

the wheat into the river. In the Abbey we saw the organ with square, wooden pipes on which John Milton played.

We are living at the Y.M.C.A. conducted by a retired sailor and his wife. We ate in the kitchen. It is clean and wholesome but quite different from the American Y.

We left Saturday, May 5 at 9:30 for Gloucester. We arrived at 10:30. The Cathedral is also Norman with huge, round pillars. The exterior is in perfect repair and quite beautiful. There is a memorial to Duke Robert of Normandy. Edward II is buried here. Whitefield was born in Gloucester. The cloisters are the most beautiful in England.

We went into the Cathedral and sat down to enjoy its beauty and a functionary came and asked Edith to put on her hat!

Here we took a train for Salisbury but had to change twice. The first part was through beautiful country like nearby Wales. We passed through Stroud, Stonehouse, Brimscombe and Telford.

There were sheep, sheep, sheep. Also Shorthorn cattle. There were acres of bluebells and buttercups and robins, larks and cuckoos.

South of Salisbury saw a carved white horse on the side of a hill. The ground levels off into a flat meadow as we approach Salisbury.

### SALISBURY

Salisbury Cathedral is in perfect condition and the stone seems unusually hard; even the images of which there are many, the whole front being carved with them, show little sign of weathering. Most such buildings in England are made of soft Caen French stone that are badly weathered.

The large open campus magnifies the huge building and its 400 foot spire. The roof inside is supported by dark marble pillars all around. The architecture is pure early English, all built in the 13th century, built by Bishop Poore who lived in Mitre house just across the street from where we stayed.

The tomb of Wm. Longespee, the brother of Richard Coeur de Lion is in the cathedral.

The golden filigree screen of the choir is notable, also the painted ceiling decorations.

The huge close is walled with stone from Old Sarum Cathedral and is 12 feet high.

In Salisbury are the Old George Inn where Pepys stayed and the White Hart Inn of Sir Walter Raleigh.

Sunday, May 6. Left Salisbury by bus for Romney, skirting through the edge of New Forest with lovely trees and vales and villages but with poorer soil.

Romney has a bronze statue of Palmerston. It was the home of the abbey over which the aunt of Matilda presided who married Henry I. The old Abbey Church here is a fine old pile. While waiting for another bus we attended services in the old Abbey Church. Our bus took us to Winchester where we put up at the small Temperance Hotel.

### WINCHESTER

Monday, May 7. Winchester is redolent of history. The West gate is very picturesque with old armor and axes and weights and measures and chains in which men were executed. Near the gate is the old Hall of the Castle where all of the old kings reigned.

There is a rather ugly marble statue of Victoria seated with wide spreading dress. On the wall is what purports to be Arthur's Round Table with the painted divisions for his knights.



A little way down High Street is Got begot Inn and the City Cross and the statue of Alfred and the bridge over the Itchen in which Izaak Walton fished. Arthur may have reigned here. Certainly Egbert, Alfred Canute and Edward the Confessor all had their capitals here. William was recrowned here. The Great Fair of Rufus was held here and here the tower fell and here he is buried. Henry I the husband of Matilda came here to claim the crown. Richard the Lion Heart reigned here.

In the Cathedral is the great tomb of Wm. of Wykeham, the most powerful man in the kingdom. He reconstructed the cathedral, founded New College Oxford and Winchester College one of the famous Public Schools. We visited the College and were conducted by Joel. We saw the two chapels the classrooms with the boys initials cut in the desks and the study hall with stalls around the wall.

In the Cathedral is a small wooden gilded statue of Joan of Arc recently erected by Americans. Joan was burned at the stake after being tried by the Bishop of Winchester. Izaak Walton's tomb is in the floor of the Cathedral and there is a window recently erected by friends of fishing showing him fishing in the Itchen.

### SELBORNE

Leaving Winchester by bus we followed the Itchen for miles up the lovely valley where Izaak Walton fished. All along the way were fine old oaks and elms. We passed Kingsworthy, Itchen Abbas, Itchen Stoke, Amesford Bishops Sutton, Ropley, Ropley Stoke, Four Marks and Inns or pubs with such names as Ship Inn, Plough Inn, Bell Swan, White Swan, Anchor, White House, Red Lion, White Hart, Kings Arms, The Shant, Windmill, George, Crown, King's Head, Duke's Head. We passed a Fisheries Research Station on the Itchen.

