

HERITAGE of FAITH

*A Chronicle
of the
Otis and Julia Whipple Family*

Pleasant Word

HERITAGE of FAITH

A Chronicle of the

Otis and Julia Whipple Family

Compiled by Lorna Whipple Black

February 2006

Excerpts for:

<http://www.weihsien-paintngs.org>

... a free access and non commercial website.

By courtesy of Lorna and Dwight Whipple.

Copyright © 2006 by The Otis G. Whipple Family

Pleasant Word (a division of WinePress Publishing, PO Box 428, Enumclaw, WA 98022) functions only as book publisher. As such, the ultimate design, content, editorial accuracy, and views expressed or implied in this work are those of the author.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopy, recording, or any other information storage and retrieval system, without the written permission of the publisher.

Unless otherwise noted, all Scriptures are taken from the King James Version of the Bible.

All proofreading and Scripture verification are the author's responsibility.

ISBN 1-4141-0735-8

Library of Congress Catalog Card Number: 2006925182

Foreword

This book is about the Otis and Julia Whipple family – people whose lives and experiences reflect unusual hardships and joys not common for most. It is a story of men and women who committed their lives to God’s service as missionaries in China and as Christian leaders on the home front. Family letters and journals, miraculously preserved through the World War II years, give detailed accounts of missionary life in China and the faithful support and prayers of those at home. Here we have a record of births and deaths, of marriages and mission assignments, of living in the midst of political upheaval, bombings, war, internment camp, and miraculous deliverance.

Yet, the purpose of this volume is not to present a family’s story so much as to illustrate God’s faithfulness and loving provision for those who place their trust in Him. Whether you read this book from cover to cover or only sample small sections, you will find, time and again, recurring examples of God’s provision in response to faith.

As a descendent of this family, I have been privileged to witness first hand how God provides. In the front of my Bible given to me by my parents, Nathan and Lois Whipple Walton, for Christmas of 1950, my father inscribed two sets of Chinese characters. Each set refers to a name or characteristic of God. The first set stands for “Ebenezer” which, when translated from the Hebrew, means “hitherto hath the Lord helped us”. The other set stands for “Jehovah-Jireh” which means “the Lord will provide”. Of all the references about God we find in the Scriptures, I believe my dad chose these two for a special reason. As we looked to the past we could praise Ebenezer for his provision time and again; we never lacked. For the future we claimed Jehovah-Jireh, God’s promise to provide. And so for the present, my father’s motto, indelibly impressed in my mind, was “not difficulty but opportunity”.

Regardless of the severity of circumstances, we knew we could count on our God.

Down through the ages we have been inspired, challenged and encouraged by the lives of men and women who knew and trusted God. Some were leaders and public exemplars of their faith. Others quietly trusted the Lord, serving where God had called them. But all learned, through life’s challenges and testing to place their full confidence in Almighty God. This book tells the story of a family that practiced that faith.

Barbara Walton Spradley

St. Paul, Minnesota

October, 2005



Prelude

Much of America's greatness and strength of character is due to its early immigrants.

In the decade 1630-1640 approximately 20,000 English, the Whipples among them, emigrated to America and many settled in the north-eastern section of the country known as New England.

*"Four male Whipples arrived in the new world in the 1630's. Two were named John, one Matthew, and one Paul. The two Johns and Matthew settled in the Massachusetts Bay colony; Paul on Providence Island in the West Indies. The two named John have created confusion for descendants searching for their ancestors. The search is complicated as some sources place brothers Matthew and John on the Lyon when it arrived in Boston in September 1632. In fact, Matthew and John, both mature men with families, arrived in 1638 and settled in Ipswich, Essex County, Massachusetts. The other John, a teenager, was a passenger on the Mary & John in 1631 and settled in Dorchester, Suffolk County, Massachusetts as an apprentice to Israel Stoughton. The Ipswich John was known as 'Elder' and the Dorchester John (from whom the Otis and Julia Whipple family is descended) was known as 'Captain'." **

Research into our Whipple family's earliest records developed and grew, in part, after the Whipple Family Reunion at The Firs in November 1993. My father, Elden Cole Whipple, had written journals of recollections of his personal and family experiences during his lifetime.

For this edition, those journals, along with additional family letters, diaries and early stories of the antecedents of the Otis and Julia Whipple family have been compiled in chronological order. Elden's Journal is written in straight text; the letters and diaries in italics.

Genealogies are included at the back of the book.

This chronicle presents information preserved in the journals and letters which are compiled here. Consequently it is limited in scope and does not include much of the life stories of other family members involved in the work of The Firs or the CIM/OMF. The story of The Firs has been told in detail in the publications: The Firs of the Lord by Doris Coffin Aldrich (1945), updated by Doris Coffin Aldrich and Ruth Walter Whipple (1961) and Work of Faith Labor of Love-A Spiritual History of The Firs by Katherine Brown (1980). OMF (China Inland Mission) publications are numerous, by many authors: Hudson Taylor, Mrs. Howard Taylor,

A.J. Broomhall, Carolyn Canfield, J. Oswald Sanders, Isobel M. Kuhn, Arthur Mathews and others.

The actual transference of faded typewritten letter copies, handwritten letters and journals into electronic media became an overwhelming reminder of our family's heritage of faith in God, His personal leading in lives committed to Him and His faithful care and provision in every situation. It was also a continuing exercise in patience and perseverance for me; I could not have done it without encouragement from other family members, especially my cousin Barbara Walton Spradley, her husband Neil Kittlesen, my brother Dwight

Whipple and the loving cooperation and countless hours of collaboration with my husband,

C. A. (Skip) Black, Jr.

From boyhood through his missionary career and until the week he died, my father was an accomplished musician, playing the piano and organ on countless occasions and in a variety of settings. He put himself through college and was a blessing to many people through his playing of the piano. Those who knew him well, knew Dad to be the quiet one – usually serving behind the scenes. He had a lasting impact on many lives through his quiet consistency in living out, by faith, a total commitment to serving his Lord.

In putting this book together, our purpose is to continue the promise of Jeremiah 32:39 “I will give them one heart and one way, that they may fear Me forever, for the good of them and of their children after them.” All through the years, our great-grandparents, grandparents and parents have loved and prayed for us, their children, to find and to follow God’s Way, not their own.

It is our prayer and hope that in recording this family’s history and spiritual journey our children and grandchildren – and all those to follow – will find that same blessing, as only in finding and embracing God’s Will and God’s Way is there fulfillment and peace.

Lorna Whipple Black

October 2005



Elden Cole Whipple

May 4, 1905 – February 6, 2004

TABLE of CONTENTS

Foreword and Prelude

1631 — 1851 The Immigrants 13

1851 — 1903 Orin and Janie 21

1903 — 1924 Otis and Julia 45

1924 — 1927 Family to China. 79

1927 — 1934 Elden and Evelyn 195

1934 — 1936 Julia 253

1936 — 1940 Otis 387

1940 — 1943 The War Years 447

1944 — 1971 On the Home Front 543

1971 — 2004 Retirement and Beyond . . . 563

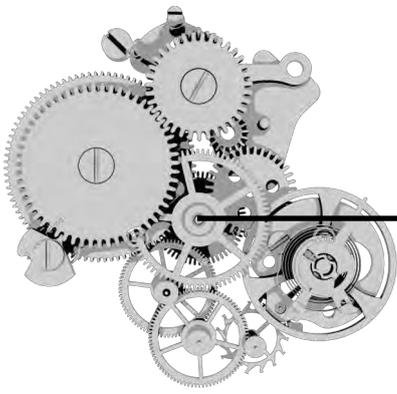
Postlude 587

Genealogies 627

Photo Supplement 637

** The Antecedents and Descendants of Noah Whipple by Clara Hammond McGuigan (Copyright in Japan, 1971; Lib.of Congress N. 77-151483)and*

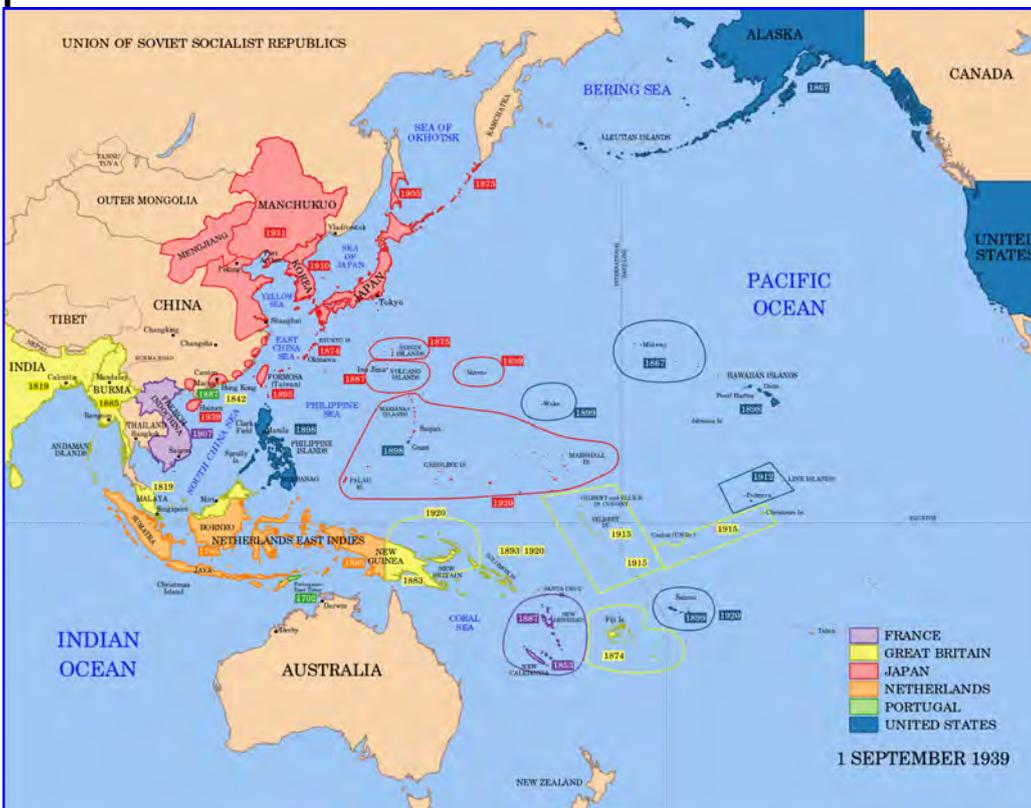
History and Genealogy of Elder John Whipple of Ipswich, Massachusetts, by Blaine Whipple (Copyright 2004-ISBN 1-55395-676-1)



... timeline ... December 1941

© <http://www.historyplace.com/unitedstates/pacificwar/timeline.htm>

- December 7, 1941** - Japanese bomb Pearl Harbor, Hawaii; also attack the Philippines, Wake Island, Guam, Malaya, Thailand, Shanghai and Midway.
- December 8, 1941** - U.S. and Britain declare war on Japan. Japanese land near Singapore and enter Thailand.
- December 9, 1941** - China declares war on Japan.
- December 10, 1941** - Japanese invade the Philippines and also seize Guam.
- December 11, 1941** - Japanese invade Burma.
- December 15, 1941** - First Japanese merchant ship sunk by a U.S. submarine.
- December 16, 1941** - Japanese invade British Borneo.
- December 18, 1941** - Japanese invade Hong Kong.
- December 22, 1941** - Japanese invade Luzon in the Philippines.
- December 23, 1941** - General Douglas MacArthur begins a withdrawal from Manila to Bataan; Japanese take Wake Island.
- December 25, 1941** - British surrender at Hong Kong.
- December 26, 1941** - Manila declared an open city.
- December 27, 1941** - Japanese bomb Manila.



1940 - 1943

August. But political conditions changed these plans! Just when we were getting nicely settled, anti-American agitation commenced and all Americans in Honan (province) were given three days' warning to leave the Province (exactly by whom the warning was issued still remains a mystery!).

No one complied with the warning, but since we were leaving for the summer anyway it seemed wise to take all our belongings with us; so the newly settled home was dismantled – and our things are at present reposing in boxes and trunks in the basement of the Tsingtao Mission Home!

This recent experience at Kaifeng is just one instance of the instability of conditions throughout occupied China – the inevitable result of the whole international situation. To what extent an effective Gospel witness can continue under present conditions is a vital question, with far-reaching implications as far as the work of our Mission is concerned. We must earnestly ask for your prayers about this question: that we all, and our Mission leaders especially, may be given divine wisdom in facing the days ahead.

For ourselves personally, we are seeking the Lord's will about returning to Kaifeng next month, taking Dwight and baby Julia with us. From the natural point of view it seems a foolish thing even to consider. But if Kaifeng is still the Lord's place for us, we will be happier and safer, there, than anywhere else – even with the existing political chaos.

We were able to reach Chefoo in time for the annual school year-end festivities, similar to "Commencement" in American schools, but called "Exhibition" or "Prize-giving" at Chefoo. All our kiddies had a part in the various programs; Elden Jr. received two prize certificates, one for "Hand Work" and the other for "Good Work" through the school year.

THE WAR YEARS

Elden and Marian Whipple at CIM Tsingtao, Shantung to Prayer Friends at Home

August 30, 1941

Dear Friends:

[excerpts] ...

...

Ten days after our marriage found Marian and me in Kaifeng, where we had planned to have three weeks in which to get settled in our new home before going to Tsingtao for the month of



Soon after school closed we took a small Chinese steamer from Chefoo to Tsingtao, bringing Elden Jr., Lorna Lee and Barbara Ann Walton to be with all of us for the month of August. What a grand reunion it has been! But the month is nearly gone and within a week they must return to Chefoo. When school opens Elden leaves the "Prep" and goes into the Boys' School – quite a step to take, as it means association with older boys instead of younger children.

Will you pray for the children that the Lord may become increasingly real and precious to them during these school days away from their parents.

...

etc.

...

Yours in His glorious service,
Elden and Marian Whipple

Elden's journal continues:

The war between Japan and China was becoming more intense, with Japanese forces taking over more and more of east China. Tsingtao was completely under Japanese military control. Rumors abounded about what would happen to American and British citizens, should our countries become more involved.

But through all those months of uncertainty and

having to submit to Japanese rule, we were able to live peaceful, quite normal lives and enjoyed times of relaxation at the beach and picnics in the hills.

Suddenly, about 9:00 a.m. on December 8th, the short-wave radio of our neighbors across the street blared out the news that Japanese planes had bombed Pearl Harbor! And very soon the voice of President Roosevelt was heard over that same radio, declaring war on Japan. Stunned by the news, we all gathered in the living room and knelt in prayer together, commending ourselves to the Lord for His protection and guidance.



Just as we arose from that time of prayer, we saw a file of Japanese marines march through our gate, heading toward the house. Nathan and I went to the door, opened it and stood aside as the marines entered. They were stern, but polite, informing us (one at least spoke quite good English) that their country and ours were at war, and that now U.S. citizens in China were under the control of the Japanese Navy, and British subjects under the Japanese Army. They searched the house, taking radio, any cameras they found, the Mission station wagon and our motorcycle. We were commanded to remain inside our premises until further notice, with the assurance that when arrangements were made, we would be allowed out to the beach, for shopping, etc., for three hours each day – noon until 3:00 pm.





Pearl Harbor Day – (December 7th in the USA, December 8th in China) will not be forgotten as a day of infamy. But on that day, in the afternoon, some hours after the Japanese marines had departed after warning us we were prisoners, something else happened that made the day very different. There was another knock on our door, and there stood a young Japanese in civilian dress, who asked if he could come in. He told us he was a clerk in the Japanese military office and that he was a Christian. He came, he said, to tell us he

grieved that our countries were at war, and assured us he and other Japanese Christians were praying for us and that God's will would be done. He asked if we might pray together and so we did, sitting together in the Mission Home's living room. He spoke very good English, but when he in turn prayed, it was Japanese, his own heart tongue. We could not understand a word he prayed – but the Lord did! and we could not fail to sense his deep earnestness. Then he left, telling us he would not dare to come again, but would be praying for us. What a blessing, on that day of destruction at

Pearl Harbor, to be reminded by a Japanese brother in Christ that believers in the Lord are one, despite war or anything else!

From Pearl Harbor Day until late October, 1942, we lived in the Mission Home without hardship except the almost complete absence of any news – no newspapers, no radio, no letters – no knowledge of how the war was progressing apart from Japanese propaganda which we largely disbelieved. Our servants were free to come and go, so could shop for food, etc.

Editor's note: The following World War II - Prisoners of War Diary is recorded in two sections. Beginning in December 1941 written jointly by Lois and Nate Walton and Elden and Marian Whipple, the first section was a letter to family at home in the US. This ends abruptly with the entry of August 1942, when an opportunity came to smuggle it out of Camp by a visiting German missionary, who kindly offered to mail it to the family in America. When it was received by Otis Whipple near the end of 1942, he sent out a "prayer letter" to the couples' mailing lists recounting this record of God's provision in time of war.

The second section of the Diary continued to the spring of 1943. When prisoner repatriation notices were posted by the Japanese authorities and both the Walton and Whipple families were listed, arrangements were made with a fellow intern-ee to bury Nathan's Bible, his sermon-notes and other papers (assuming the Diary-Section Two included) in water-proof wrappings to preserve it from being confiscated by the Japanese. It was well known that no printed materials could be taken from the Camp with the exception of an unmarked Bible.

Not knowing if the first section of the Diary had ever reached the family at home, or if the second section would ever be unearthed and returned, Nathan re-wrote from memory the events of the family's internment, concluding with the experiences and events of the long trip home to America.

World War II - Prisoners of War Letter Diary Tsingtao, Shantung

Elden and Marian Whipple, Nathan and Lois
Walton to Family at Home

[excerpts]

December 8th, 1941

Dearest Ones:

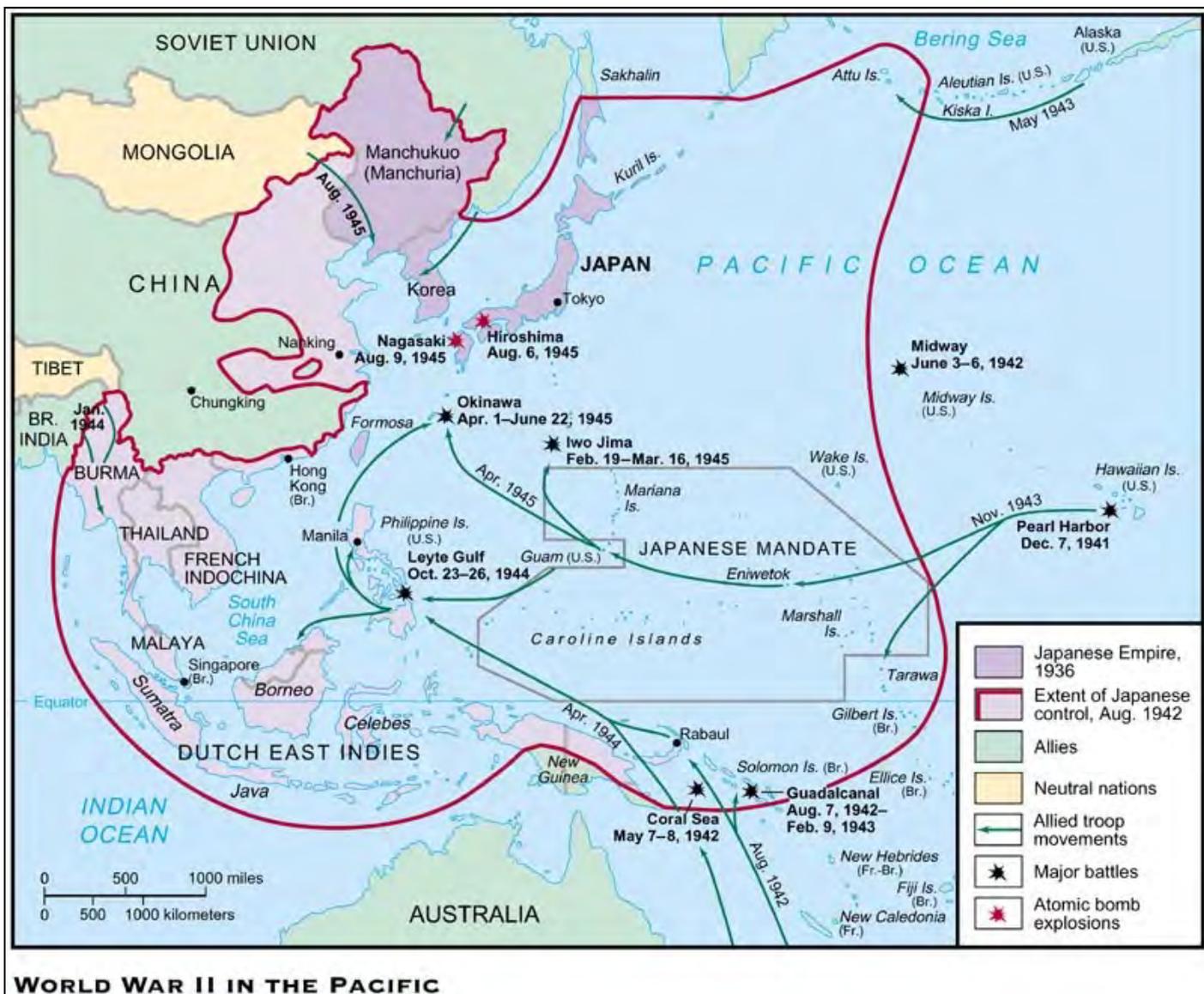
There is much to write to you about this week, but no way of sending it to you. At last we are in a state of war, and confined to our house with no communication with the outside. But in the hope that someday we may be able to send the letters, we will try to write of what happens while we can.

The children all reached here safely last Wednesday morning, under the escort of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. V. Andrews. Their boat came into Tsingtao harbor Tuesday night too late to dock. Early Wednesday morning Nate and I were down to meet them, and while waiting for the boat to pull into the dock, heard the report that all British shipping had been ordered to Hong Kong. The order had gone out only a few hours too late to hold up the sailing of our party from Chefoo. For a while we wondered if they would be carried way down to Hong Kong. But the boat landed them, then sailed from here direct to Hong Kong. The Shanghai party of children was booked to sail a few days later; so we are afraid they will not get away at all. How thankful we are to have all the family together at this time. The weather has been glorious all last



week, and already we have had a good hike in the hills, and two picnics at the beach since the bunch came. Mr. and Mrs. Andrews are staying over the holidays and planned to escort the party back if and when they could go.

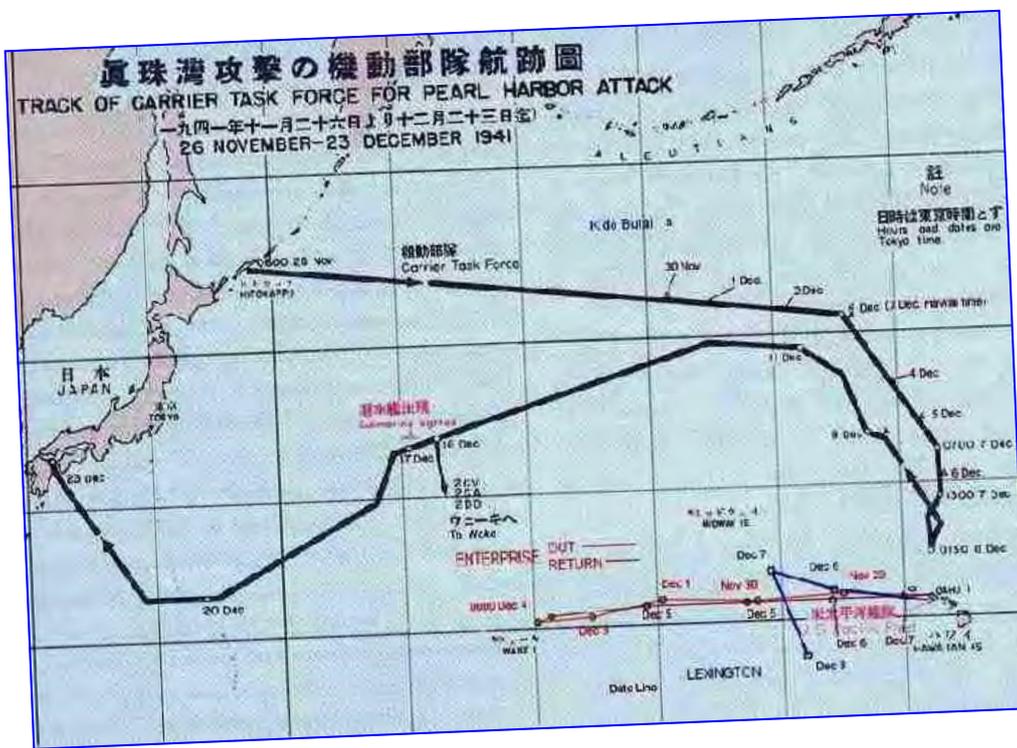
Saturday evening, we received a telegram from Mr. Bazire at Tientsin, saying he would be in here Sunday morning on the train, on his way back to Chefoo. He escorted the Tientsin party of children and the British shipping order cut him off from return to Chefoo and his family. The only alternate route was thru here and by bus from here to Chefoo. So yesterday we got his bus ticket and early



this morning I drove him in to the bus station. They were perfectly polite and accommodating to him, and I saw his bus start for Chefoo at 8:05 this morning. Last night we listened to the Mail Bag, and again had no message from anyone at home. We heard Wm. Winter's commentary on the news at midnight (at least Nate did) and there was no mention of outbreak of war. But on my way home this morning from the bus station, I was stopped once, just a few blocks from home, by Japanese military. But as I was headed away from town, they did not hold me but allowed me to drive on. After getting home we listened to London on the radio at ten o'clock, and heard that Japan had opened hostilities by attacking Pearl Harbor and Singapore and that they had taken over the settlement at Shanghai. After hearing that, we had a prayer meeting and just a few minutes later a

squad of Japanese soldiers came into our compound and house, took away our radio and disconnected our telephone and posted up a sign on our front door and gate saying the property and all furnishings were in the custody of the Japanese military authorities. They were perfectly polite and quiet with us, and of course we did not resist anything they wanted to do. They told us that we all must be confined to our own premises for the time being and if there is need of going outside, we must obtain permission from the sentries that will be stationed along the road.

So, here we are, not able to move, but praising the Lord that so far at least we all are allowed to remain together. The Chinese pastor from the village called during the afternoon, and also one of the German friends of the Liebenzeller Mission, to see how we were, and brought us a little news,



you in Bellingham having the CIM Prayer Meeting tonight. We are imagining you gathering at El Nathan just about now, and are so hoping Bishop and Mrs. Houghton are with you. How wonderful that all this has happened just when you are gathering for prayer. We prayed especially this morning that you all would be guided in your prayers, and that the fellowship together would be a great blessing to you all.

tho' nothing very definite. The Chinese pastor brought word he had heard that a large force of Chinese soldiers were fighting off some 300 li to the West, and that the Japanese were having their hands full with that. This afternoon we had the house shaken by three loud cannon shots, we presume from the Japanese warship lying in the harbor. We are well stocked with staple groceries and the soldiers said our servants could go out to buy food. Nate has some supply of money on hand; so for a while we have sufficient and are just trusting the Lord to care for us, and lead us out of this in His time and way. Our reading this morning

I suppose was the same as yours, Dad, from Daniel 4 and 6: **"Our God IS able to deliver us."**

Tuesday, December 9th – 10:30 a.m.

Last evening in the midst of supper all our lights went out. We had candles handy, and Nate got out some small kerosene lamps. But after an hour or so the electricity came on again. Having no radio to listen to, we all went to bed rather early and had a grand night's sleep. All the youngsters slept until seven this morning. As we woke, we thought of

It looks most unlikely that the Bishop and his wife will get back to China as they had hoped; perhaps they may have a little longer with you there.

Our servants came in this morning with odd bits of rumor they had picked up in the village nearby, but how much is true we wonder. One report is that the British and American Consulates have been completely looted and wrecked; another that four Japanese battleships have already been sunk; a persistent rumor is that the Chinese guerrillas are massing in large number west of here and intend to attack the Japanese. Miss Grohmann, the German Liebenzeller member of our family, decided to try to get to town this morning, so started off right after prayers, about nine o'clock. Being German, she hopes to be given a pass that will permit her to go and come freely. If she is allowed to stay on with us, that will give us one means of contact



with the outside world. And our servants, too, seem free so far, to go and come to the village. The cook came in with the Japanese-controlled newspaper after breakfast, and the news in that of course is all one-sided. One item in it is that Germany is to declare war on the United States within 24 hours.

Fortunately, most of us did the bulk of our Christmas shopping early; so we can manage a fairly good Christmas for the children even if we cannot get downtown again. The Andrews are grand to have here with us. They remind us a good deal of Mother and Dad, in their readiness to enter into all the good times, and planning for Christmas, etc. Our prayer is that we may be permitted to stay here all together. There have been rumors that if war broke out, all American and British women and children would be concentrated at one of the hotels near here, and all the men at the YMCA in the city. So we are getting things ready to stuff into suitcases in a hurry, if some such move has to be made at a moment's notice. But we are so hoping we won't have to be separated.

5:45 p.m.

The day has gone by quietly until just a few minutes ago, when the same squad of Japanese soldiers with their interpreter, who called on us yesterday, came again and asked for our car. Nate turned the keys over to them, and they drove off in it, taking also the motorcycle. But, they assured us that we all could stay here together, and even gave Nate several pass forms that will permit him to go out on the street clear into town. So we are rejoicing that we are all being left together. The men were perfectly polite to us. This noon just at dinner time, Miss Grohmann came back, and with her Mr. Bar. Miss G. had no trouble at all, and she had done a bit of Christmas shopping for us, and Mr. Bar had gotten some money for us from Nate's usual source of procuring it. So we are well supplied. Mr. Bar even brought us ten pounds of meat yesterday from the country, where it is about half the price it is in town. Your prayer meeting at Bellingham is over now, but we are so conscious that the Lord has undertaken for us, and know it is largely in answer to the volume of prayer that is surrounding us. Praise Him, He is sufficient.

Wednesday, December 10th. – 10:00 a.m.

Last night about dark a naval guard was stationed in front of our gate, and several times as we waked through the night, we could hear him pacing up and down the road. Otherwise, everything has been quiet. Nate has just started out for town, making use of one of the pass forms given him yesterday. He showed it to the guard at the gate, and the guard walked off with him down the road. He feels he should go to town to get Mrs. Mungeam's passport, which was left in at the Naval Landing Bureau several days ago, to secure a pass for her to go to Shanghai. Now, of course she can't get there, and wants her passport back. We are hoping Nate will come home with some news too. That is about the hardest part of our confinement – not knowing how the war is progressing.

The weather yesterday and today is sunny not too cold. Yesterday morning, I got out for half an hour and rolled the tennis court. The kids all are out tearing around the compound. A little while ago we saw Tommy sitting on top of the gate pillar, talking to the guard outside. Our guard is naval, not military and we are glad; for the naval men are usually much more polite and considerate than the army. One item of news the German friends brought us is that there are more than twenty men, British and American, being detained in the police headquarters in town, and are having their meals brought in to them by people from their respective households. Only one missionary is in the lot, as far as Mr. Bar knew, and he an American Lutheran who resisted the Japanese entrance into his house to search it. And practically all of the other men's families have evacuated long since. So we are hoping that having our families all here will make them more lenient with us. Whenever they have called, we have tried to have the children well in evidence.



We are bemoaning the fate of our Christmas box-

es. *Perhaps they will be stored in some post office somewhere, and we will receive them after the war is over. In the early mornings now we are substituting cocoa for the Barrington Hall coffee which we finished the last of a few days ago. And during the day we are cheered on our way with a cup of tea at 10:15 a.m., and again at 3:30 p.m. At morning tea, just now finished, Lois came in and said the guard at our gate had been in our kitchen for over an hour to dry out his gloves. He was very pleasant, and most appreciative when Lois had the cook make tea for him. So we hope the pleasant relations may continue.*

5:30 p.m.

