

Chapter 29

The Batang Christian Church on Its Own

So the next reality was that the TCM gave up. There had been too many blows, and finally, the last blow of all - war came to Batang.

May 1932 Report- Marion D- School: After two weeks war stopped the school. Gezong Tsering (now taking the title of 'Siling' becomes Ge Siling) mobilized all the people when he heard that Ma Siling was coming back to regain the territory for the Szechuan province government. He seized a runner sent by the Gonka Lama, who had refused to give up guns taken from the Szechuanese authorities, which message was asking for help from Szechuan. Since the Gonka Lama had sworn allegiance to Ge Siling he put the runner to death and sent 300 men to annihilate the Gonka Lama.

So the teachers were commandeered to watch the city gates. In desperation the Gonka Lama surrendered to the Tibetans so they aided him to defeat the Batang forces. Those Tibetans followed the Batang forces back to Ba after killing 18. The Tibetans stormed Ba on May 22nd.

No eloquent words could have swayed the missionaries, but war is violent, sudden, and compelling. I will never forget the night the bombardment began May 22nd and we were rushed to the ground floor and huddled on cots wrapped in blankets among the storage boxes. Daylight came and contingencies from both armies came by to drink the buttered tea that Mother provided and to assure us that no harm would come to us. These Lhasa men were led by officers Marion had met in Gartok so they protected the foreigners. The orphans lost about a thousand Rs. worth of supplies, but the missionaries lost nothing. The Batang forces routed the Gonka Lama's men attacking Ba and they retreated to await reinforcements.

6-9-32 Minnie wrote Alexander Paul and tells him the story. Tibetans had come by their Japoding home and told them "we need not fear them". So we smiled at them and went in and locked our door. Tibetans used their house and wash house to hide behind.

But, remember that the Chinese military had been building up strength all along the Border. The Tibetans had shown their restlessness and had attacked other points, such as YenGin. Now the Tibetans were ready to attack Batang.

On May 30th the Chinese official sent the news that the

Tibetans were gathering for a new attack and he could not protect us on the Mission compound so “we moved to another Mission house (the Mill House) just under the city walls.” Duncan raised the American flag over the house. The deep window sills were all filled with mud bricks and if the fighting gets too bad we will stay in the basement (first floor) where the walls are six inches thicker. With help, as much food and goods as possible was moved down with us. Donkeys, cows, and chickens also had been brought. Both sides kept to the agreement not to harm us so it was only stray bullets that came our way.

“So don’t be anxious about us...for long before you receive this letter it will probably be all over and settled one way or another.” They had already written to the Washi to come for them to carry their goods and escort them to Tatienu.

The fort above the town was occupied by the Chinese and they also came down to occupy the hospital. They were under siege by the Tibetans who occupied both the Japoding houses. Sheds, etc. on the property were taken down to prevent a sneak attack. Some of the compound wall was also taken down for this reason.

6-6-32 Marion D- to “Friends”: Telling of the fighting- all of the first took place on Japoding, “you may imagine how we as neutrals felt with the cannons and guns shooting over our heads from daylight till about 2:30 P.M. We moved downstairs into a dark storeroom where we were fully protected from all bullets but not exactly comfortable. Louise served hot butter tea and biscuits to the Tibetans coming through and when they retreated then to the Chinese who came to see if we were all right.”

Marion sent a copy of this letter to Dr. Osgood and still very angry about the closing of the Mission told him in added note: “I can never forgive our Brotherhood for permitting the UCMS to steam roller such an affair through the convention as they did the closing of this work. You probably also agree with the headquarters staff. ”

A further copy went to the American Consul with an added page describing the rest of the fighting after retreating to the Mill House. “Only about seven bullets hit the walls with only one coming through a window hitting no one. During lulls in the fighting we could go out to walk around. It was hard to sleep at night with the cannon booming overhead, and one shell hit the church. No one was hurt but an orphan with a weak heart died a few days later.” Bombardments shattered the homes and hospital and damaged the school and the orphanage to a lesser extent.

