

Leaving Seattle early one morning over Lake Washington on Highway 10, we went over Snoqualmie Pass that we had crossed in the opposite direction in our Model T Ford in 1917, 29 years before when the roads were so poor. The fine cement pontoon bridge where we crossed Lake Washington was where we had ferried in 1917.

We passed through Cle Elum where we had camped on that trip after the terrific trip over Blewett Pass. But this time we kept on Highway 10 through Ellensburg. Just before reaching the Columbia River we stopped at the Ginkgo Petrified Forest State Park and saw many specimens of Ginkgo and other petrified trees. For ages the Ginkgo has not grown indigineously anywhere in the world except China. Some fine specimens have been planted in Washington, D. C. I planted many on our campus in Shanghai. In front of a temple on Mokanshan there are two about 7 feet in diameter and 100 feet high that were probably planted about 800 years ago. They grow slowly. There are also some in this region in the wild that come down from prehistoric times.

Crossing the Columbia we went through miles of old lava beds, though not so extensive as those we passed further north in 1917. Then the wheat country with elevators full and piles of wheat beside the elevators safe in the dry autumn. Through Spokane and over the beautiful scenery beside Coeur de Alene Lake over the Bitter Root mountains through Idaho and Montana that were so bitter for our overloaded Ford in '17 but now so beautiful and with such a good road and such wonderful scenery through Missoula and Helena. Going south from Helena we crossed the upper reaches of the Missouri, a sizable stream full to its banks from the rains we found prevailing east of the mountains. At Three Forks where we turned east, the Madison also a good sized river and another smaller stream from the Yellowstone region flowed into the Missouri and later on the Yellowstone itself insures the great river its size whatever tributaries are added lower down in its course.

At Livingstone, the northern entrance to Yellowstone Park, we had arranged to meet Gilbert, Helen and Barbara as they were coming to the mountains to make some investigations; Helen for a book she was writing on the gold rush in this region and Gilbert for information regarding State Forests he was gathering for his doctor's thesis. Here we holed up for a couple of days in a camp partly because of the rain. In the morning the mountains to the south toward the Park were covered with snow. We had a good visit and then they went on into Yellowstone. Florence and I had both been to Yellowstone (our family in 1917) and fearing we might become snowbound, it being now the first of September we went on east on Highway 10 through Billings to Hardin and then south to Sheridan, Wyoming and Casper past the Custer Battlefield and the Baptist Crow Indian Mission, then east and south through Wheatland, the great wheat country. Just out of Wheatland, a great screaming came from our engine and continued for 25 miles in spite of my attempts to discover the cause. Coming to Chugwater, a filling station attendant put a little oil in the timing rod and then the noise ceased at a cost of 25 cents. In 1917 we had tented at Chugwater. It still had a population of 245. Then on south through Cheyenne and into Colorado along by the great mountains through Fort Collins and Loveland to Denver, where we went to the homes of Mrs. Sims and her daughters, the mother and sisters of George Jay, the husband of Florence's daughter Adele. They used to live across the street from Florence and the younger daughter Patty pleased me very much by remembering to call me, "Uncle Frank."

On the way to Harrisonville we stopped in Freeman where Florence's husband Ernest was buried. Four miles from Drexel we had also visited the old cemetery where our father and mother and our brothers Walter and Harlow are buried. There used to be a Presbyterian Church here, but it is now the chapel of the cemetery. It is a lovely, peaceful place. Edith used to say she would like to be buried here like Ruth, where our people are. But when we retired to California we reserved a place in the beautiful Ontario Cemetery in view of the great mountains.

From Freeman we went on to Harrisonville where my greatgrandmother Saunders with her son Samuel Saunders and his family, including my mother, then five years old, came in 1843, from Virginia. Here we visited our old friends Will Steplen and his wife, our cousins Frank Atkinson and his brother Will, who had just come from Kansas City on a visit and Sally Atkinson Richardson. (She has just died 1950 the last one of the three Atkinson girls.) Florence also visited one of Ernest White's brothers.

I went down to Ottawa for the weekend. Milan Lambertson was still studying there; his wife had graduated before and was working in the college office. I was entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Willis, the nurseryman, the son of the venerable Deacon Willis of my time in college who used to arise in prayer meeting to speak but he was so slow that one or more persons in front of him, not seeing that he had arisen would get up and speak before good Deacon Willis with his long beard, could get started. Arthur Willis who looks like his father minus the beard is much more alert and has greatly expanded the nursery. They entertained me royally. (Arthur passed on this year, 1950)

The pastor, Dr. Elliott, asked me to speak Sunday morning; as I got out of the Willis' car, the freshman girl who was living with the Willis', hastily slammed the door, mashing my thumb. It bled profusely and hurt considerably all through the Sunday School hour, but ceased by the time I had to speak so that I was supposed to be a hero but wasn't.