Nate got home just before 12:30 and said he had no trouble at all on the streets in town. Went straight to the Naval Landing Bureau and got Mrs. Mungeam's passport without question, then to the Compradore's where they do most of their shopping, then to the German Butchery and bought some wieners for an indoor picnic around the fireplace tonight. He didn't get any authentic news, as he saw not a single Britisher or American on the streets. All he saw were Germans and Russians, besides Chinese and Japanese. One young Russian who speaks good English, told him he had heard San Francisco had been bombed. We don't know whether to believe that story or not, if it is true, it will rouse the country as perhaps nothing else could. As we look out of our windows at the Pacific, so calm and peaceful-looking today, it is hard to realize that tremendous battles are raging on it, out of our sight. The guard has been standing in our yard this afternoon, watching the coolies pumping water, and when the kids went out to play he showed them how he put bullets into his gun. He allowed the cook to go across the street to pick up ice off the ponds so we could have ice cream for supper tonight, and allowed the laundry man in with our clean clothes. Except that we are confined and have lost our radio, car and telephone, it does not yet seem like war.

Thursday, December 11th – 10:30 a.m.

Another peaceful night and all quiet this morning. We have changed our breakfast hour from 7:30 to 8 o'clock now, to make the day a bit shorter, especially for the children. We had a grand picnic supper last night, buffet style, all toasting our wieners around the fireplace, and we had scalloped macaroni and tomato, raw carrot salad with the hot-dogs, and for dessert, vanilla ice cream and coffee.

A short while before supper yesterday we had such an interesting and pleasant experience. We received a call from Dr. Ishii, a Japanese doctor in the local health bureau, a most consecrated, well-taught Christian from Tokyo. He has called on us before several times, once bringing his wife who is also a lovely Christian. Dr. Ishii speaks English well, tho' his wife does not. He has traveled to England a number of years ago, and attended Keswick. He told us that when this present phase of the war began on Monday, he was troubled about us, and asked special permission of the authorities to come see his "Christian friends", which was granted him. He asked us how we were fixed for supplies, coal, etc., and was glad to know we were so well off. He seemed quite surprised when he learned Nate had been allowed to go in town in the morning. He told us all the news he had heard to date had been from Japanese sources, and so of course, was one-sided. Beyond that he did not go into details. Before he left he asked that we have prayer together and prayed so earnestly for the Lord's will to be done through this conflict, and that souls would be saved. It was a real cheer and comfort to our hearts that he was willing to take the trouble, as well as put himself under possible suspicion, in order to come see us, and assure us of his Christian affection. Such incidents make so vivid and real the blessed truth that in Christ Jesus, all middle walls of partition have been broken down.

The local Chinese newspaper of course is lurid

with stories of Japanese victories, such as the capture of Guam, sinking of hundreds of U.S. vessels, etc. (The capture of Guam and Wake Islands would not be so hard to believe, but even the Chinese laugh at most of the reports.) As Marian and I were reading and praying together this morning, it came to me quite strongly that the Japanese forces stationed here might very easily soon be needed at home in Japan, and that before long we might wake up some morning to find them all gone. In that event, life here might return to a fairly normal one. Dr. Ishii told us yesterday that his wife wants to return to Japan; but is afraid to go back to Tokyo for fear of bombings by American warplanes.

Friday, December 12th – 11:30 a.m.

It is a cold, rainy day. Yesterday afternoon a north-east wind came up and in the night it began to rain, not hard, but sprinkling every now and then. During the middle of the afternoon yesterday we received forms to fill out, describing in detail our personal and real property, with estimated values, to turn in to the local headquarters of the Japanese Imperial Navy. Our house and inmates seem to be under naval jurisdiction, while other places within sight are under army guard. We wonder if the navy is looking after Americans, and the army Britishers, but don't know. We filled out the forms as well as we could yesterday, then Nate and I walked down to the headquarters with them, several blocks away. It was nice to get out for a little walk, tho' very cold. Just about that time, a navy truck was turning around on our corner and backed into one of the light-wire poles with such an impact that the wires were torn right off the side of our house. Consequently, we were without electricity all night and still are today. Nate says if they don't come to fix it before afternoon, he will attempt to do so himself. He is dying for something active to do; this inactivity is getting him down. I guess the rest of us are more naturally in-

clined to take things easy.

About ten o'clock this morning, Mr. Bar called again, and announced that yesterday afternoon a little son was born to them. His name is to be Gunter. His wife had an easy time for which he's very thankful, as they had no phone or any means of calling the doctor there in time. Miss Grohmann from our place will probably go in to stay with them for awhile, to help Mrs. Bar. They are staying at one of the houses of the American Lutheran Mission in town. The German friends come and go quite freely, but we note that they are very reticent about passing on any news to us, which of course is very wise of them. But we do long for some news of what is happening.

Sonny and I are playing some chess everyday, and he wins about as many as I do. In the evenings the Chinese checkers usually comes out, and last night I regaled myself with an Octavus Roy Cohen darky story, by lamplight from the volume of them, "Black to Nature", which Nate and Lois have.

4:40 p.m. (Marian writing)

I have just now read what Elden has been writing to you. With the children all at home and our amah on short hours, it seems my hands are pretty full most of the time and I do not always have time to know what is actually going on. Our amah lives in a nearby village and before these troubles, used to come early in the morning and go home after Judy and Didi were safely in bed. Now, however, she comes late; almost quarter to eight, which is really quarter to seven sun time and leaves at 4:30 so as to get home before it is dark. It is a great help to have her come even for the shorter time, to tend to the washing, etc. She is a good worker and has had much experience with children. My, but we are thankful at the way the Lord led in bringing the children home to us with all of their belongings. Naturally, we can't help but wonder what the future holds, but are so glad we have Him to trust in. I was telling Elden this morning

that if I was sure that Chefoo would open or be available for the children later, I would feel happier about trying to get Didi's outfit ready. Or even replenishing Lorna's in parts. But there seems to be a lot of mending, fixing and changing of clothes, so all have enough of the right kind.

Just as we were about to sit down to afternoon tea we had a visit from four Japanese Naval men. It seems they wanted all the information our passports could give them. They were very friendly and took quite an interest in the children who were all hanging around for a drink. Judy woke up a bit cross and refused to be pleasant and sweet, but they seemed to even enjoy that, too.

Monday morning before we had any knowledge of what had happened or what was to happen to us that day, Elden and I were reading in Daniel 3-4 and were struck again with verse 17. We have been so conscious of prayer and are so grateful for all the loved ones and friends who are upholding us these days.

Saturday, December 13th – 10:30 a.m.

(ECW on the air again!)

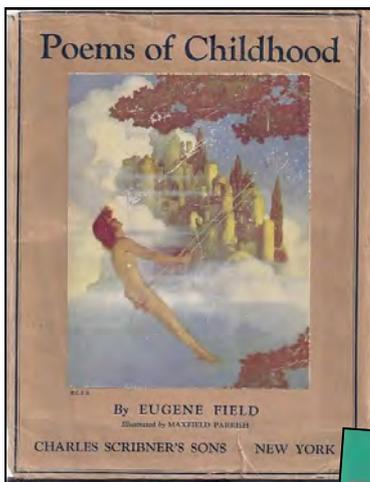
A bright sunny day after the rain yesterday. Our electric wires are still out of commission, but a man from the electric co. came to see them yesterday and said they would come fix them this morning. Here's hoping. And we have been having some excitement this morning. All the Japanese soldiers and marines seem to have disappeared and in the distance to the west and north we can hear firing of machine guns and small cannon. The Chinese say that the Chinese guerrilla troops are closing on the Japanese and will be coming into the city soon!! We are hardly that optimistic about it, but it is a relief to have all our guards etc., disappear even if for a short time. It does seem to us that it is very likely the Japanese will have to withdraw their troops from here sometime and that if the Chinese do come in, we will be safe enough because

we are Americans, but he says it may go hard with the Germans here. There is a big American flag in the attic which we are thinking of getting out, ready to fly from the flagpole in the yard, should Chinese soldiers come to the city. The kids are all out in the yard, dying to get outside our compound gates, but we are holding them inside awhile longer to see what happens though the Japanese guards told Lois a day or two ago that she could take the children out for walks in the hills.

Sunday, December 14th – 11:30 a.m.

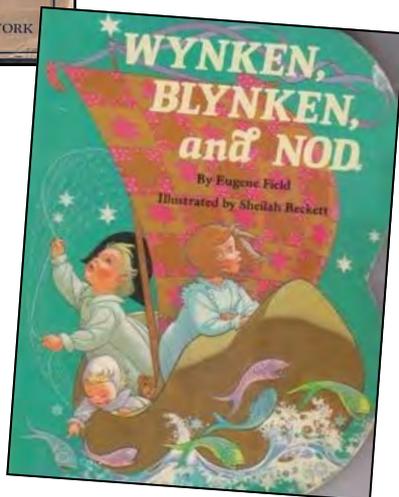
A week ago today Reg Bazire was with us and it seems ages ago. Just a week ago tonight the war began and we have been shut up here, and the time has gone so slowly. But we do have so much for which to thank the Lord. Yesterday we had two tokens that indicated restrictions are getting less severe. The first was the delivery of the first two letters we have received for a week. True, they both were Chinese, both from Shunteh, addressed to Nate by Chinese there, but we are encouraged to hope other letters may come through after they have been censored. Mrs. Mungeam saw the mail-man coming in the gate and was so excited she came hurrying downstairs to see what he brought. Then the next occurrence was that both Lois and Nate went to town for the afternoon and were able to go about at will and do a lot of Christmas shopping. They received a stamped pass from the naval headquarters down the road from us, then went into town on the bus and were not asked for their pass a single time. They called at the "Jimmie's", but the Chinese there were so downcast by a notice just fastened to their door saying their property was under the control of the Japanese navy, that they didn't care about serving anybody with food. So L&N came home with lots of mysterious, interesting-looking packages. Marian and I are encouraged to hope we may do the same thing on the 17th, next Wednesday, by way of celebration!!

Oh, yes, about noon yesterday, we also had our electric lights fixed, so that added to the cheeriness of the day, especially as it began to get dark. The kiddies have their supper at 5:30 and the last night or two, by way of keeping quiet and order



during the meal, I have been reading to them from Eugene Field's "Poems of Childhood", a volume of Dr. Scott's here, exactly similar to the one we had when we were youngsters.

The kids love "The Little Peach of Emerald Hue", "Father Calls Me William...", "Wynken, Blinken and Nod", etc. It's wonderful how expeditiously supper can be dispatched to the tune of "Jes' Before Christmas I'm As Good As I Can Be"!!!



This morning we had church here in our living room. Elden Jr. was chairman, I played the organ, Nate told the story (about Abraham), Dwight and Tommy sang a duet, Elden, Lorna and Barbara sang a trio (Hark, the Herald Angels Sing), and Judy went through the motions (song without words) of "Running Over". Now church is just over and all the kids are here in my study coloring Bible pictures. The aroma of dinner is being wafted in from the kitchen, reminding us it is twelve o'clock.

We have had no guard at our gate now for two days. The sounds of machine gun fire we heard yesterday morning died away soon after noon and we have heard nothing more. Just now we have had a visit from two or three naval officers, so I put my typewriter away in a hurry. Nate met them and

now they have gone. Just wanted some more information about us, in order, we understand, to issue permanent passes to each one of us! Quite evidently they are treating us here as residents of China, not Japan, and we are very thankful.

Monday, December 15th – 11:00 a.m.

Late yesterday afternoon it started to snow and before we went to bed there was quite a white blanket outside, and the temperature was 31 degrees. So this morning some of the snow is left and the kids all are outside having a grand time. The sun is shining, so it won't last long. It has been cold enough for the water kangas to freeze over and we have been having ice cream occasionally. Last night we had a fireside supper using little tea tables; kippered herrings, scalloped corn, lettuce and tomato salad (our tomatoes are almost gone now and we'll be lost without them), bran muffins with butter or peanut butter and strawberry jam, and for dessert, fruit salad and coffee. A "scrummy" meal, as Marian says, of which we all ate too much!!

The kids are tickled to death at the thought they may not be able to get back to Chefoo after Christmas. If they still cannot get back after New Year, we are thinking of starting some classes for them here. Mrs. Andrews would be able to help as she teaches at Chefoo and the rest of us could attempt to do something.

Another new development this morning is that one or two of the servants are beginning to feel apprehensive that they may be seized for soldiers if they stay with us. One of the house-boys has been asking to go home. Lois says it is a good opportunity to get rid of some who are not too satisfactory.

4:30 p.m.

Mr. Bar called again this afternoon. We notice he is very reticent about imparting any news, tho'

he says he listens in to German broadcasts, etc. But today he told Nate that he had heard Japan had demanded that Britain surrender Hong Kong, which of course, Britain refused to do; also that Germany and America are at war, though he did not think there had been any definite engagements. Such dribblets of news are so exasperating. How we wish we could have a radio now. Mr. Bar also said he had heard it announced that Britishers and Americans, both in occupied China and in Japan, would be permitted to carry on their usual businesses, after registering with the proper governments. That sounds to us unlikely for Japan, though it may be permitted in occupied China. We have asked Mr. Bar to try to get a telegram through to Mr. Wehmeyer of the German Alliance China Mission in Shanghai, that we all are safe and well, for him to transmit to our Mission Compound. Another Chinese letter to Nate from Shunteh trickled through today, a month and half after it was written, but so far, no English-language letters. The youngsters all are outside playing again, tho' the snow now has practically all disappeared.

Thursday, December 18th – 10:45 a.m.

Several days have gone by since finishing sheet three of this diary. No guards have been stationed near us, and whenever naval officers have called they have been most friendly. On Tuesday afternoon Lois and Nate went into town together – no, it was just Nate alone this time, and he did a bit more Christmas shopping, having no difficulty anywhere. So Marian and I decided to celebrate the 17th yesterday by going in ourselves. We left home about 11:30 and walked part way, catching a bus the rest of the way. Shopped awhile before having lunch at a Chinese restaurant. Had a keen Chinese meal; beef and onions, teo-fu in oyster and mushroom sauce (lots of soup it was, thickened slightly with rice flour) large prawns cooked in tomato sauce, and two bowls of rice apiece.

My! it was good. We get hungry for Chinese food, as our cook here can't cook it well and we don't try to have it at home.

The last time or two that naval officers have called they have promised that all foreigners are going to be issued permanent passes very soon, which will enable us to go anywhere around the vicinity we wish. When those are given to us, we are hoping we can take the kids into town for the day as we had planned before this new war developed, and give them a treat of Chinese food, too. We still are absolutely ignorant of world news, as no one believes what is printed in the local Chinese paper.

The ladies have been going through some of the Scott's old school books here this morning, and have discovered quite a number that we can use if it is necessary to teach the children here at home. It will not hurt the little girls at all to miss out a term or two; but I hope Elden will not have to miss too much just now. We were wondering this morning if the Japanese might not be willing to grant a special pass for the Andrews and children to get back to Chefoo, after New Year, but will wait until that time and see what the situation is like before doing any inquiring. Of course we haven't heard a word from Chefoo and don't know what the situation is there.



© Chefoo School - Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

Our house-boy, who was getting scared, has been persuaded that he is better off here with us

than he would be in his home village; so has decided to stay on.

11:15 a.m.

Just as I was finishing the above paragraph, three Japanese naval officers walked in, carrying with them some new regulations concerning foreigners in Tsingtao. We are to go in to the Japanese Consulate to secure armbands to wear on our sleeves when going out of the house, to indicate our nationalities. So Nate and I will go in this afternoon to get them for the family, and they said to-morrow or the next day they will deliver to us our identification cards, to carry whenever we go out. They stayed just a few minutes, and were friendly and nice to the children and to us all.



... armbands (this one is "B" for British) foreign nationals were required to wear after the Japanese took over Shanghai's International Settlement in 1941.

© www.jgballard.ca



Belgian armband — Tientsin.

Friday, December 19th, 10:30 a.m.

Lois and I have been reminding each other that today is Doris' birthday. I have a memo in Evelyn's little *Daily Light* of a breakfast party at Biola which Lois and Doris attended in 1928. This morning Nate and Mr. Andrews have gone downtown to see if they can negotiate our permanent registration cards and get the arm-bands we will have to wear. When Nate and I went yesterday afternoon (according to the instructions we had received in the morning) we discovered a sign on the Passport Office door that they received applications only in the mornings, from 9:40 to 12:00!! Yesterday, Nate asked an Immigration Officer about the possibility of the children getting back to Chefoo at

the end of the holidays and he said it was out of the question. The Lord is the only One who can open that door, and it may not be His will. We are glad they are with us now, anyway.

Saturday, December 20th, 10:30 a.m.

Another day. How they roll by, in spite of the semi-confinement. Having breakfast half an hour later and the days so short anyway, makes the time go quickly. Nate, Mr. Andrews and I take turns having morning prayers with the servants, from 9:00 to 9:15 a.m. We have our own English prayers together with the children right after breakfast. With the servants, Nate has Monday and Tuesday, Mr. Andrews, Wednesday and Thursday, and I Friday and Saturday. Then as soon after nine o'clock as we can get to it, Marian and I have a time of reading and prayer together in our room, which takes us nearly to morning tea time —

10:15 a.m.

I try to give the rest of the morning until dinner time to study, and writing a few lines on this letter. After lunch everyone rests awhile and sometimes, Elden Jr. and I get in a game of chess before tea at 3:30 p.m. This morning Nate has gone off to town again, to get our arm-bands and to try to arrange for Mrs. Mungeam's identification card as well as arm-band. Evidently there are different regulations for the British, who are under the army's jurisdiction, than there are for Americans under the navy. When Nate and Mr. Andrews came home yesterday they had heard that Britishers at least are to be limited to the three hours between 12:00 and 3:00 for going out on the streets — a "disgusting" time to have to go out, as Lorna or Barbara would say (that being the adjective in vogue at Chefoo

just now!). Speaking of Chefoo “dialect”, Marian heard Lorna calling Elden an “ass” the other day, and informed her that we Americans didn’t like to hear that word in our homes!!

4:00 p.m.

Just before tea-time, several naval men called bringing with them our identification cards. Nate was successful in getting the arm-bands for us this morning, so we are all fixed up now for the short time of liberty each day we are permitted. We are allowed out only from 12 noon to 3 p.m. each day. It is a bad time, but at any rate, is better than no time at all. But it will be hard to get to town especially if we try to take the children, in that short space of time. Nathan walked home this noon with an American lady here in town who knows Japanese, and is well respected by the Japanese people. She gave him some tidbits of news, tho’ nothing very much. She says they have definitely decided to treat foreigners here with consideration, and surely so far that is borne out. This afternoon, by the way, they went off with our American Passports, giving us the identification cards in exchange for them. Incidentally, I’ll have to have a new one when such is possible.

Mr. Andrews is a toffee expert, we have discovered. So he is busy out in the other room, starting a batch of Christmas Toffee, with Karo syrup, sweetened condensed cream, sugar, etc. It’s hard to realize Christmas is only five days off.



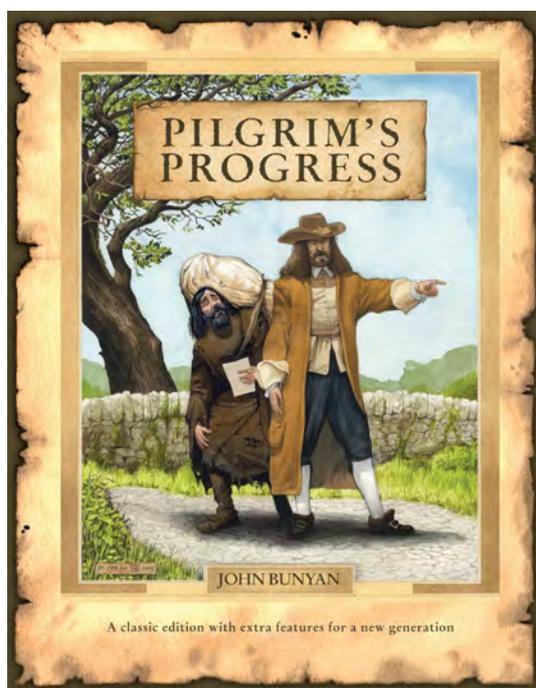
Monday, December 22, 1941, 10:30 a.m.

Yesterday was a lovely, quiet day, beautifully sunny and warm. Since our hours for going out are from 12 to 3:00, we had to plan a bit, and sharp at 12, Marian and I took Judy for a walk around the block.

Then we had dinner, put Judy to bed and all the rest of the household started out at 1:15 for a good walk.

We went around the Iltis Huk point and were out until 2:30, then came in and had a rest until 4 o’clock tea. After tea, we all played Elden’s game of Bible Quotto. At children’s supper at 5:30 I read to them again from Pilgrim’s Progress. I guess I told you there is a beautifully illustrated, large-size volume of that book here, belonging to the Scott’s, and the kids were delighted with the lurid pictures of Giant Despair, the Lions, the man in the Iron Basket, etc.!

In the evening before we went to bed,



when all the kids were safely tucked away, we got out what Christmas presents we have for them, to see what we yet need to get. In spite of war and being cut off, I don't think the kiddies are going to lack a bountiful Christmas. Nate plans to take Elden and go out this noon to locate a tree.

Wednesday, December 24, 1941 10:30 a.m.

These are busy, happy days, with wonderful weather, very little contact with the forces at war, and Christmas excitement running high. Monday afternoon Nate and Sonny went out and found two trees which they brought back, and Nate used the branches of one to fill out the other. It is up now in the corner of the living room, a beauty reaching to the ceiling, and he has the electric lights all arranged through it. The children are busy making paper chains to decorate the big summer dining room that is now a play room, and this afternoon after tea, everyone will help decorate the tree. Yesterday morning Marian and I had an eleven o'clock dinner, then started off for town. Had a busy time shopping and managed to get most of the things we still needed. The toys we are able to get are pretty junky, coming from the source they do, but the kids are not particular. Last night after they all were asleep, we wrapped packages until after 11:00 p.m. Earlier in the evening we helped Lois make candy; stuffed dates, peppermint and wintergreen fondant patties, some plain, and some dipped in chocolate, and one or two other kinds. Now the ladies are busy making cedar wreaths for the windows. Everyone is entering into the festivities and we are having a grand time. Miss Grohmann came back a few days ago, saying she wanted to be with us to see how Americans celebrate Christmas!!



Christmas Day, 1941 – 4:30 p.m.

It has been such a lovely Christmas! We just wish you dear ones at Home could look in on us, and you would be full of praise to the Lord, as we are, at the way He has answered prayer for us and allowed us to have such a peaceful happy time together here. We trust He has given you the assurance that we are in His care, and therefore lacking nothing – as truly we are.

The children put their few packages under the tree last night before going upstairs to bed, then our four hung their stockings on the foot of Mummy and Daddy's bed, and Barbara and Tommy hung theirs at the foot of Lois and Nate's. They settled down to sleep quite early and then we grown-ups got busy and soon the tree did look festive. Mr. Eakes, the neighbor in whose yard the kids play, had sent word he wanted the names of all the youngsters and for them to come up today; so Lois fixed a nice box of homemade candies for them to take to him, and in the top of it she put a print of the picture of Tommy and Dwight which I took last Christmas Day in Shunteh. Lois and Nate came into our room to fill the stockings and it was nearly 11:00 before everything was ready and we could get to bed. Lorna Lee woke early, but we persuaded the gang to stay quiet until 6:40 when Marian got up and took the little girls to the stair landing to sing a Carol. That brought everyone in a hurry to Lois & Nate's room, where we all stood or sat around to watch the children open their stockings. Everyone came except Mrs. Mungeam. Then there was a bustle to get shaved and washed and ready for breakfast. No one was allowed downstairs until the big folks went first, and the glass doors into the living room were all curtained off with sheets so no one could peek! We had breakfast by candle light instead of electric light; 8:00 with us here is 7:00 by sun time and these short days it is just getting light between 7:30 and 8:00 and this morning was cloudy. After breakfast we all crowded into my study and had prayers, then Mr. Andrews had prayers with the

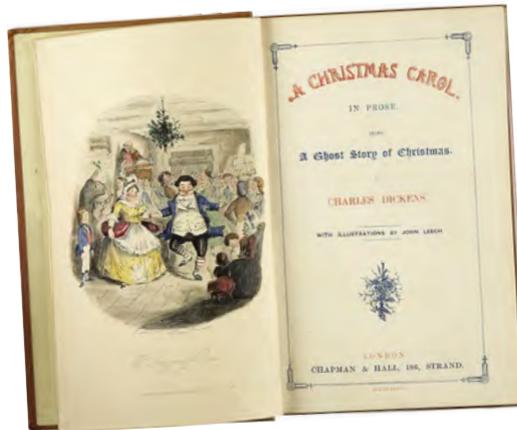
servants and about 9:30 we all filed into the living room, youngest first.

You should have seen and heard the kids when they first got a glimpse of things they knew were for them. The girls instantly spotted the baby dolls, which were sitting up on the floor under the tree. They grabbed each other and squealed and didn't care whether they had anything else or not. The little boys saw their drums and horns and guns right away, too. There were three tiny wicker doll cradles, just alike, one each for the three girls and Judy was thrilled with hers and also with a larger doll that used to be Lorna Lee's, for which Mrs. Mungeam had knitted a complete outfit of pink wool. It was sitting up on one of the branches of the tree. Those two dolls completely satisfied Judy. Didi was thrilled with three new ties (two of them made over from his Dad's). He and Sonny each had new slip-on, sleeveless sweaters, dark red. Sonny also had some ties, two books (one of which he just now announced he had finished), puzzles, etc. Didi's "best present" is a red eversharp pencil, sent (one each) to him and Tommy by "Uncle" Ralph Lewis.

When the kids had finished looking at all their things, it was 11:00 a.m. and we put on their things and sent them up to Mr. Eakes' house. Then we older ones had a chance to realize how good Santa had been to us. Nate is rejoicing in a beautiful leather short coat with fur collar; Marian in a new silk-wadded housecoat; Lois received a lovely white silk nightie from her husband, and we gave her a light weight, short-sleeved green knitted sweater, which goes beautifully with her green skirt (remember when we bought that green skirt, Dad?) I received a tie and a grand big pair of fur gauntlets from Lois and Nate, a sleeveless vest-style sweater from Marian, and several other smaller gifts. It surely did not look like a war-time

Christmas!

Dinner was about 1:00 p.m. Lois and Nate unpacked their black base crystal; so the table looked beautiful with the goblets, cocktail glasses, white cloth and red candles. We started with tomato juice, then goose and chicken, candied sweet potatoes, peas and carrots, cauliflower, stuffed olives, green celery, a substitute for cranberry jelly, made from local redhaws; and for dessert, mince pie a la mode and coffee with candies and nuts. It was two o'clock when we finished and right afterwards most all of us got our things on and went for a walk up in the hills until shortly after 3 pm. Then back for a short rest and a cup of tea at five o'clock then the kids' supper about 6:00, when I finished reading an abbreviated version of Dickens' Christmas Carol to them.



Saturday, December 27th – 10:30 a.m.

Christmas night the weather changed, the wind began to blow from the north and by morning it was cold. The wind howled all day and we had to have a big fire in the fireplace to supplement the furnace heat. We all stayed indoors, and the kids had plenty to do, playing with their new toys. In the evening Nate took the temperature just outside the north windows and found it to be 17°F. The wind is still blowing this morning, but shows signs of dying down soon. Temperature is 20°F a little while ago. The servants have been busy chipping the thick ice off the water kangs, to make ice cream for dinner. The youngsters have been playing circus in one of their bedrooms. It is bright and sunny today, so perhaps we can get out for a walk after dinner.

In the afternoon Lois began to feel queer, and before supper went to bed with pains in her stomach. She was pretty sick most of the night, losing

nearly everything she ate all day yesterday, and is in bed today. We think it is largely tiredness and nervous tension so that she couldn't properly digest her food and the little extra rich food on Christmas was too much for her. Mrs. Mungeam is taking on the housekeeping while Lois is down and Marian, of course, is looking after the kiddies.

There seems no possibility of getting the children back to Chefoo, where school starts January 6th (we presume, tho' we've heard nothing since the U. S./Japanese war began). One of the Japanese immigration officials here told Nate it was impossible, when he inquired if the children could be allowed to return. Elden Jr. is the one who will lose most by not getting back; but the Lord knows about that and it is a comfort to have all the family together at this time.

Monday, December 29th – 11:00 a.m.

There's not much news to tell you, as we have had a normally quiet weekend for an interned crowd. The weather continues cold, but is bright and the wind has died down. Yesterday after dinner a bunch of us had a grand walk all through the hills to the back of the house. Fortunately, the hills seem empty of military activity and are not barred to us. We hike clear to the top, where there is a flagpole and remains of an old German fort, then down the opposite side and around the base of the hill home. Lois is better and was up yesterday, though she did not go walking with us. At tea time yesterday Mr. Bar and his little four-year old daughter, Edith, called and Edith loved playing with the children, though they had to do what talking they did in Chinese! They came out riding the old bicycle Nate loaned Mr. Bar, the old one I had in Hwoshan, that Cyril Woolcock gave me when he left China. Edith sits on the luggage carrier behind, and loves it!

Instead of goose for New Year's Dinner, (our Christmas one was rather tough), we plan to have filet steaks and Nate or I will go to town tomor-

row to purchase them. Oh yes, Miss Grohmann had a postcard from Kaifeng the other day, written since the beginning of the newest hostilities, which, though somewhat vague, seems to indicate that the present masters of this part of the world have taken over the Kaifeng hospital. But our friends there seem to be living quietly on the compound. The only source of news we are permitted is the local daily paper; so we have subscribed to it, but it is entirely pro-Japanese and pro-axis, so we get the news by inference and deduction – reading between the lines rather than what is actually printed. Judging by the "Tsingtao Daily News", it is a dreary outlook for the democracies!! We have learned from it, however, that Churchill has paid a visit to Washington, that Hong Kong has surrendered and that life in Shanghai is reported to being going on more or less normally since the turn-over.

Wednesday, December 31st – 11:30 a.m.

The last day of the year. We have had one session of prayer and praise from 10 to 11 o'clock, and will have two more; this afternoon at 4:00 and Communion together at 8:00 p.m. I led this morning's meeting, Mr. Andrews will have the afternoon one, and Nate will lead Communion.

Yesterday we had dinner at 12:00, then Nate, Elden Jr. and I went to town. We did some shopping and I took Elden to the dentist. We had started on the straightening of his teeth at Chefoo, and as he can't get back, needs to have the wires adjusted from time to time here. We go in again today at 2:00 for the same purpose.

Thursday, January 1, 1942 – 10:45 a.m.

A glorious, sunny New Year's day and all of us are happy as larks and rejoicing in the Lord. We did have such a happy day of fellowship together yesterday in prayer and praise. Mr. Bar rode out on the bicycle for our afternoon session, bringing

his little two-year old boy, Helmut, on the bar. As soon as they came into the meeting, little Helmut went fast asleep and slept all through the session. Lorna Lee enlivened the day by losing her new Christmas mittens Mrs. Andrews had knitted for her, when she was out playing with all the kids. Our Communion service at 8:00 was lovely, Sonny joining with us for it. Soon afterwards, most of the folks went off to bed. But Sonny had been promised by his Mummy, way last summer, that he could stay up to see the old year out and the new year in; so he, Marian, Mr. Andrews and I decided to start a game of Monopoly about 9:30 or 10:00 pm. We had a grand game, finishing it about 11:30. Then Marian made a cup of cocoa for each of us and we occupied the last half hour with Chinese Checkers. Sonny was very thrilled to be up to say "Happy New Year!". He asked us not to get him up for breakfast, but the bell must have wakened him, for he came walking into the dining room soon after we had started, looking rather sleepy.

We had quite a discussion last evening about the children's schooling, in the event they cannot get back to Chefoo this spring. Mrs. Andrews thinks that none of them will lose out from their classes if we can keep up on arithmetic, reading, etc., and Elden, especially, in his French, which he just began last form. So we will get organized soon now, and start having lessons. I hope I can get him started on violin too, and perhaps we can arrange for him to keep up his piano practice at our neighbor's, Mr. Eakes.

We are thinking of the Young People's Conference starting at The Firs on Friday of this week, and are wondering if, by any chance, Bishop and Mrs. Houghton might be there for it? How grand it would be if that were possible. We do covet for them the opportunity of being at one of our conferences. But in any case, we are praying for you and are sure the Lord will be present with blessing

and power. May the seriousness of these times bring even greater blessing in the lives of many young people.

Friday, January 2nd – 4:00 p.m.