He told the consul he was concerned about looting not from the armies, but from country allies, in case of a Chinese defeat or a storming by the Tibetans at night. “A word from the Consul to the

Dalai Lama through the British would be valuable. I suggested that more than a year ago but diplomacy says Dawes seems mostly to be Hell on the feet.”

On May 26th Marion wrote the Canadian Mission Press from which they got S.S. materials to cancel all future orders. He tells that the Chinese in attempting to punish the Gonka Lama were badly defeated and were followed by his troops back to Ba where the home militia rallied and drove them back. “We hope to get out before the Tibetan troops under the Gonka Lama can return with a larger force. On the 22nd as they were retreating a whole boat load of the Tibetans sunk from overloading.”

Minnie continues her story to Alex Paul: About 25 wounded, after the Chinese ran off the Tibetans, were being treated in the streets and the S.S. rooms to which hospital beds had been moved. Before the return of the Tibetans on May 30th the Chinese tore down all the compound wall and all the buildings burned before which were where Christians were living on orphanage land. P.S. Some 300 soldiers went out to try to drive off the Tibetans but she thinks the Ba force were beaten badly. Mail then went out that day. The road via Atuntze is closed now so Morse cannot come here now.

With YenGin and the Salt Wells under the Gonka Lama all gone over to the Lhasa Tibetans with that revenue lost to the Chinese, now the Chinese are determined to take back the territory clear up to Chamdo, their old Border lost to them since 1918. After the fighting several heads and a hand were carried past them. Then the Tibetans returned May 30th and the bombardments began again nightly. The hospital was being used as a fort by the Chinese.

Minnie and Grace had moved over to the Mill House also. “I had really enjoyed being in the Japoding house again for two months. I left it all so beautiful, crying as I went.” Now Grace Young insisted upon taking the single room on the roof as hers and praying on her knees in full view of both parties and spectacular in her white uniforms. Clearly visible, but no bullet touched her!

The orphans had moved into the church building. Much of the Orphanage supplies were stolen although some were returned, but at least they didn't get the wheat. Minnie is again sewing clothes for the remaining ten, as their new clothes were all stolen.

7-11-32 Minme writes again to Alex Paul telling more of the continual fighting. Now the Tibetans are trying to cut their grain outside of Ba and the Lhasa Tibetans are trying to prevent them so anyone within range gets shot. She keeps hoping they give up and go, but with the Chinese in the fort above them to shoot down on them the Tibetans are not making any headway although they have really shot up

the Hospital.

Then finally on Aug. 8th the Gonka Lama Tibetans left. Apparently the Szechuanese forces coming in compelled them to go. When word and sight convinced the missionaries that the Tibetan Army had moved out they went across the Little Batang River and up the hill through the gates of the compound. Seeing what their ears had told them throughout the siege was a desolate scene and their very souls were torn for they knew there would never be any more money to rebuild. Their dismay was bitter for now there was no heart left. The trashing of the rooms, the tearing out of doors and windows and the breaking up of furniture. They can tell that all wood, including the balconies, have been used for cooking fires by the Tibetans and all hardware incl. screens, glass windows, and even some of the steel roof have been taken. The dirt and filth left behind.

The devastation of their paradise on Japoding finished the devastation of their spirits. I will never forget several things of that war: On the day, in a lull from the fighting, Dad took us children to ride on a door as a raft down the swift mill stream and the day we went up to gaze at the devastation of our homes. With the large holes from the cannon balls and the windows packed with our books for protection; it was no longer home. We still have some of those books with the bullet holes in them. Trees were shredded, grass and fields trampled and of course all produce and fruit stolen, except what we had rescued ahead of time.

The Hospital and School were hardly better, but the Orphanage, being lower down back of the compound was least damaged. It could be and was repaired by the Christians so the ten remaining orphans could live there. There was no question now that Grace and Minnie could remain - what resources were left needed to be conserved for the valiant band of Christians and their little Church. Even then Minnie, Grace, and the Duncans were saying, "We will return."

