for a tin of sweet condensed milk. We all shared it and really enjoyed the treat. Never was a tin scraped more clean. Our little one said, "Don't throw it away. It might be filled up again like the widow's oil when her vessels were empty. "

# CHAPTER 11

## FREEDOM AT LAST

As there were one thousand and five hundred internees in our camp and we were to be flown out in alphabetical order at war's end," Murray came quite low on the list so we had several weeks to wait.

My younger brother, Lieutenant Colonel James McMullan, came with a General to our camp to advise and help people to get back to their homes. We sat at a table in the camp yard and interviewed hundreds of people. I only saw him for one evening. We had so much to say to each other but he promised to see me again as soon as he had been to Chungking. As he was a fluent Chinese speaker, he was to be given an important mission. The next day, our British Representatives had to leave. I was so proud of him and his fine war record and looked forward eagerly to seeing him again soon.

A very terrible thing happened. Their plane crashed over the Hump on the way to Chungking and all on board were killed.

I was the last to know this bad news as our friends put off telling me until we arrived in Tsingtau where we were to stay until we could make further plans.

We could not return to our home in Chefoo as we heard that, as soon as the Japanese left, the Communists went in and would not have any of us. There seemed little hope of getting home so we stayed in a community centre with other Chefusians. Our second daughter took seriously ill and was twelve weeks in hospital. After much prayer, and great care, and courage and determination on her part, she began to improve. Our youngest girl caught diphtheria and I stayed in hospital with her. Later, when we thought our troubles were nearly over, she had acute appendicitis. However, she recovered from this as well.

Our British Consul advised all Britishers to leave China. As we could see no chance of returning to Chefoo and we were all in a pretty low state of health, we decided to sail on the Empress of Australia. A few passengers were from various camps but the rest of the travellers were troops going home to England.

Our two boys had gone on before us - Peter to Australia where he found work on a fruit farm; Jim went to Scotland and we decided to go there to join him.

We arrived in England on a dark November afternoon. We felt very lost and homeless until Jim met us... he was full of encouragement.

My husband tried everywhere to find a job but was told that he was too old - he was barely fifty.

We stayed in a camp for displaced persons in Bridge-of Weir. We longed to have a home of our own as we had had enough of communal living. We were eager to do something useful but only factory workers seemed to be able to find work.

However, finally I heard that a cook caterer was wanted in a factory nearby. As it was within walking distance, I applied for the job. I had no special qualifications but decided to have a go and quickly picked up the work. I had three assistants and we were soon preparing appetising meals for sixty people. It was quite a novel experience and a preparation for the work God had in store for me.

Douglas still had no permanent work but, one day, we saw an advertisement in a newspaper wanting Wardens for an Old Folks' Home in Buckingham, England. Douglas suggested that I go down to be interviewed by the Committee and to see what the job entailed. I did this and was most attracted to the lovely old building and, when I met the old people, I was sure that I could make them happy. I was asked if I could cook as the cook was leaving and, when a new one came, she would be given days off when I would need to do the cooking. My experience at the Scottish factory was of great benefit to me. The Committee wanted to see Douglas and, in any case, I would not decide to take the job unless he felt happy about it.

To make a long story short, we were accepted and soon our two girls and ourselves were settling in at the Home.

Douglas and I were both very happy in the Home and did all we could to make our old folk very happy too and at home with us. We thought it very important for the old people to pursue their hobbies. One of our guests wrote stories; another wrote poems and played the piano; another loved gardening and had a special patch of his own where he grew flowers which he gave to his special lady friends. We had musical evenings when all who cared to could display their talents. I played the piano and we had very happy times at our sing-songs. One lady made cuddly toys and she set the others to making fancy goods to sell at sales of work. Whatever a person's age, he or she is still an individual and it is by keeping up with one's interests that we grow old gracefully.

After almost ten years in this congenial place, my very dear One died suddenly of thrombosis. I was stunned with the shock of losing the One who had been through so much with me. For ten years we had worked together and, after having his constant companionship for so long, the loss was dreadful. I was invited to stay on but, at the time, I felt I could not bear to be there where everything would remind me of our happy times together. I waited until the Committee found a suitable husband and wife to take our place.

Nothing would ever be the same for me but I knew I had to be a strength and guide to our children.

Douglas was reliable, gentle, and constantly thoughtful for others.

I found a little house to live in. It was rather dilapidated but the children helped me to get it in order and worked hard to make it comfortable.

Both our younger daughters are married now and live close by where we see each other every day, I have great joy in my grandchildren - three granddaughters and eleven grandsons. Only four are nearby. Our Chinese friends would consider me very lucky to have so many grandsons.

End of chapter.



Second Generation  
of  
**WHITE WOLVES  
IN CHINA**

A Memoir

of Fred and Frances Pyke

**James H. Pyke**

## Chapter Twelve

"Comes now the last step. It is March, 1943. About noon of the 14th a messenger from good Dr. Hoeppli of the Swiss Consulate comes with the fateful word. We are to be taken to internment camp

in a neighboring province. We have ten days in which to dispose of our personal and household effects, packing what we think we will need for an indefinite stay in Weihsien."

Frances told the author later that the Scripture passage that meant most to them in the camp was Habakkuk chapter three.

*For though the fig tree  
shall not blossom, neither shall  
fruit be in the vines; the labor of*

*the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no food; the flock  
shall be cut off from the fold and there shall be no herd in the  
stalls. Yet will I rejoice in the Lord. I will joy in the God of my  
salvation. Jehovah the Lord is my strength and He maketh my  
feet like hinds' feet and helpeth me to keep my footing on the  
heights...*

"That is where," she said, "in an internment camp you have to walk — on the heights and not be dragged down."

Fred's account continues: "Toward sundown we are herded out on to Legation Street and headed for The Chienmen Station, a sight for gods and men, smaller bags on backs, larger articles on 'sammies' (two rough poles mounted on a small wheel) or trucks improvised from roller skates. Hundreds line the sidewalks to view the humiliation of the 'enemy nationals.' Now we know what it means to be 'made a spectacle unto the world ... to be as the filth of the world and the offscouring of all things.' We know what it is to taste the savor of being 'alien enemies' and feel no rancor. There is even a kind of fierce joy at the chance to pay some of the arrears due to un-Christian attitudes in our national life.

"At the railway station there are hard-seat, third-class carriages waiting for us. The promises of a berth, food and hot water are forgotten in the exciting gamble of displacing the foreigner. Twice we are transferred to other trains, once at midnight passing through

Tientsin, and once the next morning at Tsinan.

"Three-thirty in mid-afternoon finds us at the platform at Weihsien, thirsty and disheveled, surveying an uninviting prospect. Trucks receive the men and baggage, buses the women and children. Past the ancient defenses of Weihsien city, on beyond the grey walls of the Presbyterian Mission. The gates close upon us, and we are prisoners in the forlorn 'Castle of Despair.'"

Frances remembered that one of the things that bothered her a great deal as she thought about being imprisoned was that she could no longer be with her Chinese friends to do Christian work. But then she realized that a missionary could never be separated from her job; rather, she found herself in an amazing new field of European commercial people who had very little, if any, religion. Later, she learned that in other camps where there were no missionaries, these "respectable people" when left without any spiritual help, fell apart as far as morale and morals were concerned.

One morning as Frances was meditating and reading her Bible, this verse became meaningful to her: "Love the Lord your God with all your heart, soul, mind and strength and your neighbor as yourself." It came to her that no matter where one is it is possible to go on loving God and one's neighbor.

Arriving at Weihsien, Fred described what they saw: "Bare walls, bare floors, dim electric lights, no running water, primitive latrines, open cesspools, a crude bakery, two houses with showers, three huge public kitchens, a desecrated church and a dismantled hospital, a few sheds for shops, rows of cell-like rooms, and three high dormitories for persons who are single — out of this we set to work to organize a corporate life."

Frances' description of the camp supplements Fred's: "The Presbyterians had two mission compounds that they were particularly proud of, one was a big college on the Bosphorous, and the other was at Weihsien in the Province of Shantung. This compound which covered several city blocks was a wonderful example of mission strategy and Christian foresight. Inside the outside walls were several smaller compounds, each with its own walls. One was for the hospital, the Nurses' Training School and the doctors' residences, one for the Bible Women's Training School and the dormitory for the Bible women, another for the Middle Schools. There were elementary schools as well with their dormitories, row upon row of them. It was ideal for a prison camp.

"The dormitory rooms were sufficient for two students, being about the size of a 9' x 12' rug, but when you put a family into one it became crowded. At one point my husband, myself and our son, Jim, had to fix things so we could sleep on that 9' x 12' rug and do supplementary cooking as well.

"Although we were in a civilian internment camp and thus not subjected to such severe conditions as prisoners of war, we had to get used to lack of food (about 1,000 calories a day), lack of sanitation, overcrowding and vermin of all kinds. These, things, however, were nothing compared to the loss of our freedom, the anguished feelings of being completely at the mercy of the guards. Moreover, no matter in what direction we directed our gaze; it was met with a ten-foot brick wall with electrified barbed wire on the top. On the outside was a further entanglement of electrified barbed wire, beyond which was a moat and another entanglement of barbed wire."

Fred's account continues: "The next few days are a confused recollection of unpalatable food and toiling over mountains of baggage. Rain falls and transforms the dust into a quagmire. A keen wind from the north springs up and searches our bones. We lift heavy crates, boxes and trunks with a last-ditch energy that accomplishes surprising results. Other trainloads of refugees arrive every two or three days until we number eighteen hundred souls: British, American, Greek, Belgian, Pilipino, Indian, Norwegian, Portuguese,



Russian, Chinese, Scandinavian, Parsee, Iranian and Palestinian. There was also one Panamanian. At first volunteers staffed the kitchens, bakery, repair shops, pumps and bathhouses. Dr. Loucks and Miss Whiteside with helpers started whipping the hospital into shape."