At Alton we changed to a small bus for Gilbert White's Selborne four miles away. On these small country buses, when the people talked to us they spoke good English but when they talked among themselves we couldn't understand them. The road was beautiful but when we reached Selborne, the quaint old village nestling under the high wooded hill called the Hangar, the beauty of the peaceful scene was indescribable.

After settling at the little Queens Inn in a comfortable room upstairs, we climbed the steep side of the Hangar clothed with tall beeches. On the top we walked along until we came to an opening in the trees where we could look through the beeches and see a bit of the village and the tower of the church. The birds sang the whole woods through; cuckoos, blackbirds, thrushes, etc. and everywhere were flowers; Jack in the Pulpit and buttercups.

After a supper of cold beef, lettuce, bread and butter and tea in our room we went to the church, then out into the meadow behind the church, to behold one of the most beautiful scenes imaginable, the meadow carpeted with bluebells, primroses, marsh marigolds and pinks and great oaks and a rambling farm house beyond; then up the hangar and west of the village past great horse chestnuts in bloom, to see the sunset.

Tuesday, May 8. We awoke at daybreak and listened for an hour to a great bird chorus. At eight we got up, had our breakfast of ham and eggs and then went to the church with the great yew in front, a thousand years old, 27 feet, 6 inches in girth and Gilbert White's grave just outside in the churchyard. He was born July 18, 1720 and died June 26, 1793.

The church was built originally by the wife of Edward the Confessor. The present church was built in the 12th and 13th century. It is quite well preserved and a cathedral like building with gothic arches separating nave and aisles. It is full of memorials of the White family. Gilbert's Grandfather was Vicar. His father John was a lawyer. His



brother gave the beautiful picture of the "Visit of the Magi" in 1797.

There is a beautiful window of "St. Francis Preaching to the Birds" given by friends in 1920 and with the arms of the Whites!

I called on the Rev. <sup>W.A.</sup>Williamson, the Vicar, and his sister, who received me kindly and showed me the record book of the church with Gilbert White's signature many times at the death of his parishioners. He asked if I was a relative.

While we sat on the Hangar an aeroplane went over, a bird Gilbert White would not have recognized! Many English visit Selborne, but few Americans, especially since the war. John Burroughs' name is in the register.

Riding back to Alton in the bus, a leading Selbornian told us he had been a member of the town council for thirty years since its inception.

From Alton into London we added the following names to our list of inns: Hen and Chickens, Hop Pole, Coach and Horses, Star, Rose and Thistle, Fox and Hounds, Holly Bush, Lion and Lamb, Brown Owl, White Lion, The Elm Tree, The Globe, Marlborough Head, Royal Standard, Four Horseshoes, Black Cat, The Bird in Hand, The Fighting Cocks, Wheat Sheaf, The Pack Horse, John Bull, The Stag and Hounds, Roebuck, The Crooked Billet, The Three Tuns, Greyhound, The Crown and Anchor, The Angel, Hop Blossom, The Castle, The Blue Lion. One would think that the Englishman's principal occupation was selling and swilling beer.

We passed through Aldershot with barracks for the whole British army apparently. We ate lunch at Farnham.

London with its soot and noise and ugliness is a great contrast to the quiet and beauty of Selborne.

At our hotel at our table were Mr. Forster, a carpet merchant of Canterbury Melbourne, Mr. Stansfield, Counsel of Gray's Inn, Mr. Woodhouse, Ceylon Civil Service (retired), Mr. Nasir, Y.M.C.A. Nagpur.

### LONDON AGAIN

Wed. May 9, Went with Edith to a nice dentist. The bill was 2 and 6 and I began to count out the paper notes when he said "Stop, Stop!" Just 2 shillings and 6 pence" for repairing her plate which had a broken tooth from eating hard French bread in Paris.

We went again to the wholesale clothing store near St. Pauls and bought three pairs of pants and four sweaters. The grey flannel pants were \$2.50 and \$3.00 for the three of us and the sweaters \$1.35 to \$4.50.

St. Pauls would make a good state capitol.

Thursday, May 10. We visited the old book stores of Charing Cross. They are an institution, especially Foyles, where they have more than a million volumes. We bought Green's four volume illustrated History of England \$10.50, Boswells Johnson \$1.75, Reischauers Buddhism \$1.80, Dean Holes Roses .85, Izaak Walton's Complete Angler \$1.00 (an old and mellow copy 1846) Gilbert White's Natural History of Selborne, many illustrations \$1.80. I found at least ten different editions at Foyles with prices up to \$12.00. But this copy was the most useful at any price.