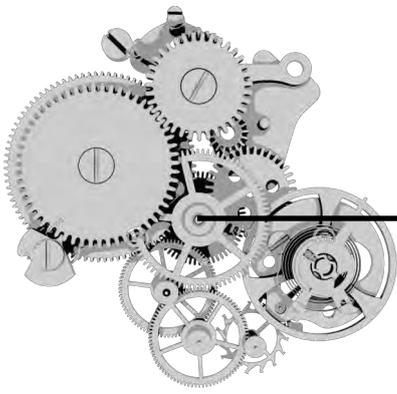
This afternoon we have had our first real word from another Mission Center. A postcard was delivered to us from the Lamberts in Tientsin, written by them December 29th. They are well, safe and lack nothing and are free to move about in their own area, presumably the old British Concession. The Swedish flag flies over their premises and the Silverbrands are there with them; so very likely they, being Swedish, are in charge. We know Mr. Lambert had that plan in mind a year or more ago, in case of trouble. Getting this card from them makes us wild to write to Shanghai and other places; but we have been forbidden correspondence of any kind, so will make more inquiries about it before attempting anything that might get us into trouble. Little scraps of information come to us from people who have contacts with others who have short-wave radios – that show that the lords of occupied China are not having everything their own way and are being kept guessing by the U.S. navy and Russian submarine fleet.

Some day – and we hope soon – we'll know all about it. It seems queer to realize you dear ones at Home know so much more about what is going on out here than we do! Praise the Lord for our democratic countries with their liberties of speech and press, and other forms of freedom that we Americans have always taken so much for granted.

Another bit of news in the Lambert's card was that our folks in Wuhu are all right; so evidently they had had some communication from there.

Monday, January 5th – 5:15 p.m.

Time seems to fly by rather rapidly, in spite of sameness about our days. The main activity these last days has been getting ready for school, to



... timeline ... January 1942

© <http://www.historyplace.com/unitedstates/pacificwar/timeline.htm>

January 2, 1942 - Manila and U.S. Naval base at Cavite captured by the Japanese.

January 7, 1942 - Japanese attack Bataan in the Philippines.

January 11, 1942 - Japanese invade Dutch East Indies and Dutch Borneo.

January 16, 1942 - Japanese begin an advance into Burma.

January 18, 1942 - German-Japanese-Italian military agreement signed in Berlin.

January 19, 1942 - Japanese take North Borneo.

January 23, 1942 - Japanese take Rabaul on New Britain in the Solomon Islands and also invade Bougainville, the largest island.

January 27, 1942 - First Japanese warship sunk by a U.S. submarine.

January 30/31 - The British withdraw into Singapore. The siege of Singapore then begins.



Map of the Japanese Empire at its peak in 1942

begin tomorrow. Mrs. Andrews, being the only member of the Chefoo faculty here, is principal; I am taking Elden Jr. in French and English; Mrs. Andrews will give him Arithmetic, English History and Geography; and Mr. and Mrs. Andrews together, will work out a course in Scripture. Lois, Marian and Mrs. Andrews will take different subjects with the little girls; and Lois plans to start Tommy and Dwight learning to read. We'll do most of the work in the morning, tho' Elden will have study and outside reading to do in the afternoons, too. Then I want to start him on violin if possible, and try to arrange for him to practice on the piano.

Yesterday when Marian was reading to Dwight and Lorna from one of the Standard Bible Story Readers, the one that The First Sunday School gave to Lorna for faithful attendance from January to August, 1940, she discovered something that made us both very happy. Lorna had told Didi that Mummy mustn't look in the front or back cover of the book, and of course, Didi told Mummy this. That made Mummy look at once! Inside the title-page of the book she found this in longhand in Lorna Lee's handwriting, "I came to the Lord Jesus on October 6, 1941, in the evening on Monday. I am so happy now! And on two other pages we found: "I hope to trust my Lord and Savior, my King and my God." And "I will act like a Christian as well as I can." Marian asked her which one of the teachers had been with her that evening of October 6th, and she said none had, that ten-year old Mabel Binks, the oldest of the three girls in her sleeping dorm, had been with her and helped her. We do thank the Lord for giving her that definite transaction with Him and praise Him for children in the school who are able to help others.

Tuesday, January 6th – 4:30 p.m.

Our first day of school was very successful, tho' at first we feared it would not be, as Mrs. Andrews came down to breakfast exclaiming that she had just broken the rim of her glasses, and was help-

less without them. But Nate got busy after breakfast and succeeded in wiring them together some way so she could use them until we could go to town to have them repaired. I had two very interesting sessions with Elden Jr. first in French, then in English. I gave him a little review of what he had done at Chefoo last term, based on words in the exam he wrote, and he remembers very well indeed. I have a hunch, however, that Daddy is going to get more out of this French course than Sonny – at least, in the way of review. The thing he is weakest in is his handwriting and I must evolve some scheme of helping him along there. Didi and Tommy were quite thrilled with their progress this morning, as they learned four phonetics: "a" is for apple; "b" is for ball; "c" is for cake; and "d" is for drum.

Thursday, January 8th – 10:30 a.m.

The kids have just dismissed for morning recess; so I have fifteen minutes to write a few lines. I'm finding that teaching school cuts down my time for Chinese, but I guess school is the thing to do just now. Sonny is coming right along in French (and so am I). I have him started on learning Lincoln's Gettysburg Address in English, for recitation at a special program we will work up for Washington's or Lincoln's Birthday next month.

It was a month ago today that the war began out here and we have been confined to our house. How wonderfully quiet and peaceful we have been on the whole, as we look back on it and our needs have all been supplied. We just wish we could tell you folks in America that all is well with us and hear how it is with you. While Marian and I were praying this morning, we prayed especially for Grant, that he would be guided in what he did. We wonder if he might be led into the forces as a Chaplain; I remember he talked of that before I left. We get the wildest tales in our local paper, one of which was yesterday, that San Francisco is preparing to evacuate!! Yesterday after dinner,

Nathan, Elden and I went to town and Elden had another treatment at the dentist's, having the bands on his teeth tightened. Then we bought some white cards to make a new game of Bible Authors – you know the game we used to play so much as youngsters – the one Miss Sperry made up. We hope to have it done in time to play after tea next Sunday. Just at present, Nate's main problem is to get hold of cash. To date no plan has been evolved by the authorities to provide cash to the "enemy civilians" though they say they are working out a scheme. We are trusting the Lord to provide for us when we need it. Others in town are much needier than we.

Sunday, January 11th – 11:15 a.m.

Although several days have passed since writing, there is nothing new to write you. We continue on quietly, with everything we need, having school for the children six mornings a week; a walk or such between twelve and three, study, games, etc. the rest of the day. For several days the thermometer has been down between 13° and 22°F; so we haven't gone out much for walks. It has been so cold that the furnace just takes the chill off our rooms and we have had to pile on more clothing. Today is slightly higher temperature than yesterday; so perhaps we will get a warmer spell. In spite of the cold, we manage to consume ice cream quite frequently whenever Lois has it made. Lately she and Nathan have been having difficulty with some of the servants, and have about decided to let two of them go – one right away and the cook at Chinese New Year, the

middle of February. The cook certainly is a rascal, but we have all been hoping and praying that his heart might be changed. But things have gotten worse and worse with him, until they feel they can't stand him any longer. It will be a great relief to Lois if he goes. One bright spot in the domestic difficulty is that Lois' amah's daughter who lives in the house and does odd jobs, accepted the Lord night before last. We all are so thankful about that.

On Friday Elden and I finished making our new game of Bible Authors – we have twenty books in all, using nine of the old ones with their references. So eleven are new and will keep us busy learning new verses. We will try it for the first time this afternoon after tea. This morning we had children's church as usual, at 10:30 am, I telling the story of the four lepers who saved the city of Samaria.

We still hear no authentic news. Rumors trickle in, amongst the

things we have heard this week being that **Changsha** has been again re-captured by the Chinese and the Japanese forces have retreated, suffering heavy casualties; also that 3 or 4 gunboats have sunk the big German battleship that recently came to the Pacific. Today's Tsingtao paper says there is no truth in the "enemy report" that there is friction between Japanese and Soviet Russia; so we are guessing that such friction is occurring. By reading "yes" when the local paper says "no", we get quite a bit that sounds plausible! There has been a tremendous amount of shipping going on here lately; daily we see half a dozen or so

Battle of Changsha (1942)

There were three more battles in Changsha during the Second Sino-Japanese War, in 1939, 1941 and 1944.

The third **Battle of Changsha** (24 December 1941 – 15 January 1942) was the first major offensive in China by Imperial Japanese forces following the Japanese attack on the Western Allies.

The offensive was originally intended to prevent Chinese forces from reinforcing the British Commonwealth forces engaged in Hong Kong. With the capture of Hong Kong on 25 December, however, it was decided to continue the offensive against Changsha in order to maximize the blow against the Chinese government.

The offensive resulted in failure for the Japanese, as Chinese forces were able to lure them into a trap and encircle them. After suffering heavy casualties, Japanese forces were forced to carry out a general retreat.

© [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Battle_of_Changsha_\(1942\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Battle_of_Changsha_(1942))

large freighters coming in, apparently empty, then a few hours later, steaming out again; either for Dairen or Japan, presumably. We wonder if troops are being moved or if raw materials and foodstuffs are being transported while there still is opportunity.

(Marian writing)... Elden suggests that I do a bit of writing for a change. He does so well in telling the details that I just let him do it. The days seem quite full in spite of "being prisoners in our own house". Our amah goes home earlier than she did before the war, so as to leave before it gets dark. She lives in a village very near here and goes home every night. With her going early, the evenings are pretty busy from 5:00 p.m. on. Elden is awfully good about lending a hand when there are baths to be taken as well as stories and prayers. Lately Nate has been telling a story at bedtime which is of great interest to all of the youngsters except Judy. We hear bits of it from the kiddies from time to time and see that they look forward to bedtime for that story. Nate is quite a marvel at the way he can make it continue from one evening to the next. There would be no rest for him if he didn't, because the youngsters demand it of him. I couldn't tell much of the story to you, but I know that last evening "Black Sambo" caught a big fish, according to Didi, and it seemed to be a most exciting part of the story.

How often we express our wish that you could all see Judy. She is developing so nicely. For some time one of her favorite expressions is "me do", which means that she wants to do whatever is being done. This refers mostly to dressing herself, eating without any help, combing her own hair, etc. She is quite efficient in the first two, but has much difficulty with the latter. Elden says her hair is much like Evelyn's in color and texture. It is lovely and soft and curly. Elden just called that if we are to take a walk with Judy we must go now. You all know, of course, that our time outside of our compound is limited. It is almost 12 noon and we

want to take her on a little walk before dinner.

Wednesday, January 14th 4:30 p.m.

Monday afternoon we had a visit from four or five naval officers who wished to inspect the place. They looked around most of the rooms on all three floors, but were very pleasant, and not annoyingly minute in their investigations. When they were finished, we offered them tea, asking if they preferred "Chinese" or "American". They said they preferred American. Sonny and I were playing a game of chess when they came, and several of them watched us play for quite a while, asking questions about the moves and seemed very interested.



Yesterday about tea-time, Mr. and Mrs. Bar, with their two older children called and had tea with us. Our kiddies had a good time acting as hosts to the two little visitors. Miss Grohmann has been ill in the hospital for some days. She had left our place several weeks ago, to help a German family living in the city. Now she is too ill to do that work, and will be staying with the Bars when she leaves the hospital.

Today two parties of us went to town. Nate and I started off sharp at 12:00 after an 11:30 lunch, and went first to the bank, but nothing was doing there, so we went to the Compradore's where we buy most of our stores, to try to arrange something about cash, which is now getting pretty low. We talked it over with them and perhaps something can be arranged – we are not sure yet. The difficulty is that we cannot communicate with the Mission in Shanghai, and we do not know to what extent they can honor checks we may draw here on Shanghai Mission funds.

Soon after Nate and I started off, Marian took Elden and Lorna and went to the dentist. The dentist examined Lorna Lee and said she is a little young to start any straightening yet; but wants her to come next week for an X-ray to see if any second teeth are coming in one place where room would have to be made for them.

Sunday, January 18th

It has been a gorgeous, sunny Sunday – cold, but wonderfully invigorating for walking. Before lunch Marian and I took Judy for a short walk; then after lunch, all of us except Judy went for a long walk around Iltis Huk point. At breakfast time the temperature was 14, but warmed up considerably by noon. Yesterday was Elden's birthday and we had a celebration early in the morning in Auntie Lois' room, when he received his presents. We had to do some scurrying around to get things for him. Uncle Nate and Auntie Lois gave him a nice harmonica, his Mother and Dad a new book, one of the Rover Boys series and also a coping-saw we bought downtown. Then he had a dollar from Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, a notebook and money to buy a pencil from Mrs. Mungeam, other odds and ends we found in our trunks, so that he had quite enough for any eleven-year old. In the evening we had a wiener roast around the fireplace in the living room, and with the hot dogs had tomato jello salad, scalloped potatoes, dill pickles and peppermint ice cream, a huge three-layered cake and coffee for dessert. The kids all got to stay up until eight o'clock. For awhile we thought Sonny was going to be sick, as he had a headache most of the afternoon. But just before eating I gave him an aspirin and he perked up in short order. Though he ate only one hot dog, he did full justice to the ice cream and today he seems quite O.K.

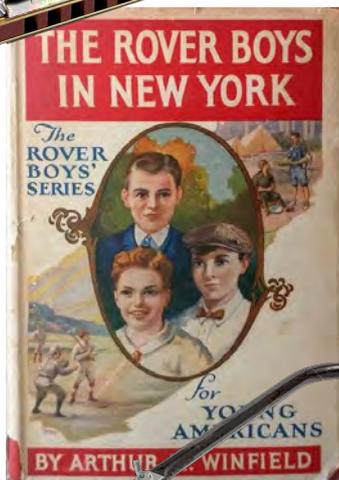
The Lord has answered prayer about our getting some cash, and our needs are supplied for the immediate present. Our restrictions still remain the same and it is aggravating to get reports that Americans and Britishers in Peking and other plac-

es are practically free. In Peking they still have their radios and can hear all the news. Through roundabout sources we hear that the Mission in Shanghai has tried to communicate with us and send us money, but nothing is delivered to us from the post office.

Monday, January 19th

School is in session – it is 10:45 a.m. Elden has just had his French, and is preparing now for tomorrow. They have just come in from recess. Another bright, crisp day and they have been running around on the terrace. This noon Nate and I plan to go to town, he to go to the Japanese Consulate to try to get some cash, as we have heard some is being given out to those in need and I have some of Lorna's shoes to collect from the repair man and a watch or two that need some work done.

Later: Nate and I had a good trip to town, and succeeded in buying five tons of coal. As we have some cash on hand, we decided not to ask the Japanese Consulate for any, and try to get along without putting ourselves under obligation to them. We met a number of the American Presbyterian missionaries downtown, but they had no more news than we have. They gave us some indirect news of Chefoo, but only about their own missionaries there – nothing about our schools. They had heard that two of their missionaries are being held prisoner in the **Astor House in Chefoo.**



Sunday, January 28th

Nearly a week has gone by, so quietly and uneventfully that I have forgotten to write. School with the children is going along well, and I think they all are making good progress. Mrs. Andrews, who teaches Elden arithmetic surprised us the other evening by saying that in three weeks he has covered the entire course for the term at Chefoo. But she says American schools learn more arithmetic by the end of the sixth grade than they do in the same period at Chefoo. So she plans to go on ahead with him, letting him take his own speed. so that if things blow up out here so that we are evacuated to America, he would not be too far behind where he should be. He is doing well in French, too, I think, though I am going more slowly with him, perhaps than his class would go, and trying to ground him in grammar as we go along, rather than try to learn new vocabulary too fast.

All of us who feel like it get out for a walk right after lunch each day – except when the weather is too bitterly cold. Sometimes Nate and I – or one of us make a trip to town. We are learning that it pays to observe the rules that have been laid down for us. Word has reached us that some foreigners who have stayed out over the prescribed time have had their permits canceled and are not allowed out at all. So we all try to be very circumspect. Yesterday I went into town, left my watch at the jeweler's, then went to the market and picked out a nice big six-pound rolled prime roast for dinner today. It was a good one and we did enjoy it.



We get it for \$1.40 a pound; soup meat costs ninety cents a pound; and plain round steak \$1.20.

There has been hard frost the last four nights. But the days have been warmer and glorious for walking. Yesterday Lois, Nate and I had a couple

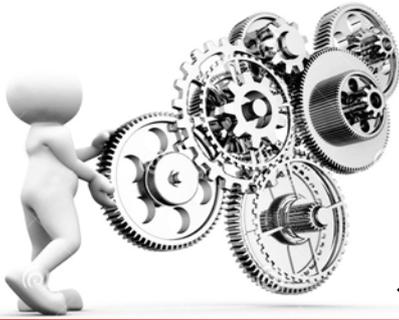
sets of tennis. As warmer weather comes, we shall be most fortunate to have such a fine tennis court right on the compound. And the beach and the wooded hills are open to us for our walks.

Judy is learning so many new words these days. Some of the newest are “tea”, “pie”, “cookie”, “egg”, “two”, (but she doesn't seem to understand what “one” means) and she can say “Tom” and “Nate” when she wants to, but usually prefers to say “Bugon” for Tommy, and “Daddy” for Uncle Nate. Most any man is a “daddy” to her, tho' now she is calling Mr. Andrews “Gandaddy”.

Monday, February 9th

This is the week before Chinese New Year; so the servants are beginning to get excited, the cook has gone off to his home for two weeks and we have a substitute who is quite good, tho' much slower than the regular man. Most of the servants have delicately hinted that they would like a good share of this month's wage in advance and we frequently are smelling smells from the kitchen that indicate the servants are preparing special dishes (for themselves)! We are hoping to try out this new cook on Chinese food one of these days. Our regular man is not good at it so we don't have it much, and do get hungry for it. Next Sunday is Chinese New Year's Day; so Lois is talking of letting the servants off some over the week-end and maybe we will try doing some sukiyaki ourselves one night.

The newest development in our local situation is that the Japanese authorities have asked the British and American residents to form committees to look after the needs of their own nationals. Mr. Whittaker, whose wife is Principal of the American School here, and who has lived here permanently for a number of years, is the head of the American Committee, and he has asked Nate to be the other member of it. They have been busy for several days running around town, interviewing all the Americans, learning what their financial needs are,

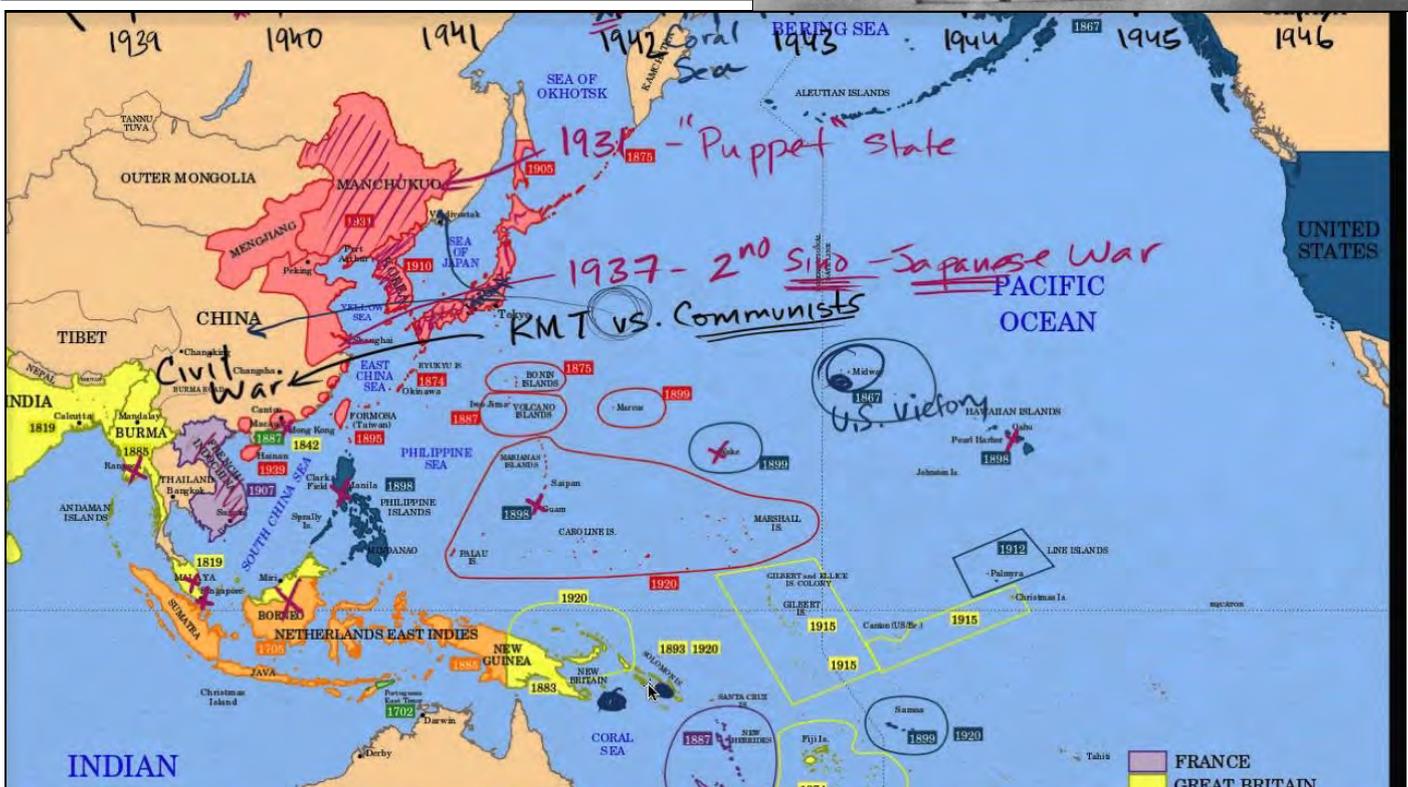


... timeline ... February 1942

© <http://www.historyplace.com/unitedstates/pacificwar/timeline.htm>

- February 1, 1942** - First U.S. aircraft carrier offensive of the war as YORKTOWN and ENTERPRISE conduct air raids on Japanese bases in the Gilbert and Marshall Islands.
- February 2, 1942** - Japanese invade Java in the Dutch East Indies.
- February 8/9** - Japanese invade Singapore.
- February 14, 1942** - Japanese invade Sumatra in the Dutch East Indies.
- February 15, 1942** - British surrender at Singapore.
- February 19, 1942** - Largest Japanese air raid since Pearl Harbor occurs against Darwin, Australia; Japanese invade Bali.
- February 20, 1942** - First U.S. fighter ace of the war, Lt. Edward O'Hare from the LEXINGTON in action off Rabaul.
- February 22, 1942** - President Franklin D. Roosevelt orders General MacArthur out of the Philippines.
- February 23, 1942** - First Japanese attack on the U.S. mainland as a submarine shells an oil refinery near Santa Barbara, California.
- February 24, 1942** - ENTERPRISE attacks Japanese on Wake Island.
- February 26, 1942** - First U.S. carrier, the LANGLEY, is sunk by Japanese bombers.
- February 27- March 1** - Japanese naval victory in the Battle of the Java Sea as the largest U.S. warship in the Far East, the HOUSTON, is sunk.

The Bombing of Darwin, Australia, 19 February 1942



etc. They have a special pass that allows them to be out from noon until 5:00 p.m.

Sunday, February 15th

Lois had a grand valentine supper party for the children last night. The table was decorated with red paper cups filled with candy wrapped in red cellophane, red valentine paper plates she had brought out from home and a big valentine box in the center of the table, containing all the valentines the kids had made for one another, plus a few more the grown-ups had put in!! This was opened during dessert (of peppermint ice cream and heart-shaped cookies) and everyone had a goodly number of valentines. In the bottom of the box was a heart-shaped gold-colored candy box labeled "for the grown-ups" – which proved to be filled with chocolate fudge.

Today is Chinese New Year's Day and all the servants were up half the night, making meat "chiao-tse" and eating them as fast as they made them. They are off seeing the sights and having a good time today; so we all are helping with the work. One or two of them are around in turn so we don't have to do quite everything. Yesterday I went to the market and picked out a big seven pound rolled roast for dinner today, as well as enough other meat to last most of the week, we hope. All shops will be closed three days. One curious change in the festivities this year is that the authorities have forbidden all firecrackers. Guess the noise would make them nervous, fearing that guerrillas were coming, instead of innocent merry-making. Consequently, our sleep last night was comparatively uninterrupted.

We continue to pass our days in almost complete ignorance of the process of either the European or East Asia wars. Rumors, of course, continue to fly about.

Friday, March 6, 1942

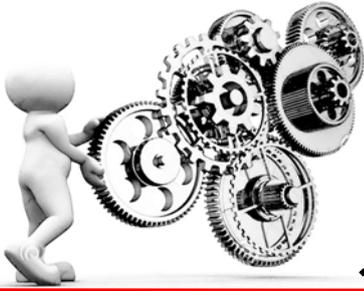
This is the longest stretch I have gone without writing something to you all. A lot has been happening to keep me busy and I must tell you about it. But first, this is Lois' birthday and we have been celebrating all day long. It began early this morning, of course, in Lois and Nate's room, with coffee for the big folks and grape juice for the kids and a tray of presents for "Auntie Lolo" (as Judy calls her). The main gift was some silk material



from Nate, Marian and me for a new summer kimono. The kids mostly gave her soap (a muchly-needed and very expensive item these days). Marian

had planned to take over the housekeeping for the day; so there was much consultation between her, Nate and myself over plans, menus, etc. For breakfast we started with half a large orange each (a kind of Japanese orange, quite sour and acid, much like grapefruit), then pancakes – no, cereal first, millet and coffee with our pancakes. Fortunately, Nate was able to buy quite a supply of coffee that had been shipped here for missionaries further inland, which cannot be shipped on from here, otherwise we would be going without it most of the time, as it is \$6.50 and \$7.00 per pound here, or about \$20.00 in Shanghai currency.

At noon, Marian and I sat at the head and foot of the table and all the Walton tribe sat together along one side. We had curried liver and kidney with rice – a delicious combination, and apple sage pudding for dessert. After dinner, Lois and Nate took all the kids except Judy for a walk to the park, a mile or so away to see the animals. It is the first time they have gone, and all were excited over the animals, and the grown-ups over the flowers they saw in the hot-house. Oh, yes – the Andrews and Mrs. Mungeam each gave Lois a lovely potted cineraria plant. This afternoon Marian and I have been planning our evening dinner party for Lois. While the kids were gone on their



... timeline ... March 1942

© <http://www.historyplace.com/unitedstates/pacificwar/timeline.htm>

March 4, 1942 - Two Japanese flying boats bomb Pearl Harbor; ENTERPRISE attacks Marcus Island, just 1000 miles from Japan.

March 7, 1942 - British evacuate Rangoon in Burma; Japanese invade Salamaua and Lae on New Guinea.

March 8, 1942 - The Dutch on Java surrender to Japanese.

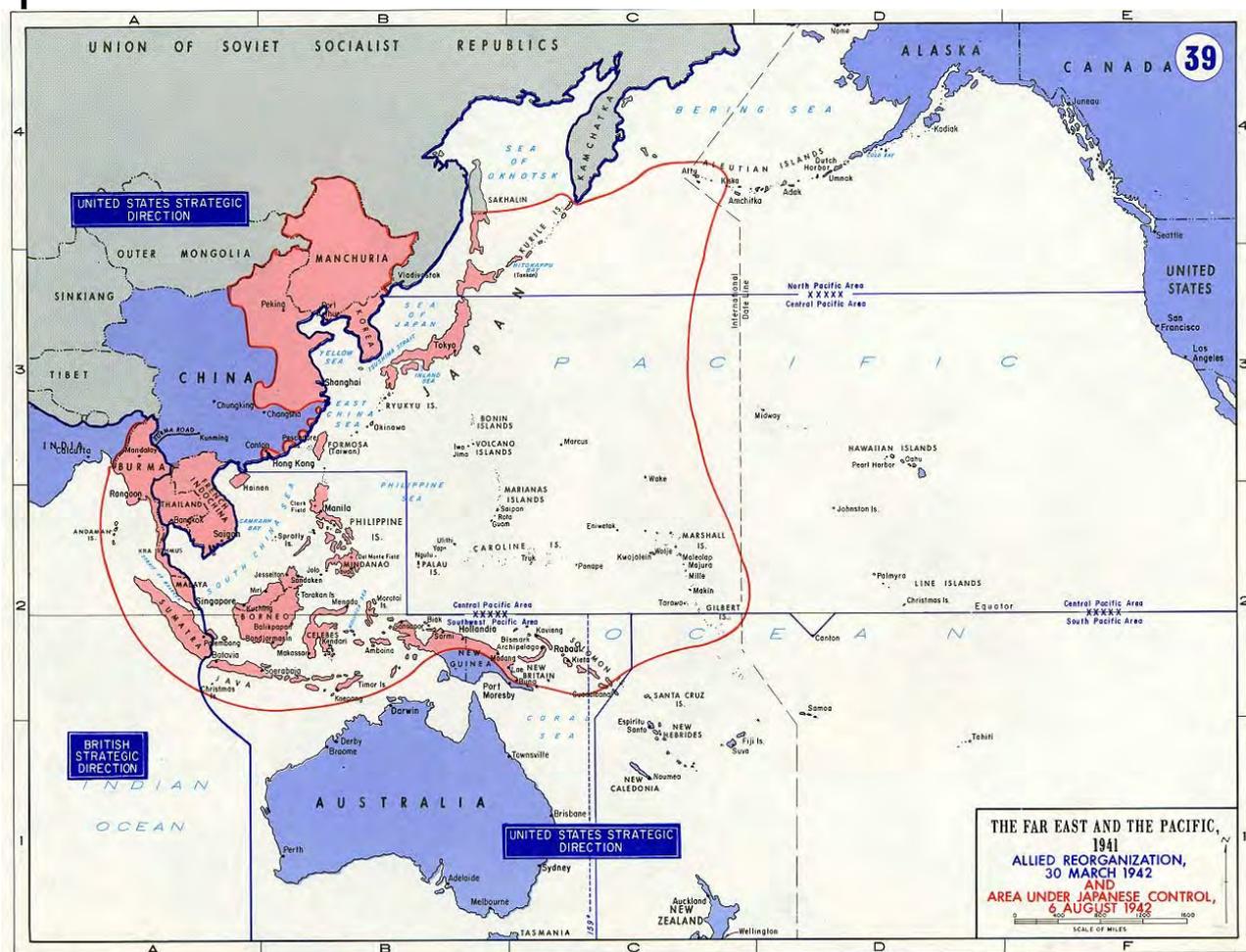
March 11, 1942 - Gen. MacArthur leaves Corregidor and is flown to Australia. Gen. Jonathan Wainwright becomes the new U.S. commander.

March 18, 1942 - Gen. MacArthur appointed commander of the Southwest Pacific Theater by President Roosevelt.

March 18, 1942 - War Relocation Authority established in the U.S. which eventually will round up 120,000 Japanese-Americans and transport them to barb-wired relocation centers. Despite the internment, over 17,000 Japanese-Americans sign up and fight for the U.S. in World War II in Europe, including the 442nd Regimental Combat Team, the most decorated unit in U.S. history.

March 23, 1942 - Japanese invade the Andaman Islands in the Bay of Bengal.

March 24, 1942 - Admiral Chester Nimitz appointed as Commander in Chief of the U.S. Pacific theater.



walk, I went to town and got some French pastries for tea, also a few candies, some cottage cheese for salad, etc. We are starting the meal tonight with tomato juice (home canned), then rolled prime roast, browned potatoes, cauliflower, beets, Spanish olives, celery and for dessert, fruit salad and birthday cake, coffee and candy. The kids will all be safely tucked, except Elden, who will stay up and play games with us afterwards. By the way, we have had a game of KAN-U-GO loaned to us recently, and have been enjoying it so much. Sometime, when it becomes possible to send things out again, we each would enjoy having one.



Sunday, March 8th

The dinner party was a complete success. The table was lighted with four candles (some Marian had brought out from home) and looked lovely. We had place-cards, just eight of us at the table: Lois and Nate, Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, Mrs. Mungeam, Miss Grohmann and Marian and I.

Monday, March 9th

This morning word came to us indirectly (thru' a Christian Chinese) that our CIM folks in Chefoo are suffering from lack of money. We are considering if there is anything we can do about it here, and possibly one of the Liebenzeller friends here may attempt to make a trip to Chefoo to find out just what conditions are there – that is, if he can get permission to go. We are very fortunate in having these German friends here; being connected with us in an international Mission as they are, they are in a position to help us. Our needs have been supplied fully through all these past three months, and we have had no lack.