Frances reported that in camp Fred first volunteered for the meanest jobs, such as cleaning the toilets and showers. Later he became coordinator of the wells which meant that he was responsible for getting pumpers to man the pump-handles at all times. Then he worked in the carpentry shop.

"At mealtime we found yellow slips on the long pine tables in the kitchens asking each to indicate experience and preference regarding various kinds of camp labor. There was work for all and those who refused were few. The Yenching University contingent of teachers, doctors of literature, philosophy and science worked beyond their strength. The Catholic fathers and sisters won golden opinions by their cheerful assumption of disagreed tasks. Frank Connelly of the Baptist Mission managed a kitchen for eight hundred people. He was a born leader and people of all sorts worked with him gladly.

"Next we found white slips at our places indicating procedure for electing camp committees. When the Japanese imprisoned us, they imprisoned democracy, democracy — that was the watch word. Yet they seemed pleased to have the details of camp management left to the prisoners, while they laid down general rules. These were: no traffic with the enemy, no black market, no effort to escape, no vandalism, no insubordination.

"Management functioned through nine committees: Supplies, Quarters, Employment, Engineering, Discipline, Medical, Education, General Affairs and Finance. We were fortunate to possess men of strength and experience among our number who could represent our interest forcefully. The Japanese were supercilious and overbearing, but not cruel, to the Westerners. They were determined to put us in our place, but after a few cases of slapping and punching, they conceded the right to enforce discipline to our own elected officers. Police numbers to wear, daily roll call, occasional parades, and searches, as well as insufficient rations reminded us that we were prisoners. Public enemy number one was monotony. Latrines, cesspools, ash heaps, garbage bins and broken masonry greeted one on every hand. Dreary surroundings and depressing work heightened the deadening monotony."

Frances remembered that food, or more properly the lack of it, was the chief preoccupation of the internees. The main staple of the prison diet was an inferior flour which often seemed to include the leavings swept up off the mill floor. (Rice was a luxury in grain-producing North China, only to be enjoyed by the inhabitants on festival occasions.) A kind of bread was made from this flour and the ration per person was six small slices a day. For breakfast the bread was soaked in water and made into an insipid bread porridge.

In addition the Japanese issued some vegetables (one kind was almost literally inedible) and occasionally a few pieces of meat. Frances, who worked in one of the kitchens for a time, recalled how everything had to be dumped into huge cauldrons which could hold sixteen buckets of water. Under them were fires of coalballs which were made from coal dust and clay. The resulting stews were enough for a meal, twice a day, which the cooks tried to stretch to three times a day. They tried to make the stew taste a little better by putting up on a blackboard the name in French or in Spanish or in Italian or German or some other language. No one was fooled. Then one day they put up an "S.O.S." and the hungry internees thought it meant nothing to eat. However, they soon discovered that it instead meant "Same Old Stew."

Sweet potatoes were issued only once in the two and a half years. They were put in a huge cauldron and stirred so they would

not burn on the bottom. Since no proper cooking implements were issued, the cooks went scrounging around the compound looking for something with which to stir this treat. The Presbyterian Mission at Weih sien was where Henry Luce, the magazine magnate, had lived as a boy with his missionary parents. One day they found a baseball bat which they were "sure" had belonged to Henry Luce. With that baseball bat they stirred the sweet potatoes which were so very special because they were sweet.

One of the worst irritations was having to line up for roll call twice a day in all kinds of weather. Everyone had to wear his camp number and be counted off by the Japanese guards. At times an inmate would forget his or her number and a first offence was usually overlooked, but the consequences could be unpleasant if it happened again. Frances forgot her badge once and had no difficulty, but then she forgot it a second time and wondered what would happen. She remembers that at that point, Fred leaned over and pinned his number to her blouse, thus assuming the blame himself.

Then the lack of sanitation was a severe problem, especially the cesspools. They were open pits located near the living quarters. The toilets also were just holes in the floor in sheds, and it took special grace to clean them. Some of the prisoners would bribe anyone they could to do it for them. A little boy who had lived most of his life in the camp, seeing the beautiful harbor at Tsingtao after the war, said to his mother, "Oh, Mother, see what a great big cesspool!" He had not known any other body of water!

The difference between survival and disease or starvation was the operation of the black market. Fred Pyke was a very moral person, punctilious about right and wrong, but he worked on the black market chiefly because of 450 children in camp. Their whole lives would have been affected without proper nourishment, and the black market did produce peanuts and eggs. The Chinese would push them through the drain holes at the base of the wall; also little tiny dates, no bigger than a thumb-nail, came through.

There was also a school organized for the children and classes for the adults at night. Some mail did reach the camp and some gift parcels arrived. The Pykes were surprised to receive one anonymous gift of \$100 in the mail and two small packages, a reminder that they had not been forgotten by their Chinese Christian friends. After the war, they learned that the Superintendent of the Methodist Women's Hospital in Tientsin had spent all her spare money during the war years in sending gift packages to the prisoners in the camp.

Fred's account continues: "Musical instruments were allowed in camp. There was a Salvation Army Band, and an orchestra was organized. There was also an amateur dramatic society which nobly supplied a play a week. A lecture course was run one night a week, and in addition, Lucy Burt of Yenching University conducted a course of readings in history, ancient and modern, which was enormously popular.

"The greatest morale builder was the collective religious life. An inclusive Christian Fellowship was set up taking in all but the Roman Catholics. In addition the Anglican Church conducted three or four services on Sunday and daily morning and evening prayers. An Evangelistic Band was organized, enrolling over a hundred members, and these conducted a colorful service each Sunday evening. They also had a weekly prayer meeting. Prayer groups supporting this work met all over the camp, some daily, some twice and some once a week."

Fred and Frances organized an early morning intercessory prayer group which proved to be a great learning experience. Frances was acquainted with a charming, musical and cultured high-born Russian woman who asked for prayer for her husband, a Scotsman. He had been used to money, luxury and servants on the outside, but in camp had been shirking on his share of the work. He was letting her carry their water, doing all the washing and other hard work,

never lifting a finger to help. She asked the group to pray for her husband, because she was very ashamed of his slackness when everyone else was doing his share of the work. After several weeks of daily prayer for him, Frances one day happened to meet his wife and asked how things were going. She was enthusiastic, recounting how she had become aware a night or two before that her husband was tossing and turning and not sleeping well. In the morning he said to her that he realized he was not behaving in the way he should, that he should be helping her more and doing more of his share of the work of the camp. Then he picked up the buckets and went off to get the water. A few weeks later Frances encountered her friend again, and she said that it was as if she and her husband were on their second honeymoon. Through this experience Frances became more aware than ever of the power of prayer and of the Holy Spirit to change a person's heart.

Another example of answered prayer involved another white Russian lady who was from the opposite end of the social scale, a pathetic case. Her mother, as was the case with so many white Russians, had fled from Russia to China when the Bolsheviks took over. Many had no trade or skill, so some of the women drifted into the pitiful business of prostitution in the port cities of Tientsin and Shanghai. The young woman in question had been born in a brothel, and her lifestyle was a problem in the camp. One day a friend asked the group to pray for her, because she really wanted to be different but did not know how to change. After considerable prayer the girl made a right-about-face and started a new life.

Fred's account continues: "One of the interesting and profitable addresses made in the weekly prayer meeting consisted of finding parallels between the Weihsien Camp and that of the children of Israel in the wilderness. This talk was given a number of times.

"A comparison with Communism was also instructive. The Japanese began the Undeclared War with the avowed object of uprooting Communism, but they practiced it on us. They stripped us with a stroke of the pen of all property and movable wealth. They placed rich and poor, skilled and unskilled, educated and ignorant upon the same footing. The cubicles were identical. The food was identical. We all stood in long queues for issues of water, bread, soup, coal and purchases at the limited canteen. All distinctions of race, color, creed and capital were wiped out.

"To some this was a challenge. To others it brought despair. Some temperaments found it an excuse for disintegration. Others seized upon it as a chance to serve. Moreover, the whole enterprise operated upon the principle 'from each according to his ability, to each according to his need.' Without fanfare of trumpets or parade of slogans, the profit motive was eliminated. Was the incentive to progress eliminated along with it? Not at all. If men cannot compete for gain, they compete for the honor of the difficult, distasteful posts. The maxim attributed to a Greek sage becomes current again. 'If the job cannot reflect honor to me, I will reflect honor on the job.' The chairman of the British Chamber of Commerce in Peking went to cleaning out the men's showers. A labor executive unostentatiously scrubbed out the noisome latrines. A white-haired businessman headed the crew which swept the paths and open places of the camp. The wealthiest person in North China became a navvy at the public pumps, doing his stint without failure or complaint, receiving no more than the lowest laborer, his plate of stew.

"All water in the camp was raised to the surface by hand, gangs of men and school boys keeping the flow running fourteen hours a day. Because of fire hazards and the needs of the public kitchens, the supply of water had to be kept going at all times. After the arrival of our rescue team, when the manpower was diverted to the salvaging of supplies brought in by plane, Frances organized a crew of women who kept the water flowing so that meals were on time.