Minnie feels terrible about all her supplies besides her furniture that had to be given away as there was no sale. She had drawn all of her savings in the Shanghai American Oriental Bank and bought supplies for six years. She mourns about having had to do it, as she packs what she can take. Finally I remember the day Minnie O-and Grace Y- left in sedan chairs with Opal Ione in a basket on a donkey. The Duncans remained long enough to help with what could be done to start the Christians off with courage and strength.

The Washi hadn't been by for four months and may still not want to come in, and the missionaries hate to leave in the rainy season as they must wait in Tatieulu a month because of the heat in China. But

they finally did come but not to the walls of Batang, just to outside the Valley, so they had to go there to meet them.

Now back to the Yunnan trail: Lhadren came to help and Lois Bare was glad to take her with just her Tibetan faults of lying, stealing, drinking, uncleanliness...(yet she) has the good virtues of strength, humility strangely mixed with pride, love for the children and I half believe for me, loyalty and a human likeableness that so far as I can judge is common to all Tibetans and uncommon to all Chinese."

6-3-32 Bares finished the journey to Yunnanfu by bus! It covered three days trip in a half day! Their children remarked, "We are sitting in a dragon's inside." Lois was still having servant troubles having bribed and persuaded a young girl to come with them only to meet the girl's father on the road and he refused to let her go forcefully taking her back. Lois had an infected tooth as well as the flu.

6-12-32 Arriving in Yunnanfu they found that Alberay was quite ill and believe that he picked up some crumbs under the table at Wei Hsi and now looks the worst that he had ever been, "fear he is not much longer for this world." He was put in the hospital and Mrs. Bare stayed with him and the Dr. cared for their kids. Apparently Alberay ate some bread and cookies not on his diet, but Lois denied him bananas saying that doing so would teach him not to eat 'bijy-bojy' (dirt)! Alberay has been failing since Wei Hsi. Sadly, "little Alberay Ogden (Peterson) died June 15th in the Church Missionary Society Hospital here, and was laid to rest the 17th inst. in the British American Cemetery." Dr. Watson believed Dr. Bare's diagnosis of celiac disease to be correct.

Dr. Bare had talked with the CIM there about them working in the Tibetan area of Kansu. He is studying Chinese two hours a day as is a Mr. Standifird, who says he is heading for Batang. Dr. B- gives a detailed description of the Standifirds who would go independently with very little money. Bakers tried to persuade them to work with them but their "faces are set" toward Tibet.

Lois is also urging the Standifirds on to Batang although they have no support money. She thinks they should have the use of a house and garden. Lois says, "I have left my heart in Batang." and that the people here do 'not look nor feel human.'" She was critical of Grace Y's helping Lee Gway Gwang.

An electric plant brought in by Lowers has been accepted finally and is no longer a problem. Dr. Bare feels it would be better for Morses or others from there to take over the Batang Mission - "our first loyalty is to Christ, not an organization (UCMS)." An Osgood family related to Dr. Osgood has just started working with them and have not chosen a location. Bares expected to leave Yunnanfu for Haiphong,

Hong Kong, and Shanghai on Sept. 1st.

6-23-32 Mrs. Bare wrote Mrs. Duncan of how much she missed Albery, that Marguerite and Edgar having received a doll baby gave it to her to substitute for him. She also told of the Standifirds. They had received "a call from God" to work among the Tibetans and Lois felt, "Well, when I think of the UCMS sending Peterson I feel as though I would rather trust the Lord. We both think they are honest and moral and the Bakers think so too." They want to reach there before the Duncans leave. They do not have educational advantages so language will be difficult for them. They also have very few goods, only 3 horse loads, a horse for Mrs. Standifird, while Mr. Standifird walks.