Philip and I walked through London to Bunhill Cemetery and saw the graves of Isaac Watts, Daniel Defoe and John Bunyan; the last with a recumbent figure of Bunyan on top and Christian with the burden rolling away.

John Wesley's Chapel is just across the street with his statue in front. It has recently been rebuilt, a very plain large, low building. We also saw St. Botolphs. On the way back we visited St. Giles Cripplegate where John Milton is buried with a beautiful statue of Milton in



the courtyard and also a bust inside the church. I wonder why he is buried in an Episcopal church! At 2 p.m. we left the hotel for our ship through East London with all its sights of common people. They are evidently not so poor as they used to be in Dickens' time. So we have left London with its historical associations, its monuments and teeming streets, its beggars who paint pictures and sing songs and play instruments, some of them so pitiful, some probably getting a good income.

One of the sights of London are the great cart horses, bay and sorrel and black, with dappled coats and shaggy legs, each horse weighing a ton or more.

The streets are so crooked that you are almost sure to get lost without a map. The air is always murky with smoke or mist or both (Smog in Los Angeles).

Sat. May 12. We are off on the "American Banker" fifty miles down the broad winding Thames with its multitude of shipping, the largest port in the world, to the ends of the world with the green hills of England behind.

Dear old England, our "Motherland", We love you. We were very fortunate to be here before the tourist rush. Because of that, also avoided the guides. Only two places did we have guides; at Warwick Castle and Tewksbury Abbey and they were both good; the latter was a clergyman and we had a friendly talk.



## Chapter 26

THE ATLANTIC, AMERICA

Sat. May 12. Our ship carries 70 passengers all one class at \$100.00 fare. The cabins are small but the food is first class. We left yesterday at six p.m. but seem to be still in the English Channel but as smooth as a great river. We passed a cape this afternoon with fine farms and white villages, it could be Lands End.

Sunday, May 13. The Mauretania passed us and many other ships. Our ship, of the American Merchant Line, is slow, taking ten days. The ships are the property of the U.S. Government but leased to this company.

The sun shines gloriously and warm and the sea is smooth. Our 70 passengers are nearly all very agreeable people; one Dutch family who speak good English and are quite interesting; a very nice American Quaker lady who is married to an English Quaker school principal and is going back to America for a visit; a Miss Cohn, a young red-haired Jewish lady who has been to Paris buying for a New York department store. She flew from Paris to London to catch the ship. She is very friendly.

The whole top deck is for the use of the passengers and is very comfortable as there are no cabins in the middle so one can see all around.

Monday, May 14. The ship rolls a little today, but quite good sea weather.

Tuesday, May 15. The ship rolling a little more but most brilliant sunshine of the voyage thus far.

THE ATLANTIC

Wed. May 16. Sunshine but the wind got gradually higher and the sea rougher until at night the ship rolled "Jolly well."

Thurs. May 17. In the morning the sea was calmer but it got rougher until now it is pitching quite a lot. It rained a tiny bit and then we had some sunshine.

Friday, May 18. It has been quite rough all day but fortunately I have never been seasick from Shanghai to New York. A little rain and some sunshine; that is because the rough weather has come gradually.

Sat. May 19. The sea is calmer today, the sunshine is brilliant and the great ocean is also bright blue. One ship has been in sight all day, slowly passing us.

Sun. May 20. Edith's Birthday. A heavy fog has continued all day with the whistle blowing ten seconds every minute, that is 720 times in twelve hours or two hours steadily blowing. We had intended to have a service but had to give it up because of the whistle. I had prepared a talk on John Bunyan.

NEW YORK

Monday, May 21. Still foggy this morning. Ten ships collided Saturday and Sunday. We got in at 9:30 a.m. with the fairyland skyline of New York looming out of the fog on one side and the Statue of Liberty on the other.

Roberta and Miss Zimmerman were on the dock to meet us. For quite a time we could only see their feet. I had often heard how tough the customs was in New York. Our customs man was the most gentlemanly



officer I had ever met. And we never had met an ungentlemanly one.

Roberta went back to Baltimore where she is studying for her doctorate. We located for a few days at the W. W. White Bible School. Dr. White invited us to dinner one evening and we had a pleasant visit. He may be a relative as he comes from West Virginia.

While in New York of course we visited the Board Rooms and I saw my classmate Treasurer Huntington and our beloved Secretary James H. Franklin. We also saw the Westbrooks. He is studying at Columbia.