"V J Day came and went without our knowing of it. But two

days later in our sky appeared a B-29 which after circling the camp, dropped paratroopers in the fields outside the walls. Hysteria seized the prisoners. A thousand people rushed the great gate that had imprisoned us for twenty-nine months and scattered into the byways to find our rescuers. Two women fainted from the excitement. The party was composed of seven: A Chinese, a Japanese American, an ex-prisoner in Germany, Lt. Hannan, a staff sergeant, Hanshulac, from Wilkes Barre, Lt. Ortleb from Brooklyn, and Major Steiger of Klamath Falls. They bore themselves like gentlemen, and we were proud of their moral fibre. Years later the Pykes met General Wedemeyer who told them that it was, in his view, a 'suicide mission' for those rescue teams, because of diehard Japanese military intentions to kill all Allied prisoners and of Communist forces active in many areas of North China. General Wedemeyer had been in charge of rescuing all American prisoners.

"Gradually, others came and we were put under the command of Col. Hyman Weinberg, a capable officer, who enjoyed the respect of all. A recreation officer, Captain Ashwood, with daily lectures broadcast through the camp, and a library stocked with home magazines, brought us up to date on the war. A Red Cross officer spent a number of days in camp, appearing we knew not whence, to provide radio facilities for the reaching of loved ones with messages from the camp.

"We had assumed that with the coming of relief, our troubles were ended, but the days lengthened, delays multiplied, and we were still detained in our little cells. Gradually the restrictions on our movements were lifted. We could stroll outside the walls and visit the city of Weihsien two miles distant. Supplies of clothing, toilet articles and army rations were flown in. A movie projector with films appeared from the skies, but best of all the long, golden autumn days were enlivened with the sound of saws and hammers. The whole camp was a bustle with movement. We were packing!! We were dismantling our quarters, stowing our bedding and books and clothes! We were alerted to leave!"

Both Fred and Jim felt it imperative that Frances get to Louise and Ruth in the States as quickly as possible to allay their anxiety and suspense over the three members of the family caught in the war in China.

"D Day" (departure) for Frances came September 25. She got to Tsingtao and then boarded the "Lavaca," an attack transport, for the homeland. For Fred and son, Jim, the day came on October 17 with a plane trip to Peking, courtesy of the U.S. Army Air Force.

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## FORTY YEARS AGO IN A JAPANESE CAMP...



On a blistering hot day in August, 1945, away in the countryside of the northerly Chinese province of Shantung, 1500 civilian prisoners of the Japanese were doing their normal manual tasks in a former mission compound 200 yards long by 150 yards wide, and surrounded by two ranges of electrified wires.

Their community work included pumping water by rota, stirring thin soup or bread porridge in large Chinese caldrons, baking bread in massive camp-made ovens. They were a motley crowd of people — from very young to very old, they were barefooted, in tattered clothes and with sunburnt complexions; their features were Anglo-Saxon, white Russian, Eurasian and Continental.

What they knew about events in the outside world and of the war theatre in particular was meagre indeed. One night fourteen months previously, when the Japanese soldiers were changing guard and therefore momentarily disorganised, and when the full moon shining on the sentry's tower cast its long shadow over a large area of the outside wall, two men with the help of fellow prisoners had made a well planned escape through the wires and joined a guerrilla band 100 miles from the camp. Later an American plane parachuted a radio to them.

Hummel and Tipton conveyed the barest news of the war to Weihsien camp in a most ingenious way. Chinese coolies entered the camp daily to clear the cess pools. At the gates they were carefully searched by guards and often hit with the butts of their rifles. One of their number, carrying empty buckets on his shoulders, would have information wrapped in a pellet stuffed up his nose, and on passing a particular rubbish dump cleared his sinuses and discharged his message.

From these terse newsflashes it was clear that Japan was losing the war in the Far East and was on the point of surrender. This was good news indeed, but it held with it fear and uncertainty. As I dumped some crates of ash outside the camp gate about this time, and stretched my limbs whilst the dust settled, a Japanese guard told me in a mix of Chinese, Japanese and sign language that should they lose the war they would shoot us and then fall on their swords.

### Rescue from the skies...

Thus it was that on Friday, 17th August, the prisoners in Weihsien Camp heard the distant drone of a plane. The sound grew louder — it sounded somehow more musical than the Japanese planes they had often heard when China was being occupied seven years before. Something instinctive stirred in each prisoner's heart — "This is it — the end is here." Dropping their work they rushed outside and looked skywards.

The American B24 was trying to identify the Camp from the Chinese villages in the countryside. Soiled British and American flags, which had been concealed in the bottoms of trunks "for the duration", were hastily unpacked and waved horizontally. The plane circled closer and closer, and then, believe it or not, beyond the treetops in front of the main gate it disgorged a parachute, which we could see fluttering gently down. Six others followed in quick succession...

Pandemonium followed. Prisoners cheered, danced and shouted with excitement. Forgetting the existence of Japanese guards and camp regulations hundreds poured out of the front gate to welcome their liberators from the skies. Racing across the cornfields they found them lying behind Chinese graves, poised with guns, ready for any eventuality. Soon they were hoisted shoulder-high and carried as heroes into Weihsien Camp.

They found the Japanese soldiers standing at attention in the guard room just inside the main gate with their rifles stacked in one corner, overcome by the speed of events that hot August morning. To their surprise Major Staiger commanding the rescue team and communicating to them through Sergeant Nagaki, a Japanese American, instructed them to re-arm themselves and assist their new American leader. In the countryside surrounding the Camp rival Kuo Min Tang and Communist soldiers with their common enemy vanquished were already in battle with one another. It was important that the 1500 internees, who had survived the hazards of the protracted war with Japan, should not now be endangered by the fast spreading civil war. The instructions to resume duties under the conquering Americans added a further twist to the morning's programme of drama.

### In touch with Civilisation.

From then on whenever the opportunity permitted we surrounded these deities from the sky, and plied them with questions about the outside world and the political events of the past years.

I was a cook on a labour gang in Kitchen I which catered for 600 people — our basic commodity bags and bags of flour. From this we had made faith as much variation as circumstances permitted bread porridge, bread pudding and bread-based concoctions.

And so when on that first Friday evening two members of the relief team honoured Kitchen I with their presence we planned a special menu. Out of the small store room came some of the rarities we saved for Christmas and such occasions, and with our usual ingenuity we got to work. While the crowds queued up for a ladle of black tea served from a communal bucket and then for a dollop of that evening's variation of bread pudding, we served our two VIP guests a special meal from our hoarded resources. (Quietly and politely the food was left uneaten; our special menu was quite unpalatable.

But better meals were soon coming.

### Manna from heaven.

The weeks following brought many changes to our mode of living. The sudden cessation of fighting in the Pacific had meant that boxes of food, medicines and clothes were no longer needed in the war theatre, and so these were re-directed to civilian camps in Weihsien and Shanghai.

Planes arrived daily dropping supplies of powdered milk, butter, spam, chocolate, sugar, as well as khaki uniform, underwear and medical drugs.

I stood one day in front of the Japanese guard room looking up into the sky. Blue, green and red parachutes were floating down from the silver bellies of American military planes on to the cornfields half a mile in front of me. All the things we had so desperately needed during those two years of imprisonment were falling from the skies in abundance. 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.)

### Unforeseen Hazards

But not all those welcome parcels fluttered down gently. Packed hurriedly at distant bases many crates hurtled down, ripping the parachutes, crashing to the earth and bouncing ten feet high, breaking into many pieces. At first we were caught unprepared and had some narrow shaves, as these large boxes rained down all around us, sometimes within a few feet.

An American officer, standing beside me after one of these downpours of parcels, shaken and out of breath, swore he had faced more hazards that day on the Weihsien fields than in other theatres of war in South East Asia. We soon learned to keep on the safe side of tall trees until the planes had gone.

Chinese peasants came out of their villages to witness the unforgettable scene of pools of soup, dented tins and scattered vitamin pills, their eyes boggling at the quantity and variety of the supplies, which had burst out of the broken boxes which had poured from the skies. Rumour had it that one farmer had eagerly devoured the equivalent of a bottle of vitamin pills, and with newly endowed

energy was last seen still running somewhere north of Peking.

After the day's work of bringing the boxes from the fields into the "Courtyard of the Happy Way" (from the time when this compound was an American Presbyterian institution there were still three Chinese characters with this meaning on the front gate of Weih sien Camp) and doing our normal communal work we attended in the evening "Reorientation Classes" given by the American officers on recent world events. Our vocabulary was enlarged to embrace such new words as G.I., D Day, Jeeps, B24, Mulberry Harbour and Kamikaze.

Impatient to depart

Soon even the novelty of square meals, wearing shoes on one's feet and walking freely out of the Camp gates began to wear thin, and repatriation and reunion with our families became one's burning passion and obsession.

Although peace had come to the world it had not come to our locality. At night time we could see and hear gunfire in the distance as rival Communist and bandit groups bitterly fought each other. Thus to get 1500 prisoners to Tsingtao at the coast, a distance of 125 miles, meant a train journey through these danger zones. The Americans offered a large sum of money to these groups if they would desist from fighting for an agreed upon period, during which time they would arrange our evacuation.

On 25th September, 1945, five weeks after our dramatic rescue from the skies, I clambered on a lorry near the Moongate where the Camp administration was based. In one suitcase were all my belongings — clothes recently dropped by parachute, school and family photographs and a strange assortment of souvenirs of my recent chapter — some green silk ripped from an American parachute, some leaflets which had been dropped by the planes and a Japanese guard's helmet.

It was exciting indeed to be travelling out through the gate of "The Courtyard of the Happy Way" to the great wide open world outside, but I was experiencing something else which I had not anticipated — a sense of being wrenched from the midst of a vast cosmopolitan community of men and women of diverse cultures and backgrounds — academics, business executives, prostitutes, nightclub bandsmen, priests and missionaries. A large closely knit family which for three years had laughed and cried and laboured together was being torn apart.