Louise as TCM Sec'y sent in a final report 7-1-32, but, they did not get to leave until after the siege had lifted as the Washi refused to come in until then. The children are all cross and we seem to be at cross purposes with the world. The Mission property and the work were ready to turn over to the Board of Trustees but had to be postponed until after the siege after the first of August. Food of any kind has become very expensive. "I long to get my children safely out of this place. But when do we get to?"

Duncan to Morse 8-2-32: Ma Siling came in July 31 with his men. At this time the missionaries are more interested in the war ending so they can leave then in who wins - in fact they don't know which side they would prefer to have win. The war will probably last for 2 or 3 years with battling on three fronts- at Jaygundo, Derge and Batang. Forty soldiers and eight civilians have been killed trying to harvest the barley and wheat and on the roofs beating out the grain. Fighting is at a deadlock: The Chinese cannot drive the Tibetans off and the Tibetans cannot take the ring of forts around the city. "Our destiny is in the hands of God."

Marion D- informs the American Consul of the losses to the Mission totaling Chinese damage \$5875 gold and the Tibetans did damage of gold \$3400. The damage by the Tibetans should be submitted through the British Foreign Department to Lhasa and the Chinese to Nanking. The Chinese loss is greater for they burnt buildings before the fighting. The Tibetans have been defeated at Kanze and Myarong so they will likely lose territory in the final settlement. I must say I admire the courage of the Tibetans charging against a fort in daylight. They are worthy followers of Genghis Khan of the Middle Ages."

8-22-32 The last member of the TCM left Batang forever leaving the work and property in the hands of 16 people with Lee Gway Gwang as Chairman, Shay Ge Ru as Secretary and Fu Gway Chong (Trahne) as Trustee. Other Trustees: Tsering Lhamo, Orphanage

Matron; Shao Chu Sun and Whang Shih Ji, medical assistants; Gezong Tsering, Norjetsering, Lha Hsi, Lhatsu, Tringshuh, Bay Shang Wun, Ho Gway Shang, Wu Gwan Yao, Wang Tongsii and Wang Shing Ngau.

“All the rest of we missionaries arrived at Tachienlu on Sept. 22 and later on to America, except Miss Young (who stayed in China to serve) after various vicissitudes of travel and delay. MHD”

“Lha Hsi wants to go out with us. She has never seen much of the outside world. Her husband had left three years ago with Ma Siling and she hasn't heard from him in months.” KLHD

Minnie to Leta Taylor: A last message from Ba. 8-12-32: Lois Bare sent word that “Alberay died June 15th at Yunnanfu. I am so sorry for Ruth, for she wanted so much to make up to him what she had never given him. Poor little man had suffered so long.”

Minnie wanted to assure Leta that she had never written criticism home to anyone about the UCMS. “I have not had the kindest feelings, nor do I have yet, but I have sense enough so far to keep my mouth shut, and hope to still be sane enough to do so. When Mr. Duncan wrote his letter it was already mailed and gone when Miss Young and I read it. Miss Y- remarked after reading it: ‘Duncan, I would give \$100 if you had never written that and sent it to the papers.’ It was not from us, my dear child, and I know you know that. My heart has ached and bled and many things I have ‘not understood and never shall, but I have not criticized, anyway publicly.’”

It is important at this point to say that there is a difference between rabid criticism and rejection and loyal opposition. Certainly Minnie and Grace are the latter. Marion D- was a more aggressive and out-spoken individual; he did oppose the UCMS on this issue and was openly critical, but after returning from the Brooke Dolan Expedition he understood more of the issues in America, he also saw how the Batang Board of Trustees and the Church there were surviving and the years after that until WWII he lived in the poverty of the rest of the country in Depression. A rigorously ethical person, but always ready to uphold his feeling of right while granting others the right of disagreeing. He always belonged to and supported a church of the cooperative branch of the Church, while at the same time supporting Morses' and others independent work, all the rest of his life. He would gladly have gone out again in 1939 under the UCMS. I suffered his temper while loving him greatly. He was always a controversial

person. Who was right in this issue of closing the Mission? There was wrong and right on both sides. My stand has always been the Great Mean; - to see the errors, applaud the right and to try to understand the issues and to state calmly the errors as I see them.