On the way to Ottawa I had stopped in Wellsville and saw May Frink Converse the widow of my classmate and now the owner of her husband's country newspaper, The Wellsville Globe, which is now edited by her daughter, a lovely person and very capable whose husband was a failure and left her with five children to bring up. May still writes a poem every week and an interesting column called "Conversations". May lives with her sister, as I said before in San Carlos, California. But was here on her annual visit.

I also ate dinner that day with the Paul Kestings, Aunt Jennie's brother near Ottawa. He always reminds me of my Uncle John Saunders; looks like him and especially has a friendly crackling voice like Uncle John.

Sunday afternoon the Willis' invited a houseful of my old friends, including President and Mrs. Martin, the Elliots, Laura Sheldon Penny and many others who plied me with many questions regarding the China situation.

From Ottawa I went to Fairview again where I again met Gilbert's on their way back from the Rockies. We stayed overnight, had a meal with Alonzo and Ruthie and then went on through the fruit country and Gilbert's bought a box of apples and one of pears. We parted after crossing the bridge at St. Joe. They went on to St. Paul and I to Kansas City. Floy went with me to go west. Floy, Florence and I went to Ottawa where I spoke at Chapel. The O.U. football team was just going to play Wm. Jewell and I amused the students by telling them how I left Wm. Jewell and came to Ottawa because there were no girls at W.J. and how it paid me in finding Ivy Edith.

After chapel we added Milan and Esther to our car, Esther's home being in Arkansas City. We left them at her home and the next day we three and Kate and Fauna went through one of the Indian Reservations to Tulsa to visit Nana and Mary and I let Fauna do the driving coming back.

After a good visit in Tulsa, Floy and I went on 1000 miles to Tucson. A little way west of Tulsa we turned south on the Chisholm trail that was famous in the old days as the road for bringing cattle from Texas to the end of the railway in Kansas and the setting for several Western stories. The road has frequent markers with a steer's skull and horns.

We feared that when we reached Route 66 going west, we might find some of the road under water or washed out but it was dry and fine, quite different from our experience in 1923 when we had to be ferried across the swollen Canadian river and being held up by snow in Amarillo and plowing through mud south of Amarillo. This time we did not have to go to El Paso. We got a fine view of the White Sands, just like banks of snow, then on west to Tucson where I left Floy with her daughter, Edwina Copeland, and went on the remaining 500 miles alone. I picked up a young soldier going back to his regiment in California; but before reaching Gila Bend the fan belt broke and before I realized it, the engine became so heated that it cracked the cylinder block and I had to stay two nights in Gila Bend to get a new motor put in.

I left there at 4 a.m., crossed the Colorado river at Yuma, across the nameless, rocky mountains in the rain, skirting San Diego and up the familiar coast road, turning off through San Juan Capistrano and up through Santa Ana, reaching home in the middle of the afternoon dead tired. There ended my 6000 mile drive and the last long one I will ever take. It was a wonderful trip and fine to have Florence and later Floy as company and to assist in the driving. All the time I had the presence of Edith too, enjoying it with us as she had always done before on the trips described from 1917 to 1941.

Chapter 31

WHITTIER

1946

In Whittier I settled down to teaching the Men's Bible Class in the First Baptist Church and writing letters, keeping my own correspondence and trying to keep up the voluminous writing that Edith did.

I also gave addresses on China to the University Club and the Rotary and many Women's organizations.

1947

At last in May I got my apartment started. I changed the plans slightly, making it a little smaller than the one we had originally planned. There was still difficulty in securing materials, though these materials were of better quality than last year and some were not quite so high in price. Though the costs were still rather excessive compared with ten years before when we were completing our house in Upland. Instead of 65 cents an hour for a carpenter in 1936, they were now getting \$1.95; not too much if they had worked at reasonable speed. The only men who worked fast were those who were working by the piece or job such as shingles and flooring men.