Weih sien revisited

Small wonder that a place with such conflicting memories drew my sister and me back last year while we were on an organised tour of China's cities, after an absence of 39 years. Weifang, as the town is now called, is today a thriving industrial area. One half of the former Camp is now a large educational complex and the other half is the Weifang People's Hospital. Of course the electric wires and high walls have gone, and in 39 years much has changed.

We walked the roads and alleys of former days, and saw the long rows of tiny rooms nine foot by twelve foot in which the families had stayed, the large bachelor dormitories, the sports field where Eric Liddell of "Chariots of Fire" fame had with limited resources organised games for the young. We found the spot though overgrown with bushes where in June 1945 we lovingly laid the earthly remains of this former Olympic hero to rest. We saw the spaces where in the extremes of heat and cold we had lined up twice daily for Rollcall.

Walking to what was once the front of the Camp, and is now the back of the college grounds we found that the imposing gate with its three Chinese characters had gone, but we noticed that the local

Chinese still refer to the locality as "Lo Tao Yuan" — "Courtyard of the Happy Way". Names die hard.

For the 1500 prisoners who were held there by the Emperor of Japan it was not a "happy way". It was more accurately the "Courtyard of Invaluable Lessons". As Hugh Hubbard, American missionary and camp leader wrote in a friend's autograph album during those darker days:

Weih sien is the Test — whether a man's happiness depends on what he has, or what he is; on outer circumstance or inner heart; on life's experiences, good and bad — or on what he makes out of the materials those experiences provide...

Or as Alexander Solzhenitsyn wrote after he left his Soviet cell, "Bless you prison, bless you for having been in my life."

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A fuller account is given in the author's book "Courtyard of the Happy Way", published by Arthur James Ltd., The Drift, Evesham, Worcs.



Bali, who sustained three severe beatings at the hands of the Japanese



From Mrs. Armen Baliantz,  
San Francisco, CA 94111  
1995

Dear Dr. Michell,

Thank you for your book which brought memories to life buried all these years. I smiled, laughed, cried and sobbed but kept on reading far into the night. How vividly alive it was once again!

My son Artie, killed in a motorcycle accident a few years ago, was born there. I remembered how I used to take him and my daughter Jeannette, just a tot then, to watch you kids play games under the guidance of our Eric Liddell, whom we all loved so much. How sad it was when he died still so young. Perhaps he could have been saved if we had proper medical facilities.

There were other casualties as you describe, some survived and some whom time never healed. One of them is my ex-husband *Bali, who sustained three severe beatings at the hands of the Japanese*. He was unable to get over these horrible experiences emotionally, or physically. His brain was damaged by the blows on his

head and he became irrational in his behaviour over the years. He drinks heavily still and has to rely on his very old mother to cope with living. In spite of all medical treatments while we were still married, he continued to deteriorate mentally so that living with him became dangerous for my children and myself. Eventually he left for Florida to join his parents leaving me with his enormous debts, our small business on the verge of bankruptcy and two children to raise. With God's help and hard work I survived, paid off all debts and made my restaurant one of the best known in San Francisco.

Much of my husband's problems with the Japanese was his inability to control voicing his true feelings. His family owned the Vienna Cafe, bakery and confectionary in Tsingtao. They were successful and were known to be rich. The Japanese knew that too, and on pretence that we were Iranian, or Persian subjects, confiscated all their property. We could not prove that we were stateless Armenians since the Persian, or Iranian Consulate was closed due to severance of diplomatic relationship with Japan. The Japanese took advantage of this to send us to Weihsien.

The first beating occurred while we were still in Tsingtao. There was a Jew from Russia by the name of Goez, who had a Portuguese passport and who made no secret of being an informer for the Japanese. He also dealt in gems. Bali openly criticized him and he apparently informed on Bali. As a result, Bali was taken from Iltis Hydro, where we were held, and beaten so badly that he bled from neck to legs. He was also questioned where he hid his money and other possessions. Thankfully, in spite of the beating, he did not reveal this. Luckily for Bali and us, his family, there was a Canadian physician, Dr. Chen, also an internee at Iltis Hydro, who saved Bali's life. We also had moral support from our new friends, the Whipple family, whose daughter and Jeannette became good friends. They were there for us with encouraging words and prayers which we appreciated with all our hearts.

Bali was born in Manchuria, where there were no English or Russian schools. They lived in Mukden and his parents sent him to Asian elementary schools so he was fluent in Chinese and Japanese. While in a Japanese school, he met Kogo, and the two boys became friends. You may remember that Kogo was in command at Weihsien for a few days. Personally I feel this was no coincidence, but a Japanese attempt to get Bali on their side. Later Kogo and Bali went to Red Croft, an English school in Tsingtao. Both took Cambridge exams to graduate and Bali passed these exams with honors. Incidentally, Ida Lupino was also at Red Croft. When she visited us here, they enjoyed reminiscing about their time there.

We were in the first group to arrive at Weihsien and were assigned a closet size cubicle where four of us adults, and later two children and all our luggage had to fit. We lived one on top of the other like that until V-Day. Coupled with all these hardships, there was a lack of necessary facilities, a constant feeling of hunger, and at times, despair. Kogo accompanied by a former teacher, a Catholic nun, chose this time to persuade Bali to work for the Japanese offering a possibility of work in the Supply Room. Bali refused. "Why don't you want to work in the Supply Room and be able to get better food and living conditions for your family?" Kogo also stressed that Bali was an Armenian from Asia Minor. To this Bali replied: "If I'm an Armenian born in China, then what in the hell I'm doing in this camp? " I'm sure Kogo reported this conversation to his superiors as Bali was placed on their black list.

Instead, Bali joined the Catholic Fathers, de Jaeger and Martin

and Oswald Dallas to provide news to the internees. Bali's contribution to this secret conspiracy were translations from Japanese newspapers which he snitched at every opportune moment. Later he managed to get hold of a radio which a Japanese guard trustingly gave him to repair. To avoid detection, the radio was played during Mass hidden in an obscure corner of the altar. Eventually, the Japanese got wind of that and Bali was taken to the Guard House and beaten so severely that his face and hands were swollen beyond recognition for a very long time.

The third beating occurred while I was in labor attended by Doctors Elizabeth Corky and Grice. The Japanese guards barged right into delivery room and demanded the name of the child to transmit to Tokyo. Bali replied that until the child was actually born he couldn't tell whether it was a boy or a girl. The guards still insisted so Bali told them that if it was a boy, he would name him Arthur in honor of General MacArthur. This enraged the guards and they beat him in front of my eyes. I'm surprised that in the books I read about Weihsien, the "Shantung Compound" by Langdon Gilkey and "Rising Sun" there is no mention of Bali's contribution to the acquisition of news, or the beatings he endured at the hands of the Japanese.

There is also no mention that two Armenians, my father-in-law and his friend, Mr. Sanosian, both experienced in the art of baking bread, operated the camp's bakery and provided all of us with fresh bread daily.

Thinking back to those days at Weihsien, I can't help admiring the dedication of your teachers in spite of all privations they faced, in being able to organize some semblance of ardor and care for you children, so cruelly deprived of your family support during the war. They did more than their duty to ease your suffering and continue your education in spite of all hardships. I must say you behaved beautifully and we all enjoyed your presence there.

Weihsien brought the best in us and I still remember some wonderful people I met there and with whom I'm still in touch. One of them, of course, is our hero, the Navy Lt. Jimmy Moore, who along with the other six of his men, risked their lives to tell us that the war was over. I'll never forget that scene which you described so well in your book. The element of surprise and the exhilarating joy that followed when their appearance out of the blue was explained. Who can forget that day! It will remain with all of us who were there as one of the most wonderful memory of our lives.

The lesson I learned at Weihsien is to be helpful as much as I can, and to treat all people with the same trust and respect I knew from fellow internees while a prisoner of the Japanese.

Again, thank you for your gift, a well written book, which all of us who were there will treasure.

May God bless you and your family.  
Cordially, Armen Baliantz







# At last US soldiers came, I thought I was in heaven

By Paul Kelly

The Mercury, August 12, 1995

- A retired local teacher and daughter of wartime missionary parents recalls her time as a young teenager during the war caught up as a Japanese internee in China.

KATHLEEN Foster celebrated her VJ Day in China - alone without parents in one of the camps where the Japanese had held her prisoner for four years.

Chinese-born Kathleen, then 15, and a former Lichfield schoolteacher, was an internee at the Civil Assembly Centre in Weihsien when US troops took over the camp on August 17, 1945.

She said: "Seven Americans parachuted down and we rushed out to greet them. There was great rejoicing but we had to stay in the camp and wait to be evacuated."

"We made clothes out of their parachute silk. You can imagine the state of our clothes after being in the camp that long. We had no new clothes only hand-me-downs - we were shoeless in summer."

Within a month Kathleen moved to the eastern port at Tsingtao and became ill with osteomyelitis, an inflammation of her hip bone caused by infection.

She said: "I was very fortunate because there was a Canadian ship called the Bermuda with penicillin on board.

"I was the first person in the area to have the drug which was fortunate because without it I'd be on crutches now," she said.

"I was stretchered onto an American ship with a crane. Here I was, 15-years-old clutching a bottle of penicillin and surrounded by US soldiers - I thought I was in heaven," she added.

Kathleen and 12-year-old sister Beryl arrived in England via Hong Kong on December 31, 1945 and saw their mother for the first time in five years.

"Mother had a dreadful war," she said. "Her husband died in 1941 and her two children were in camps. She had left free China in 1944.

Kathleen's parents were missionaries at the then China Inland Mission at Shensi when Kathleen was born in 1930.

She said: "When I was seven my parents took me to school on the coast. It was over a 1,000 miles away. I did not see them again for three years until they brought my sister."