It was interesting after visiting the old cathedrals of France and England to visit St. John the Divine in New York. It is perhaps half finished and they have already spent \$20,000,000 and expect to spend \$30,000,000 more in another twenty years or more. Instead of the wooden scaffolding used in building the old cathedrals of Europe, here they use steel. It is quite equal to the old cathedrals and with the one under construction in Washington are the only real cathedrals in the United States.

We spent some time in the American Museum of Natural History one of the most interesting parts being the replicas of the Cro Magnon paintings.

Of course, the Metropolitan Museum of Art is one of the most fascinating places in New York with its many marvellous works of art and we spent as much time as we could spare within its walls.

It was time for me to go to Ottawa to make the commencement address and Edith and Philip went down to Virginia, visiting Washington, and the Mabies and the University of Virginia and the home of Jefferson.

I hurried on to Ottawa, Kansas to deliver the address. I had prepared a special address but President Smith insisted that I speak on Mission work in China. With some preliminary work on a theme with which I was thoroughly familiar I believe my address was of value to the students. I had twice before given the evening address to the Christian Associations and once when Dr. Gilkey was held up by a train wreck Dr. Bruce Kinney and I made the joint commencement address. Much later, perhaps in '45, Dr. Martin asked me to address the Christian Associations but on account of Edith's illness I was unable to do so. But in '46 I had the privilege of addressing the students in a long chapel which was perhaps my most successful and useful appearance before the University with nearly 500 students in attendance. I brought down the house by telling them that I had left Wm. Jewell because it was not coeducational and had been rewarded by finding my classmate Ivy Edith.

After seeing the relatives I went back to Chicago where Edith and the children met me. We were able to secure one of the University houses and stayed for six weeks, and I attended Summer School. During this time, Frances our dear older daughter, after securing her M.A. and after teaching in Virginia, was married to Joseph F. Chittum. I performed the ceremony in the beautiful little chapel of the Chicago Theological Seminary next the University. It is used mainly for weddings and ours was a beautiful wedding of our dear daughter.

### CHICAGO, 1928

While in Kansas I bought a Pontiac of Joe McGinty and drove it to Granville and really met the family there and from there to Chicago via the Northern Baptist Convention in Detroit. After the wedding Frances and Joe drove the car to Lafayette, Indiana where Joe taught in Purdue for ten years.

We had a pleasant time in Chicago enjoying the University with its summer session and its numerous lectures. I have visited the University so many times since 1893 and now I rank as an alumnus so that I feel that I have a real interest in it as in no other University. During



this summer, I piloted numbers of our guests over the campus.

One of the sights now is the new chapel almost a cathedral, nearing completion. At the great entrance door are carved in stone several notables, including Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson. I much enjoyed the great library and the Divinity Library.

The only chapel during the summer sessions were in the beautiful Divinity School chapel. I spoke at one chapel session as did Mrs. Chen when she came to visit us.

We greatly enjoyed the Field Museum on the Lake Shore. The exhibit of replicas of many Chinese pagodas made at Sicawei for the '92 exposition in Chicago was especially interesting to us. It was a great pleasure to hear Harley McNair, to know Gerald Birney Smith, acting Dean of the Divinity School.

While in Chicago I visited the Olivet Baptist Church, the largest negro Baptist church in the world, 13,000 members. I also took Mr. Forster, the Australian carpet merchant whom we met in London and who came to Chicago and took some courses in the summer school of the University as I did.

While in Chicago we went for a weekend to the Dells of the Wisconsin river, the country from which the Thompsons migrated to Kansas. We camped on the river bank next to a camp of Chippewa Indians.

During the summer we visited all our relatives in Missouri and Kansas and then wended our way in our beautiful Pontiac by Route 66 camping along the way, to California. What joyous travelling. Had a lovely trip over Monarch Pass seeing the mountains covered with yellow aspen.

We finally arrived at our own little shack in California, and eventually enlarged our kitchen-dining nook, made a bathroom and a patio with a temporary roof over part of it for a bedroom.

Horace Smith had taken good care of our trees and now we put in irrigation pipes.

Gilbert came out from Denison and attended Pomona College, living in Claremont Inn and helping to answer night calls for his room.

How we did enjoy California and our car to see it in, and our acre with its fruit and nuts.

We enjoyed the Ontario church and all our good friends in California. Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Edmands in Pasadena and the hosts of friends in our neighborhood.

We did considerable speaking and we hope made some friends for China and Missions.