It took six months to complete the apartment and it cost \$6000. I spent a good deal of time during those six months in supervising the building. I succeeded in getting just what I desired; a semi-Chinese building inside and out. Everything inside except the bed and couch we had brought from China and they were made of a redwood from the Philippines. Fronting the patio or Yuieh liang dae (moon court) there were the following Chinese features we brought home from China; the teakwood Chinese lattice window, the pair of pottery plaques each side of the entrance door, the pair of green pottery lions on each side of the door, the pottery fish with its tail in the air over the entrance roof, (the green tiles over this entrance were made in Glendale but are authentic Chinese temple or palace pattern), the brick with the Buddha set into the wall was given me from the ancient pagoda in Kinhwa where all the bricks inside and outside had these images on them. The Tai-ping rebels knocked off the heads of all within reach. Not attached to the walls were a pair of Hwa-Ku-teng (flowery drum stools) garden pottery seats which I use to place flower pots on as also a large jar. Over my door I put the plaque which Esther Sing sent us with the Chinese characters Way Lu (White House) on it.

Inside my apartment are a pair of Chinese chairs which I had made from a Chien lung pattern, a tea table between them which I had made in Ningpo in 1901 as a Christmas present for Edith, the pottery cabinet with many pieces 1000 years old, 500 years, 275 years, 175 years and all in between and down to the present; the Art case containing more than 2000 prints of Chinese and Japanese pictures, perhaps one of the largest collections in America, Edith's desk, my filing case, my large desk table, made from teak railway ties from Burma, three chests, one given me by our children 1930 on my fiftieth birthday in which I keep woolens, Edith's long chest in which are mainly kept textiles, linens, etc. (Chinese garments) my art chest where I keep Chinese paintings.

There is also a tiptop table, a small square tea table, two of a set of tea tables and two carved taishan stools and also a knockdown Cashmere stool sent me by Gertrude from Srinagar. All these latter except the tip top table and the square table are made of Asiatic walnut (Circassian or English walnut). The square table is made of mahogany, the other Chinese table is made of Hwa-li, a fine Chinese rosewood.

All the other furniture is made of teak, some stained mahogany, some walnut and my chest (1930) a sort of ebony color.

The bed and couch made in California are what is called Phillipine mahogany but is not mahogany. There is a real Phillipine mahogany but this is a softer, cheaper wood called in China Lao-an. My dozen rugs of all sizes are true Chinese patterns. Our 9x12 I gave Roberta and one rug to Gilbert and one to Philip.

The pictures on the walls are mainly Chinese; two Japanese prints are on the sliding doors and an original painting of "The Lily Pond" by S. Tosuiti, a famous modern Japanese artist, purchased in Kobe 20 or 30 years ago before he became famous. I went into the shop in Kobe and was given a box of some 100 paintings to look through, most of them crass buildings. I selected this one and the merchant said, "Yes, see the houses in the mist." It cost 2 yen (\$1.00 U.S.) worth now fifty to one hundred dollars.

Hundreds of people have come to see my apartment, many of them in groups of ladies from 10 to 40 in number. Of course they have come to hear about China and Missions. Last year they came from Whittier and other towns and there were about 20 such groups.

Among other interesting things I have bells, swords, other bronzes, idols and especially a seven storied silver pagoda and a jade bell given us by the Alumni of the University of Shanghai when we retired in token of a completed work.

Some pictures and pieces of pottery were given us by students and many we bought in junk shops when such objects of art could be bought cheaply. The highest price we ever paid for any such article was \$4.00 U.S. for the beautiful vase with one Fairy on a boat and another on a lily pond; but most paintings and pottery cost \$1.00 or less, for we never had much money to spare. We used our spare money to help students. One such student Raymond Char, a Korean, used to bring us some left over objects from his grandfather's collection after they had sold what were considered valuable ones.

Many of the paintings had to be remounted; one painting, Edith's favorite, a picture "Hsi Chieh or Hsi Ts" China's most famous woman patriot who lived 500 B.C., I discovered in tatters in a poor little junk shop in Hangchow and bought for one Chinese dollar without bargaining and it cost seven dollars to have it remounted and which I value at at least \$100 U.S.

1948

When we retired in 1935 we were compelled to come to America a few months early (March) so that I could have a needed operation which was performed by Dr. Paul Ferrier and his assistant Dr. Caigh in Pasadena. They charged me nothing. This year I had some trouble and went back to them two or three times and have had no trouble since.

I was suffering somewhat from this when in May the (Frank J. White) D.U. chapter came here at our invitation for their spring meeting, particularly to see my new Chinese apartment. There were about fifty present and I think they enjoyed it, and so did I in spite of the fact that I had to lie down part of the time. We had always hoped to have them meet with us in Upland but unfortunately never had them while Edith was still with me.

This year was the fiftieth anniversary of our graduation from college. Little did I think that the Class Day stunt that we put on in '98 of our meeting fifty years hence would ever come true.