Parents Arthur and Winifred had sent their daughters to join 400 pupils at Chefoo to receive a Western education while they could complete their missionary work inland.

However in late 1941 events took a different turn when the Japanese began rounding up "alien" westerners and marched into Kathleen's school at Chefoo.

"It was obvious they wanted our buildings because they were good Western buildings. They stuck labels on everything saying 'Property of the Japanese Government'.

"They restricted our going in and out but then in May 1942 we were taken to the other end of town where there were some Western buildings with guards and barbed wire," she said.

"The first lot of guards were quite educated and were

gentlemen - but that was the first ten months," she added.

The Japanese then moved Kathleen, the school children and other 'aliens' to the camp at Weihsien where she was held until the end of war.

"They put us on an old British ship but didn't provide any food so we had to get our own. It was three days' journey on a ship with plenty of cockroaches!

"When you were a kid it was very exciting though - we did not have any school or lessons.

"The adults had more to worry about of course but they did not fill our heads with the terror tales that they knew about," she added.

At the camp, a former university, the schoolchildren were put in one large room - with families being housed in single rooms.

"That was until two people escaped so they put us in a hospital building. I slept in the operating room.

"The insects were just ghastly. When we put mosquito nets down it became very hot and bed bugs crawled up to the corners," she said.

One of the escapees, Arthur Hummel, later became US ambassador to China. He gained plenty of respect there for fighting alongside the Chinese in the war.

Onetime athlete Eric Liddell, who refused to run on a Sunday because of his religious beliefs, was also at the camp but died from cancer in early 1945.

The staff and school auxiliaries looked after Kathleen, sister Beryl and the pupils during their four year imprisonment.

"What has affected my life the most was having no parents there and not being the most important person in somebody's life.

"The absence of parents takes quite a slice out of a child's life," she said.

Kathleen also recalls that life for the Japanese guarding and running the Weihsien centre was made harder by the Chinese locals.

She said: "The Japanese were hated by the Chinese. They had their throats cut if they did not have their guns or dogs with them.

"The Japanese were awful to the prisoners of war but they left us alone."

"One 17-year-old boy was killed at roll call in front of his mother when he put his hand up and touched an electric wire - his parents won't look on the camp with the same kind light."

She added: "Until the Italians came there were 1,500 at the camp. The Italians had a separate half because of the ill feeling towards them."

The Japanese banned radios at the camp and often just dumped prisoners' outgoing and incoming mail

Despite these measures major war news, notably the allies' victory in Europe, did not escape the prisoners - thanks to illicit radios and the grapevine.

"Somebody heard about VE Day on the radio and rang the camp bell to celebrate but this was the same bell the Japanese rang when prisoners escaped.

"They were absolutely furious with us and got the whole camp out in the middle of the night for a roll call."

As the war progressed and the Japanese suffered heavier defeats food in the camp became more scarce.

"The food was ghastly. Everything was bread, bread, bread. We sometimes had meat but we never knew what we were eating.

"We were all very thin by the time we came out - I looked nothing like a 15-year-old girl should look like. I got back here and

was put on six weeks of double rations," she said.

Kathleen and sister Beryl docked at Liverpool on December 31, 1945 after a six week voyage from Hong Kong - it was their first time in England.

"When I arrived here I saw a notice which said Beware of Pickpockets - I was horrified because I'd been brought up to think the English did not steal."

Three years later Kathleen went to Goldsmith's School of Art in London alongside miniskirt designer Mary Quant and cult painter Bridget Riley.

"It was quite an exciting time to be there. It was the beginning of new 'movements'. There was a resurgence and new interest in the arts."

Kathleen set off to Canada in 1954 and returned 10 years later to take up art-teaching at the then Lichfield School of Art.

She retired earlier this year and plans to return to her Chinese birthplace, now renamed Shanxi, which she has not seen since 1937.

Looking back at her time in the camps she realises how fortunate she was - but also knows how despicably the Japanese behaved.

"I don't bear any bitterness but that was that particular camp. I think the Japanese were awful. They despised prisoners because that's how they were brought up.

"I'm just grateful things turned out as they did. It was an exciting time for us as children but the staff protected us from the knowledge which would have caused us to fear."

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# TED McLAREN (1902-1950)



Ted McLaren was born in Edinburgh on May 28th 1902, the scion of an ancient Scottish clan, and was educated at the Royal High School, Edinburgh. He excelled in all forms of sport but his speciality was Rugby Football.

In 1923/4 he played Rugger for Scotland under the inspired captaincy of A. L. Gracie. Team photos of the time show him in the three-quarter line alongside Eric Liddell (the future Olympic athlete and hero of 'Chariots of Fire').

Ted McLaren and Eric Liddell were friends in Edinburgh, in Tientsin (where they both lived and worked for some years in the 'thirties and early 'forties) and in Weihsien Camp (Japanese Internment Camp, 1942-45). Liddell died young — in the Camp — from a brain tumour, and McLaren spoke at his Memorial Service:

*"... we played [Rugby] in the same side and against one another for ... three years and never once did he show the slightest sign of bad temper or bad sportsmanship ... both ... were utterly foreign to him ... [He had] that characteristic of never to give in — he was never beaten but always trying ... no truer sportsman ever drew on a running shoe ... "*

McLaren himself also died young — in England — five years after the war, from coronary thrombosis.

McLaren spent most of his life in the service of that famous Far Eastern shipping and trading firm, John Swire & Sons (then known as Butterfield & Swire). He learned Chinese and worked in Hankow, Shanghai, Tientsin and Hong Kong.

In 1926, while still a young man, he earned the praise of his company for his handling of the so-called 'Wanh sien' incident on the Upper Yangtze, when two vessels of the China Navigation Company (a Swire subsidiary) were seized by the local 'Warlord'. The Royal Navy subsequently rescued the two ships. McLaren, according to a confidential report in the Company's files, "did extraordinarily well". That verdict sums up his whole career.

At the time of Pearl Harbour he was based in Tientsin, in charge of the firm's North China operations, and in the following year he and all other British and Allied citizens living in Tientsin, Tsingtao, Peking and (later) Chefoo were interned by the Japanese in Weihsien Camp.

In Weihsien he was elected Chairman of the Camp's 'Discipline Committee' and soon became the kingpin of the Council-of-Nine which ran the internal affairs of the Camp. In that capacity he had the difficult and dangerous task of liaison between the Japanese Commandant — Mr. Izu — and the internees. He was an outstanding success, treading the delicate tightrope with consummate skill.

On occasion he dared to rebuke the (California-educated) Commandant in no uncertain terms, as when an Englishwoman was slapped by the guards, or when a drunken soldier intruded into female internee quarters.

But he also had to relay the Commandant's complaints and rulings to the internees. For example, the Commandant complained that internees were being disrespectful to the Japanese guards (and thus to the Emperor of Japan) by getting in their way as they walked about the Camp on their duties. McLaren duly posted on the Camp Notice Board this delightful tongue-in-cheek notice:

***"Internees will give way to uniformed members of His Imperial Majesty's Forces, i.e. internees will alter their course to port or starboard to avoid a head-on collision.***  
*E. McLaren (Discipline Committee)"*

This piece of surreptitious mickey-taking had the internees chuckling for many weeks.

McLaren was quite capable of losing his temper, but in public he seldom raised his voice. He ruled the camp very quietly, with seeming effortless, with deliberate understatement, with an innate, unspoken authority.

To my schoolboy mind — I was fifteen at the time of Pearl Harbour — he epitomized the 'strong, silent man-of-action', a hero out of John Buchan or Dornford Yates.

When General Wang Yu-min, a local Chinese Guerrilla Commander, established secret contact with the Camp, McLaren and a small group of China 'experts' made plans to send two 'representatives', i.e. escapees, to the Guerrilla H.Q. Two young Chinese-speaking internees — one British, one American — successfully escaped. McLaren waited till they'd had time to get clean away, then officially 'reported' the escape to the Commandant so as

to safeguard the camp and preserve his own standing in Japanese eyes! The pair were never caught and from their guerrilla bases were able to send and receive messages to and from the Camp and establish radio contact with Chungking.

McLaren listened regularly to a secret radio within the camp, so when the War drew towards its close, he arranged with the two escapees that guerrilla forces would be ready — at a moment's notice — to protect the camp or to send in food supplies.

He also organized an 'underground' police force — of reliable, able-bodied internees — ready to take control of the Camp.

In fact liberation came from the air, with the dramatic descent of seven American parachutists — handpicked OSS men. The Commandant surrendered peacefully and McLaren's police took over the Camp gates. McLaren and his Council-of-Nine administered the camp in conjunction with the Americans.

The young American major and his gallant few were astounded to find such an efficient and well-run camp, in spite of three years of meagre, dwindling rations and other privations.

After the war, the Japanese Commandant, Mr. Izu, along with hundreds of other senior Japanese officers, Police Chiefs and Commandants throughout Southeast Asia, was charged with war crimes. McLaren, with his innate sense of honour, could not allow Mr. Izu, who had, in some ways, done his best for the Camp, to go undefended. He and others from Weihsien travelled to Tokyo, met General Douglas MacArthur, and testified on Mr. Izu's behalf. He was acquitted.

At Eric Liddell's Memorial Service in 1944, McLaren had referred to the Olympic champion's numerous attainments which could have turned many a man's head. In fact, said McLaren, "they had no effect other than to make him even more retiring and unassuming". The same could well have been said of McLaren himself. In the darkest days of the war, he became the most respected man in Camp. Everyone looked up to him. Everyone instinctively trusted this chivalrous, humour soft-spoken, canny Scot who combined all the skills of diplomacy with firmness, wisdom and magnanimity. We shall not see his like again.