Minnie to Leta re: turning over the work: "I am simply delighted with the way they (the Bd. of Trustees) have taken over their share of the work, and the interest they have shown in doing it. I told Lee Gway Gwang yesterday I could leave now with a better feeling since they have shown such a fine spirit and willingness to help us out and help us go and that's that and that for certain." (Spunky woman!)

"I think the spirit among us here is as good as among any missionaries and the people here, our Christians, are as good as you can find any place...I love the people here and am loved by them. They talk freely together," she said, "and that is often unusual." - not to talk down to the nationals, that is. Closing the Mission was done -necessary from every logical, rational, and administrative viewpoint it is true, but as so happens in many such decisions, necessity is a poor companion when the heart demands otherwise. Years were to pass and looking back, logic is still a poor basis.

9-28-32 Application papers were sent M. Duncan from the American Consulate in Yunnanfu to show the damage done by the Chinese forces in Batang. Proof was needed and pictures had been taken for this and a detailed summary of the damage costs made out before Batang was left.

10-8-32 Minnie to Louise: "On the River 1 hour before Yachow: Well, we got off at 9 am & now we are sailing through the rapids & are on our way to Kiating. So cold I put on my woolen stockings. Wu Gwan Yao seemed homesick & is going back with Traming and Tse Ring from Yachow. Cholera is not bad. It rained but no wet boxes. Horsemen fine & we had no trouble. There was some trouble between the two Lius, one of Chengtu & one of Chungking, but it seems to be quieting down. All packages are being held in Chungking & likely wait to be sent on their way...The Chungking Liu is doing it to injure the Chengtu Liu."

10-10-32 Louise D- to CM Yocum: By the time the Duncans reached Tachienlu letters from Miss Taylor waited there which showed they would not have had to close the Mission so precipitously. Miss Young and Mrs. Ogden might yet have remained. But the latter had both left Tachienlu for Yachow fu Oct. 1st. The hope was that they do not go into cholera-infested areas or the war zones.

The library books were taken by the missionaries as permitted by the TCM. Other books were ruined by the army forces. Otherwise there was still bitterness for the necessity of leaving which meant many

things were lost at great expense for all the missionaries though some due to the soldiers on both sides. Signed- "Yours in deepest sorrow, but with continual love for Tibet and her people. P.S. Duncans may reach America by Feb. 1st, 1933."

10-20-32 Marion D- to Mr. Yocum: Marion describes the conditions upon leaving Batang. He tried to get the officials to reduce the rent on Japoding to 60 taels a year from the 110 taels forced on Ogden four years ago. Only a heart pressure machine and a surveying instrument were brought out to sell for the Mission as being valuable enough for the expense of doing so. More explanations later.

He is trying to find a job in China for himself, and for two mission employees also. "I am trying to close the Batang Mission in a Christian manner if that be possible to do so knowing that Shelton would be gratified to know that money raised in his name were used so. He was always firm and generous in his economic attitude toward the native people. I inherit that attitude both by blood and example."

He had also made a short ten-day trip into the interior to check his thinking that another place other than Batang would have been nearer Tatienu and closer to its base. YenGin will probably be ceded to Tibet in the settlement of the fighting while China gets Derge. They are waiting now for cholera to die out on the plains before leaving Tat.