March 10th (Marian writing)

The rest of the crowd is busy with "Kan-U-Go". I will join them when Sonny stops to go up to bed. During the past weeks Elden and I have been reading the second volume of Mrs. Howard Taylor's on the growth of the Mission. We have nearly finished it. (It is so nice to have someone to read and share books and experiences with). We are enjoying the book and gaining much profit and heart searching by reading it. One of the blessings of the concentration and more or less inactivity, is the added time it gives us for reading. When we finish this we plan to read Morton's "In the Steps of the Master" together.

It is not new to either of us, but we want to re-read it together.

How I wish you all could see the children these days, but especially Judy! She is such a pretty picture with her blue eyes, pink cheeks (sometimes) and blond curly hair. It is almost impossible for me to keep you posted on all of her new words these days. Playing with the other children as she can, she is picking them up very fast and does so enjoy learning and saying them. At last she can and will say "Tommy", so we seldom hear him called "Bugon", though we suppose that is a nickname which will be his for life. Judy prays for you all at night and is learning now to repeat the list of names without as much help as previously.

All of the youngsters are learning in our school. We might all say that Didi is the star pupil – at least he makes the most noise about it. He seems to live for school and the hours he is not under Auntie Lois' tutoring, he spends saying "a" for apple, "b" for butter, etc., until he almost drives us adults wild. I think he feels to have the possibility of being able to read books open up to him is about the most wonderful thing in the world. There is no question he will be a student – or at least he is one now. You would have laughed (to yourself, of course) to hear him on Valentine's Day

sounding out all of the words on the valentines he received. He came to my bedside with his valentines and did it, not only once, but over and over until he could read each message with ease. It was funny to see such a little fellow laboring that way and we had lots of fun over it. He is a good sport about this sort of thing and is not daunted by what others say or do.

It is about time for me to join the game. How we wish we could hear from you all, and let you hear from us SOON. We pray much that the Lord's purpose in keeping us separated in this way at this time might be fulfilled. How precious we can meet at the Throne – wars cannot prevent that.

Friday, March 13th

This noon we received our first letter in over three months!!! Talk about a thrill! It was from Helen, from Chengtu, written February 9th and the address was to me in Chinese on a Chinese-style envelope. It came through, evidently, without any censorship. And the news it contained of her and everyone else up in free China being well and going about their work as usual, was such an encouragement to us. Then on Saturday, the 14th, we hear that Dr. Eitel of the Liebenzeller Mission, arrived here in the evening by train from Shanghai. In the afternoon Miss Seiler came out bringing us some letters that he brought for us – our first direct contact with Shanghai – and the news contained in them is so good, too.

Sunday, March 15th

This afternoon Dr. Eitel and Mr. Baer came out to call, and we had such a wonderful visit. The Lord has surely been good to our Mission in Shanghai and in free China. How wonderfully the Financial Department was guided about getting funds into free China before the war. Then Dr. Eitel told us of wonderful gifts coming in to the Mission at

Chungking from Australia and from England, too. They enjoy complete freedom in Shanghai, have their radios, receive mail freely from free China, can withdraw sufficient money from the banks for all needs, etc.

Our compound in Shanghai has proven an asylum of refuge to many of other missions. Dr. Eitel brought word that quite a number of outside families are living in some of the flats that were empty. We arranged for all the German friends to come out next Saturday noon for a picnic-style lunch then have our Saturday prayer meeting together in the afternoon instead of the evening. Dr. Eitel is sending word of us and our living conditions to the Mission in Shanghai by some friend who is going down soon. So we hope to be able to keep in touch a little more, hereafter.

Monday, March 16th

A glorious, bright, sunny morning, with quite a heavy frost. I am typing a line before breakfast. The second bell has just gone. Lois, Nate and I are going to town this noon to shop for Marian's birthday, which is Friday. Then Mrs. Andrews has one on April 15th and mine comes along soon afterwards, so we manage to have numerous celebrations!

Oh, yes, Dr. Eitel brought along my Sixth Section Exam Papers; so now I'll have to get a Chinese teacher and get down to a month or so of cramming, then try to write off this last exam. Won't be able to do the oral part of it until things clear up, as that part is the taking of a Chinese Church service and now in this part of the country, foreigners are not allowed to preach, or even to attend the Chinese services.

Thursday, March 19th

Tomorrow is Marian's birthday, and there has been a lot of going to town and other mysterious preparations for celebration tomorrow. This

morning it is beautifully sunny and bright outside; and as Mrs. Andrews is tired and didn't get up to have school with the kids, we dismissed the bunch at 10:30 and sent them off to the beach, in charge of Judy's amah. You should have seen the procession starting off from our gate – they sure looked like a bunch of orphans.

Saturday, the 21st

We had a grand celebration of Marian's birthday yesterday. It started about 7:00, by all the Waltons coming to our room, along with our gang, for presents – coffee for the

big folks and orange juice for the kids, Marian had a heaping tray of gifts, which took some time for her to open amidst oh's and ah's from everyone. At breakfast we celebrated with half oranges first, then pancakes and coffee. For lunch we



had Chinese food; mien with chicken soup on it and two dishes of vegetables besides, and fruit salad and peanuts for dessert. After lunch, Marian, Mr. Andrews and I took all the kids except Judy to the park to see the animals and flowers. We had a good time and got home just before three o'clock. In the evening we had a dinner party – the eight of us grown-ups. Started off with fruit cocktail and canapes, then tenderloin steak and mushrooms. You should have heard the exclamations when it appeared. And was it good!! With it we had creamed cauliflower, carrots and peas and beets and lovely fresh foreign celery. For dessert, vanilla ice cream, birthday cake and salted nuts. Afterwards we played games and there was candy. Sonny stayed up with us until 9:00 and the rest of us played until 10:00 p.m. Then there was another dish of ice cream in our rooms upstairs.

Today at noon Dr. and Mrs. Eitel, Miss Fischer,

Miss Seiler and Mr. Bar with his two youngsters, all came for lunch. All the children ate early then went upstairs or outdoors to play while we ate. At 2:30 we had our Saturday prayer meeting together and had such a good time of fellowship and prayer. Dr. Eitel told of the conditions of some of the Liebenzeller workers in Hunan, and of their experience in having to come out to the coast and how they were helped by British and American missionaries enroute. He spoke of how wonderful the unity of the Body of Christ is in such times as these and what a testimony it was to non-Christians to see such love and friendship manifested between Christian nationals of enemy countries. Of course, we are feeling the same thing here, and it is wonderful to have such loving fellowship with these friends. They are doing everything in their power for us, and to show their love at this time. We do thank God for them and for the tie that binds us together. After the prayer meeting we had tea, then Nate sang a song or two and Dr. Eitel tried to play his flute with the organ, though without much success as the organ was too high for the flute. He and I are going to try



some music for flute and violin when he comes again. He and I had a long chat about Changsha before the meeting, and he told me about a good many of our old friends there. Hsiao-Mo-Kuang has been dead for about two years, and the story of his family is pretty sad. I guess Charlie Roberts had an awful time with the struggle over property, management of things, etc., much of which ceased with his death. They have just had word that the Institute property was damaged to the extent of U.S. \$60,000 in the last turn-over there and that the Yale compound suffered about U.S. \$1,000,000, being almost totally destroyed. They fear that the Presbyterian compound suffered severely also, as it is so close to Yale, but do not have particulars of it. Many of the Liebenzeller missionaries through Hunan, who at first were ordered to leave their homes and work and go to concentration camps,

have been permitted to remain at their stations, for which we do praise the Lord. Charles Roberts recently has been living mostly at Hangshan or Nanyoh, instead of in Changsha. Dr. Eitel's hospital after the one in the city was burned out, has been located in Chester's house and Hugh Foucar's house, with some rooms in the Administration Bldg., also. The Eitels occupied the "Whipple" house. The Keller house is being used by Wesleyan missionaries, (or was up until this recent fighting and damage). When Mrs. Eitel met Lois this afternoon she said, "So, you are Lois Whipple? Beth Keller kept talking to me about Lois!"

Miss Fischer is very tired and is coming here to stay for a time. She is staying on today. At first there was some thought of going on to Kaifeng so she could nurse Mrs. Bender in her approaching confinement; but they have had a wire from Kaifeng that it is not necessary and that traveling is too dangerous between here and there. So she won't go. Dr. Eitel may perhaps give some help at the Lutheran Hospital here, and if he does, Miss Fischer possibly will help there also.

Elden asked Miss Seiler, who has been in Yuanchow for some time, about Theresa Ho. She spoke very highly of her Christian character and said it was such a lovely sight to see her coming to church with all of her six children. She said it has been hard for her since her husband's death, but that she has continued on in the Lord and is a help and blessing to others. She was very interested in hearing that Mrs. Ho was led to the Lord by Elden's mother when they all were in Nanchang. It certainly has been good to have this fellowship with these German friends. We do thank the Lord for it.

In reading what Elden has written about my birthday I see he hasn't told you what my gifts were. None of us feel that there is much to get in this town, but you would hardly believe it if you saw the pile I had to open that morning. I had asked for bobby socks which are so very useful in

a resort place like this one in the summer time. I received four pair, three white with a bit of color at the ankle, and one a gray-blue combination. These are Chinese-made and there isn't much choice of color, but will be grand for the summer. Sometime ago I suggested I needed a photo album for pictures of the past year's happenings, so Lois and Nate got me a beauty in the Japanese market here. Then I got a set of grass mats for the table – if Elden and I ever have a home where we can use them. We have been using them here for a long time (not mine, but some like them) and they are such a saving on laundry, especially when there are children. Elden Jr. gave me some paper cut-outs he proudly made, and a box of chocolates marked "from Judy" completed the pile I think. Judy's Daddy got the chocolates at a Russian shop here and they surely do taste good. The various birthday cards used on my parcels were the ones we used on

Lois' two weeks ago, and I expect we will be using them on Elden's in May. We find it adds to the fun a bit and "prisoners of war" can't really expect much, you know! It was a lovely day, but with the busy day following I fear it was too much for Lois. She enjoyed it though, of course. How we wish we all could be together on March 25th!! We were saying the other day that we wished we could get a letter home for the 25th, but know that it is out of the question.

Friday, March 27th

Dad's birthday has passed and our thoughts were with you, Dad, most of the time that day. How we longed to be able to send a cable that all is well with us; but as that was not possible, we prayed that the Lord would assure your heart through His word, and possibly also through some word from China, that we are all right. You know how we would love to have sent something to show our love, but who knows when that will be possible again.

Today several things have happened to make the day memorable. First, it marks the end of the school term and the kids are to have a two-week vacation. To celebrate, Mrs. Andrews suggested we have a picnic on the beach at noon. Though it was a pretty windy day, it was not cold and we all left the house sharp at noon and found a lovely, sheltered spot, and with the cook along, fried hamburgers, had baked mien, pickled beets, dill pickles, spring onions and mustard to flavor up the hamburgers and for dessert, individual apple tarts and coffee. Everyone enjoyed it hugely, especially Judy, who ate as well and as much (for her size) as anyone. We got home just before three o'clock, by which time Judy was pretty tired and went right to sleep for a short nap. The rest of us had a cat-nap, too. I think Sonny has done pretty well in his French this term, though I do not know how his progress will compare with that of his class at Chefoo. In arithmetic, Mrs. Andrews has taken him way ahead of his class.

The third item of news today is that my new Chinese teacher came for the first time this morning. He is an old-style scholar, aged 67, an elder in the Presbyterian Church at Weihsien, and a Christian since he was fifteen. He seems a splendid type of man, just what I am needing now for some work in the Confucian Classics. Reminds me some, Dad, of the old teacher I had in Hwoshan, though much nicer looking than that old Mr. Ts'ui. He is coming tomorrow morning for my first class with him (we just chatted today) and I will have him every morning from ten to twelve until I am ready to write off the exam.

There are signs that the strictness of things here may be letting up a bit. It may be that the Andrews can get permission to return to Chefoo this spring – if so, we are wondering if Sonny should go with them. Lois wants to keep Barbara until fall, and I think we shall keep Lorna, too. But Elden would lose out more than they would by being away all spring. Of course, we are thinking and praying about it. For the last week, a representa-

tive of the Swiss Consulate in Shanghai has been here, to look after American, British and Dutch interests. Nate and Mr. Whittaker have been meeting with him frequently, and a means has been established whereby we can draw what money we need through the Swiss authorities in Shanghai, with the money to be repaid later to the U. S. Government. Transfer of money from Shanghai to Tsingtao will be made monthly for the needs of all the nationals of the above mentioned three nations.

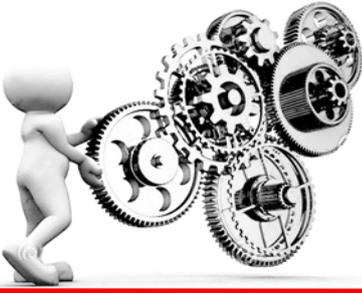
Friday, April 3rd

It is Good Friday today, and the weather is gloriously like Easter. Just after lunch this noon, Lois, Marian and I went to a florist near here to buy some flowers to decorate the house for Easter – came back with three pots: a pink and a purple cineraria, and a tall white double stock. Also patronized a new candy and ice cream parlor that is just opening up nearby, run by some Russians from Chefoo whom the Andrews know quite well. We bought chocolate chickens and bunnies for the kids' Easter baskets.

Life is busier than ever with Marian and me now; for she has taken over the housekeeping for April, to give Lois a rest and I am having my teacher each morning from 9:30 to 11:30. I like him very much and am really making some progress, I feel, on the Confucian Classics. As I get into them, I find them extremely interesting. Then I try to spend two or three hours on Chinese per day, outside of the time with the teacher. Don't know yet how long it will take me to get into shape for my exam.

Monday, April 6th – 9:30 a.m.

Yesterday was a beautiful Easter Day and for the first time in four months, permission was given to hold a church service. We gathered in the little community church near here at one o'clock, for a Church of England Communion Service. Perhaps fifty or sixty people were there and it did seem



... timeline ... April 1942

© <http://www.historyplace.com/unitedstates/pacificwar/timeline.htm>

April 3, 1942 - Japanese attack U.S. and Filipino troops at Bataan.

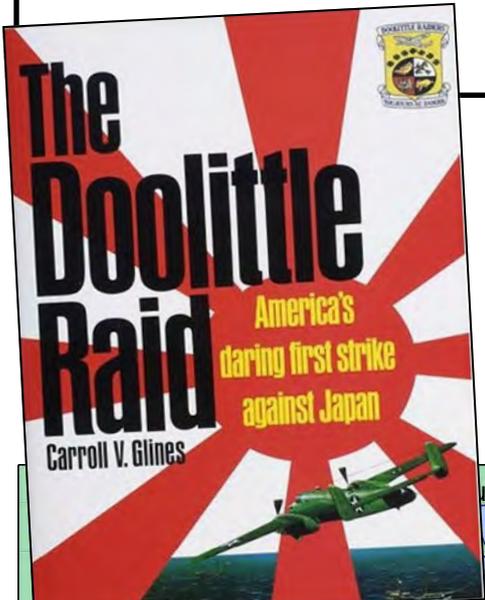
April 6, 1942 - First U.S. troops arrive in Australia.

April 9, 1942 - U.S. forces on Bataan surrender unconditionally to the Japanese.

April 10, 1942 - Bataan Death March begins as 76,000 Allied POWs including 12,000 Americans are forced to walk 60 miles under a blazing sun without food or water toward a new POW camp, resulting in over 5,000 American deaths.

April 18, 1942 - Surprise U.S. 'Doolittle' B-25 air raid from the HORNET against Tokyo boosts Allied morale.

April 29, 1942 - Japanese take central Burma.



© histclo.com

Here at a desperate time in the Pacific War, one of Doolittle's B-25 Mitchell bomber takes off from the 'USS Hornet' for the first initial air raid on Tokyo ...



good to gather for worship once more – even though the service, to us, seemed a bit “high church”.

For days before Easter, Miss Grohmann had been busy with the children, making special decorations for the breakfast table for Easter morning. She commandeered all the egg shells for nearly a week, and we wondered what in the world she was doing with them. When we came down to breakfast yesterday morning, at each place was a tiny flower basket, made from the larger half of an egg shell, and painted on the outside with a scene or design of some kind –

each one different – and filled with tiny sprigs of spring flowers. In addition, each of the kiddies had a whole egg shell (from which the egg had been blown) filled with tiny candies. There were other egg shells filled with larger candies for the grown-ups too and all were decorated by being painted. You have no idea how attractive the table looked. The shells filled with candies for the grown-ups stood around the edge of Lois’ circular mirror in the center of the table and looked just like a pool of water bordered with flowers.

At 10:30 we had our children’s service as usual, and Lois told them the Easter story. Dinner was early, twelve o’clock, so we could get to church



afterwards and we had the best prime rolled roast we have had, I think. It was yummy.

With it roast potatoes, creamed cauliflower, beets, asparagus and grated carrot salad and chocolate cream pie for dessert.



This morning when we woke up it was such a beautiful day that on the spur of the moment

we decided to have a picnic at noon. Marian and Lois are rushing around with the cook, getting things together and we’ll be off to the beach at noon.



I forgot to say that each of the kids had a well-filled Easter basket, which they found just before breakfast yesterday morning. The Andrews’ had bought large chocolate eggs for each; we had bought some chocolate hens and bunnies, and Lois made some fondant, too. Our spring vacation runs thru this week also.



Sunday, April 12th

Just a year ago today I arrived in Shanghai from Kaifeng, and Marian and I were engaged! What experiences the Lord has led us through together since then. We have been realizing a bit how good He was to us, in leading us together then; for if it had been otherwise, I very likely would be in Kaifeng alone now, cut off from all news of the kiddies and Lois and Nate, and everybody. It is a beautiful spring Sunday, and after dinner we all walked around the point. On the way, what should pass us but “our car”, and it did seem strange to have to get out of the road for it as it flashed past. A very friendly-looking Japanese naval officer was sitting in



the back seat alone, and smiled as he went by. Marian has been busy writing to May Price and Lydia Pflueger today, since they were “in on the know” of things with us a year ago today. We hope it will be possible for the letters to get to them in some way before too long.

The latest local news is that quite a number of British and American evacuees from Chefoo arrived here a day or two ago, and are supposed to have left today by steamer for Shanghai, to be evacuated to the homelands when sailing arrangements are made. Quite a group from here will be evacuating too, within the next month, if present

plans are carried including most of the missionaries except the CIM'ers. We are hoping that local restrictions will ease up after such a large percentage of the foreign residents evacuate and have had some intimation (though no actual promise) from the authorities that such will be the case.

Thursday, April 23rd.

Since Dr. Eitel has been here, it has been possible for occasional letters to go to and come from Shanghai. A few days ago we received our second quarter remittances and were surprised at the generous amount it was possible for the Mission to send out. We have not yet received any details of our first quarter remittance, yet. But if it is anything like the second quarter's in amount, our needs have been generously supplied. We had a long letter, too, from Lydia Pflueger and one each from Mr. and Mrs. Weller. It was good to hear from them all. Things go along quietly there, though living expenses are soaring with them as with us. To make it worse here, our currency (Federal Reserve Bank, so-called) is worth five to seven times as much as Chinese National currency that is used in Shanghai. Our currency here is supposed to be at par with the Japanese yen.

School has begun again, and I am having just one class with Sonny. I have him in French from 9 to 9:30, then my Chinese teacher from 9:30 to 11:30. I hope I can take my exam in about a month from now.

Dad, we had such an interesting talk with Dr. and Mrs. Eitel last week-end (they and Miss Fischer came out to spend the week-end with us) about our old cook in Changsha, Li si-fu. They have had him as cook for fifteen years and swear by him, just as we did. They say he is just as faithful and honest as ever

and that they could not have run their hospital without him. He took care of their hospital diet kitchen, in addition to cooking for them. The other day Dr. Eitel asked me to send my teacher in to him, to get him to write a Chinese letter to Li si-fu, in which he told him we were here, and wished to be remembered to him. Dr. Eitel would like to have him come here if possible, but it would be very difficult for him to come under present circumstances. It was so interesting to us to hear about different ones we had known there, and about our house which they occupied. Mrs. Eitel was saying how wonderfully all the fireplaces heated the rooms.

The biggest excitement around here lately is the report around town of the bombing of Japanese cities by airplanes – conflicting reports numbering

them all the way from ten to two thousand! and as being Russian, according to some stories and American and British according to others. The only thing that seems to be actual fact is that a bombing raid took place. Well, we are praying daily that the war may soon end and things open up once more.

Tuesday, May 5th

I meant to write something yesterday, on my birthday, but the day was so full didn't get to it. I had a grand celebration all day long, beginning in the morning about 7:00 when the whole family piled in our room, bringing coffee, grape juice for the kids, and a big tray of presents. I had a new belt from Lois and Nate – a new type of rubber elastic one, dark crimson with gray buckle, some new long sox to wear with summer shorts, two boxes of candy, a one pound tin of Maxwell House coffee to have early in the mornings, some soap, tooth powder, two tins of mushrooms. At tea time I had a big chocolate cake with chocolate frosting and just as it was brought in, Dr. and Mrs. Eitel arrived from town in their car, bringing a large basket filled with apples and a big bouquet of white lilacs. That was a surprise, as I didn't even know they knew it was my birthday. They had been with us over the week-end, but no one had mentioned it as far as we knew. After tea, Dr. Eitel, Nate and I played tennis until six o'clock. At 7:30 they had a birthday dinner for me, starting off with tomato juice cocktail, then fried prawns (delicious!!!), baked potatoes, peas and carrots, radishes and tiny green onions, and for dessert, huge slabs of apple pie a la mode, and coffee.



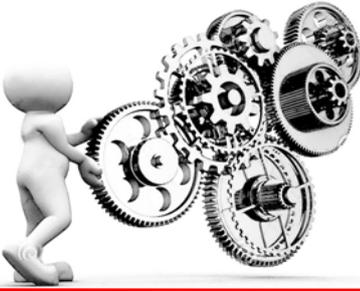
Our biggest news this past week is that the Andrews have returned to Chefoo! They received permission to go from the local authorities, so Wednesday morning got off by bus. We had word yesterday from them, that they arrived safe-

ly and that everyone at the schools at Chefoo is well and life going along fairly normally – the foodstuffs and money are carefully rationed as a precaution against shortage. The Andrews will be staying for awhile in The San. We seem lost here without them, and it is more difficult to carry on school work for the kids, as she especially, was a splendid teacher. But I am going on with French with Elden, and Marian and Lois are taking other subjects as they have time.

The weather is gradually warming up, trees are getting green, flowers are coming out in abundance, the wisteria is just ready to burst into bloom, lilac trees are out fully and we are still enjoying the outdoors between the hours of twelve noon and 3 pm. No sign yet of hours being extended, tho' we still hope. Yesterday after lunch Marian and I took all the kiddies except Judy to the park, to see the animals and flowers – a good two-hour walk. Spring house-cleaning is in full swing; the furnace was stopped and the radiators drained a couple weeks ago, and on cool days we have just one fire in the living room fireplace. The girls have been busy sunning winter clothes to put away for the summer and as soon as we can get to it, Marian and I plan to repack our dishes and everything else possible, to get ready for a possible summons to move. I am working hard on my Chinese, hoping to take my exam in a couple weeks from now. It will be a great relief to have it done and out of the way. Am letting my Chinese teacher go at the end of this week.

Friday, May 8th

I am planning to make an attempt to get one copy of this letter to Helen, as we have opportunity from time to time to send some letters to Shanghai, and we hear that the Mission in Shanghai can write quite freely to people inland. Helen, we were thrilled to receive your letter some two months



... timeline ... May 1942

© <http://www.historyplace.com/unitedstates/pacificwar/timeline.htm>

May 1, 1942 - Japanese occupy Mandalay in Burma.

May 3, 1942 - Japanese take Tulagi in the Solomon Islands.

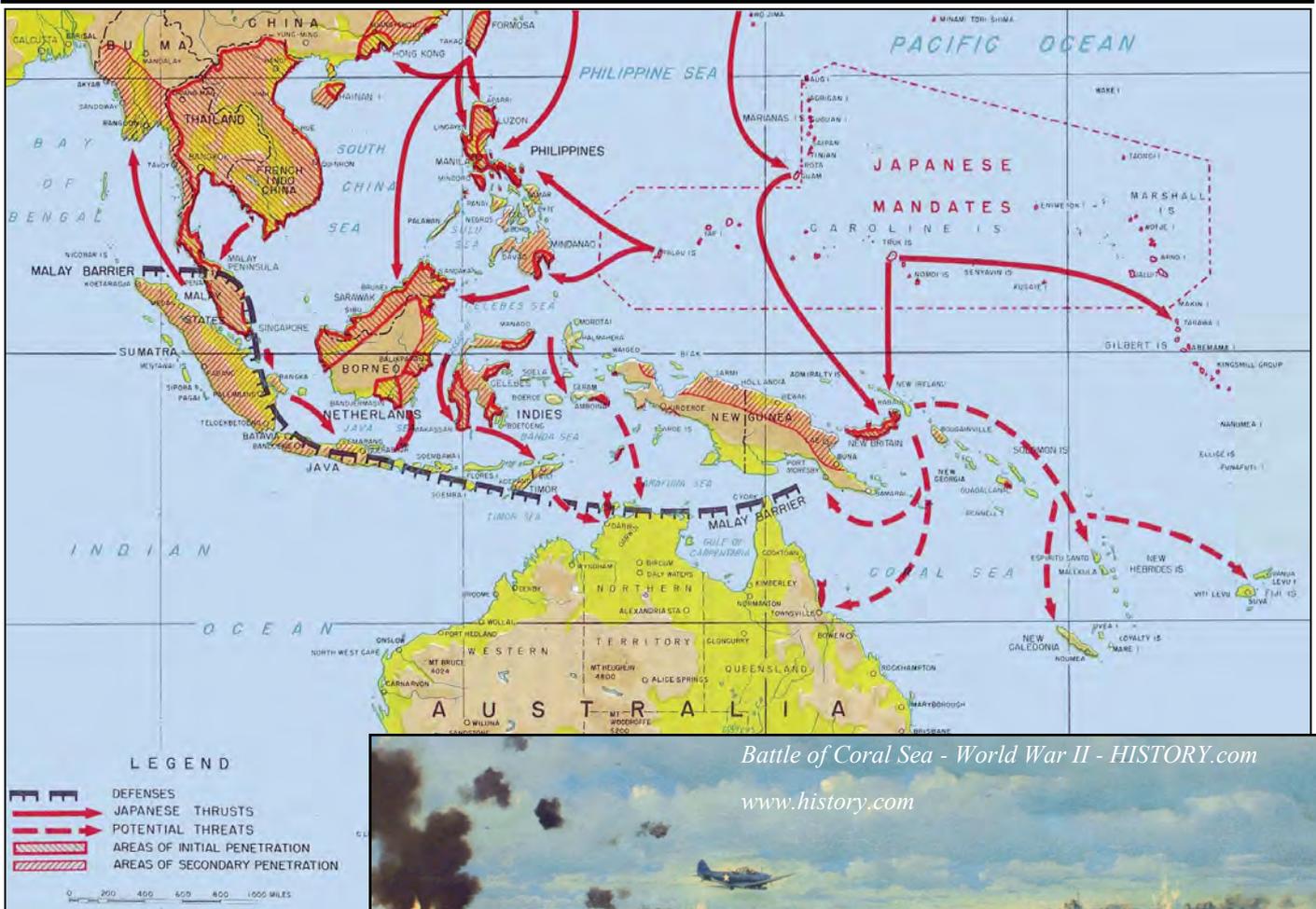
May 5, 1942 - Japanese prepare to invade Midway and the Aleutian Islands.

May 6, 1942 - Japanese take Corregidor as Gen. Wainwright unconditionally surrenders all U.S. And Filipino forces in the Philippines.

May 7-8, 1942 - Japan suffers its first defeat of the war during the Battle of the Coral Sea off New Guinea - the first time in history that two opposing carrier forces fought only using aircraft without the opposing ships ever sighting each other.

May 12, 1942 - The last U.S. Troops holding out in the Philippines surrender on Mindanao.

May 20, 1942 - Japanese complete the capture of Burma and reach India.

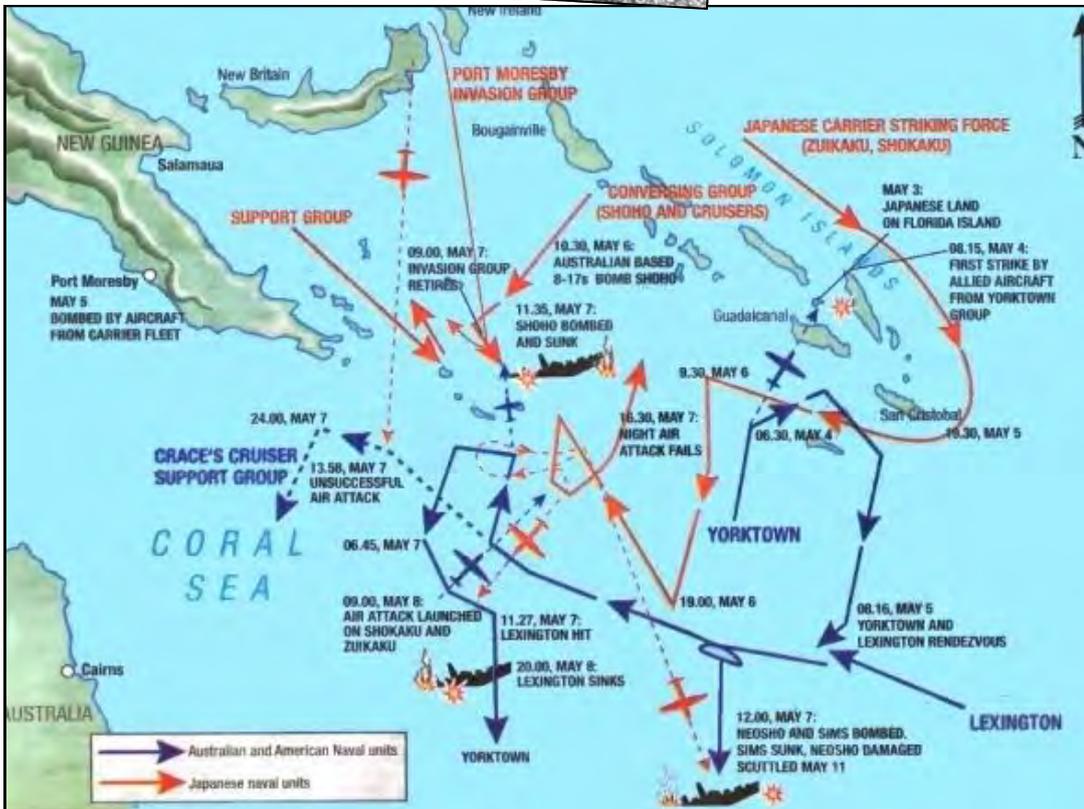




routed via Europe, Africa or South America, try to get it started on its way to Dad. If it is lost, I have several other copies here that I will hold to send after the war is over.

Tuesday, May 12th – 6:00 pm

Several days have passed since writing the last of this letter and one copy of those first pages is on its way; I trust it reaches Helen in Szechuan at least. The more I think about it, the more foolish it seems to hope that it might go on to the dear ones in the Homeland, but there is nothing like trying. The main urge to write a few lines this evening is that today we have a PIANO in our living room!!! We received permission to move it from the basement of the Community Church to our place, and this afternoon



ago – as I have said earlier in this letter. I think the reason it came through was that it was a Chinese envelope, and addressed entirely in Chinese. Try it again soon. We are more anxious than we can say to hear from you again, all about everything!! And now for something more: Helen, after you have read all this, if your post office there is accepting any mail matter for the USA, will you post this on, addressed to Dad, please. If you think there is the slightest possibility of it getting through to him, send it on. Of course, we haven't been able to get a single word off to him since December 8th and we fear he must be anxious about us. I am sending this letter from here to Mr. Fleischmann in Shanghai, asking him to send it on to you by the safest means. Even if it must be

Nate went after it with a small cart and four coolies. It is an old one, and rather sadly out of tune at present, but I hope to borrow or buy a tuning key and get busy on it. It isn't much of an ornament to our living room furniture either, but some furniture polish may help its appearance. It is grand to have one in the house, though, and it feels strange to sit down to it instead of the organ. When my language exam is over I'll have my work cut out for me, giving several of the youngsters lessons.