1929

### The Pacific Again

August. We drove our Pontiac down to San Pedro and on to the dock, and took our ship here for Shanghai, the President Cleveland. Nearly all the folks on the wharf had come from Southern California to see us off. It was a surprise party. So many good friends.

Then when we got to San Francisco there were more friends and more passengers to join us going to China, Florence Golden, Elizabeth Knabe, Ruby Olson and others.

It was a pleasant voyage by way of Honolulu where we all took a trip to the Pali where we had never been before. This was the last lap of our trip around the world and "Mirabile dictu" I have not been seasick the whole way, not even across the English Channel.

In Yokohama we went to Kamakura and saw the Daibutsu, a huge work of real art. Wearing only a straw hat and forgetting that we were again back in the Orient, I got a bad case of sun headache.



## Chapter 27

CHINA, TEACHING, WAR

Shanghai - 1929-35

A warm welcome awaited us at the wharf and on the Campus by students teachers, Chinese and Americans. We did not think of it as our last term of service in China before retirement as we had six supremely happy years of teaching before us without the heavy though satisfying tasks of administration. The administration with Dr. Liu at the head was in capable hands as was proven by his ten years of successful leadership. The College had now become a real Chinese Christian institution.

In the whole course of my presidency of seventeen years I had never taken any important step without the full approval of the capable and devoted Christian Chinese staff and sometimes we Americans differed more sharply. Now Dr. Liu and the Chinese staff more often differed than the president and the American staff. But on the whole, when we did have differences, they were not between North and South or Chinese and Americans but in the main we worked together as a friendly team or as Dr. Liu was fond of saying, as one big family of faculty and students.

We came back to occupy our home which we had built in 1907-8 and occupied for more than twenty years where we lived longer than any other during our lives.

Philip came back with us but soon went back to America to study. But our big house was always full of teachers who had no other home, of guests from China, America and the ends of the earth and of groups and individual students by the hundreds.

TEACHING

Edith and I settled down to the happy task of teaching. We had always done some teaching. But now we could give our major energies to it. Edith taught grade school a half year while dropping out of college and then for the three years while I went to Rochester Seminary and I had always had in mind the vocation of teaching. Edith taught in the Boys School in Ningpo and from 1904 when we went to the Shaohsing Seminary through the years we both did some teaching. In Shanghai Edith taught the wives of students for a time but her favorite course was English History, which she adored.

I taught New Testament, Greek, Homiletics, one year of Education, a year or so of College Geography before Dr. Gressey came and then these last six years New Testament, The Christian Religion, the History of Religion (or Comparative Religion) Philosophy and Ethics. In spite of the variety of courses it was so arranged that I did not have too heavy a schedule at one time and my classes were usually from fifteen to forty but in the last years with Ethics and Philosophy being required of Juniors and Seniors I had classes of sixty to one hundred and finally one class of Juniors in Ethics 250. This teaching during these six years was pure joy for both of us.

Gordon Poteat took over the New Testament while he was on the faculty at two different periods. I always enjoyed teaching the New Testament more than any other course. About this time I had in my class Roberta Jones, the Chinese adopted daughter of Mary I. Jones of Huchow. She had been with her mother to America and had studied in the



Chicago Training School and came to the College to complete her college course. She was probably the most satisfactory student I ever had. She not only did her work perfectly but did it with her heart as well as her mind. After our work together was finished she said to me one day, "The best courses I ever had". That was due largely to the New Testament and to Roberta's own wonderful Christian personality.

Later when she was married she asked me to come to Huchow to perform the ceremony. I went by rail to Wu-sih, then by launch across the lake to Huchow, carrying all the way the wedding cake that Miss Jones had ordered with the conventional little man and woman perched on top. When I arrived Miss        held out her hands for the cake and dropped it! But no great damage was done and the wedding was duly solemnized.

I went back by way of Hangchow, the only time I ever rode any great distance by motor car through the Chinese countryside. It was a beautiful road, especially through the bamboo groves.

There came back from America with us several girls to teach English; others were sent out by the Southern Board so that in all there were nine American women teaching English. Some of them lived with us and our house was always open to all of them. They were a great blessing to us in the absence of our own daughters.

November 28th the Oriental Study Expedition from Pomona College arrived in Shanghai and we entertained them while their ship was in the harbor. Then went on to Canton Christian College. At Christmas time they sent Greetings by radiogram. Some months later these ten students came and attended classes for a period, going on to Peking. They were an interesting and enthusiastic group of young men and must have profited greatly by their year in various places in China.