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E. McLaren

Born: 28.5.1902

Educated at: Royal High School, Edinburgh.

Previous Employment: 4 yrs David Cairns Ltd, Leith; John Swire & Sons Ltd, (shipping 1 yr; Passed London Chamber of Commerce Bookkeeping Examination Nov 1922.

Scottish Rugby Football International 1923/4

Probationary Report: Good personality, keen & quick. Passed Bookkeeping exam whilst training for Scotland. Should prove a useful man. A.2. or possibly A.1.

Service with B&S

Joined at Shanghai (B&S)

Shanghai.	8.4.1924-2.6.1924	Assistant, Chine Navigation Co. office
Shanghai.	2.6.24-	Cargo Inspection
Hankow.	10.5.25-	Assistant, Shipping.
Changsha.	Jan. 1927-Jan. 1927	Specially sent to assist during the troubles, but sent back
Hankow.	Jan 1927-1.4.1928	Assistant, Shipping in charge of Changsha
Changsha.	4.4.1928-	Agent
Home Leave (UK)	27.3.29-17.3.30	
Hankow..	23.3.1930-	C.N.Co. Shipping
Hankow.	14.12.1920-30.10.1932	No.2 (Agent's assistant)
Shanghai.	3,11.32-19.12.1932	C.N.Co. Shipping office No.2 (Coast & Chartering)
Tientsin.	21.12.32-	Agent
Home Leave (UK)	31.3.35-4.3.36.	
Shanghai. Sub	4.3.36-Feb.1940	Manager. No.3 Private Office, in charge C.N.Co. Floating Staff and O.P.Co. (paint
Tientsin.	17.2.40-	Agent (Relieving)
Home Leave (Australia)	25.4.40-8.11.40.	
Tientsin.	9.11.40.-	Agent

Interned Weihsien Camp until September 1945

Rehabilitation Leave (UK).	16.11.45-16.5.46	
Shanghai.	20.5.46-	Sub-Manager
Tientsin.	7.46-7.46.	Inspection
Shanghai.	23.7.46.-	Sub-Manager..'
Hong Kong	21.3.48.-	Sub-Manager
Hong Kong	2.8.48-18.11.48	Manager (in Charge)
Home Leave (UK)	12.8.49.	
London	3.10.49.-11.3.50.	Assisting in Private Office
Taken ill	11.3.50.	Coronary thrombo-
Died:	30.3.1950.	

17.1.19 24:	Keen & Capable. Very Promising
24.10.2 4.	Very good
28.9.26 .	Hankow/Shanghai Did extraordinarily well et lchang et the time of the Wanh sien Incident. [A famous incident concerning the holding of C.N.Co.'s vessels "WANTUNG" end "WANHSIEN" for ransom at Wanh sien on the Upper Yangtze, by e local warlord, Yang Sen, end their subsequent rescue by the R.N. Yangtze Flotilla, during which
25.3.27	Good worker who should develop well.
9.12.29 .	A good sound man who takes time to from his opinion & to be sure of what he is doing



# Internee recalls Struggles

Japanese camp was a matter of survival for 10-year-old girl.

By GENE SMITH  
May 6, 1995.

The Capital-Journal

Ten-year-old Emily Pederson and tier sister Mary. They both had whooping cough. Fourteen-year-old Walter didn't but there was no telling when he might come down with it too.

A sickly child. Emily was rheumatic: she could hardly walk without medication.

It was no time to send them to an internment camp without their mother, but the Japanese didn't care. The three were the children of an American Marine. Japan was at war with America - and in control of this part of China. They would join other Caucasian nationals at the 'civilian assembly centre' outside Weih sien in Shantung Province, a 14 hour train ride from Tientsin.

Their mother. Margarethe Koehler Pederson, on the other hand, was a German national. Japan and Germany were allies in the war against the Western imperialists. There was no reason she couldn't continue to live in Tientsin s German concession. All she had to do was to wear the 'Hakenkreuz' -- the Nazi swastika.

'She got down on her knees to that Japanese officer and begged him in Japanese and Chinese and German and English to let her go.' Emily Bryant recalled recently in Topeka. "And finally he said. 'all right, all right, all right... You can go.' It took us all day for mother to go through this because they kept telling us that the officer we needed to see was in another part of town. So we would walk there. And they'd tell us he was in another part of town. We ended up back where we'd started. He'd been there all along.



"The cruelty of the Japanese, to me, is fact.

"They were pretty friendly with us until they stopped us from going to school and then one day this Japanese officer and four soldiers with guns and bayonets walked in and said. Pack one bag. You have 24 hours and you're leaving.'

"Mother packed one basket and one little suitcase. Everything else was packed in eight big green wooden crates with 'U.S.M.C.' on'em. We kids slept on em. But all that had to be left.

The landlord told us after the war that the Japs just went in there and busted it up with axes.

"They took us by truck to a big open place and dumped everything out of our luggage and made us repack it. And then when we got to the train station they dumped everything out again and made us repack it.

"We ended up way out in the boonies. That's where the camp was. The camp had been a mission at one time."

Like many cities in China, the mission was walled, with a main gate 20 feet-tall and 15 feet wide. About a mile in circumference. it contained more than 3,000 civilians of all ages. In the spring of 1943, when the Pedersons arrived, most of the internees were Americans and British;; but after about a year "they brought in a bunch of Italians" - testament to the fact that fascist Italy had surrendered, on the other side of the world.

Other prisoners supervised the children, but Japanese soldiers supervised the adults, even inside the compound.

"We were SO interned! They had barbed wire on top of these walls, electrified wires 3 feet away from the wall, 9 feet away from the wall, and then a moat. Of course they had these gun towers all over the place. When we were playing, they always had a (soldier) in the tower watching us.

"They allowed us to have an army cot, and my grandmother (still living in Tientsin) got something similar to a rollaway bed. and so we had two army cots and a rollaway bed. I slept with my mother, and my brother and my sister each had a cot. "That was the total of the furnishings in their bare 8-by-8-foot cubicle.

"There were a lot of nice Japanese soldiers. They would tell us they didn't want to have us there, it was just war. But the bad ones were bad! There were a lot of bad ones and mean ones, too. One time they put my brother up against the wall" and threatened him with swords because he had pulled a notice off the wall.

"Rain had washed away the writing and it was half blown off by the wind, so he pulled it off." Bryant said.

"They did torture some people.

They killed a lot of Chinese. " And she recalls once at roll call when a couple of boys - playmates of hers - were jumping at a low-hanging electric wire in the compound. A guard in a tower nearby watched until both grabbed it. Then he turned on the power. Both boys were electrocuted.

"There are a certain amount of horrors that you see in war, but they never had to send us to psychiatrists." said Bryant. "A child's life is not as serious. If I'd been my mother trying to keep three kids alive, I'm sure it would be a totally different story.

In the camp, all prisoners had to work. Bryant's mother worked in the camp laundry. And in her spare time she took in other prisoners' washing, for cigarettes or other valuables.

"Just washed like the Indian women do on rocks, only she scrubbed sheets on the table. We would get packages now and then from outside the camp, from my grandmother, and the (Japanese) would go through them and take out what they wanted. They would leave some cigarettes in there for her. We used to go out before



daylight and pick up the cigarette butts and take all the tobacco out, and I'm sure that's what killed her."

Emily and Mary cleaned fish in the camp kitchen. "We never got to eat it. I don't eat fish today as a result of it, because of the smell."

Walter pumped water to keep a reservoir filled to a specified level. "We drank well water from the pump."

The internees got three poor-quality meals a day, but "it was never enough. Mostly boiled bread, bread porridge for breakfast." It was no wheat bread. "It wasn't bread as I've ever eaten. Sometimes it would be burnt, sometimes it would be moldy. We never got milk or anything like that. We got mutton stew. A lot o gruel made with this red grain called 'gaoliang' (a kind of milo). For school the lunch was a slice of bread when they had it with salt and pepper on it.

"Spent three birthdays in camp. I weighed 60 pounds when I got out and I was 13."

A Girl Guide in the camp (British equivalent of the Girl Scouts), Emily cared for the sick and elderly and, when none of the guards was looking, paced off the dimensions of the compound to draw a map of it.

"They gave each one of the girls a big skein of yarn. I made a vest, and then I took it apart and made a pair of mittens. I wore one pair of shoes which the Red Cross gave us for three years. We only wore shoes in the winter.

"We had a potbellied stove, and we got one bucket of coal a week. We made our own coal balls out of coal dust and mud," so the ration would stretch farther. "Then we had to guard `em, because the other people would steal'em.

"We would leave early in the morning and go dig in the garbage pile to get the clinkers. Sometimes there'd be a little bit of coal left."

Finally, a defeated Japan surrendered, and in September 1945 U.S. occupation forces arrived in Tsingtao, a port city several hundred miles east-southeast of Weih sien - but the GIs didn't know of the existence of the internment camp. Meanwhile, the Japanese guards had promised the camp inmates that they would all be killed.

With the aid of local Chinese villagers, two men managed to escape under the wall and make their way to Tsingtao and U.S. authorities.

Suddenly one October day a big American plane flew over the camp, dropping thousands of leaflets - and bundles containing food and medicine. The Japanese fled. "So of course we opened the gates. Those gates hadn't been open in almost three years.

"After they circled the camp, they went out a distance and dropped eight paratroopers. Then they brought in more troops after that."

The Japanese never came back, she said.

Because it took another two years to track down Sgt. John Pederson and make arrangements to send the family to California. Margarethe took her children back to Tientsin, "because my grandmother was there and my uncle. My grandfather by then was in Kobe, Japan. So he gave us this house to live in in Tientsin. The Russians had made a cafe and house of ill repute out of it. They allowed us two rooms to live in on the side of that building."