Thursday, May 21st

The copy of the first pages of this letter is not on its way after all. There is more difficulty now about getting letters to Shanghai; so it is still sitting here waiting for an opportunity to get off.

Perhaps I won't be able to send it after all. This week I have been taking my language exam – Monday wrote the first paper and yesterday, the second. Will do the third and last written paper tomorrow. Then will have a Bible reading test to take with Nate and a Sunday morning church service to conduct as soon as possible. Possibly we'll arrange to have a Sunday morning service here in the house with the servants.

A year ago today Lois and Nate left Tientsin for Tsingtao and the 19th, too, was Lois and Nate's engagement anniversary; and eleven months ago last Sunday, Marian and I were married. Neither Lois and Nate nor we did any special celebrating, but today Lois and Nate go in to Eitel's for dinner at one o'clock. Nate has to be in town all day on American Committee work, and Lois goes to the dentist after the luncheon party. Marian and I will hold down all six kids during their absence – probably take them for a long walk after dinner. Yesterday I had to work steadily from 9 am to 6 pm on my exam, with just enough time out for meals; so today feel rather woozy and am being lazy in preparation for tomorrow. It certainly will be a relief to have it over with.

Word has come that our workers in Wuhu are being forced to evacuate and go to Shanghai, and the same thing is feared for those in Nanking, Chinkiang, and Yangchow. We wonder if that will eventually happen to us though there is no indication of it yet.

Wednesday, May 27th

Yesterday was our Day of Prayer and such a happy time. The Eitels came out in the afternoon, and THRILL OF THRILLS – they brought us a HOME LETTER from Dad !!! Our first in six months. It was Dad's of February 2nd sent to Helen. She received it somehow, and sent it air-mail to Winnie Jessup in Shanghai, who forwarded it enclosed in a letter from Mr. Ettling of the Finance Department to Dr. Eitel here. We all dashed upstairs and

read it together, though the others had started their tea. It sounds so natural and hopeful to us. How thankful we are that you are not worrying about us, but just trusting the Lord for us, as we must do for you, too. The news of the new missionary cottage is exciting, as well as Jack's wedding and Grant's birthday party. We were thinking of you that day, all right. Then the Eitels brought a circular letter from Mr. Weller too, written for the Day of Prayer, giving so much news of the field. A few days before we had received a letter from Lydia Pflueger, telling the news of Mr. Griffin's appointment as Assistant Home Director there, and the more we think about it, the more pleased we are, and confident it is the Lord's choice of men for the present need. Lydia wrote they were trusting it would prove to be just that, as Mr. Weller's appointment to his present office has proved to be just exactly the right provision of the Lord for this time of need in China. Truly the Lord makes no mistakes, and how long it takes us to learn that and to be patient until His mind is revealed to us.

We had two sessions of fellowship and prayer yesterday: 4:30 and 7:30 pm. The German friends mostly had to go before supper, tho' Miss Seiler stayed with us overnight. The Eitels brought a huge big basket of strawberries with them for the children, about the size of a home-sized market basket. They are so good to us, bringing some such delicacy every time they come. One time it was a quart of cream, another time a cheese cake, etc.



We have been having a good deal of rain the last week and it is grand to see Tsingtao really green for once. The name means "Green Island", you know. But from our arrival here last August, until about April, we really saw no rain at all. These days I am working on my Chinese sermon, which I hope to preach a week from Sunday, with the servants and Nate as audience. Then my exam will be

entirely finished. I did the required Bible reading with Nate last Sunday.

Monday, June 1st

We have had a very happy week-end and now it is Monday morning again, and school. Four more weeks of school, then the kids will be out for the summer. But before I go any farther with this letter, I must say how excited and thrilled we all were over the news of Helen's engagement. We here knew something was in the wind, for Helen had given us some idea last fall, and you can be sure we have been praying much about it since then. We all are very happy about it, for Walter is the grandest kind of fellow. Lois and Nate, of course, know him better than we do, and I guess Dad does, too and they think he is just perfect for Helen. The Lord does all things well, and we know He has made no mistake here. We just wonder if things will be opened up any by September so that we can send messages and wedding presents inland in time. And think of them going clear off to the borders of Tibet to set up a home. We here in this part sure think they are fortunate, to be able to move about freely and do something.

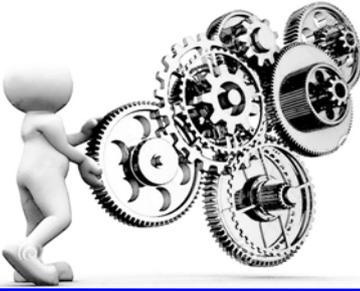
The Eitels and Miss Fischer were with us Saturday afternoon and Sunday. They came in time for tennis Saturday afternoon and we played awhile, tho' it threatened rain. Dr. Eitel and I played a good deal on piano and flute, somewhat to the distraction of the rest of the household. At 10:30 Sunday morning we had our children's church as usual, Nate telling the story of Jonah. After church Dr. Eitel took all the kids for a ride, going over to the YMCA point. When they came back they had the top of the car down and had had a grand time.

June 18th

A lot of things have been happening since last writing – don't know if I can remember them all or not. The American evacuees have come and gone on to Shanghai, where the evacuation ship is

due to leave in a few days for Mozambique. We had a couple, Mr. and Mrs. Munroe, from Weihaiwei, with us over a week-end. He was the Commissioner of Customs there and they were the only Americans in the Port, consequently the only ones evacuating. Plans are not yet complete for British to evacuate and none have been able to leave. A week ago Mrs. Dickens and five children, and the two Glazier children came through from Chefoo. Mr. Andrews escorted them and went on to Tsinan with some more children going there to join their parents for the purpose of evacuation. All those who came through expect to leave China on the evacuation ship from Shanghai. We had several days of happy fellowship with the crowd from Chefoo and after they got off, Mr. Andrews came back from Tsinan and stayed three days with us, leaving last Tuesday again for Chefoo. I guess he has the distinction of being the most traveled American in this part of China just now. Everywhere he went, he said everyone was amazed that he was allowed to travel so far. Of course, we learned a good deal more in detail about life in Chefoo and things are going along there, though not without serious difficulties. The Lord has kept the premises intact up until the present, but there have been indications that they are badly wanted by those in authority, and only the Lord has kept from forcible confiscation. The isolation house, which is separate from the main compound, they have been forced to sign away and the big main playing field is used by those of other nationality when they please, Sundays included.

The main event this week (since Mr. Andrews' departure at least) has been our first wedding anniversary. We had a grand celebration all day long yesterday. Early in the morning, Lois and Nate and their kids piled into our room bringing us an anniversary present, which proved to be a pound of Maxwell House coffee, drip grind. They certainly blew themselves on that for us, with coffee the price it is in this town!! When we came down to breakfast, there were two large potted plants on



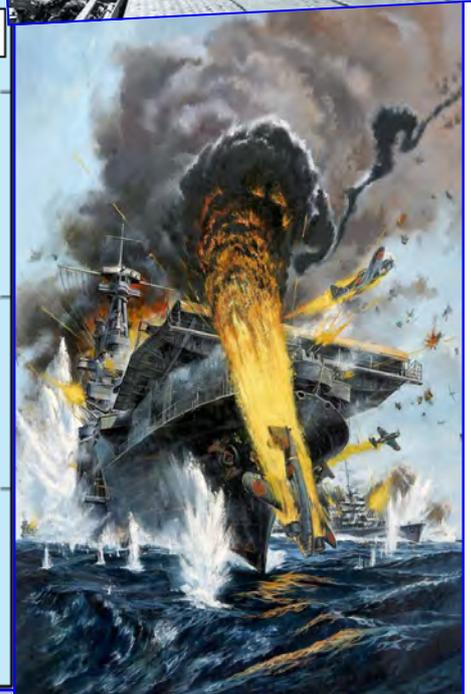
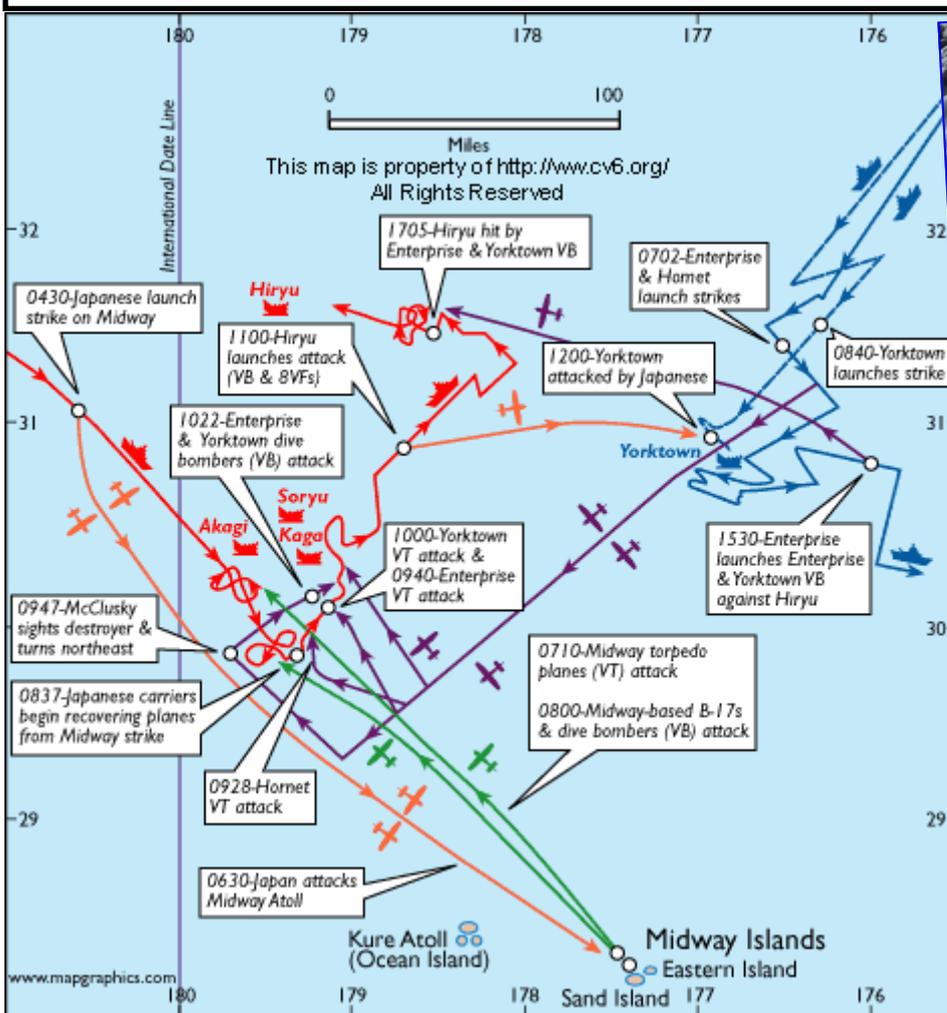
... timeline ... June 1942

© <http://www.historyplace.com/unitedstates/pacificwar/timeline.htm>

June 4-5, 1942 - Turning point in the war occurs with a decisive victory for the U.S. against Japan in the Battle of Midway as squadrons of U.S. torpedo planes and dive bombers from ENTERPRISE, HORNET, and YORKTOWN attack and destroy four Japanese carriers, a cruiser, and damage another cruiser and two destroyers. U.S. loses YORKTOWN.

June 7, 1942 - Japanese invade the Aleutian Islands.

June 9, 1942 - Japanese postpone further plans to take Midway.



the table, one in front of Marian's place, and one at mine. Mine was a begonia, and Marian's a freesia, both given to us by Miss Grohmann and Miss Seiler, who is staying with us for a week. At tea time we found another plant, a **hydrangea**, for us – a gift from the cook. At noon Marian and I went off to the hills carrying our lunch, for a two-some picnic. We had a yummy meal: fried chicken (a whole one), potato and cucumber salad, a quart freezer of the most delicious fresh strawberry ice cream and a thermos of coffee. We cleaned out everything except just a bit of the ice cream to bring home to give Lois and Nate a taste. It was a foggy day, but we found a sheltered spot on the top of the hill, and had a good time together.



amazonflowers

Hydrangea Pink,
Bulk Hydrangea,
Wedding Hydrangea
Fresh Cut
Flowers



In the evening Lois had a swanky dinner party for us, at which she and Marian each wore the dress they had worn at the wedding a year ago. Believe it or not, the dress of each of them fitted a good deal more loosely than it did a year ago! We began with tomato juice cocktail and canapes, then deliciously tender filet steaks, French fried potatoes, hot pickled beets, stringed beans and for dessert, vanilla ice-cream with strawberry sauce and coffee. Afterwards we had home-made mints and sat in the living room while various ones performed musically.

(Marian writing) Elden forgot to mention why the ice-cream we took with us to the hills was so good. We celebrated by buying a half-pint of real cream from a Russian Dairy near here, to which we added crushed strawberries and sugar – nothing else. Oh boy, it was good! It was really too good for us to eat it all, and anyway we were anxious for Lois and Nate to have a taste of it.

We haven't told you yet, in this letter, that the day following our Day of Prayer in May, Lois' cat

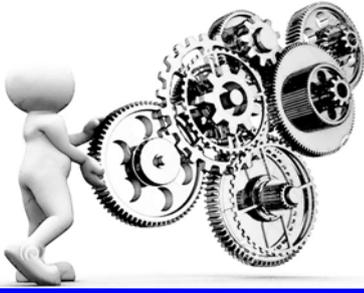
had four little kittens. You can be sure it was a red-letter-day for the children and has been ever since. The kittens are growing very well and the youngsters are more and more enjoying them. Lois is thinking of getting rid of some of them and possibly the mother cat too, but I don't see how she is going manage it with these youngsters around, each one putting claims on the kittens. Even Judy quite regularly pleads for permission to go "kan-kan baby kitties". Her mixture of Chinese and English is terrible, but it is great fun to listen to her talk.

The swimming season has started, but with restricted hours it isn't always as convenient with the children as we would like. However, we are trusting and hoping that though we may only have three hours out a day, they will be changed to a different part of the day. Otherwise we will just have to make the best of what is given to us. A picnic and fishing (for Nate) trip is planned for tomorrow. We always have to leave the house promptly at 12 and get back at 3:00 p.m. Judy then has her nap from 3 to 4; it would be harder on her not to let her go. She is a true Whipple, she just loves picnics!!

Time to go gather the children for their supper. We have given the Chinese women time off this afternoon, it being Dragon Festival.

July 10th

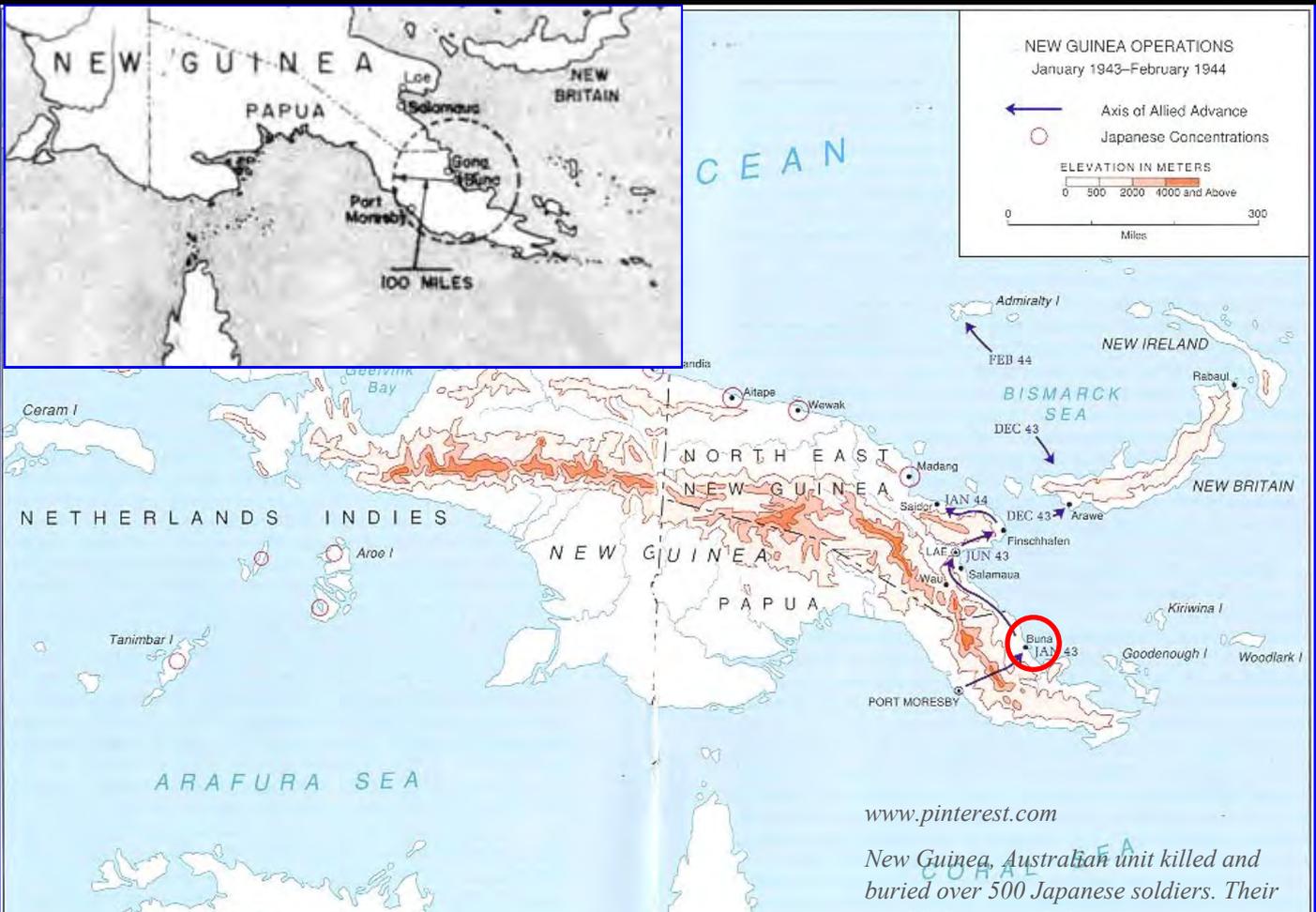
What a thrill we received last evening at supper time. Just as we sat down to the meal, the post-man came, and jokingly I said, "Home Mail". In walked the servant with a letter for us from Helen, addressed on the outside in Chinese characters only, and inside, containing Dad's letters of November 17th, March 15th and March 29th. You can visualize the four of us gathered on Lois and Nate's beds as soon after evening prayers as we could get away, devouring them. The ones in between have not reached us, the only other one we have received being the one of February 2nd, men-



... timeline ... July 1942

© <http://www.historyplace.com/unitedstates/pacificwar/timeline.htm>

July 21, 1942 - Japanese land troops near Gona on New Guinea.



tioned a page or two above this. Your news is all so heart-satisfying. How glad we are to hear all are so well and of the activities going on around The Firs so rapidly. We surely would love to see Bethany, and the completed log-cabin with its grounds that sound so beautiful. Congratulations to the Aldriches. Rebecca Ann almost was a birthday present to you, Dad. Reminds me of Didi's beating your arrival to Kuling by one day.

Which reminds me to tell you of our bustle these days to get ready for Didi's birthday here. He has been talking about it for months, and now it is less than a week off. Marian and I are off to town this noon again to shop for it. Lois was in yesterday and got some things. The weather for the last week or two has been very damp – either rain or fog – real “mei T'ien” like they have in the south, only not so hot. Things mildew but the nights are not too uncomfortable. Our room gets pretty warm at night, but Lois and Nate have so much cross draft that they still are sleeping under wool blankets. Swimming is fine and all enjoy it (except Nate, who has gone in only once). Some days we have lunch at 12 instead of 12:30, then get off to the beach soon after it is over, and play on the sand until it is safe to go into the water. All of us are getting a deep sun-tan, because of having to go to the beach in the hottest part of the day. To date, there is no prospect of our free hours being changed or extended. But we are not suffering because of lack of exercise. Lately I have gotten mine lining the tennis court – as soon as it is nicely marked, it rains again and I have it all to do over!

After reading the letters last night, we had prayer together, especially for the Conference to begin so soon. How we would love to be there for it. We know it will mean much prayer for us all and for the situation out here and are expecting the Lord to work in answer. O that these days of war might be shortened, and freedom be given once again throughout this land, for the spread of

the Gospel. We were glad of the word that Roberta and the children would be with you for the summer. We do not know if Ralph got out and is on the evacuation ship, or not. His name is not on the list of passengers we have seen, but Mrs. Rook (friend of the Duffs whom you may remember, and whose home is in Peking now) said she saw him on his way through Peking, in company with other evacuees. By the way, Mrs. Rook gave us the word that Mr. Duff died last April and some time before that, Mr. Berkin of Kuling also passed away. She said the Berkins had also lost one son, killed in active service in the R.A.F. A week or two ago I wrote Mr. Weller (and hope the letter reaches him) asking his advice about trying to get the children to Chefoo in time for the autumn term. We are feeling they need the regular school life and discipline after so many months away from it. Have not tried yet to secure passes for them to go, but if Mr. W. concurs, we may try to do so – tho' there is no telling what the official reaction may be to the idea. Didi is wild to get there. Tommy, I think, is a little calmer about the idea.

July 17th.

Yesterday was one grand celebration of Didi's birthday. I have just finished writing a **25 word Red Cross letter** to Dad about it, as follows: “**Dwight's**

birthday celebrated noon beach picnic, evening supper party. Greetings all Firs friends; especially praying these days. Congratulations Rebecca Ann. Everyone well, enjoying noontime swimming.” We trust you will read between the lines and deduce that Dad's letter giving the news about Doris and Willard was received – also that our hours of freedom still are restricted to noon till three

o'clock – hence the necessity for picnics and swimming at noontime. It is getting pretty hot for



it, but we are thankful for even that much liberty. The last word received is to the effect that the hours of freedom cannot be extended or even altered. The American and British committees had made request for greater liberty during the heat of summer.

Didi's birthday started off about 7 am with his presents in Lois and Nate's room, where the little folks had orange juice to drink, and the big ones coffee. Didi had loads of gifts, even if some of them are utilitarian, with the possibility of Chefoo in mind. But he seemed gratifyingly pleased with such items as two new pair of "braces" (remember the new ones on his fourth birthday, immortalized by a Kodachrome slide?) new hankies, shirts, bag for his hair brushes, (which Lorna made for him in her sewing class with Miss Grohmann, Bobby doing the same for Tommy), etc. In addition he got some books and games; so was well remembered. For our noon picnic we invited the Bar family with their three youngsters. The little boy, Judy's age, was sick and could not come, but the rest came and we had hamburgers, salad, pickles, raw sliced onion, birthday cake, fruit salad and coffee, under some trees near the water's edge.

Some of them went swimming first. When we came home we all rested between 3 and 4 o'clock, and at 6 pm, the six kiddies had a birthday supper party, which was a complete surprise to them, as they had thought the picnic was the only celebration. Mrs. Mungeam, Miss Grohmann and the Eitels also gave Didi gifts – all in all, he had one grand day.

(Marian writing) I'm going to try to write some things about the children which I think will interest you.

Elden says in the paragraph above that Didi's birthday started off about 7 a.m., but I would say it started a bit earlier than that. Between 4:15 and 4:30 am when it was still very dark, Elden and I

heard a "rap-rap-rap" on our bedroom door. It wakened us, but before we were up there was another gentle rap. Our door was open for more air, so whoever was outside could hear me say to Elden as he got up, "It must be Lorna", for sometimes she comes to us in her own need or Judy's. Then the voice spoke up saying, "No, it isn't Lorna, it's me. I can't get to sleep." It was Didi. True enough Elden found a couple of mosquitoes in the boys' room which may have been bothering them and which he dealt with, but I think it was a bit more than that that made it hard for him to get back to sleep. To be six years old was such an important event to Didi. After the day was all over and we were tucking him in bed, he said, "Well, I am six; what if I were seven"! During the day there was much cause for thoughtfulness. At one time when he was just sitting, seeming to rest in and enjoy the things he had received, he looked up to me (I was in the room packing the picnic baskets) and said, "Mummy, who chooses our birthdays?" I told him that Mothers, Daddies and God chose them. Then, after a moment, "Mummy, has Daddy been my Daddy all the time?" "Yes". "But you haven't been my Mummy all of the time, have you?" And so it goes. He gets a lot of enjoyment out of life and gives it, but has a lot to learn which we feel his contact with others in school will help him to learn.

Judy, too, is such a joy. She is talking more and more continually. I think we have told you how much she is growing to resemble her mother. Just recently she has had the courage to say "Whipple" which sounds more like "Whipole", and one day she was turning over the pages of an old magazine and seeing a picture of a man, said, "Unca Grant". I wish I could spell some of her pronunciations of names in her prayers, but these are improving rapidly now. They really have been twisters. When she finishes praying at night she looks up and says, "Judy say Lord", which means that she wants to say her Bible verse. So we let her say Psa. 23:1, Acts 16:31a with a little bit of

help from us, and which two verses are joined together with "God is MY love". She insists on saying it that way, though we tried to teach her "God is love". It is easy to see that by putting in the "MY", it is easier for her to understand it. I wish I could say that after saying these verses she goes off to sleep like a little angel, but it is not always true. Sometimes after we think they are all down, we hear a racket which calls for attention. On the whole she is a very happy child and most of the noise we hear is the result of playing, or singing her own tunes.

Elden, at eleven years, continues to be a great reader of books. He has long since exhausted the suitable ones in the Scott library and now is reading some Nate managed to get from one of the evacuating Presbyterian friends here. When he is not reading, he spends most of his time with Michael Orchin, a Tsingtao boy of 15, who went to Chefoo, but like him, is detained here. The Orchins also plan to leave when the British evacuation party leaves later this month. It will be hard for Elden for he will miss Michael's companionship. This place has very few boys Elden's age around, which is one of the reasons we would like to see him in school at Chefoo, but the Lord will have to open the way if that is His will.

Lorna, is what I suppose you would call a normal 7-year old. She has grown quite a bit since she came home last December. One time she was overheard saying to Bobby, "When I am at Chefoo I am one of the smallest, but at home I am one of the biggest!". She was quite proud of being considered "big". She and Bobby are more like sisters than cousins. They are quite inseparable and have good times together with their dolls, etc. Lorna will be very happy to have a little brother at Chefoo if they can go back. I am sure she feels her responsibilities there will increase.

I forgot to mention that Judy's latest word is "Okay". She has picked it up from the other chil-

dren, of course, but it surely is funny to hear her come out with it. She will end a question with "okay?" and then answer it with "okay!". For instance, "Mummy, Judy do, okay?" then "okay." She also gets streaks of being a great tease. She will stand a few feet away from her Dad, or anyone else she wants to tease, and say with a great twinkle in her eyes, "No can ged-da me now". If the person concerned only makes a wee start toward her, she will run just a few steps and repeat, "no can ged-da me now". I wish I could write that word "now" the way she says it. Her latest memory verse is Jude 21 (history repeating itself!) (her Dad's first memory verse, O.G.W.)

July 22nd

Today is bright and very windy – a welcome change from the foggy, damp days we have had for weeks. We have started having dinner at 12 now instead of 12:30 so that we could get to the beach earlier and enjoy longer bathing. All of us are getting a good deep sun-tan, especially Bobby, who looks like an American Indian. Word has come that the evacuation party from Shanghai has arrived safely at Mozambique; so before long they should be landing in New York – sort of makes us envious of them. The Eitels also had word from Shanghai that my exam papers reached there safely so in due time I'll be hearing from Mr. Mathews about whether I got a passing mark or not. With summer coming on, the water problem is getting acute, as it was last summer. Very little comes in through the city water main now, so the coolies have to pump from the basement reserve reservoir and from the outside rainwater cistern, to the attic tank which feeds all the house water system. It may mean we will have to take on an extra coolie, just to pump water.

July 25th

Speaking of corruption, we have plenty of it these

days in the way of mildew. The fogs, mists and rains seem to be continual (with only an occasional bright day as mentioned above) and the mildew is terrific. It means a daily going after it unless we are willing that books, shoes, etc. be ruined for good. Yesterday and today we have been having typhoon winds with rain which has made it impossible for the children to play out of doors, or for us to go swimming. There have been rather good rumors going about lately. They say that after the British evacuation party leaves here that we who remain will be given full freedom, with no arm bands. As yet it is only a rumor and we are taking it as such, so that if it does not come to pass we will not be greatly disappointed. When speaking of corruption I forgot to mention the tomato crop seems to be pestered with worms this year. Mrs. Mungeam, who has had years of experience growing tomatoes in Shansi, says she has never seen the like. Others here in Tsingtao are having the same trouble, so we are not alone in our misfortune. Nate found two small willow trees bored through with tree worms, last evening, too, so it seems that even nature is manifesting the curse that was placed upon it. Once more we are making an attempt to get this to you and so will sign off again.

July 28th

I must add a line this morning to say that again I am making an attempt to get a copy of this off to Helen, and another copy to Dad, via the British evacuation party due to sail from Shanghai the middle of August. I do trust one copy at least, will reach Bellingham eventually, as I have asked Helen to mail hers on too, after reading it.

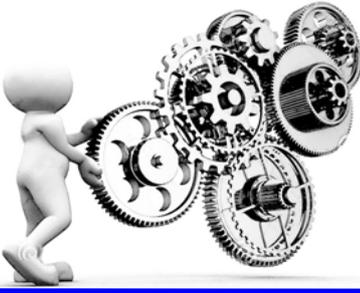
I don't believe I have mentioned before that we have received two more of Dad's Home letters, via Helen. They are the ones of April 15th and May 4th; the next two in order after the last one we received, of March 29th and 31st. So altogether we have received five. How we do rejoice in all the

good news they contain – most of all that you all are well, and being used so fully of the Lord. We are praying for Paul, and wonder just what the trouble is. The Lord is able. The British evacuation party from Chefoo is expected here in a few days, consisting (as far as CIM is concerned) of Mr. and Mrs. Gillies, and the Bailey and Dunachie children. These children with their parents expect to sail from Shanghai on the British evacuation ship, scheduled now to leave on August 16th (Edna's birthday!). We are hoping Mr. Bailey will be able to take one copy along, addressed to Dad, and mail it either from South Africa or from England.

August 1st

Bobby had a grand celebration of her birthday on the 30th, beginning as usual, with presents, coffee and orange juice in Lois and Nate's room. I think the present that thrilled her most was a nurse's apron, cap and armband that Lois had made for her. She and Lorna have had the craze to play nurse for weeks. Lois made the outfit from an old tablecloth that she says was Miriam's. Lorna, of course, is rather envious, and says she wants all the same presents on her birthday. Yesterday Didi was (fortunately from their point of view), under the weather and had to stay quiet on the couch all afternoon. They were most assiduous in their attention to him (though we haven't seen the improvement today that such personal attention should warrant!). It is just a touch of the usual tummy upset that so easily comes in this warm and changeable weather.

At breakfast Bobby found some more presents, and later in the day one or two more arrived from different friends. She received a number of toys as a set of little blue glass cups or rather glasses, for her dolls, with a tea pitcher to go with them; a tin set of doll dishes, new sweater for her Chefoo outfit, a book of Old Testament Bible stories, etc., etc. Lois gave her a choice of how to celebrate the day – with a picnic at the beach or a party at



... timeline ... August 1942

© <http://www.historyplace.com/unitedstates/pacificwar/timeline.htm>

August 7, 1942 - The first U.S. amphibious landing of the Pacific War occurs as 1st Marine Division invades Tulagi and Guadalcanal in the Solomon Islands.

August 8, 1942 - U.S. Marines take the unfinished airfield on Guadalcanal and name it Henderson Field after Maj. Lofton Henderson, a hero of Midway.

August 8/9 - A major U.S. naval disaster off Savo Island, north of Guadalcanal, as eight Japanese warships wage a night attack and sink three U.S. heavy cruisers, an Australian cruiser, and one U.S. destroyer, all in less than an hour. Another U.S. cruiser and two destroyers are damaged. Over 1,500 Allied crewmen are lost.

August 17, 1942 - 122 U.S. Marine raiders, transported by submarine, attack Makin Atoll in the Gilbert Islands.

August 21, 1942 - U.S. Marines repulse first major Japanese ground attack on Guadalcanal.

August 24, 1942 - U.S. And Japanese carriers meet in the Battle of the Eastern Solomons resulting in a Japanese defeat.