On account of my illness, I feared I would not be able to go. But by having a roomette on the train and thus being able to lie down all the time, I went. I stopped off at Arkansas City for several days to visit Kate and Fauna and Nana and Mary came up from Tulsa to see me. Mary is such a dear girl and is so interested in this "account", I am writing. I went on to Kansas City to visit Florence. On Saturday, Florence and I rode to Ottawa with my classmate Otto Dubach and his wife Ana and Hattie Mae Price who had come on from Pasadena.

Saturday evening we had the Alumni Dinner in the fine Commons Hall and there was a full house. But the program was too long for some of us old fellows.

Sunday morning President Martin preached the Baccalaureate sermon and the service was very fine.

A dinner was held again in the Commons and we all looked over the Campus. In our day there were only three buildings; the original cut sandstone building now called Tany Jones Hall now covered with ivy which contained the very small Science Department with one professor and the two rooms occupied by the Literary Societies; the wooden Ladies Cottage which accomodated not many more than a large dwelling; and the Main College Building of fine stone but only half of which was completed. In this was the one Library Room, the Chapel room and all the classrooms.

Now this building which had later burned was rebuilt and completed, containing a better chapel, a sizable library as well as numerous classrooms. There is also the commodious Ward Science Hall, the Commons, which was a gymnasium that was burned and rebuilt as a beautiful Dining Hall and also contains a swimming pool. The new Wilson Field House and the just completed Woman's Hall with room for 100 girls and built at a cost of \$300,000. All these good buildings are of a beautiful native limestone of a soft color not a dirty white like the Manhattan Agricultural College.

All they need now is a Men's Dormitory, a Library and a separate Chapel.

Monday, Commencement Day

There were nearly 100 graduates. The Commencement speaker was Dr. Sidney Powell, pastor of Tremont Temple, Boston and he gave an inspiring address. The University Choir in their beautiful powder blue robes trimmed with white satin, sang superbly under the able direction of Prof. Kerr, head of the Conservatory. His method of directing was ideal, being as inconspicuous as possible.

It was one of the finest commencements I ever attended. In 1945 the class of '95 had 14 present out of the original 18 members which was quite remarkable. But our class of 1898 had only 4 present out of the original 24. In spite of that we captured the attendance cup, having 40% of our living members present; only 10 out of 24 still surviving. But we had a splendid class dinner at the Country Club. In addition to the four class members: Otto Dubach, Manley Wareham, Jim Tyler and Frank White there were Laura Sheldon Penney and Fanny Benson Page who were members of our class but on account of illness did not graduate until '99, also May Frink Converse, the widow of Asa Converse, Mary Atkinson, the widow of Nort, Drusilla Moses Shinn, the widow of Jake Shinn, the daughter of Asa, the daughter and son of Fanny Benson, an improvement over their father and mother as it should be in any case; the daughter helping her husband edit a newspaper in Louisiana and the son a lawyer in Topeka; also the daughter of Jake Shinn, Ana King Dubach

and the wife of Manley Wareham and my sister Florence. I also brought a picture of Edith and showing it to them, said, "In spite of being ill, this is why I came, for her sake." I believe she was the favorite of the class, and I wanted her to be represented.

Jim is a farmer as he has always been. Manley has been a teacher all his life in the Chicago area and Otto has recently retired as the principal of the great Central High School of Kansas City, Mo.

My delightful hosts were Ben Bowers and his wife Carrie Sheldon Bowers, Laura's sister. These women are daughters of Mr. Sheldon, one of the grand old men of Ottawa. The fine Sheldon home is now a University fraternity house.

Monday afternoon Carrie called up to me that Will Coleman was down at Mr. Bowers' office. His wife is also a Sheldon (Fanny) and they were in college in our time, she a '95. He founded the Coleman Lamp and Stove Co. of Wichita and has been President of the Northern Baptist Convention and was returning from it.

1948-49

This Autumn, Winter and Spring I had 20 groups come to see my Chinese place and hear about China and Missions. If they all came at the same time, I would have them stand on the patio and tell them of the plants there were native to China; the yellow Marechal Neill rose, the white Banksia (Bah-mo-hsiang-white odorous) climbing rose, the peach, the wisteria, the ivy, the apricot, the camellias and then the teak lattice window, the Buddha from the Kinhwa pagoda, lions, which a lady thought were jade, the green pottery garden plaques one each side of the door, the fish with its tail in the air, the green tiles on the entrance roof, the red plaque under this roof over the door with "Way Lu" (White House) in Chinese characters, the bronze Peking knocker which they were not to try to ring but knock the tongue of the knocker against the knocker.