The Communists were already in charge in Tientsin, and food was not much more plentiful for the Pederson children than back in the camp. "We ate a lot of fried grasshoppers," Bryant recalls. "You could get a handful for 10 cents! You could just break the heads off. They were crunchy, too."

In 1947, after an 11-year separation, the family was

reunited. The children went back to school - and to their separate careers. They are scattered again, now. The Marine and his long suffering bride are dead. Walter is a retired U.S. Army command sergeant major living in Texas. Mary lives in Florida. And Emily and her husband, James, a Santa Fe Railroad employee, came to Topeka from Albuquerque three years ago.

I love Topeka, you know," said Bryant. "I had to cross a river like that every day on a sampan to go to school. This does remind me of some of the pleasanter years before the war."

But even here, there are sudden, unintended reminders. "Every time the siren goes off here at noon on Mondays. I'm right back under the raid!"



# MEMORANDUM RE CONDITIONS IN NORTH CHINA AS AT 29<sup>TH</sup> OCTOBER 1945.

EMcL:MMD  
SHANGHAI, 2<sup>nd</sup> November, 1945

Whilst the area occupied and/or controlled by the Communist Forces far exceeds that portion of the country to which I shall refer, I confine my comments to areas of which, through residence and travel, I have personal knowledge.

From South Shantung to the Manchurian border, including Peiping, the country is firmly in the hands of the 8th Route Army. The 3rd Amphibious Corps of the U.S. Marines landed at Tongku late September with orders to "seize and occupy the cities of Chinwangtao, Tongshan, Tientsin and Peiping and to keep communications open between these ports". This they have done but the task of controlling the mines area (Tongshan, Linsi and Kuyeh) and keeping the line open to Chinwangtao is proving difficult from both military and political viewpoints. The K.M.A. mines are producing approximately 5,000 tons per day as against a normal output of 20,000 tons — workers living in close proximity to the mines only being available whilst those whose homes are at a distance from the railway are being intimidated and consequently not available for labour. Shortage of pit props, lubricating oil and other stores contribute in no small measure to the difficulties of production with which the K.M.A. are faced. Moreover, with unpleasant regularity the line between Tongshan and Chinwangtao is blown up.

Tientsin has thus far, on the whole, suffered but little as a result of the world war. The Japanese put up numbers of cotton mills and other manufacturing plants which gave employment to thousands who, by the forced closure of these concerns, are now unemployed. A little forethought could well have avoided much of this unemployment and temporary continuance of operation of these plants by the Japanese under supervision would also have eliminated much of the looting to which the mills have been subjected. Generally, the labouring classes were quite well off throughout the war whilst sedentary workers and merchants, aided by inflation, made a precarious, although frequently fat, living as brokers. This



unsound structure is now in a state of collapse. Chungking has delayed too long the arrival of its officials and troops, there is no prospect of prompt revival of real trade, and it is feared that a large section of the local populace may soon be ready recruits for the Communist Party. It was most noticeable that the oft delayed arrival of the Chungking troops was a complete "flop" and their heavy-handed handling of the local lower orders has created a poor impression.

Financially the situation is chaotic. Late September saw rates of US\$1.00=FRB\$1.800. and CN\$1.00=FRB\$4.00 and by mid-October these had slipped to US\$1.00=FRB\$4.000. and CN\$1.00=FRB\$6.00.

By October 23rd, however, the FRB\$ was appreciating in value and, despite the closure of the Federal Reserve Bank, was quoted at US\$1.00=FRB\$2.400. and CN\$1.00=FRB\$2.50. Theories by the dozen are advanced to account for this apparent phenomenon but the fact remains that in the North there is, at this juncture, little or no faith in the CN\$ and efforts to establish that currency are meeting with but scanty success. It is, of course, not unlikely that the Communist element is endeavouring to resist the establishment of the Chungking currency added to which the merchants are undoubtedly out to fleece the newly arrived Central Government troops who are paid in CN\$.

Throughout two and a half years in Weihsien Camp, I was in touch with the 8th Route who went so far as to offer to undertake an attack on the Camp and release of internees. The plan was impracticable although the intention good, but throughout the entire period they were most helpful and far from anti-foreign. In Tientsin the U.S.M.C. are experiencing no little difficulty in upholding their somewhat invidious position, i.e. that of holding Tientsin, the railway line, etc., but refraining, from becoming involved in civil war. Motor transports en route to Peiping have been fired on as have trains between Tongshan and Chinwangtao and the 8th Route have intimated to the Marine Corps that the latter should advise the former of troop movements in order to avoid "misunderstandings". Relations between the Marine Corps and Chungking officials in the north are far from happy: the latter being interested largely in the game of grab which naturally brings them into conflict with the American Army of Occupation. British interests are greatly indebted to the assistance granted by the Marine Corps, and in particular to the personal efforts of General W.A. Wharton.

The situation concerning British ex-internees in Tientsin is temporarily in hand. Those without homes are billeted in H.B.M. Consul General's residence, the late Manchuko Consulate and the Cloisters of All Saints Church. They are being cared for by the Marine Corps who provide food, coal and cooks but are financed out of a grant of FRB\$100,000,000 which was obtained from the Japanese Consulate account rehabilitation expenses. These arrangements cannot carry on much longer and there is in consequence urgent need for the establishment of regular relief payments which, on account of the financial position, will be difficult to finance. Many returnees, having viewed the wreck, are now prepared to be repatriated and it is suggested that efforts be made to get them out by the next ship.

British interests and nationals are under a great debt of gratitude to Mr. O. Joerg, Consul for Switzerland, and his staff, for the untiring work put in by them. Results achieved speak for themselves. Also the internees of Weihsien Camp are sensible and deeply appreciative of the untiring efforts of Mr. V.E. Egger, Swiss Consular Representative at Tsingtao, whose regular visits to the Camp were of great assistance.

EMcL:MMD  
SHANGHAI, 22nd November, 1945



Donovan of OSS by Corey Ford  
(Robert Hale, 1941) : Book 3 1941 – 45

p.203 Activity in the Far East

- OSS Bases at Kunming & Chungking & Bangkok
- Carrying out “Recess” for Gen. Chenault’s 14<sup>th</sup> Air Force.

p.265-275 Activity in China

- The Chinese “Secret Police” — Geb Tai Li (Bureau of Investigation & Statistics)
- Joint OSS/14<sup>th</sup> Air Force Unit formed under Gen. Chenault (The “Flying Tigers”) — AGFRTS = Air & Ground Forces Resources & Technical Staff
- Col. Richard Heppner became OSS Chief in China.
- Sabotage at Kaifeng (Bridge across the Yellow River destroyed)
- Sabotage of the Canton/Hankow Railway.
- Japanese Cavalry attacked by air at Yiyang.
- Japanese barges destroyed by air on the Siang River.
- Dixie mission sent to Yenan – but later withdrawn – OSS branch in China by Chiang Kai Shek. (The Dixie Mission, a diverted sending military aid to the Communist guerrillas — to help them fight the Japanese. Chiang believed such aid was just as likely to be used against him — in the China Civil War.)

p.281 OSS in Tokyo

p. 291 Mercy Missions & Mercy Teams

- 20,000 Allies POWs & 15,000 Civilian Internees were scattered in camps from Manchuria and Korea to Indo-China.
- July 1945: Nine volunteer Mercy Teams were recruited for parachuting to rescue/help those camps.
- August 15<sup>th</sup>, 1945: Four Mercy Teams assembled at the Sian Base to board planes provided by the 14<sup>th</sup> Air Force:

MISSION MAGPIE (for Peking)  
MISSION DUCK (for Weihsien)  
MISSION FLAMINGO (for Harbin)  
MISSION CARDINAL (for Mukden)

- General Takahashi: i/e Japanese Garrisons of North China said (arrogantly!) that the teams would receive the “courteous protection of the Imperial Army”

General posits about the Nine Mercy Missions:-

- Harbin: Mission Flamingo had to be cancelled: The Russians refused to allow them to land.
- Canton: The Mission was attacked by Anti-Aircraft fire, detained for five hours & then asked to leave.
- Hanoi: The Mission Plane was surrounded by hostile Japanese troops & tanks — but unarmed Indian troops (POWs)

surrounded the team and prevented any hostile Japanese action.

**Bangkok:** Survivors of USS Houston were rescued from Petburi Prison Camp.

**Mukden:** Mission Cardinal was interned by the Japanese — acting on Communist/Russian orders — until August 21<sup>st</sup>, when the Soviet Government agreed that the Mission could operate.

**Sian:** In Sian (100 miles North East of Mukden) several VIPs were released:-

- GENERAL WAINWRIGHT — The hero of Bataan & Corregidor.
- GENERAL PERCIVAL — Former Commander in Chief, Malaya.
- GENERAL SIR SHEWTON THOMAS:- Former Governor of Malaya.
- THE DUTCH FORMER GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE NETHERLANDS EAST INDIES (Now Indonesia)

#### — HOTEM PRISON CAMP (MUKDEN):-

OSS Captain R.F.Hilsman Jim (& member of the Mercy Mission) rescued his father, Col. Hilsman, who had been captured on Negros Island earlier in the war.



## Their Internment Camp Made Charming Children

No date

Recipe for a well-brought-up child — three years' internment with the Japanese.

Twelve such children arrived in Vancouver early this morning, and today they talked to reporters at the China Inland Mission to which they had been taken.

They looked healthy and happy. They were merry and enormously active and quite unrestrained. But their manners were gentle and considerate.

Whatever their three and a half years of privation in Japanese hands had done to them, they had come out of it as pleasant youngsters as one would wish to know.