August 29, 1942 - The Red Cross announces Japan refuses to allow safe passage of ships containing supplies for U.S. POWs.

August 30, 1942 - U.S. Troops invade Adak Island in the Aleutian Islands.



home. She chose the party, fortunately, as it was a rainy day, and at six o'clock we all sat down to a fried chicken supper. The six children had a table to themselves, gaily decorated with Japanese lanterns hanging from the center lamp shade. We grown-ups, also six, sat three each at two little tables near by. For dessert we had luscious, creamy fresh peach ice cream and three-layer birthday cake (white, pink and chocolate layers). After supper we played games for awhile before the youngsters went off to bed. We played pinning on the donkey's tail, musical chairs, and one or two others. It was such a grand celebration that everyone felt a bit of a reaction the next day.

August 3rd

A notice came through yesterday from the Finance Department, telling of gifts for our support, the two sums of \$40. each for Marian from the Portland Bible Classes and \$12.50 from the Christ's for mine. We are writing Red Cross letters of 25 words each to each of these, in acknowledgment, as Lois and Nate are writing their Red Cross letter this month to The Firs. We hope you there, when you receive it, are as excited about the news it contains as we have been these last weeks.

August 8th

This will be the last news note before three copies of this letter start on their way to Dad, one via Helen in Chengtu. We have prayed for a long time for a way to get it off to you and hope this will prove the answer. Before signing off, there are several items of news to give you. First a couple of days ago, Dr. Eitel brought me a note from Mr. Mathews, enclosed in one of his, telling me that my exam was corrected and I got 90%. I was more than satisfied with that mark, and greatly relieved that it reached Mr. Mathews safely and the whole business is now over.

Then, at the same time, a note came to Nate

from the Financial Department in Shanghai, giving us a list of transmission donations that have come through for us. Dad, I am listing them here and wish you would drop a line to each person from whom they came, expressing our grateful thanks and saying we have received their gift. No telling when we can correspond direct. From: Antoinette Clark, US \$10.00; Mrs. Anne O'Neill (Marian's mother) \$5.00; Mrs. O. M. Gause (Marian's sister) for wedding, \$5.00; Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Walsh, for wedding, \$4.50; Mr. J. Lloyd, \$10.00; Mrs. Fanny Hopwood, \$2.00. You will know how to contact all of these except possibly Mr. Lloyd. Marian is not quite sure, but thinks he attends the Portland Bible Classes and can be contacted through Jack Mitchell. There were also three work donations each, for Lois and Nate and ourselves, from the Silver Beach Sunday School, and since we are so cut off, it may be that we cannot use the money ourselves at present, but are asking the Mission to put it into use in evangelistic work. Please thank the S.S. and assure them their gifts will be used to make the Lord known, even in the midst of war in China.

Dad, it may be you will receive all three copies of this letter eventually, as I am asking Helen to send her copy on to you, too, to make sure one at least, goes through. If you do receive more than one copy, send one on to Marian's sister and if only one comes through, send it on when you have digested it there on the coast.

With hearts full of love to you all,

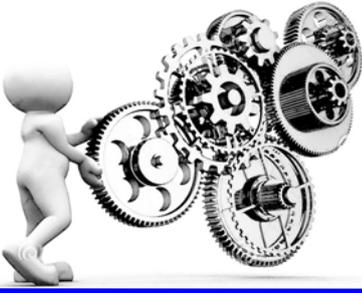
Elden, Marian and the kids—Lois, Nate and theirs, too

Otis G. Whipple, The Firs Prayer Letter to Friends of Elden and Marian and Nathan and Lois

January 1943

Dear Friends:

For a New Year's gift, our family here had our first direct word, since the circular sent out from Tsingtao November 15, 1941, from our loved ones



... timeline ... September 1942

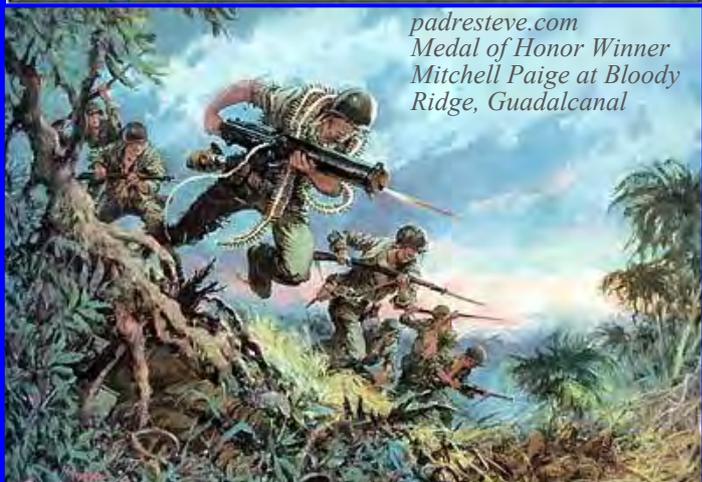
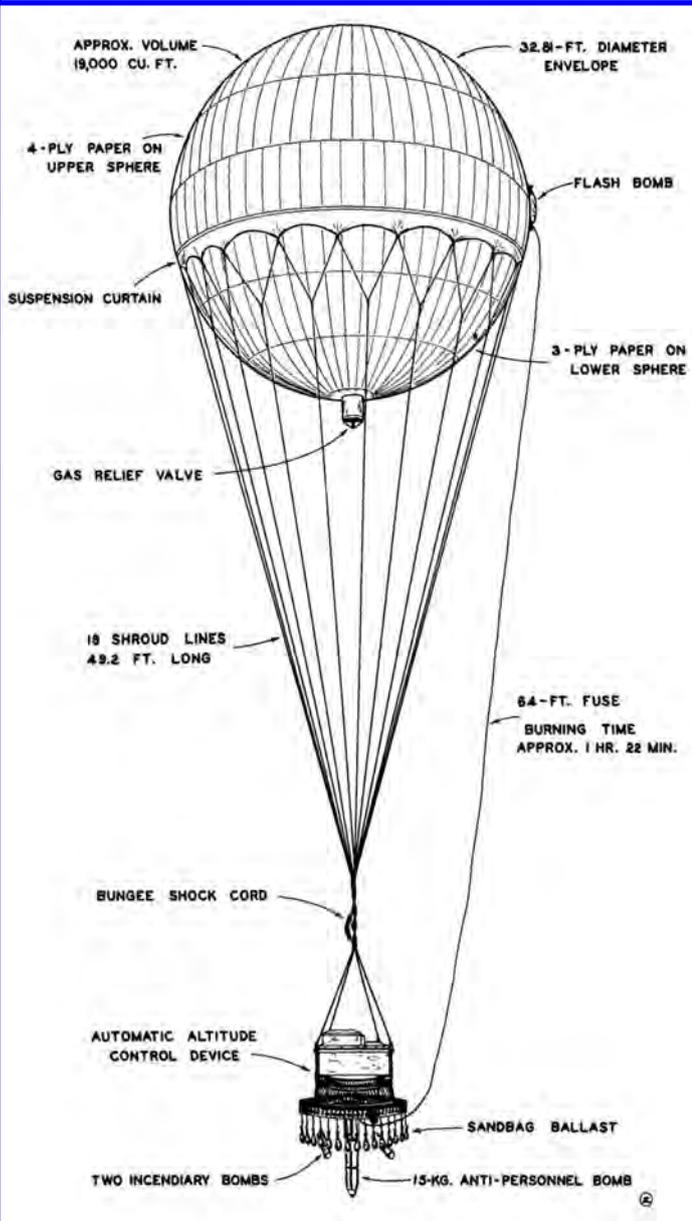
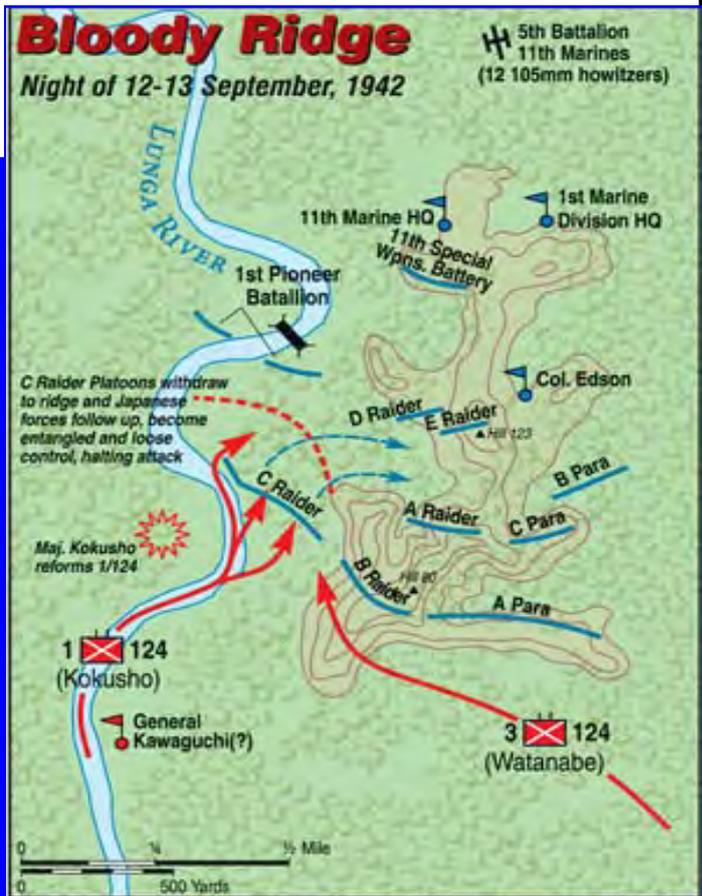
© <http://www.historyplace.com/unitedstates/pacificwar/timeline.htm>

September 9/10 - A Japanese floatplane flies two missions dropping incendiary bombs on U.S. forests in the state of Oregon - the only bombing of the continental U.S. during the war. Newspapers in the U.S. voluntarily withhold this information.

September 12-14 - Battle of Bloody Ridge on Guadalcanal.

September 15, 1942 - A Japanese submarine torpedo attack near the Solomon Islands results in the sinking of the Carrier WASP, Destroyer O'BRIEN and damage to the Battleship NORTH CAROLINA.

September 27, 1942 - British offensive in Burma.



*padresteve.com
Medal of Honor Winner
Mitchell Paige at Bloody
Ridge, Guadalcanal*

in Japanese occupied China. This word is a lengthy one, a journal covering thirty-two closely typed letterhead sized pages, telling of their experiences from December 8, 1941 to August 8, 1942. How it got out from them we do not know, but it was sent on to us from Free China. That we even received it seems the more remarkable as it finally reached us without an envelope. Some way the postal authorities were led to send it to Bellingham for identification. Some days later the face of the envelope, in which it had been enclosed, reached us, attached by a clip to another letter. We praise the Lord for His goodness in bringing it through.

The journal is much too long to copy and send to each one on the mailing list which Elden sent to me some time before the war began. I do not have a copy of Nathan and Lois' or of Marian's mailing lists, but am sending to all I can, this brief summary of some of the different items in the journal. These will enable you to know in general how they were and to praise the Lord for answered prayer.

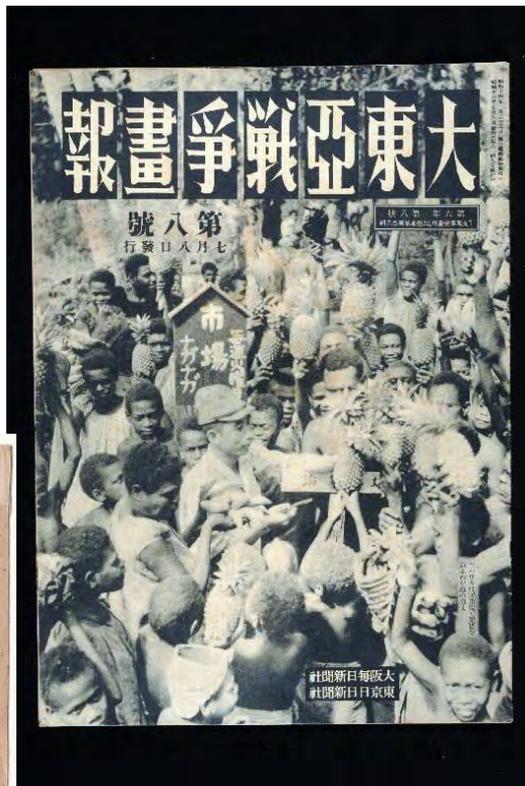
We already had heard indirectly through the Mis-

sion and some others that up to June last, all were well provided for and that the children were all at home. The three older children had been in school at Chefoo, but reached home for the winter vacation only a few days before war was started. We knew they had been interned in their own home; their car, radio and means of communication removed. Also that they had a few hours liberty each day. The journal confirmed all these, and also told that at least one Japanese Christian friend and a number of German Missionary friends and associates were permitted to visit them and with whom they had prayer and fellowship.

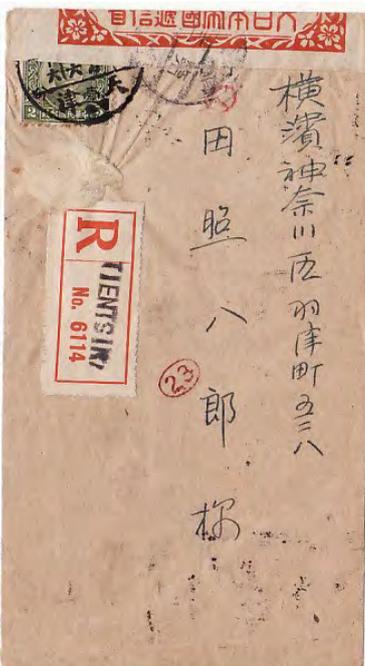
At Christmas their gifts seemed ample to make the six children happy, as well as their parents. The Christmas boxes from home had not reached them, but Barbara and Lorna each had dolls given them which their mothers had played with years before. Julia also inherited a doll that had been

Lorna Lee's but with a complete new pink wool outfit knitted by Mrs. Mungeam, and all three girls had wicker doll cradles. The boys had sweaters, ties and new red Eversharp pencils from Uncle Ralph Lewis. The older ones received coats, gloves, ties and other articles of clothing. Elden wrote, "It has been such a lovely Christmas! I just wish you dear ones at home could look in on us, and you would be full of praise to the Lord, as we are, at the way He has answered prayer for us."

For the first three months no word from Shanghai or the outside world reached them except rumors and what came through the **Japanese controlled Chinese newspapers**. Then they heard from Shanghai and Free China. A letter or so in Chinese envelope and address came. A word from home and before summer was over they had heard fragmentary



An issue of Great East Asia War Graphic published by Nichinichi Shimbun, Tokyo, and Mainichi Shimbun, Osaka, in 1942, featuring on the cover Japanese troops being enthusiastically welcomed by locals in Southeast Asia. This exhibit is on display at the Hong Kong Museum of Coastal Defence's "Paper Weapons: Wartime Japanese Propaganda Publications" exhibition.



news written as late as in May.

And now, before being able to finish and send off the above, the word has come through the China Inland Mission office in Philadelphia, of another change in the situation.

They have received word from Shanghai, under date of November 5, 1942, giving some details of the internment of the Chefoo schools (probably around the last of October or early in November) and the following regarding Tsingtao: "The American and British friends at Tsingtao were interned about the same time as those at Chefoo, I believe at a hotel called The Iltis Hydro, not very far from their house. They had a few hours' notice only, and I do not know how much they were able to take with them. Dr. and Mrs. Eitel were permitted to see them in their new quarters. They had a room for each family and seemed happy. I hope the Whipples' room is a fairly large one. Their own cook was making food either at the CIM or at Dr. Eitel's house and taking it to them day by day."

It has seemed a special token of the Lord's goodness in letting us have this journal telling of His un failing provision during the eight months when we had no direct word, that now, with another time of testing, all may be assured, whether we hear or do not hear, He abides faithful. So we commit each to Him, also assured of your prayers as He leads you.

Sincerely, OTIS G. WHIPPLE

October 27, 1942

At half past eleven Marian and I were at lunch, planning to leave at 12:00 for town to shop for Tommy's birthday, when a Japanese officer in civilian clothes called, bringing us a printed order from the Imperial Japanese Army. To our consternation it proved to be an order to all "enemy nationals" to be ready by noon to be removed to a near-by hotel for concentration. We were to be allowed to take with us clothing, personal effects, bedding,

money and food enough to sustain ourselves for three days.

Aghast, we remonstrated that it already was quarter to twelve, that Nathan was in town and that with our six children it would be impossible to move so hurriedly. Mr. Sato, the Japanese officer, told us the trucks of the army would not arrive at our house until 3:00 p.m., then departed.

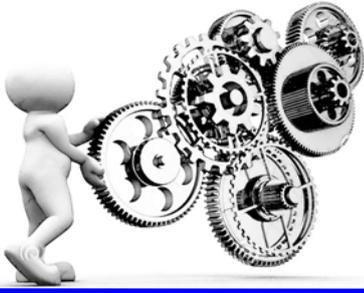
Thus ensued a mad rush of packing. The Eitels, Miss Fischer and Miss Grohmann soon appeared and did much to help us, incidentally taking with them some things we didn't want to leave behind, or take with us. By 3:30 p.m. we had clothing, bedding and some food supplies ready and tried to pack away in trunks other things we could not take – wondering if we ever should see them or our Mission Home again.

About 4:00 we had a cup of coffee and as we were drinking it, the army truck arrived, and a number of army officers invaded the house. They made no objection to the large number of trunks and boxes we had ready (a favor we later learned was not granted to some people). The truck was piled high before everything was on. They informed us our servants must get out too, and before we left, every room in the house was locked and the Imperial Japanese Army pocketed the keys.

Our family of six trudged off down the road ahead of the truck, headed for the Iltis Hydro Hotel, our Concentration Camp. Before we got there the truck overtook us and stopped, the soldier driving it asking if the kids wanted a ride! Three of them piled in beside him and off they went!

Arriving at the Camp we saw a lot of other foreigners sitting on or near their trunks, which lay sprawled on the ground around the entrance. We gave our names to the guard at the gate and were told our room number, an English-speaking Japanese showing us to it. Our room proved to be in the "West Annex", on the ground floor, about 14





... timeline ... October 1942

© <http://www.historyplace.com/unitedstates/pacificwar/timeline.htm>

October 11/12 - U.S. cruisers and destroyers defeat a Japanese task force in the Battle of Cape Esperance off Guadalcanal.

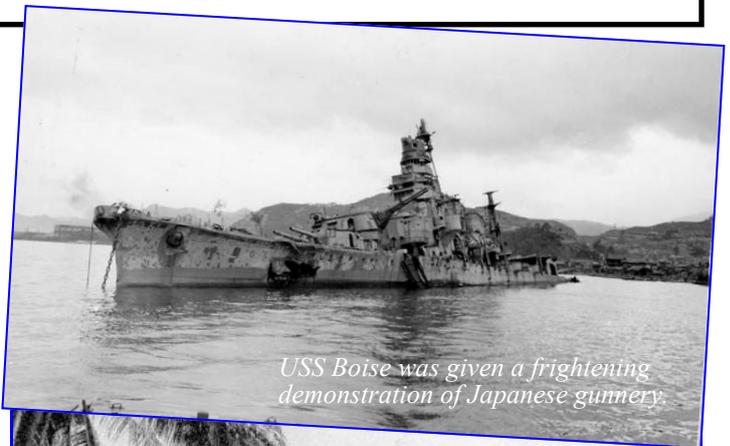
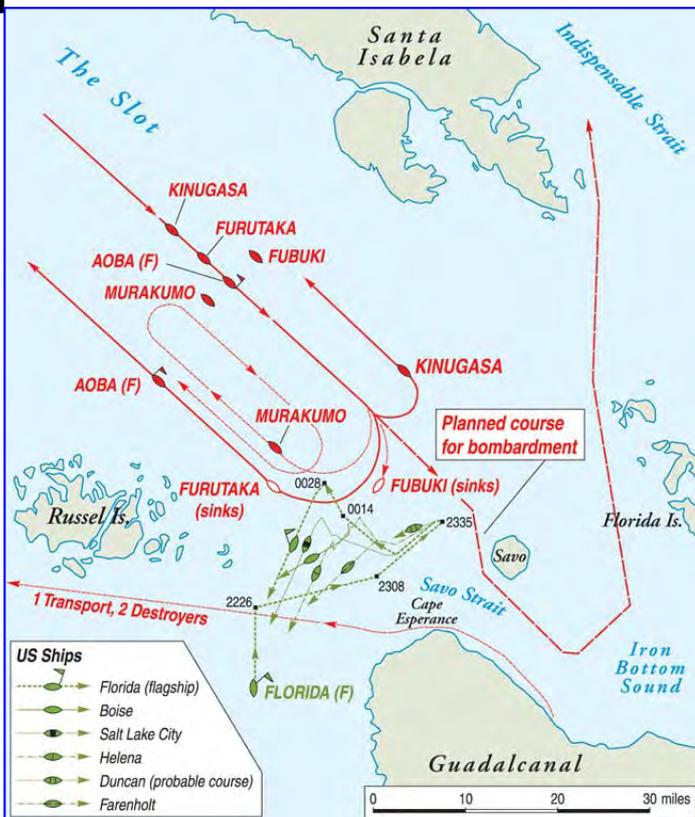
October 13, 1942 - The first U.S. Army troops, the 164th Infantry Regiment, land on Guadalcanal.

October 14/15 - Japanese bombard Henderson Field at night from warships then send troops ashore onto Guadalcanal in the morning as U.S. planes attack.

October 15/17 - Japanese bombard Henderson Field at night again from warships.

October 18, 1942 - Vice Admiral William F. Halsey named as the new commander of the South Pacific Area, in charge of the Solomons-New Guinea campaign.

October 26, 1942 - Battle of Santa Cruz off Guadalcanal between U.S. And Japanese warships results in the loss of the Carrier HORNET.



Battle of Cape Esperance: A Sorely Needed Naval Victory
 © warfarehistorynetwork.com
 U.S. cruisers and destroyers defeated a Japanese naval contingent off Cape Esperance during the Guadalcanal campaign





*Japanese Relocation
Even those Japanese who were Canadian citizens were relocated in 1942 (courtesy Library and Archives Canada.*

ft. x 18 ft, with one window facing west, but boarded up, two facing east and three french doors opening on a little open-roofed south porch the length of the room, but only four feet wide, without entrance from the outside. On our floor are three rooms, next to us being a Portuguese-family of four who, because they were Hong Kong-born, are British subjects. The third room is occupied by a Chinese doctor and his family, all born in Canada. All of these neighbors are very friendly, and everyone seems to do all they can for everybody else. Upstairs are the Reinbrechts, four in one room, the room over us has five or six Catholic sisters and a British family of three in the third.

Fortunately, the weather is mild and no heat is needed at once. No plans have been made by the authorities for feeding us, so we are eating what we brought and what friends send in to us. Lois and Nathan are situated in the building farthest from us, on the 2nd floor and Mrs. Mungeam in the center building in what was the hotel dancing pavilion, and now is a dormitory housing thirty ladies and girls. Americans, British, Dutch, Philipinos, Greeks, Norwegians, Armenians and Persians comprise our community.

November 25th

Four weeks today we have been in concentration and it is beginning to seem like home! Before recording more in detail what has transpired during these weeks, and something of the routine of our

life, I must tell what happened so suddenly last Sunday. Saturday night Elden, Jr. complained of a pain in his tummy as he was having a bath and getting ready for bed. Sunday morning it was the same, though he got up and went to Sunday School. At 10:30 a.m. we gave him some castor oil and at noon Dr. Ch'en came to see him. After examining him, he said we must watch as it might be appendicitis!! At 3 o'clock Dr. Eitel called and when he saw Sonny he said almost surely it was appendicitis, and we must ask for permission to take him to the hospital immediately. By the Lord's overruling, the Japanese to whom we must present such an application was at that moment in camp, and within two hours permission was granted for Dr. Eitel to take him to hospital and for me to accompany him and see him settled there before returning to camp. About 5:00 Dr. Eitel came for us and we went off to town in his car, escorted by two Japanese soldiers as guards. When we reached the hospital, the Japanese guard gave permission for me to remain for the operation if Dr. Eitel would bring me home afterwards. The operation took an hour – from 8:20 to 9:20 p.m. and the appendix proved to be on the point of perforation and was deeply imbedded in adhesions. The Dr. said there would have been pus before another day and that he must have had a number of previous attacks. Sonny came through it beautifully. Dr. Eitel and I left before he awoke and went to the Dr.'s house for a bite of supper. He, Mrs. Eitel and I had such a lovely time of fellowship in prayer together, for Sonny and for us all. After supper they drove me back to the Camp along the beach in the bright moonlight. Truly there is no other such beautiful spot in China as Tsingtao!!

November 29th

A week ago today Sonny went to the hospital and he is getting well so quickly. The stitches come out today and he is to be allowed up for the first time. I have been given permission to go see

him every second day; so the week has been a full one.

This past week, too, we have been given coal stoves by the authorities and those are all up and ready to be used. But so far no coal has come! We've cut up some of the spare posts and boards around the camp and managed to have a bit of heat mornings and evenings. Then just today we have had an electric plate fixed up so we can use it to heat milk and water.

During our first week here we had to arrange for our own food. Our cook fixed things for us in the kitchen of Eitel's summer cottage just 2 blocks away and brought our food in three times a day. After a week, a dining room was opened in the Camp, with Chinese cook and servants and we all paid \$115.00 a month (children 12 and under, 1/2 price) to him for board. After two weeks our money ran out and because we are being treated as prisoners of war, our governments refuse to give us further relief, claiming the Japanese must provide for us. So after much discussion and dicker-ing and delay, the Japanese have agreed to give each adult in the camp \$120. a month (local cur-rency), children 11 to 15, \$80. and under 11, \$60. So, our board was reduced to \$90.00 and we eat now as follows: Breakfast at 8:25 am: fresh fruit (an apple, pear or orange), hot cereal, one egg, toast and tea. Dinner at 12:30 pm: meat or fish, potatoes and two other vegetables, bread and butter (no dessert). Supper at 6:30 pm: soup and dessert, with bread, butter and tea.

The meals are as good as can be expected for the price, especially as food prices are soaring worse all the time. We find we have to supplement some on the side to get enough to eat, so Lois and Nate and we have tea together every day at 3:30 and have bread and cheese or sausage, cake, cookies, etc. Sometimes in mid-morning we have a cup of coffee, too. We still have 5 or 6 tins of American coffee left and I was able to buy a pound of locally roasted and ground coffee the other day for \$7.00.

It is getting very scarce.

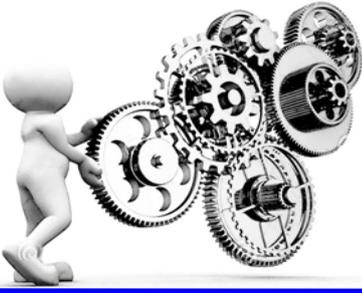
Our main recreation is baseball (softball). Some of the American men are good players and the English fellows are learning fast.

December 2nd

Two days ago I spent most of the day at the hos-pital with Elden. He had his stitches taken out the day before, and is getting along finely. We expect him back to the Camp tomorrow or the next day. That same day Lois and Nate felt it would be wise for her to get into the hospital; so I asked Dr. Eitel to call and get her, which he did about six in the evening. We haven't heard from her since she left, so reckon nothing has happened yet! (Note: Lois and Nate were expecting a baby about De-cember 7th). Nate and I may go in town together tomorrow to see our invalids!

Rumors abound these days, mostly of Allied suc-cesses and prophecies are rife that we won't be here long. But the "authorities" have provided us with a coal stove for each room and seemingly we are settled in for the winter. A good many of our fellow "inmates" are far more contented here than they were shut up alone in their own homes. We certainly are a strangely heterogeneous mix-ture of people but on the whole there is a fine community spirit prevailing and very little pessi-mism or grumbling. Last night we had a concert with vocal, piano and violin solos – the second we have had, and we plan to have them regularly.

Every morning and evening at 8:00 o'clock we have roll-call, where everyone has to stand in the hall outside their door and be checked by the Japa-nese guards. On our concert nights they obligingly take roll at 7:30 and we hold the concert from 7:45 to 9:00. Lights are supposed to be out at 9:30, but we also are expected to keep a total black-out be-fore that hour and ours is so good we don't bother to turn off lights right on time. In many ways the



... timeline ... December 1942

© <http://www.historyplace.com/unitedstates/pacificwar/timeline.htm>

December 2, 1942 - Enrico Fermi conducts the world's first nuclear chain reaction test at the University of Chicago.

December 20-24 - Japanese air raids on Calcutta, India.

December 31, 1942 - Emperor Hirohito of Japan gives permission to his troops to withdraw from Guadalcanal after five months of bloody fighting against U.S. Forces



Sketch of the audience gathered under the University of Chicago's Stagg Field to witness the first nuclear chain reaction in history.



EMPEROR WITHDRAWS TROOPS FROM GUADALCANAL!



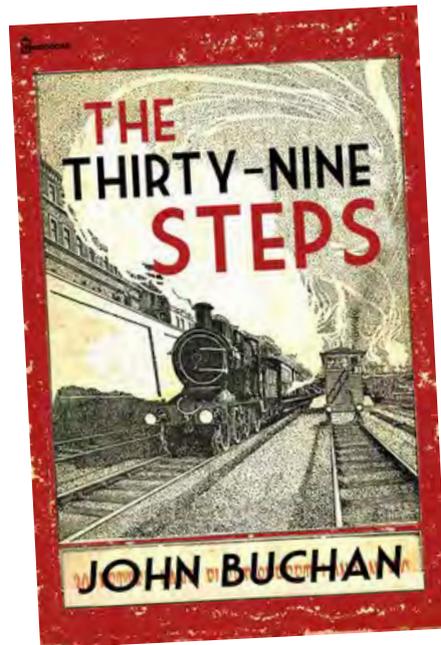
Today the Emperor Hirohito of Japan gave permission to his troops to withdraw from Guadalcanal after five months of bloody fighting against U.S. Forces. Hundreds of American casualties and thousands of Japanese. Marines and Sailors celebrate as they hear the announcement over the loud-speaker of the Japanese retreat

guarding of the Camp is very lax – almost a farce, at times, though occasionally the commander likes to show he is boss and makes some foolish demand. The commander is changed every Sunday and on the whole we've had fairly friendly men.

December 3rd

Yesterday afternoon Dr. Eitel came and brought word Lois was having pains! Nate and I got permission to go in to the hospital this morning and we wondered if we would find a new arrival. But, no! The pains were due to castor oil, quinine salts, etc. they had given her to hurry things along – without success! But Mrs. Rinnel, a Swedish Baptist friend, had a baby girl at 7:00 this morning.

Nate and I had lunch at the hospital, he with Lois and I with Sonny, then shortly before 2:00 p.m. called rickshaws and started home. Before lunch Nate and Lois had gone out on the street with the guard who escorted us, and took a walk to buy a few things. On our way home in the rickshaws we stopped at a Russian bakery and bought some cookies, macaroons, and candy to bring home for a treat. It is fun to get out once in awhile to do a bit of shopping – it makes us feel free for a little while, at least!! Sonny stood the trip home well and everyone here at the Camp seemed so glad to see him back. Quite a bunch of the kids came to the room to see him and a few minutes before supper time, Miss Sullivan of the Lutheran Mission, came in with a big glass of tomato juice for him. Lois seemed a bit forlorn to have us bring Sonny back today, leaving her there alone with no indication of anything happening immediately.



December 6th

Still no news of any excitement with Lois. We are hoping it may happen tonight or tomorrow. Have just come back to our room from church service – it is after 5:30 – Mr. Slager preached on “Faith” – a good Gospel message and encouraging for these times. The kiddies have gone for supper and Marian with them so I am alone. Have just started the fire and the room warms up quickly. Soon the youngsters will be back and be starting to get ready for bed. It is getting dark.

Sonny is gaining strength every day. We have kept him in bed every morning until about 10:00, but tomorrow he'll start school again. Has missed out just two weeks. We're so thankful everything went as well with him and so thankful to the Lord that Dr. Eitel is here just now.

Yesterday Nate was disappointed because our top guard refused him permission to go see Lois. So he hasn't seen her since Thursday. Our guard commander this week seems afraid to let us do anything out of regular routine for fear of getting into trouble himself, we think!

There is quite a library of books here – mostly fiction and amongst others, a good number of **John Buchans**. So Nate and I are enjoying those (when we have time!).