10-20-32 Dr. WF Traughber of L.A. (who attended Jim Ogden his last months) to CM Yocum: He knew Harold was going to China to meet his mother as she came out of Tibet with Yeshi Chudren and Opal Ione. He planned to marry her either to bring back to America or to find a job in China to support them. The Dr. thought Mr. Marx could get a passport, etc. arranged on a non-quota basis. He would not be adverse to making a marriage certificate to show they were legally married - retroactively. If they had married in 1924 it would not be so hard to get passports. Harold wants to right a wrong and the Dr. thinks he should have that chance. Staying in China might be a better plan "and save a lot of embarrassment." *Yes, in that day and age.*

In Mr. Yocum's reply he wonders if Mrs. Ogden was wise to have Harold come out; many uncertainties, but he wishes she could have made it right out there in Batang. 10-31-32

11-4-32 Edwin Marx, Sec'y-Treas'r for the China Mission stationed in Nanking wrote to the Foreign Dept. telling them of the arrival of Mrs. Ogden and Miss Young to Shanghai. Mrs. O- shows the strain but Miss Y- is in good health. Grace Y- feels the keenest disappointment at the termination of her work, but is not censorious. She would like to continue under the Society by serving in China. He suggests the Luchowfu Station and the Hospital under Dr. Corprone. This arrangement was made and Grace settled in the same cheerful way

that she always had.

11-4-32 Edwin Marx to Foreign Dept: Harold had been advised he could marry the mother and bring both her and the child to the USA. "Now he knows (since 1924 legislation) that the woman can never enter the US except briefly and it is doubtful if the child can be admitted." He doubts that Harold "really wishes or ever wished to marry the woman, but was willing to accede if the consensus of opinion and judgment urged him." He concludes also that it is hopeless for him to find work much less support a family in China. He feels it may even be more moral and ethical for him to return home and provide for their care there.

11-29-32 Minnie to Duncans: "We arrived and Harold was here. I did not know he was coming." She thought if a man married a woman he could bring her into the States but since 1924 this was not possible. So despite all efforts "no conditions under the sun could we fix it - the American Consulate said it was an impossibility. So Harold couldn't stay as hundreds like him are searching for a job and she couldn't go."

We told Yeshe Chudren we wanted to educate their daughter and there were good boarding schools there in Shanghai that Tse Ring Yong Dsong (Opal Ione's Tibetan name) could go to. She absolutely refused. Then they thought she might go to Nanking to stay with Batang people there. Harold took her up there to settle her, came back to say that she would but she didn't want to and begged them to send her back with someone to Batang. Under no way, though, would she "leave T.S.Y.D. or let us have her." The Attorney of the US Court said the law was on her side. "Well, I was almost crazy, and what to do with it all sure slapped me in the face." So arrangements were made for Nemkha Tendruk, who lived 1 1/2 days out of Tatienu to take her with him. They are leaving on a through boat for Chungking Dec. 1st. Money is being sent with her and arrangements for more to be given to her in Chungking. She had said we could have the child in Ba "but when it came down to it she sure wouldn't do it. One thing the child thinks more of her mother than most any child I ever saw and the mother, of course, loves her. I keep feeling it was still to hold on and get support."

They are sailing Dec. 3rd on the Chichibu Maru. "These Tibetan people come down here and the civilization or whatever we may call it seems to stun them and they are not themselves at all. Mr. Marx and Miss Lyon said...(Nanking) has serious problems there & it might cause problems." *So the saga ends but not completely.*

12-5-32 From Kiating, Sze. Marion D- writes To G.M. Franck that he had hoped to come to Chengtu but the war "forbids such

pleasures...we continue down river.” He arranged for the West China Missionary News to be sent to him in the US.

12-5-32 MH Duncan to Minnie O-: “An aeroplane just flew over and troops reported just 12 miles from here “with war in various places. It raged in Chengtu, but has ceased for a time. ..We seem to jump out of the frying pan into the kettle.” The Duncan party left Tatienu a week later than planned.

The North China Daily News of Feb 2nd, 1933 probably received their news story of the siege and pictures of Japoding from Marion as they made their way to the coast. “Ordeal of Missionaries in Border Battles,” “Hospital and School Besieged for Two Months,” “Perilous Journey from Batang” and “Under Fire While Passing Through Lines of Rival Armies in Szechuan” were sub-headings of the story. Further down on Page 1 it says, “Shells Wreck Mission Buildings”.