## PARENTS IN FREE CHINA.

The children of Canadian missionaries in China, they had been interned at the school they attended in Che Foo, in northern China, and later moved to Wei Hsien. Their parents escaped internment at their missions in free China.

Two of them, David and John Birch, aged 13 and 12, were met

on, their arrival here by their mother, Mrs. George Birch of Agassiz. One boy, Philip Paulson, 12, will go to his parents in Three Hills, Alta., and all the others will continue to Toronto.

They included a family of three, Agnes, George and Edith Bell, aged 17, 15 and 13, and their two cousins, Ruth and Kenneth Bell, aged 17 and 13; Joy Welbourn, 17; Jimmie Harrison, 17; Marjorie Harrison, 14, and Marjory Windsor, 18.

## SCHOOL CONTINUED.

Imprisoned with them were their teachers, one of whom, Miss Pearl Young of Pictou, N.S., has brought them home. And right through the darkest days their schooling was continued, even though books were almost non-existent, and classrooms were packed dormitories.

Each person in the camp — there were 1500 of them — had his own job, and there was a good disciplinary committee in charge.

Conditions of filth, malnutrition, lack of fuel and crowding prevailed in their camp as in all others, but here the Japanese were not cruel.

Marjory Windsor worked in the kindergarten. David Birch helped keep the pumps operating. Others of the children picked stones and twigs out of the grain ration, or helped to make fuel bricks — two shovels of coaldust to one shovel of mud, add a little water, and form into balls with your bare hands, then set to dry. It burned pretty well, said David, if you weren't expecting too much.

The coaldust was bitterly hard on hands in the 30 below zero weather which prevailed during the winter. Summer was another matter. Temperatures soared to 120, and everyone cut wearing apparel to a minimum.

That would have been necessary anyway, since none of them had any new clothes after their internment. A group of women worked constantly to make repairs. Shoes were the biggest problem. After a while they just wore out entirely, and even the women went barefoot the last, two years.

## ONE SATISFACTORY MEAL,

The only satisfying meal they can remember having was dinner last Christmas. The Japanese sent in pork, and they had carrots and potatoes and turnips, which they had saved for weeks, and candy which friendly Chinese had smuggled in.

They made Christmas gifts for each other by cutting up the school curtains and ripping long stockings to knit into smaller articles.

Hints of freedom came to them on August 15 — "over the wall" — from the Chinese on the other side. The Japanese admitted it unofficially the next day, and on the seventeenth Americans parachuted into the camp.

The prison doctor looked on with disapproval that day. He said they used up two weeks' energy in their excitement, and on their low rations they couldn't afford it.

Food was the most important thing that freedom brought them, and then the parcels of Red Cross clothing — they proudly displayed their new, well-fitting outfits — and then the chance to take a long walk in the countryside without anyone stopping them, and no walls to hold them back.

Article which was published in one of the most popular magazines in China called Readers, June, 96 issue. The author's name is Yu Zhaoji.

Meet with Malyna (?) Again

One evening of late August 1995, I was watching "Today's News" of Shandong Satellite TV, a story attracted me : 8 survivors of Ledaoyuan, which was in Weixian during the Second World War, paid a visit in memory of their friends and relatives died there.

Weifang (formerly Weixian) was my hometown, I was very familiar with the Japanese camp then.

Most of the visitors were quite old. Among them, one lady with blonde hair from South Africa seemed to be the youngest. Her gesture and facial expression looked familiar to me, especially the mole to the eight of her upper lip reminded me of Malyna. Would that be possible, She is an American, why did the news say she was from South Africa. While she was telling her suffering in the Camp, she took a badge (about a palm size) out of her bag and showed it to the journalist. I saw the code on it and clearly the capital M, the initial foe Malyna. She said she was 14 when the war ended, so she must be 64. Yes, that is Malyna.

(brief introduction of Ledaoyuan and the camp)

When the war ended, those foreigners living in the camp were still restricted to stay in the camp but were allowed to contact with the outside world. To improve their food standard, they sometime exchanged their clothes foe vegetables with local people. Tomato was the most popular one.

One Sunday, my mum bought me 15 tomatoes and I went with Xiaochen to the camp foe our first time trade. Mum was very considerate, she gave me one boiled egg as snack, which was such a luxury that I kept it safely in my pocket.

We started at the west low wall of the camp. The buyers (prisoner) would show their goods to us then we would show ours to them. Once both agreed, they would drop a basket down with their goods

in and we would put ours back foe them to pull it up.

Xiaochen exchanged his tomatoes with an old lady foe a jacket and a skirt. Beside the lady stood a little girl of my age. She had blonde hair, big blue eyes full of sadness and was terribly thin. She had a black mole to the eight of her upper lip. She was waiving a purple dress and a pair of yellow leather shoes. There was no other options because all we'd got was in our hands. She put the basket down and then I put my 15 tomatoes in. Suddenly I noticed the light blue blood vessels on her arms, I felt so sympathetic, I put that valuable egg in the basket. When the girl saw that egg later, she shouted sth. out to me, looked at me foe a second, and smiled so happily. She said sth to the old lady and disappeared.

The old lady spoke fluent Mandarin, she said to me that the girl was so grateful for the egg I gave her and she would give me another present. Probably because they had already been isolated for so long, the old lady started to tell two strange Chinese boys their story. She said she and Malyna were both Americans, Malyna was 14, she was so small because the food in the camp was horrible. Malyna's father was a priest working in the area of Shijiazhuang. Her dad, mum and her were put into camp. Her father often organized people to complain on the food, so he was taken away by Japanese half year ago and they had not heard anything from him since. Her mum was ill and Malyna went straight back to give her mum that egg. Then Malyna came back, she put the basket down again. Inside there was a wooden musical instrument, two long horizontal bars with 14 short vertical bars on it, two little wooden hammers. The old lady told me that Malyna loved it so much that she spent a long time to make it. To thank me for that egg, she would give it to me as a present.

For an egg, she would give away such a treasurable thing that had accompanied her in such a horrid time, her kindness was so touchy. I loved music, the moment I saw it, I started to play it, the music was beautiful. I nearly bursted into tears. It was such a delicate present that I held it tightly.

The love of human being is without boundary of states, it does not even need common language to express. The joy that music instrument brought to me touched Malyna as well. She smiled, and that was beautiful.

I left the camp with Xiaochen. I looked back, Malyna was still waiving goodbye. Malyna, I will never forget this name.

The music instrument was very much loved by me and my sisters and brothers as well. Soon afterwards, we could play several songs with it. During those poor and lonely childhood days, it gave me endless happiness.

It was such a dramatic coincidence to meet with Malyna again, half a century later through a modern media TV. Should I see her personally, I would ask her immediately that what had happened to her father, why she went to South Africa etc?

I hope peace will be with us forever, there will never be wars. I will always treasure the happy memory Malyna gave me and wish her a happy life.





## — Song from another camp adapted to Weihsien -

Dear Mum and Dad, It's been sometime since I had  
A chance to write with all this trouble brewing.  
But here's a little line just to let you know I'm fine,  
Where it is and what it is we're doing.  
We're somewhere in Shantung, having a duce of a time.  
As we sing this song we bid dull fear be gone,  
We're somewhere in Shantung.



"The history of Temple Hill is perhaps best preserved in the  
poems and songs that the staff made up, and which we all  
enjoyed and sang with gusto".



## BUSINESS AS USUAL

You may reside in Nottingham, or even Timbuctoo,  
At Singapore or Amsterdam or possibly Chefoo.  
But one thing can't escape you - it's come inside the door.  
You know it and you feel it - that everywhere there's war.

Chorus:

So Vitamin or Vytamin, 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 slow in coming, but it's certain as the day.

We may be short of butter, but a substitute is found  
In Vitamins - peanuts - minced, mangled, sliced or ground.  
The price of food is soaring, but the Chinese chow is cheap.  
Just try the native tou fu, completely fit you'll keep.

The Staff are all in training as table boys and cooks;  
The men with brush and dust pans, the ladies cookery  
books.  
The girls, they lay the tables, the boys they sweep the floor;  
The prepites eat their rations, and never sigh for more.



## — Cub Scout song

\_\_\_\_\_ *Tune "Till we meet again".*

By the blazing council firelight  
We have met in fellowship tonight;  
Round about the whispering trees  
Guard our Weihsien memories.  
And so before we close our eyes in sleep,  
We'll pledge each other that we'll keep  
Scouting friendship true and deep,  
Till we meet again.



## — To the tune of the British Grenadiers —

Some talked of Evacuation, 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 talked 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 Lourenco, 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.

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*Norman Cliff*

*[Written from Temple Hill camp when there were many rumours  
as to where we were going next]*



## — Song written in a Shanghai camp when the war was ending.

\_\_\_\_\_ *Tune: O bring back my bonnie to me.*

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 the weekend will see us free,  
Just look in tomorrow at tea time,  
And there'll be some more rumours for tea.





— *Poem written on the arrival of the  
Chefoo group in Weih sien*

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 Scot, 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 others hard work too.  
Some girls became dishwashers, other joined the kitchen crew.  
We've grown fond of these school children, who bravely stood the test  
And should they ever need our help, we'll gladly do our best.

\_\_\_\_\_*Grace E Norman*



— *The Weih sien Chorus*  
\_\_\_\_\_*Tune Solomon Levi*

Oh the joys of Weih sien! Oh the Weih sien day!  
Good old Weih sien, tra-la-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 'puhsing' at everything, we smile and shout 'hooray'.  
We'll live to see another year, and another Christmas Day.

And now we've come to the end of the song, and we hope it won't be long  
Until we leave this Weih sien 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.*