Last night from 6:30 to 7:45 we had a riotous program of Stunts. Some pretty clever acts were pulled off some recitation, solos, choruses, etc. Nate and Charlie Reinbrecht got up a Mutt and Jeff dialogue (Charlie is just about the shape and size of Grant) and it was a scream!

Everyone is wondering what December 8th will bring forth! Guess I'd better wait and tell you afterwards!!

December 7th

Mother's birthday! Nate got permission from the new commander to go to town to see Lois this morning, and was with her for an hour and a half. They were working hard on her again: castor oil, injections, etc., but we do not know if anything will happen today or not. It would be funny if the baby came tomorrow – December 8th!! There is one December 8th baby in the Camp already – born last year – a Philippino family named Roxas.



A new commissary scheme has been introduced by the Japanese today to begin on the 10th. Our present cook and kitchen help are to be fired and new ones brought in by the Japanese and all food supplies to be purchased from Japanese wholesalers. It should mean better meals for the same money, as of course the Japanese get foodstuffs much cheaper than they allow anyone else. Folks now are discrediting the rumor that women and children will be released tomorrow. A new rumor today is that everyone over 57 is to be let out!!

A series of tournaments are under way now: chess, checkers, bridge, "seven's up", Rook, etc. Sonny and I both entered for chess and today he played his first game and won it – with a middle-aged Greek, who plays quite a good game.

Judy had an adventure today. A Scotch couple here, the MacPhersons, have a tiny baby named Ian, who goes out by permission every day with his amah to be wheeled in his buggy. They suggested that Judy go with them and visit Mrs. Ford, who lives up the road near our house and is allowed to remain home to care for her invalid son. So this morning about 11:00, Judy marched out the gate with Ian and the amah and the guard said nothing, so off she went and we didn't see her again until 5:00, when back they came as nonchalantly as they went!! Judy had a grand time, with no after-dinner nap!!

December 8th

The first anniversary of the U.S.- Japan War and here we are in Concentration Camp, well, and happy as can be – all our needs met by our Heavenly Father, who never fails us. The day has passed quietly, the only excitement being a soft-ball game this afternoon, to which the Japanese guards challenged us. We beat them 37 to 10, which made us all feel good!!! They were good sports – nice boys, most of them, a long way from home and very human, like the rest of us.

Sonny celebrated the day by beating his first opponent in the Chess Tournament, two games out of three. It was a surprise to everyone, himself included. Dr. Eitel called while the ball game was on and looked at Sonny's wound and thinks he is getting along well. He is getting stronger, more active and better color each day. Dr. Eitel brought a note from Lois to Nate and nothing is doing yet. We'll just have to wait for little "Peter Whipple" or "Lois Virginia" to come in its own good time!!

In between dinner, the ball game and tea, I've been practicing this afternoon with various folk for another concert tomorrow night. Mrs. Howes is a good soprano and is singing a solo, the Philippino violinist is playing and Nate, Marian, Miss Sullivan of the Lutheran Mission and I, are working up some Negro spiritual quartets.



December 10th

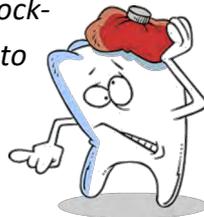
Today is the Big Day!!! Soon after breakfast word flew around the Camp that Mr. Bar had come to the gate with the news that Lois and Nate had a baby girl, born last night!!

As soon as he could, Nate left for the hospital to see, and he returned about 2:30, saying Lois Virginia, 8 lbs., arrived at five minutes after midnight this morning. Lois is fine. The baby has dark hair, but that's all Nate could say about her, as her eyes were tight shut! On the way home the guard al-

lowed Nate to do some shopping, so he bought some bologna and liverwurst and fancy french pastries and plans to invite some of the gang here to a celebration spread.

Our concert last night went off well. I had to play a piano solo to start it off. After roll call – about 8:15, Nate, Marian and I had scones (some Mrs. Eitel had sent in), bologna, strawberry jam and cocoa before turning in.

Just now Lorna came running in with a torn mitten and said she had to mend it. She got out her sewing basket and went to work on it. Yesterday she mended a hole in one of her tan stockings with white thread. So she's beginning to be helpful, and take things seriously (at times!).



December 12th

Dr. Eitel came last night and brought us a lot of things he said Lois had ordered: a pound of real butter (costing between \$7 and 8 now!), two slabs of cheese and two packages of assorted cookies. We doubt whether Lois ordered as much as he brought!

We had a grand celebration tea in our room yesterday afternoon – ten of us altogether – we had to move out 2 beds in order to make room. Had all the coffee we could drink, liverwurst sandwiches, fancy french pastries, and a huge cream-filled cake we ordered in the morning from “Bords” – a sweet shop nearby. We all ate all we could and we still have half the cake left for Sunday tea tomorrow.

Nate tried to go see Lois this morning and wanted to take Tommy and Bobby, but was refused permission to his great disappointment. He and Marian and I had a good time of prayer together at 10:30 about some of the difficult problems he has to meet as a member of the American Committee in charge of arrangements in the Camp.

Last night, when Dr. Eitel came, he told us baby Lois was a beautiful baby – perfect in every way. He examined Sonny and told him he could run around, but to wait two more weeks before playing baseball. He examined Judy too, who has had a bad cough at nights for some time and promised to send some cough medicine and cod liver oil for her.



December 13th

Tommy had a toothache last night and this morning his right jaw was quite swollen, so

Nate got permission to take him in town to the dentist. Also he was able to persuade the guard with him to let them go see Lois and the baby. They are doing well, tho' Lois has a bit of temperature in the afternoons.

While Nate was away Dr. Eitel called and saw Sonny and Judy, as well as some other patients. When he came to our room he said there was the possibility of another evacuation steamer and he very strongly urged us to go on it if we had the opportunity. When we told him we had no money to pay passages, he said, “Go if you possibly can for the sake of the children and trust the Lord to provide the money!” You can imagine how we are feeling about it – how we long to see all our dear ones and to get out of this enforced idleness that has continued so long, but we do want, as mother used to say so often, a clear “thus saith the Lord” about it! Dr. Eitel said they would be praying we could go – though I am not convinced that is the Lord's will, yet.

December 15th

Nate and Tommy went to town again this morning to the dentist for Tommy and to the hospital to see Lois and the baby. The baby is fine, but Lois still has a bit of temperature – they think nothing

serious. We are thinking and praying a good deal about evacuation and Nate feels we should sign application forms to go and go as far as Shanghai, at least. I guess we all are beginning to feel the same way.

This morning I played chess and managed to beat the lady I was playing with – so am still in the tournament. After dinner we played soft ball – which we do quite often now and in between times there is a lot of practicing for Christmas plays and music. Life is certainly full, and far from dull.

December 17th

Marian and I have been married a year and a half today! How little we knew then what the year and a half would hold! But the Lord has led all along the way and has been so good – we would not have it different and are content to trust Him for all the future days.

There has been real excitement here today!! All the Philipinos have been released – eight of them! Wild rumors abound as to the reason. One we have heard is that F.D.R has made a recent speech, declaring in no uncertain tone that if every American citizen is not released from concentration camp every Japanese man, woman and child in the U.S. A. will be interned! And perhaps letting the Philipino Americans out first is a gesture! Who knows? No one can prophesy what these people may do next!!

It is a dull, rainy day today— not too cold, but a fire in the room feels comfortable. We are grateful for an adequate coal and wood supply, as we hear our friends in Chefoo are suffering from lack of it and we hear also the Mission in Shanghai has no coal either. We are fortunate too, in having some cash to supplement our food from outside, so that we are getting really all we need. We get a quart and a half of milk extra and buy fruit, sausage, etc., besides things the Eitels and Bars send us from time to time.

December 18th

Was eliminated in Chess this noon by the Camp champion. But I was pleased to get as far as the finals. This morning Nate took Sonny and Tommy to the dentist. Sonny's brace had come off his teeth and had to be re-adjusted.

Nate hopes to bring Lois home – or rather Dr. Eitel will – next Tuesday. She is gaining strength each day. Walked a little yesterday for the first time. Nate came back with some cold boiled ham from the German Butchery so we had a "high tea"! Very cold today, with a north wind blowing.

December 22nd

A great day!! Lois and the baby came home shortly after lunch. Lois looks fine and the baby is so sweet and tiny and good. Has slept practically all afternoon. I think she looks a lot like Nate. Lois says she is very much like Tommy was as a baby. Just after she or rather, they arrived, we had a ball game which lasted until 3:30 then we had tea together in Lois and Nate's room. The Eitels brought her out and were able to come into the room with us for awhile. They sent in all sorts of good things with Lois; fruit, peanuts and walnuts, honey, sausage, wieners, etc.

It does look like we are going to have a fine Christmas – better perhaps than many on the outside. The kiddies are busy practicing every spare minute on the Christmas plays – there are two – Dickens' Christmas Carol and The Manger Scene. Nate and I each have to sing solos and take part in chorus and quartet besides.

December 23rd

What full days these are! Guess it's a good thing. We have no time to mope about our situation! I've had to practice today with four or five different people or groups. The latest thing is playing in a two- violin duet of Christmas carols – un-

accompanied. It's lots of fun doing it – have to use a borrowed violin as mine is not here.

This afternoon the children had races and games with ribbons as prizes, which are to be exchanged tomorrow for Christmas presents. Our program is all to be tomorrow, then we can have our family celebration on Christmas Day.

The latest excitement is the way our food menu is being cut down. The Japanese caterer says that he cannot continue to feed us on the same scale for only \$90.00 per month apiece. So from now on we are to have no fruit and possibly no cereal either for breakfast, only egg, tea (or coffee) and dry toast without even margarine on it. Dinner, one dish, meat or fish, potato, one vegetable and dry bread and for Supper, only a soup and dry bread. We have appealed to the authorities for a larger allowance so as to be able to buy better food, but have no idea what will happen. The attitude of the Japanese generally, the last few days, lends weight to the rumors of wonderfully good war news from the outside.

December 25th – Christmas Day

Yesterday was so full there was no time to write anything!! The morning was taken up with practicing for those taking part in the plays, house cleaning (as every day) for us, an attempt at a rest after lunch (constantly interrupted) then at 4 o'clock, the Christmas Program began. The ladies' dormitory (which had been the dance pavilion of the hotel) was turned into auditorium and a temporary stage erected. The plays were very well done.

Elden Jr. was Bob Cratchit in Dickens' Christmas Carol and Lorna had the part of Miriam in a beautiful five-act play called, "No Room in The Inn", the story of a Jewish family in Bethlehem at the

time of Christ's birth. Lorna was the star and did magnificently. Dozens of folk have raved to us about her superb acting! She is gifted in that way



*"No Room in the Inn"– Christmas 1942
Tsingtao Internment Camp*

and makes us realize we must ask the Lord to keep her from the temptations that inevitably will come to her later.

December 26th

Christmas Day began at 5 a.m. when the children awoke. We made them stay in bed until 6:00 then I got up and started the fire and in a few minutes the room was warm and the children brought their stockings to the foot of our beds. They had lots of surprises in them – horns, dolls, notebooks, pencils, candy, peanuts, oranges, etc. They were excited and had a grand time playing and eating oranges. Judy is getting such a thrill out of everything this year. Mummy and Daddy had a surprise when Sonny pulled a big bag out from under his bed. It was filled with apples and oranges, a gift from Mrs. Mungeam to our family. Though we started so early, we had to hurry to get ready for roll-call at 8:00 and breakfast at 8:15. Right after breakfast we went to Lois and Nate's room for our Christmas Tree. Yes! we have a tree – the top of a pine tree someone sent in and gave to us. For a concentration camp, there were loads of gifts piled around it. The grown ups had agreed not to give to one another but there were heaps for the children and outside friends did remember us so lavishly! When all the gifts had been opened it was time to go downstairs for our Christ-

mas Service (but the message was disappointing, I'm sorry to say). For dinner, believe it or not, our Japanese caterer served us creamed chicken, rice and carrots and peas together. Someone had sent in an apple apiece which was our dessert!

But about tea time Dr. and Mrs. Eitel appeared with a big pot of fricasseed chicken, another of boiled potatoes, 2 chocolate pies and a huge chocolate cream cake and a big box of lovely baking powder biscuits!! So we immediately sent word to the dining room we would not be there for supper. Marian and I fed the six kids in our room, then put them to bed (our 4) and got over to Lois and Nate's room at 7:30 for our dinner. We began with home-made tomato juice we had brought to Camp with us, then the chicken and fixings, then the roll-call bell rang so Marian and I had to rush home to be counted then back for a second helping of chicken and chocolate pie and coffee. It was 9 o'clock before we were through and for once, we went to bed feeling really full and slept finely!!

Today – what the British call “Boxing Day” – a special party and tea was arranged by the Catholic Sisters who have charge of our Camp School for the children. It began at 2:30 with games in the dining room, and at 4:00 everyone turned out for a Camp photograph, taken by a Japanese photographer on the tennis court. It was bitterly cold waiting for him to get us arranged to his satisfaction and his camera adjusted. Yesterday and today there has been a stiff north-west wind and we have hugged our stoves!!

December 27th

Sunday – a beautiful, clear, bright winter day. The kiddies had Sunday School at 10:30. Uncle Nate told the story of Philip and the Ethiopian eunuch. It is now 5:30 p.m. Judy is here in the room with me, alone, eating her supper of rice, milk and sugar and canned peaches. The others are in the other building in the dining room for Children's

Supper. But we had this on hand here and it is better for Judy.

At our 4:15 evangelical service this afternoon, Mr. Burn preached. He is the local Church of England clergyman (also Sonny's Latin teacher). He gave a nice Christmas message, taking the groups of Herod and his court, the Wisemen, the Shepherds and the heedless masses, as typical of the way in which Christ is received (or not) today.

What do you think? This noon one of the American Catholic Sisters appeared at Lois' room with a tray, bearing a complete lunch and she calmly announced that she was going to feed Lois three meals a day for the next three weeks!! She wouldn't let Lois or Nate say a word. They feel Lois isn't getting the proper food to nurse the baby, so they are supplying it!



Really, the group of Sisters here are lovely women. They have done much for the kiddies and for the whole Camp. We are here all together and just trust the Lord that no impressions will be given the children that will be difficult later. These Sisters have the children in school, too, day by day and certainly the standard of pedagogy is higher than they got at home with us!!

December 30th

The big news today is that Judy had her hair bobbed!! It was getting down on her shoulders and needed water to make curls properly so we just decided to cut it off. It looks awfully cute – quite a few have said it looks much better. It waves a little and is exactly the color and texture of Evelyn's.

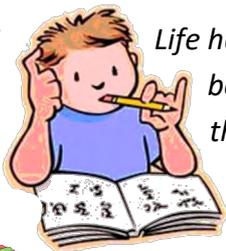
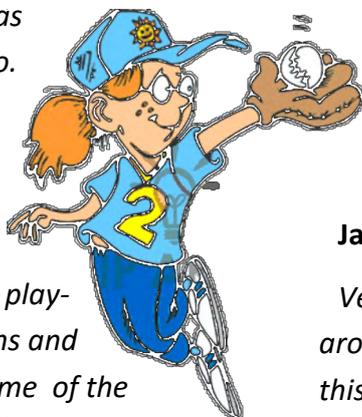
December 31st

Had a good time of prayer in the morning, just Marian and I. At 4 o'clock we five CIM'ers met in

Lois and Nate's room and had a time of prayer together. After roll-call in the evening, all the "evangelicals" met for a Communion Service. It was very ritualistically Lutheran (from our point of view). No Camp excitement about seeing the old year out. Only the rumor that Tokyo was heavily bombed in the last day or so and that the war news is splendid everywhere. Dr. Eitel came about supper time, bringing us lots of good things to eat for New Year's Day: raw carrot salad, fresh lettuce, potato salad, noodles, wieners, butter and rye bread.

January 1, 1943

New Year's Day in Concentration Camp!! Will this year see the war over and all of us free once more? From all the gay "Happy New Year's" we heard this morning it sounded as though most everyone thinks so. The Day was celebrated this afternoon by a ladies' baseball game at 2:15 p.m. It was a riot!! Marian played and was one of the very few really good players. She knocked two home runs and several other good hits. But some of the ladies or girls had never played before. The Camp turned out in force to see the fun and it lasted two hours. The poor ladies are pretty sore and stiff tonight. Afterwards we had tea with Lois and Nate and decided to have a supper party in their room (after our soup is served in the dining room) and eat some of the good things the Eitels sent. We have a mince pie saved from Christmas, too. Though Lois can't eat with us, as she has not felt too well for some days, besides having special food sent in, too.



This morning we decided to use some of the money that has been given to the children at Christmas and New Year's, to buy fresh butter for

us all – as we get none or margarine, either here. It costs \$7.00 a pound now.

January 2nd

Dr. Eitel called and was able to stop in our room long enough for a cup of tea with us – we four were just having it. We enjoyed having him, and I think he enjoyed it too.

January 3rd

Our first Sunday of the New Year was the occasion of a splendid service in the afternoon at 4:15, the message given by Mr. Slager on the necessity of the new birth. I was impressed by the connection between Revelation 21:7 and 1 John 5:4-5, where "overcomer" is very clearly defined. In the evening we had supper in Lois and Nate's room – Lois was in bed, not feeling well for a night and day.

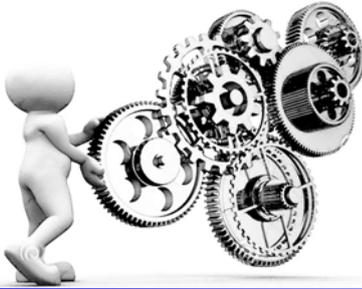
January 4th

Very cold weather now – our milk was frozen around the edge of the tin jar it was delivered in this morning. But it is clear and today a very strong north-west wind that freezes one and blows dust everywhere. Lois better today and we had tea in their room.

January 8th

Life has gone on so normally that there has been nothing to record. Kiddies busy with their school work, Marian and I spending most of every morning cleaning house then a time of Bible reading and prayer together. December 31st we finished our first complete reading through of the Bible aloud together (in a year).

Today we had a softball game and I for the first time, played pitcher. I enjoyed it and was able to



... timeline ... January 1943

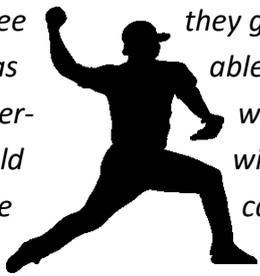
© <http://www.historyplace.com/unitedstates/pacificwar/timeline.htm>

January 2, 1943 - Allies take Buna in New Guinea.

January 22, 1943 - Allies defeat Japanese at Sanananda on New Guinea.



pitch better than I had hoped. Our side won 32-16, so you see they got plenty of hits off me! I was able to have a hot bath right after-wards (a real luxury these cold winter days) – then Lois and Nate came over for tea, bringing a letter that Miss Grohmann had received from Lydia Pflueger (really meant for Marian), which gave us some Shanghai



news, as well as a detail or two about things in the USA.. Lydia said her folks in New Jersey now were rationed to three gallons of gasoline and 1/2 pound of sugar per person per week! That was a surprise to us. Perhaps we are not so badly off here in a Concentration Camp! Things on our Shanghai Compound were quiet near the end of December when she wrote.

We heard today through Dr. Eitel that conditions with our folk in Chefoo are bad again. Mr. Egger is going up again from here right away.

We are getting a quart and a half of milk a day now from outside and a pound of real butter once in a while and are feeling better for it. I am glad to say, however, that I have lost any tendency I had toward a “bay window”!!

January 10th

What a windy Sunday! A dust storm almost as bad as at Shunteh or Kaifeng! Charles Reinbrecht preached this afternoon; service is just over and the kiddies at Children’s Supper. Nate sang a solo – “The Glory of His Presence”. I am to preach for the first time next Sunday, and believe I should use

Colossians 3:4 “Christ our Life”. The Lord is blessing me at any rate, as I prepare for it. When I think of all that has happened since February 1937 when I told Him I wanted Him to be my Life and all of Life, I begin to realize He takes one at one’s word. But I think I can say truly that the inward peace of heart has been continuous and complete since that time – in spite of all that has happened.

The **ABCD line** (ABCDライン *Ēbīshīdī rain?*) was a Japanese name for a series of embargoes against Japan by foreign nations, including America, Britain, China, and the Dutch. It was also known as the **ABCD encirclement** (ABCD包囲陣 *Ēbīshīdī hōijjin?*). In 1940, in an effort to discourage Japanese militarism, these Western powers and others stopped selling iron ore, steel and oil to Japan, denying it the raw materials needed to continue its activities in China and French Indochina. In Japan, the government and nationalists viewed these embargoes as acts of aggression; imported oil made up about 80% of domestic consumption, without which Japan's economy, let alone its military, would grind to a halt. The Japanese media, influenced by military propagandists, began to refer to the embargoes as the "ABCD ("American-British-Chinese-Dutch") encirclement" or "ABCD line".

Faced with the possibility of economic collapse and forced withdrawal from its recent conquests, the Japanese Imperial General Headquarters began planning for a war with the Western powers in April 1941.

© Wikipedia;

We heard today that the **Nanking Government yesterday declared war on the “ABCD” powers**, and it is reflected in Camp by greater strictness at the gate. Presumably all the Chinese outside are now our enemies and we should be guarded from any contact with them! Yet yesterday, discipline was so lax that Dr. Eitel walked right into Camp without seeing a guard about the gate at all!

January 11th

The coldest day of the winter thus far; it was 8° F. early this morning outside a north window. And the wind howled all night and all day today. Our

south wall is entirely French doors (three of them) and we surely feel the draft blowing in. Tea was a luscious meal today, as we received some more supplies from outside – butter, liver sausage and cheese. All frightfully expensive, but we are enjoying them as long as we have some money to buy a little.

This noon we each received a package containing 10 oz. of sugar and were told that was our ration to last us until the end of the month. We counted out one 10 oz. package and found it contained 36 rounding teaspoonful. So we can figure

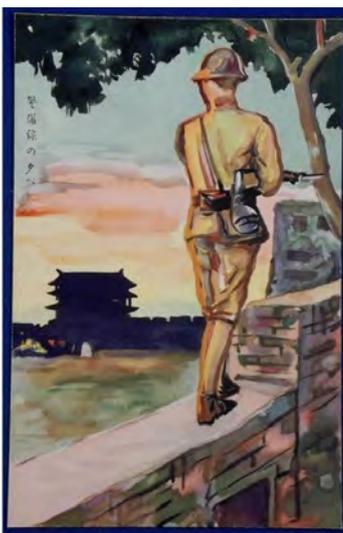
just how many spoonsfull we can use per meal!

January 13th

Had a good game of baseball in afternoon. Eitels sent us a lovely big pot of stewed rabbit, some dark rye bread and two more pounds of butter.



We celebrated by having supper in Lois and Nate's room at 7:30. The big news of the day happened towards evening when all the Japa-



nese regular army guards left and their places were taken by Japanese Consular Police – a much higher, better type of man. We hope this will mean better conditions in the Camp.



January 15th

Aunt Carrie's birthday! How we long to hear how all of the dear ones are at Home.

Things are getting very tight here in Camp; no one at all allowed in or out. Dr. Eitel was turned away as he came to see some patients. They say that the Japanese are arranging for an "official" Japanese doctor and dentist for the Camp. No one is elated at the prospect! Word has come that there is to be an evacuation from Shanghai in February for Americans. We are praying much whether we should sign up to go from here.

January 16th

Mr. Egger came this afternoon and with him, some Japanese Consular officials and a Japanese dentist. Nate took Tommy to him and says he was very good in his treatment. Egger says the evacuation list is complete in Shanghai, so there may be no chance of our getting away from here, even as far as Shanghai. But the Lord knows all our need and has promised to supply it.

The weather has been milder and beautifully clear the last few days. Had a double-header ball game today – kids first and men afterwards.

The Camp children have organized a club called the "Five C Club", meaning "Concentration Camp Children's Courtesy Club". It is doing wonders for the kids' manners! Today they had their first court, when "accusations" and "commendations" were read and passed on. Elden Jr. is President.

January 17th

Sonny's birthday. I got up at 6:30 to build the fire; made coffee for Marian and me and cocoa for the kids, then they all got in or on Sonny's bed and he opened his presents. There was a tie and fountain pen (one of Marian's) and wool gloves from Mummy and Daddy; a \$5.00 bill, gum and candy and pair of knitted gloves from Lois and Nate and their kiddies and notebooks from others. We ordered a cake from a Russian bakery near by and it came at noon. The Catholic Sisters had a gallon of ice cream made for us at their home – so at Children's Supper we had a real party.

I preached at 4:15 and the Lord gave liberty and, I trust, blessing. Nate led the service and I played the piano as usual. At the last minute, Mrs. Reinbrecht was sick and could not come to sing her soprano part in the special duet – so I "pinch-hitted" for her – sang her part!! In the evening

after roll-call, Lois and Nate and we two finished off the ice cream and cake with a cup of coffee – the first ice cream we grown-ups have tasted since coming into Camp.

January 18th

Mr. Jacob gave a party this afternoon to which about a dozen of us missionaries were invited. It is his wife's birthday and he wished to celebrate, even tho' she is in America with their four daughters. What a spread it was! Fruit salad made with loads of whipped cream, potato chips, pickles, peanuts, four kinds of open-faced sandwiches: ham, cheese, kippered fish and liverwurst, cookies, chocolate frosted angel food cake and all the coffee we could drink, with real, fresh cream !! Did we stuff!!!

January 23rd

Nothing special has happened – life goes on day by day – our needs are daily supplied and we are thankful to our heavenly Father and seek to take no anxious thought for the morrow. The children's shoes are getting in bad shape, but we expect a shoemaker to come soon.

The Japanese dentist came today, he comes once a week now and looked at Elden's brace work and will work on it next week when he comes, so we understand. It has turned bitterly cold this afternoon and looks like snow. We've been having very mild weather for a week.

The Eitels sent in a big apple cake today. It did taste good! We are getting fed up on bread and toast, which we have to consume in larger quantities to supplement the rest of the food. Our food supplies, as bottled tomatoes, fruit, marmalade, etc. that we brought from the house, will be used up in a few weeks now – so we wonder if the Lord has a move in store for us soon ???!

January 26th

Ground was white with snow when we awoke this morning. Temperature on north side of building was 12° F.! But the sun came out and most of the snow was gone by evening.

January 27th

I see I have recorded this morning's temperature as yesterday. It was sunny and clear this morning and colder than yesterday. Played ball at 2 p.m. The last evening or two Marian and I have been practicing duets for Sunday services, with Miss Clara Sullivan of the Lutheran Mission. She has a lovely voice and it's lots of fun – even tho' the piano is terrible! Once in awhile I practice a bit on a violin belonging to one of the American Catholic Sisters.

Nate sprained the instep of his right foot several days ago in baseball and has been laid up. Hobbled down to dinner and to our place for tea today for the first time in nearly a week. Last night Tommy took santonin – no, night before last and yesterday and today had notable results. He has been running a slight fever for a week. So Lois has had her hands full lately.

The pressing question at present is whether the Japanese are going to give us the allowance they have been promising for two months. Everyone is running out of money!

Sunday, January 31st

The wildest rumors have been abounding! Yesterday we heard guerrilla Chinese troops were all around Tsingtao and that the Japanese had given orders to all Japanese civilians to be ready to evacuate at a moment's notice (presumably to Manchuria). Today we heard all Axis nationals had been given the same order, but this afternoon Miss Fischer came to the gate to see us and when we asked her, she laughed and said she didn't know

anything about it! Nevertheless, all reports agree that the Axis is having a bad time everywhere and our local guards show it. Night before last we heard both machine guns and heavy guns and at 1:00 a.m. we were awakened by guards pounding on the door, who insisted on coming into the room and counting every head in bed, to be sure we all were here. They did this in every room, a nerve-racking experience for women and children who were alone without a man for protection.

Nate blew himself yesterday and bought a most delicious chocolate frosted cream cake for tea. A grand surprise to Lois! In the evening we feasted in their room on tomato spaghetti, wieners, dill pickles, toast, grapefruit (Chinese or rather, Japanese variety and delicious), cake and coffee. Our coffee supply is running low – only three more pounds left and when that is gone we'll have to go without I expect. But we enjoy it while it lasts. Beautiful weather today and for several days.

February 1st

Grant's birthday. Don't we wish we could hear how you are celebrating! So many questions to be answered some day. (Lorna celebrated the day here by getting bitten in the leg by a dog; two other kiddies were bitten, too. Everyone is agreed that the dog was O.K., just excited playing with a ball. We painted the mark with iodine and Lorna soon forgot her fright.)

Had fried egg sandwiches in Lois and Nate's room again, after 8 p.m. roll-call. Twice the new Japanese guard sent to my room today to ask if I would come over and play the piano for them.



February 5th

Had a concert in the evening – just over an hour – everyone seemed to enjoy it. Nate sang,

“Going Home” and “Go Down, Moses”. I played 2 violin solos; in all there were eleven numbers and several encores.

The No. 1 Gendarme in command this week has been very friendly. Came to my room yesterday morning for nearly an hour's chat. He likes music and encouraged us to have this concert – really requested it himself.

February 13th

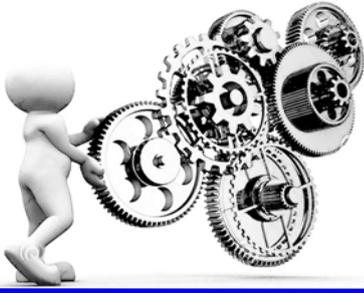
Yesterday Nate and I each received a letter from Mr. Weller through the Swiss Consulate, dated Shanghai January 22nd. They are still in possession of the CIM compound there, but did not know for how long. There is no hope at present of our being transferred there.

Yesterday also, Dad's Red Cross letter of last April was finally delivered to us! Ten months enroute!!

For weeks there has been a great controversy in Camp over pet dogs. The Committee ruled that all dogs must be sent out because of the danger of infection, bites, rabies, etc. and the dog-owners violently objected. It culminated today when the Japanese Commander ordered that they all be off the grounds today. It is amazing how much bitter feeling has been aroused over the matter.

A few days ago we received some additional money from the authorities – their allowance to us for December and January. So we have some cash now to buy shoes for the kiddies and milk and other extra food. Prices are soaring fantastically – eggs now 50¢ apiece; beef, very scarce and \$5.00 a pound; flour

\$1.80 a pound; oranges \$1.40 a pound, etc. In some ways we are spared worry in that the Japanese are feeding us.



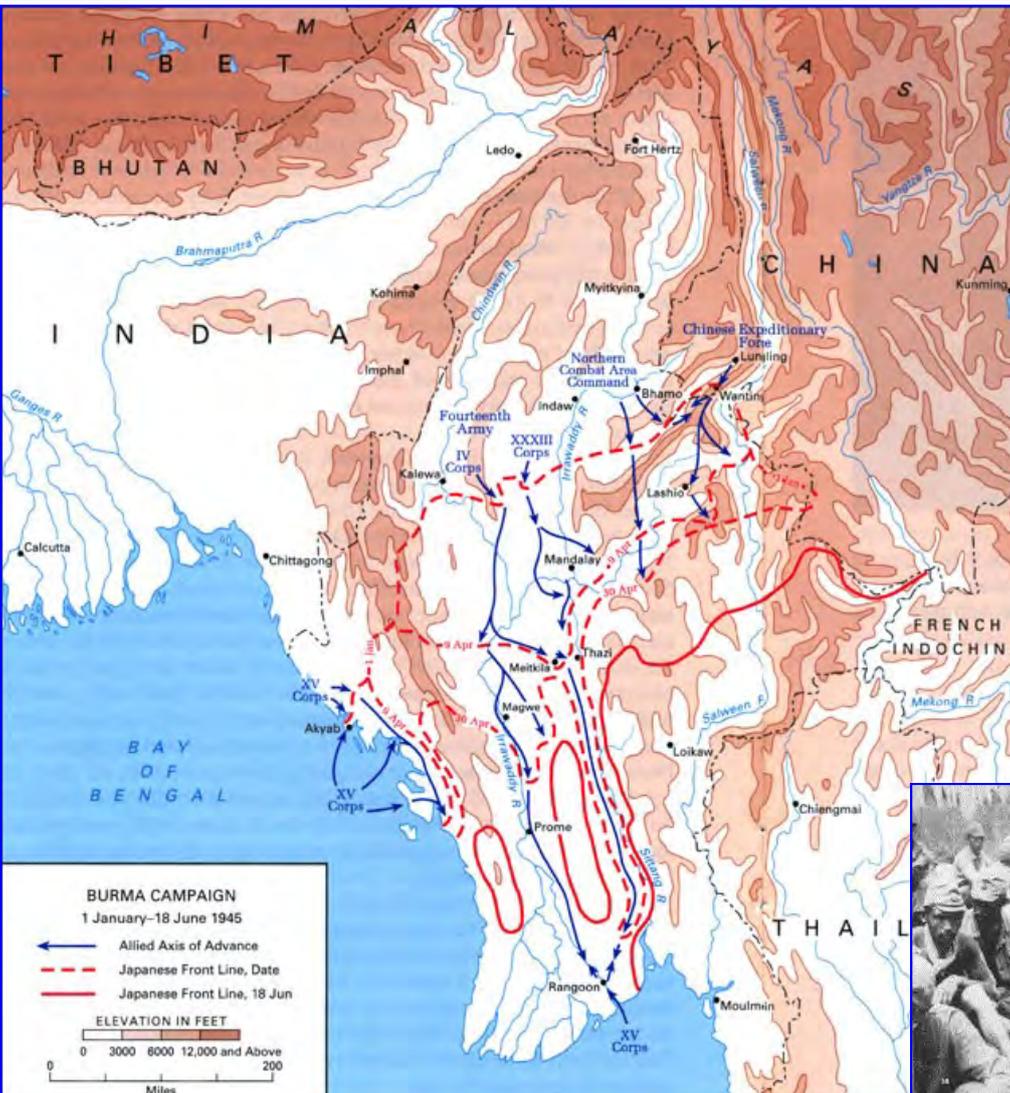
... timeline ... February 1943

© <http://www.historyplace.com/unitedstates/pacificwar/timeline.htm>

February 1, 1943 - Japanese begin evacuation of Guadalcanal.