Other sub-headings on that front page are equally descriptive of the world that very day: “Hitler Issues Manifesto, Nazi Comrades Thanked for Loyalty,” “Jews apply for Passports to Leave Germany,” “Nanking Aroused by Murder” (Wang WeiSan, the Nanking correspondent of the “China Times”), “The Outlook in India,” “Viceroy Deplores Civil Disobedience Movement,” “Full Faith in General Smuts”. ‘Nuff said!

Historical Note: 1931-35- KMT military operations begin against the CCP; Mao becomes leader of the CCP (Chinese Communist Party); start of the Yen-an period and the growth of the CCP; the Long March.

Memories: My memories of the trip are of the sweep of the high plains of grassland of Tibet’s plateau, of the dirty town of Litang on the banks of a river along which banks we had the fun of gathering the tiny cubes of black stones said to be found where silver veins are, and the rain, rain, rain, everywhere as the monsoons from India had found Tibet. We stopped one night in a rest-house and placed our cots on the second floor. Then a band of nomads arrived. I remember thinking how clever of them to have a flap extending from their caps over their necks to keep the rain out.

Their horses appeared and they arranged the quarters below for their night’s stay. My parents invited them for tea and I was delighted to find a little girl my age to play with. The next morning, still raining, they prepared for a quick leave and Mother called me to choose one of my own toys to give to the little girl. I was delighted to and will never forget the sight of her riding off on the horse in front of her father, the bobbing head of my ostrich over his shoulder. It had a wooden head, feet, and body all held together by coils of wire. As they

rode away she turned and I waved to her.

The mountain passes, the bitter cold of high altitudes and my brother, John, crying from his cold feet, being forced to walk up and down to warm them while we waited for tea to boil on the fire before going down the other side of the pass - I remember. I had been in my mother's sedan chair well wrapped with a hot brick to our feet, so I wasn't that cold. John had been riding in front of Dad on his horse

I didn't realize until years later that when Daddy pointed out something at a distance I could hardly see it because I was near-sighted. I still remember though, the grandeur of the mountains with their peaks of snow and the sweep of valleys way down the mountainsides to a river with the terraced fields of rice, and the feel of distance of the plains. Then we arrived in Tchienlu and the wonders of that magic place.

First, there were electric lights. I could not get enough of switching the lights off and on, to see those bulbs glow! I loved being with these new friends and their children, the Cunninghams and the Edgars. What excitement the night Birdsall and Moore came in; mountain climbers from the ascent to the peak of Kachenjunga. They had frozen toes and needed medical care. They didn't lose all their toes but some of them. At one time they thought it might be higher than Everest. Considering their pain they were kind and jolly to a small girl. My sadness was real at seeing the little graveyard where I later understood that not only Bertha Ogden was buried but also James Peterson.

My biggest problem; the outhouse was about 15' from the back door, there was no compound wall and so Chinese children crowded around to watch me go out. It finally became so bad an embarrassment that I would rather soil my pants than go until mother came to stand at the door and keep them from teasing me.

We hit the trail again and one day there was a landslide with one of our pack mules riding it down to be rescued later. We reached Yachow and it was very exciting to have an older girl for a playmate. She showed me her playhouse which was a cave with her dolls and play furniture there. Later Dad warned me if I ever saw black sticks falling from one of the planes constantly overhead, I should run immediately for the cave to hide.

That Sunday Mother did not go with us to church, but Dad took John and me. We sat on wooden benches while the missionary pastor told stories showing pictures. In the middle of this we heard something hitting the ground outside the church and an explosion. Then as another bomb hit, people were rushing to the door although Dad and the preacher tried to stop them. The first man at the door was killed

while Dad shoved John and me under the bench. The man was stretched on the ground; John and I watched as Dad examined him.