We never had a livelier Christmas than this one in our White House. Most of the American women teachers spent the night with us beside Gertrude Oldroyd and other friends from Shanghai for the capacity of our house was unlimited.

But the first thing in the morning were the Chinese Girl Carollers led by Hannah Flowden. They got up at four and sang all over the campus coming last to our home for doughnuts and coffee.

Then we had the opening of all the presents for everybody and finally breakfast.

On Sunday, the 29th, we had a lot more guests, especially a lot of alumni and other Chinese guests, some of the classes of '14, '17, and '29. This was a fitting close to the year 1929.

Who could be happier with such hosts of friends both Americans and more Chinese and some good British friends thrown in for good measure.

### 1930-1935

But first let's catch up some of the minor incidents of the past years. In 1918-19 when we were preparing to fill all the remaining land of the campus, which was done by the Whangpoo Conservancy Board, they pumped the water out of our pond and we had sold the fish to a fish company. Just before the pumping began, a heavy fog settled in the night and our cook, Kwong-teh came in excitedly and said the fish had all flown away in the fog in the night. Actually there were several tons of fish and they netted the College a tidy sum.

A farmer had built a straw house just outside our back fence near our house and one night in the middle of the night we heard a great barking of dogs at this house and I knew they were being robbed. I got up and went out on our veranda overlooking the house and fired off my pistol, but it did no good for the robbers escaped with all the family's bedding, including some clothes. When the robbers were a safe distance, the police appeared and fired off their guns.



The next day the farmer took his straw house apart and carried the walls and roofs and set it up in the nearby village. Chinese farmers don't usually live on their own land but in villages for mutual protection from robbers. Armed robbery is a capital crime, but the robbers are a fearless lot.

Once when driving my car toward the college, a woman with a little girl had nearly crossed the street when the little girl saw the car coming and broke away from her mother and ran back in front of the car. I stopped in five feet but the fender struck her and fortunately the wheel did not. I jumped out, pulled her from under the car, sat down on the running board and took her on my lap to see how much she was hurt. Her face was scratched a little and she wasn't afraid of me, but when a Chinese policeman came up to inquire into the accident, she was deathly afraid of him. Probably her mother had often said to her when she was naughty, "The policeman will get you and drag you to jail." I was proud she was not afraid of me, a foreigner.

Edith almost had a shock once when we were going in rickshaws at Westlake Hangchow when her rickshaw man said in Chinese as he trotted along addressed her as We-s-meo (Mrs. White) and began talking to her. She said it almost seemed like Baalam's ass talking. He belonged to a family of Christians we knew in Shaohsing. Of course, she was glad to talk to him.

The special Chinese manufacture~~ss~~s in Shanghai were always interesting both to us and our guests and we often took them to see them. Rugmaking was not indigenous to Shanghai but a good many rug makers came from Peking and Tientsin and established themselves in Shanghai. Their rugs were never quite as high quality as the best made in the North. But a rug on a loom with the balls of yarn hanging down and the bright pattern gradually taking form was like a garden of flowers in the dingy surroundings of the factory and the crude looms. It would take six men more than a month to make a 9x12 rug with much over a million knots each tied by hand. One rugmaker presented Edith with a footstool stuffed with wool scraps and decorated with a long life character and bats denoting long life.

Another factory where I used to take visitors was that of L. George (Mr. Wong) who makes carved teakwood furniture. He made my furniture and since I brought him so many customers he charged me no overhead but just the carvers' wages, fifty cents a day and they thought they were well paid! I am glad to say that even before the Communists came the workers were receiving much better wages.

Mr. Wong was a product of the Catholic Sicawei industrial schools and had been to France and I being a minister treated me with great reverence.

During all the time that Japan controlled Korea, they would not permit Koreans to go anywhere but Japan to study. But many Korean young men slipped out by way of Manchuria and came to China to study. We always had some Korean students in our college. One of them was Raymond Char whose grandfather had been minister of Agriculture under the last Korean king. His family had been large farmers but after the Japanese came they lost most of their wealth and Raymond was often penniless. So we and others helped him finish his course.

In 1932 when the Japanese having conquered Manchuria and Shanghai staged a celebration in the Range Road Park, a Korean threw a bomb onto the speakers stand, killed the Japanese general and several others also wounding the Japanese minister and others, the Japanese arrested all the Koreans they could lay their hands on, among them Raymond.