Then inside the Chinese hand made rugs, the Chinese chairs and tea table against the wall, the fan plaque under the beam into the bed alcove, the shelf back of the alcove with the cloisssonne vases and the teapots, the three chests, the Art Case, the desk, the filing case, the swords and bells and other bronzes, the silver pagoda, the Idols and the numerous pieces of pottery and a few of the tapestries and Chinese paintings, and then about China and the Missions.

1946-1950

I have continued to have groups and visitors and old China and other friends whose names are recorded in the guest book, and many not, and will continue to have them as long as I live. Among these are Dr. Clifton D. Gray, former editor of "The Baptist" and Pres. Em. of Bates College, and Mrs. Gray; my dear Methodist friends Mr. and Mrs. Perry O. Hanson of Taian, Hanson Hwang who painted my long scroll "Chih li-long", Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Boynton, Dr. T. C. Bau, one of my earliest students in Ningpo and Shanghai, now Sec'y of the Chekiang Convention and Chairman of the Ex. Com. of the National Christian Council of China. Paul Montgomery of the mission among the aborigines at Samkong Kwangtung, whose wife is a Chinese doctor, Wang Pei Djen and Phoebe Shih, Un. of Shanghai Alumni; Pei Djen is Principal of Presbyterian Girls Academy, Shanghai; President and Mrs. Henry Lin, University of Shanghai, Annie Root of U. of Shanghai now Treas. W.A.B.F.M. So., Dr. and Mrs. (Pat) Storm and son and daughter of Bahrain, Arabia,

Dr. J. B. Hipps, Dr. and Mrs. Chas. Manley, India (Hannamakonda),
Dr. Fridell, Sec'y. A.B.F.M. So., Mildred Proctor, now from the Philli-
pines, Dr. and Mrs. W. B. Pettus of Peking Language School and their
widowed daughter-in-law, Maude M. Pettus (Yale in China) and Sally.
July, 1950 Dr. Lewis Hylbert, former Secretary of our East China Eap-
tist Mission and Mrs. Ethel Lacey Hylbert, former Treasurer of our
China Missions.

Chapter 32

IN THE EIGHTIES

1950

My Cup Ran Over - Sunday, July 16, 1950

Like the Jewish Sabbath, it began running over Saturday evening when the Mays came from Long Beach and brought Mildred Proctor, who had just returned after 14 months in the Phillipines where she had gone to work after being forced out of China by the coming of the Communists. Her father, Doctor Proctor, was perhaps the greatest man the East China Mission ever had and one of the founders of the University of Shanghai and the first president. I had not seen Mildred since, I think, she started to college in 1923. So didn't we have a good time talking.

After supper Frances and Joe had to go to a meeting, so that Mr. and Mrs. Mays, their two sons and Mildred who had not been in my apartment since I had moved in in November, '47, came in to see it and I never had more appreciative guests as I told them about some of its Chinese contents, including the painting of Hsi-Ts, which Edith loved so much and the 20 foot scroll of the Tsih-li-long, both of which, like the Chinese, I only unroll to show guests and afterward roll up and put back in the chest where I keep the Chinese paintings.

Sunday morning as usual I turned on my radio at 7:00 and the first service was so raucous that it hurt my head so I got up and shaved and turned it on again at 7:30. The preacher was Albert Buckner Coe, one of today's famous religious writers. His subject was the Pulpit and he surely brought back all the use and beauty that the pulpit ever possessed from the time of Ezra through the time of Jesus, the Apostles, the Christian Fathers, the Middle Ages, the Reformation, the Puritans and down to the best of the present.

At 9:30 I taught my Mens Bible Class on Ruth; but we not only included "beautiful Ruth" with her "Entreat me not to leave thee", but "Pleasant Naomi" who doubtless inspired Ruth's love, and good and "Peaceful Boaz" who rounded out the almost perfect family life of that beautiful story.

After Sunday School I met the "Displaced Persons" family that we helped to bring over from Latvia, a very nice appearing husband and wife.

At church Richard Ellis, our fine organist played "Grand Offertoire de St. Cecile" as a prelude and a little later Schubert's "Ave Maria" than which there is no finer music in the world. I wish it could often be sung to the words "Holy Redeemer" as our Mrs. Hays did on our church's 50th anniversary. The choir are so impressive in their new maroon robes with fine tall John Thiesen in the middle of the back row, earnest Mrs. Hays in the second row and lovely Frances Armstrong in the front row and how well they all sing if one doesn't look at the wild motions of the director.

A fine young couple joined the church, a fine dark young man and his wife, a lovely blond.

At home I listened to CES Invitation to Music with Lily Pons not only singing four numbers but in the interlude talking to James Fasset and telling in her inimitable way about her song birds which she brought back from South America when on their honeymoon and the parrot actually imitated her singing pretty well.