On looking up Dad asked a missionary lady to take me home. I was feeling as though all sound had left the world, probably from the concussion of the explosion and the shock of terror. I got in the rickshaw with Mrs. Smith and she took me to her home and through her house to the back door. She pointed across the backyard to a gate in the wall and told me to go - my home was on the other side - then left me all alone there. I walked across the yard and tried to open the gate but couldn't. I was sure the planes were coming for me and began to scream and scream and scream. She finally came out and opened the gate and there was my mother coming to see what was the matter. I often wondered how she could not know how frightened I was.

We left Yachow on a housecraft going down the Yangtze. It had matting tied down to form a shelter over our cots with only planks across logs, no sides. So the water of the rapids bubbled up between the logs and over the sides. Then we transferred to a house boat that had thick log sides and a cozy room formed the cabin. We were grateful for the sides as occasionally bullets were fired. John got about a dozen as the bullets were dug out for keepsakes. The worst time was when we approached the battle lines of the opposing armies in Szechuan and our boat was stopped by shouts and bullets. Dad carried a white flag and a lieutenant was called for a consultation. He showed the papers he had for safe passage through the lines. We were going to be allowed to proceed when my father who had unfortunately forgotten he had his binoculars around his neck and the lieutenant asked for them. Of course he surrendered them to him.

We proceeded to Chengtu and changed to a small riverboat that had steel plates installed around the railings and up to a man's height for protection from the gunshots. No attack though. From there we proceeded to Chungking and embarked on a large river steamboat. It had a contingent of British soldiers going home on furlough. They were so enthralled at seeing white children that they spoiled us dreadfully. When the steamer stopped at Nanking to let us off they passed me down the whole line of soldiers each one kissing me as I was passed on. I will never forget them nor how good the food was on that boat.

We stayed in Nanking over Christmas and I had my first Christmas party with Santa Claus coming. It was so strange that they said he would come down the chimney, but he came in the door and had a gift for each one. My gift was a small box of raisins and I was so taken with it that I put it away in my lacquer chest and forgot them until one day I opened the drawer and saw that ants had eaten all my raisins.

We traveled by train to Shanghai overnight - another wonder - and the streets of that huge city were scary with their automobiles. Mother took me to an English tea party and the hostess served me Cambric tea which I loved.

We went aboard ship to sail for America. It was a lovely voyage as John and I walked with Mother around the decks, etc. while Daddy groaned on the bunk with seasickness. We stopped at Yokohama to see the museum where there were bent fans, etc. from the last earthquake. I remember most about the voyage because Robert got sick with double mastoid and the pain had him screaming. I was jealous of the attention he got and wanted one of the hot baths he got to reduce the pain. The captain's party for the children was a fantasia of good food and games. I just had to have the spectacular ice-cream concoction topped by a cherry, we saw my first movie, a Mickey Mouse film and, of course there were gifts.

When we reached port at Honolulu my parents went ashore to call and make arrangements for the mastoid surgery Robert would need as soon as we docked at San Francisco. To amuse us we were allowed to play with the ship-to-shore phone as we were being kept entertained by the operator. It had rained most of the voyage but it was beautiful at Hawaii. My first knowledgeable sight of America was of sailing under the Golden Gate bridge at sunset, San Francisco. Our parents had already gone ashore with Robert. A church lady took us to her house with a cement courtyard with a flag pole; the streets and sidewalks were of course all cement. I was sure there was no grass in America and begged to be allowed to return to Batang.

We did not see our parents until the operation was over and Robert was safe. He needed blood so Dad furnished it, luckily they were both Rh-Neg though no one knew of that factor in those days.

My other memories of America gradually blurred together with the adventures we had seeing relatives, the Bares, friends of our parents, but one clear memory was the next time I saw Shirley May. By that time we were living on the farm outside of Bellefontaine, Ohio. We again picked up our friendship, but I was sad that I no longer understood Tibetan. She was living with the Petersons in Lima, Ohio. I thought they were lovely people and in some strange but real way that they were closer than any of the just-met relatives. They were FAMILY.