February 8, 1943 - British-Indian forces begin guerrilla operations against Japanese in Burma.

February 9, 1943 - Japanese resistance on Guadalcanal ends.



HyperWar: The U.S. Army Campaigns of World War II: Central Burma
© www.ibiblio.org
Burma Campaign 1 January--18 June 1945

Japanese Prisoners
The Guadalcanal campaign had ended with the loss of nearly 30,000 Japanese. Japan lost the psychological advantage it had possessed from the beginning of the war.
© padresteve.com



February 17th

Received more details of latest Home news to Helen, then to Winnie Jessup and via German friends here. Thrilled to hear Grant and Bernice are expecting a little one this summer! Wish we could help out on the music end of Grant's program! Heard today from Mr. Bar that our first quarter's remittance has come to hand. Don't know how much it is, but there is plenty on hand for all our present needs and perhaps there will be a little surplus accumulating to help replace things that are lost.

Rumors at present are that this Camp is to be moved to Shanghai soon! No idea whether there is any truth to them. But today they came and inoculated us all for typhoid – which might be a preparation for traveling.

Got weighed today and weigh 170 lbs. – so have lost between 15 and 20 lbs. this past year. But I feel better for it.

February 26th

Rumors and more rumors!! One is that our present currency is going to flop and that now being used in Shanghai to take its place! Another is that the Nanking Government is going to take over this area, including the running of this Camp and if so, we may be released soon! The weather is moderating and days getting noticeably longer. Baseball continues popular – some sort of game going on every afternoon. Today the boys played some of the men and beat them, 50 - 26!!!

After lunch this noon I practiced over an hour on the violin with Mrs. Hillier accompanying for me lots of fun. For tea we had pancakes and coffee and invited Didi Sayles in. Tomorrow we have a cake coming from Bord's Chocolate Box. The Eitels came to the gate this afternoon and we told them about Lois birthday next week and asked them to get a present for us for her. This afternoon, we received our second typhoid inoculation from the

Japanese doctors. Yesterday we had to pay our Japanese dentist bills, though they are supposed to pay all expenses for us in the Camp. We are eating more extra meals in our rooms now, getting supplies through the Compradore downtown and are feeling better for it.

February 27th

Four months in Concentration today!! Celebrated by having our fresh cake from Bord's and earlier there was a baseball game between two mixed teams – three ladies or girls on each team and the rest men. Marian's side lost today.

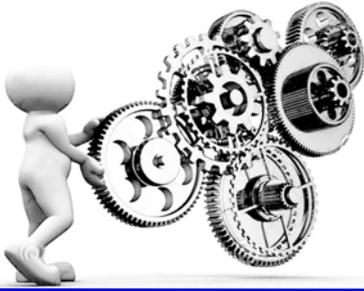
The tailor came today, bringing me a new pair of gray trousers, made from the gray wool material given to us in Philadelphia nearly five years ago! This is the first we have used of it. Materials are almost impossible to get here now, so we are thankful to have a little left on hand. I'm having a pair of gray flannels made too, of flannel I bought at Black Mfg. Co. three years ago.

Prices are getting more and more fantastic every day. Sugar is now \$3.50 a pound and hard to get; beef \$5.00, apples 40 cents apiece, etc.

March 1st

Beginning the 3rd month of 1943! Rumors still abounding. As Mr. Weller said, when one dies, another is born. And prices continue skyrocketing. Milk jumped overnight from 80¢ a quart to \$1.30!! Peanuts, shelled, from \$2.60 to \$3.60. Locally roasted coffee is now about \$13.50 a pound. Potatoes from 60 cents a pound to \$1.20 etc., etc. It is also said that our present currency is going to flop – or be exchanged for what they use in Shanghai, but still no authentic word about it.

This afternoon we had a party at Reinbrecht's, at which Lois and Nate, Miss Sullivan, Miss Caldwell,



... timeline ... March 1943

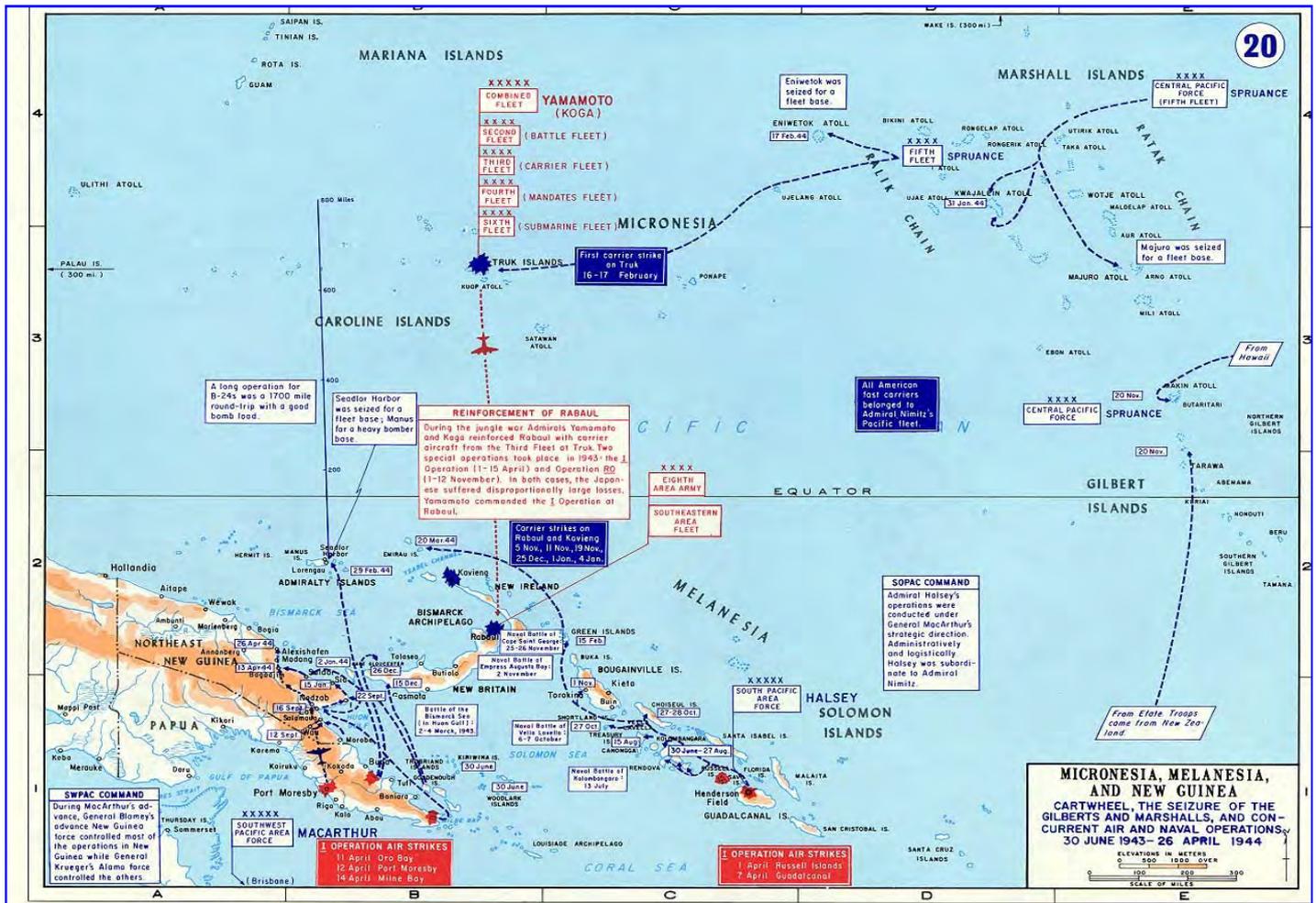
© <http://www.historyplace.com/unitedstates/pacificwar/timeline.htm>

March 2-4 - U.S. victory over Japanese in the Battle of Bismarck Sea.

The Battle of the Bismarck Sea (2–4 March 1943) took place in the South West Pacific Area (SWPA) during World War II when aircraft of the U.S. Fifth Air Force and the Royal Australian Air Force (RAAF) attacked a Japanese convoy carrying troops to Lae, New Guinea. Most of the task force was destroyed, and Japanese troop losses were heavy.

The Japanese convoy was a result of a Japanese Imperial General Headquarters decision in December 1942 to reinforce their position in the South West Pacific. A plan was devised to move some 6,900 troops from Rabaul directly to Lae. The plan was understood to be risky, because Allied air power in the area was strong, but it was decided to proceed because otherwise the troops would have to be landed a considerable distance away and march through inhospitable swamp, mountain and jungle terrain without roads before reaching their destination. On 28 February 1943, the convoy – comprising eight destroyers and eight troop transports with an escort of approximately 100 fighters – set out from Simpson Harbour in Rabaul.

The Allies had detected preparations for the convoy, and naval codebreakers in Melbourne (FRUMEL) and Washington, D.C., had decrypted and translated messages indicating the convoy's intended destination and date of arrival. The Allied Air Forces had developed new techniques they hoped would improve the chances of successful air attack on ships. They detected and shadowed the convoy, which came under sustained air attack on 2–3 March 1943. Follow-up attacks by PT boats and aircraft were made on 4 March. All eight transports and four of the escorting destroyers were sunk. Out of 6,900 troops who were badly needed in New Guinea, only about 1,200 made it to Lae. Another 2,700 were rescued by destroyers and submarines and returned to Rabaul. The Japanese made no further attempts to reinforce Lae by ship, greatly hindering their ultimately unsuccessful efforts to stop Allied offensives in New Guinea. © Wikipedia.



the Reinbrechts and ourselves were present. We feasted on fruit salad, liver sandwiches, graham crackers with peanut butter, delicious dark chocolate cake with chocolate frosting and coffee.

March 10th

*Big news at last!! A large group of Japanese and Swiss authorities came this afternoon and informed us that the entire Camp is to be moved on March 20th to **Weih sien**, to the big Presbyterian Hospital Compound there. All enemy nationals in North China (except those at Chefoo) are to be interned there. The Camp is seething with excitement, rumors and all sorts of things! Americans, Dutch and Greeks are not allowed to return to their homes to pack up (because, of course, our places have been looted!), but British and other nationals than the above three can return home, collect what they want and bring it here to pack for Weih sien.*

In the evening Lois and Nate and we two had a good dinner in their room – delicious pot roast, mashed potatoes, loads of rich brown gravy, carrots and for dessert, fruit salad and coffee.

March 11th

Everyone excited. Quite a number didn't sleep last night – tho' we did. Yesterday's Daily Light was "The Lord will provide" and we are standing on His promises and faithfulness.

Some British went to their homes today under escort and were able to bring some of their possessions. We submitted a list (as instructed) of things we wanted and need from our place and the Navy representative said he would "do his best" to get what we wanted from the house. Can't say we have much hope of getting much!

This afternoon we made pancakes and coffee for tea; had buttermilk on hand as the other day we

made butter from a quart of cream. Got 12 ounces of butter from 2 quarts of cream that cost \$12.00!!

March 13th

Bustle and more bustle – everyone packing and all sorts of stuff coming in through the gate for people to take with them. So far nothing has come from our house that we asked for. The head Consular guard here, Mr. Makida, seems quite concerned that the Navy has not brought us any of our things. Several times during the day he spoke of it to Nate or me. And this evening when after roll-call Lois and Nate and Marian and I were having fried egg and bacon sandwiches in their room, he knocked at the door and came in and sat quite awhile, and again referred to the fact that Mr. Sato had not yet come with our things. Suddenly he got up and went out and to our amazement, came back a few minutes later with a big bottle of Lager Beer which he offered to us!! It amazed him that we refused it. Nate told him in a mixture of Japanese and Chinese that we were Christians and did not drink beer. He said he would bring us some sukiyaki tomorrow night! We'll keep our fingers crossed until we see it !!

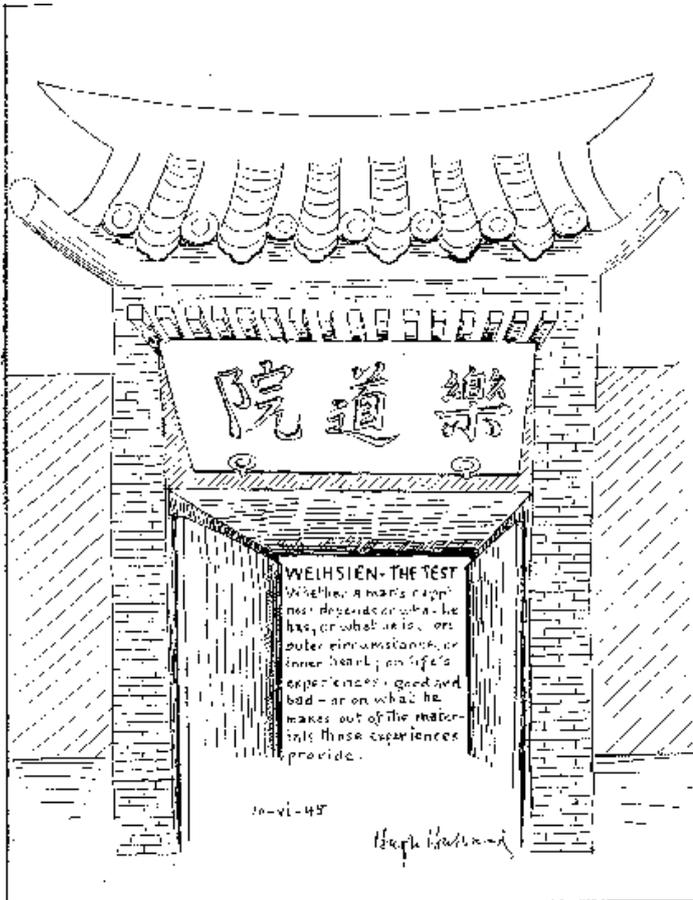
March 20th

Up at 3:30 a.m. to finish packing of bedding, mattresses and suitcases. Heavier luggage went several days ago. Breakfast at 7:00 and we left Iltis Hydro Camp between 8:30 and 9:00 in big passenger buses. Waited at the Railroad Station – out in the open away from all crowds – until nearly 11:00 before getting on the train. All our 140 Tsingtao internees in two third class coaches. The Japanese caterer had fixed bologna sandwiches for us and we had extras and had a good picnic lunch on the train and a good time. Arrived Weih sien station about 3:00 p.m. and were taken by buses again the two miles out to our new abode,

styled the "Civil Assembly Center".

What a mess we came into!!

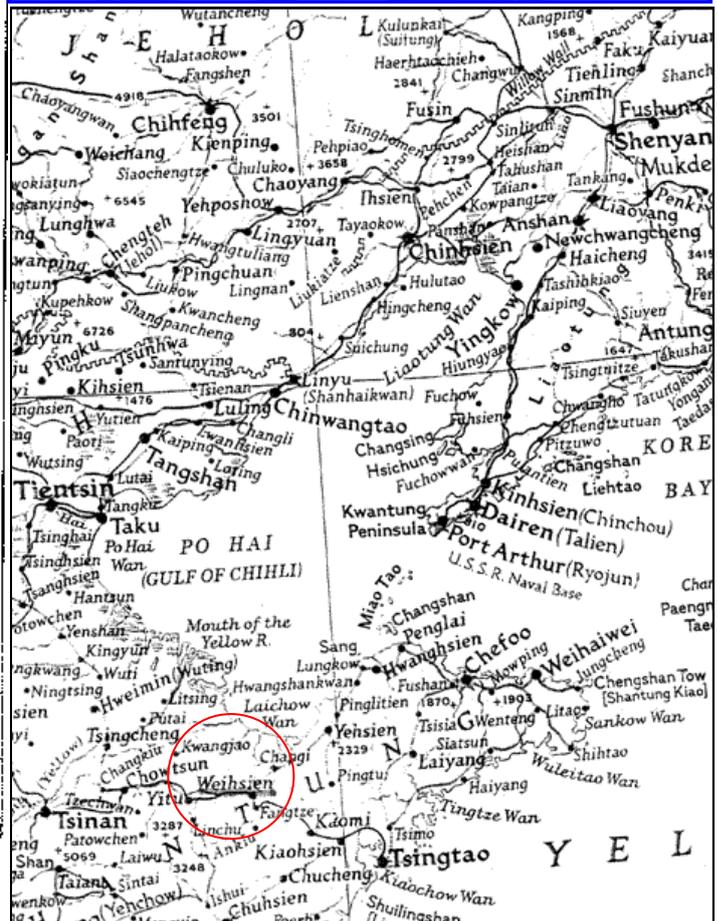
The new Concentration Camp for all North China except Chefoo, was far from ready for us. No food, no stores, no furniture, fresh paint in many rooms, sanitary arrangements NIL, all water to be carried from wells several blocks distant!!

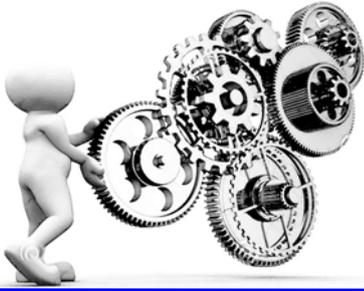


Artist's impression of the front gate of Weih sien Camp. The characters are "Le Dao Yuan", meaning "Courtyard of the Happy Way". The property had been an American Presbyterian mission compound. Sketched by Hugh Hubbard

Well, though dead tired and depressed, we know the Lord still is with us.

It is Marian's birthday, but no way to celebrate it. Two days ago we had a little tea party to celebrate. Yesterday the Eitels, Bars and Miss Grohmann all came to say good-bye to us and Miss Grohmann brought Marian a box of candy.





... timeline ... April & May 1943

© <http://www.historyplace.com/unitedstates/pacificwar/timeline.htm>

April 18, 1943 - U.S. code breakers pinpoint the location of Japanese Admiral Yamamoto flying in a Japanese bomber near Bougainville in the Solomon Islands. Eighteen P-38 fighters then locate and shoot down Yamamoto.

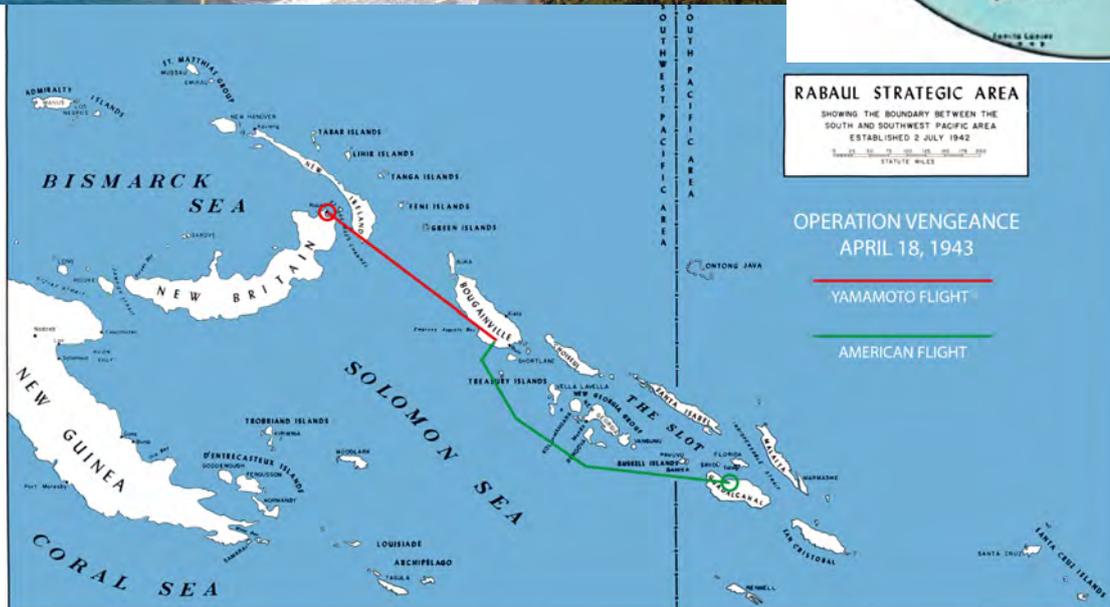
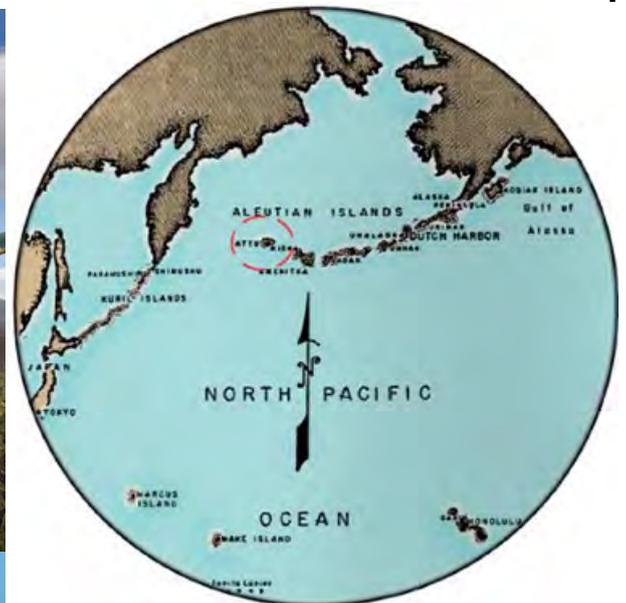
April 21, 1943 - President Roosevelt announces the Japanese have executed several airmen from the Doolittle Raid.

April 22, 1943 - Japan announces captured Allied pilots will be given "one way tickets to hell."

May 10, 1943 - U.S. Troops invade Attu in the Aleutian Islands.

May 14, 1943 - A Japanese submarine sinks the Australian hospital ship CEN TAUR resulting in 299 dead.

May 31, 1943 - Japanese end their occupation of the Aleutian Islands as the U.S. completes the capture of Attu.



Approximate routes taken by the Japanese (red) and Americans (green) on the morning of April 18, 1943. "The Slot" was still Japanese-controlled, requiring the Americans to circle around it to avoid detection. This was the longest fighter-intercept mission of the war, and was so skillfully planned and flown that the Americans arrived at the intercept point just one minute early.

April 3rd

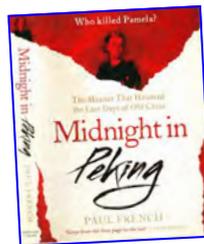
Life is too busy and hectic to write regularly. We are getting settled down in our four rooms as comfortably as possible under the present conditions. Now there are a total of 1790 people in Camp and we are being fed in 3 dining rooms. Ours was started first and is the biggest. The food is quite good, but very inadequate. When complaints were made the first few days the authorities replied they had orders from Tokyo to give us just enough to keep us alive! And so far, there is no way of supplementing from outside. Some eggs and milk have been provided for children and sick people, and it means standing in a long queue for an hour or so to get a pint of milk and a few eggs, if we are lucky!! Often we are told others need the milk and eggs more than our children do!

We have met a number of friends: the Lamberts of our Mission from Tientsin, the Wm. McNeils of the Bible Society of Scotland, Ralph Lewis, Mrs. Jenness, the Fred Scovels from Tsining – he is a Doctor and they have five children and another on the way. They live in the next courtyard and run in for tea with us sometimes. The other night we went to their room for coffee with Ralph. There was a nice prayer meeting last Thursday afternoon. And Sunday services are getting organized. A baby grand piano has come from Peking.

April 5th

A typical day in Weihsien "Civil Assembly Center": got up a few minutes before 7:00, started fire in the center room, then went outside to start our open-air fire between a few bricks to heat water. Then came in and made coffee (opened our next to the last pound tin the day before). We drank it black because almost out of milk. At 8 o'clock Elden and Bobby took pans and meal tickets and went to the dining room to get in line for 8:30 breakfast and bring it home for the family. They

came back about 8:30 with a big kettle of porridge made entirely of bread, water, a little sugar and a little orange peel. We had 2/3 of a quart of milk rationed to us the day before, to use on it. Made toast over the stove and then boiled an egg apiece. Soon after the dishes were washed, Nate and I borrowed a coolie-style of basket and carrying-pole and went to the coal dump (about 1/4 mile away). Not having a shovel with us, we had to scoop up the coal with our hands to fill our basket. Got home with our load just in time for daily 10 a.m. roll-call. Right after roll-call I took Elden to the hospital for a dental appointment. We are fortunate in having **Dr. Prentice** here from Peking,



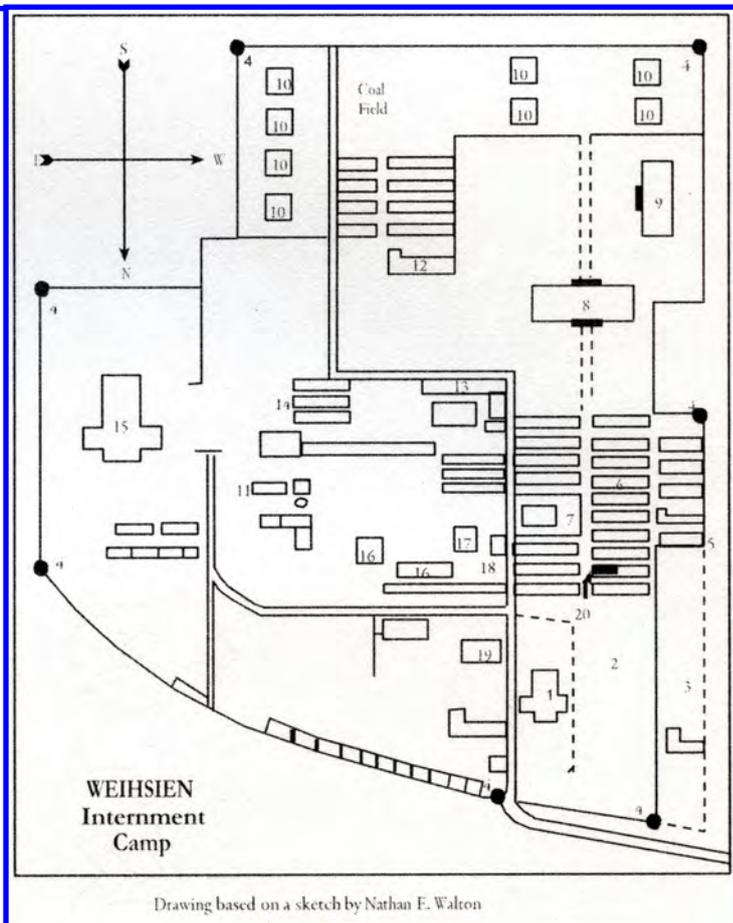
http://www.weihsien-paintings.org/books/MidnightPeking/p_MidnightPeking.html

considered about the best dentist in China. He is starting to work on Elden's brace work. At the hospital at the same time, I got in line for our daily ration of milk and eggs for the children. We were fortunate in getting 2-1/2 pints of milk and 4 eggs for our family of eleven today! At 12 o'clock Elden and Bobby went to get in line for dinner with a tray each and a soup bowl for each of us. We all went over later and helped them get our meal from the window – stew today, and we were allowed second helpings later. With the stew we are given dry bread and hot, weak tea.

From lunch until 3 or 3:30 p.m. we try to rest some. But there's always so much to do we don't often get to. Life at Camp in Tsingtao was simple and luxurious compared with this! At 3:30 tea, then Lois, Nate and I went at 4:30 to the first practice for the "Crucifixion" by Stainer, to be given at Easter. The chorus numbers about 100 and it is grand to take part in some good music again.

The youngsters went to line up for supper at 5:30 and brought it home to us about 6 o'clock. Spinach and turnip soup and bread, it turned out to be tonight!! Many in the Camp are getting upset stomachs from the poor diet. The kids eat fruit and after they are all settled, we four have ours about 7:30 p.m. Afterwards Marian and I went to Vesper Service in the church, led by Rev. Howard

1. Church
2. Baseball Field
3. Chinese Farm
4. Guard Towers
5. Waltons' and Whipples' Quarters
6. Mr. and Mrs. Lambert's Quarters
7. Kitchen No. 1 and Dining Room
8. and 9. Dormitories - Mrs. Mungeam and Chefoo Children
10. Japanese Guards, Quartered in Foreign Homes
11. Store House for Flour and Foodstuff
12. Showers for Women
13. Kitchen No.2
14. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor's Quarters
15. Hospital
16. Headquarters 1'. Library
18. Barber Shop and Sewing Rooms
19. Kitchen No. 3 20. Bakery for Whole Camp



Smith of the England Methodist Mission, Peking. He gave a splendid message – a man we'd very much like to know.

April 6th and April 8th

Judy started school!! A pre-kindergarten class started as part of the regular school we are to have. She goes from 9:30 to 12 noon. Dwight and Tommy started today, too. The older ones start next week. Fred and Myra Scovel came over in the evening for pancakes and we had a jolly time until the 15-minute warning blink of the lights told us we had 15 minutes to get ready for bed before the lights were turned out. Ralph Lewis came in the afternoon for tea and brought some cheese with him.

(Editor's note: This ends Diary section two.)

World War II - Prisoners of War Journal by Nathan E. Walton

It was early morning, December 8, 1941, and I stood on the verandah of the Stam Memorial Home in Tsingtao, overlooking the peaceful waters of the bay, little dreaming that news would soon be flashed over the radio to startle most of the world into active participation in World War II. To the north Lao Shan, the Old Mountain, had already lifted its rugged head above the morning mists to greet the golden rays of dawn, and now fast motor launches sped out to sea in search of "enemy" craft. This was the usual morning activity and I no longer lifted binoculars to see it.



but themselves as they busied themselves in plunder. For our part, we would continue to abide under the wonderful shadow of the Almighty.

For a number of days we had armed naval guards at the gate; they seemed friendly enough but, like the rest of their race, imbued with the wrong spirit. The commander thought us harmless, however, and incapable of escape with six children in the house; he was right on both counts! We might even stay to see the finish!

There followed eleven months of activity, chiefly in connection with American Relief work into which I was drawn. The Navy granted me a pass which was good from nine in the morning until five in the afternoon, which enabled me to see more of the local happenings than the other internees. Sometimes I sneaked in a fishing trip, occasionally staying beyond the time allowed, and had to retreat through the woods to escape Naval patrols. (For details of these months, see Elden's long letter.)



The unusual, however, arrived two hours later in the form of a dozen Japanese Marines, armed to the teeth, declaring a state of war to exist between their country and ours, and so promptly seized our car, motorcycle, radio, telephone, and camera, and marched off with it all. Elden Whipple, my brother-in-law, had only just returned with the car, having succeeded in getting past the naval guards on the highway, who by that time were stopping all cars.



The sudden appearance of the Emperor's brave soldiers was a decisive victory for them, for on such short notice we had to agree to the terms of unconditional surrender! Unresisting, and in fact with smiles, we also accepted the humiliating restrictions of three-hour daily freedom within certain limits! No one seemed excited or disturbed

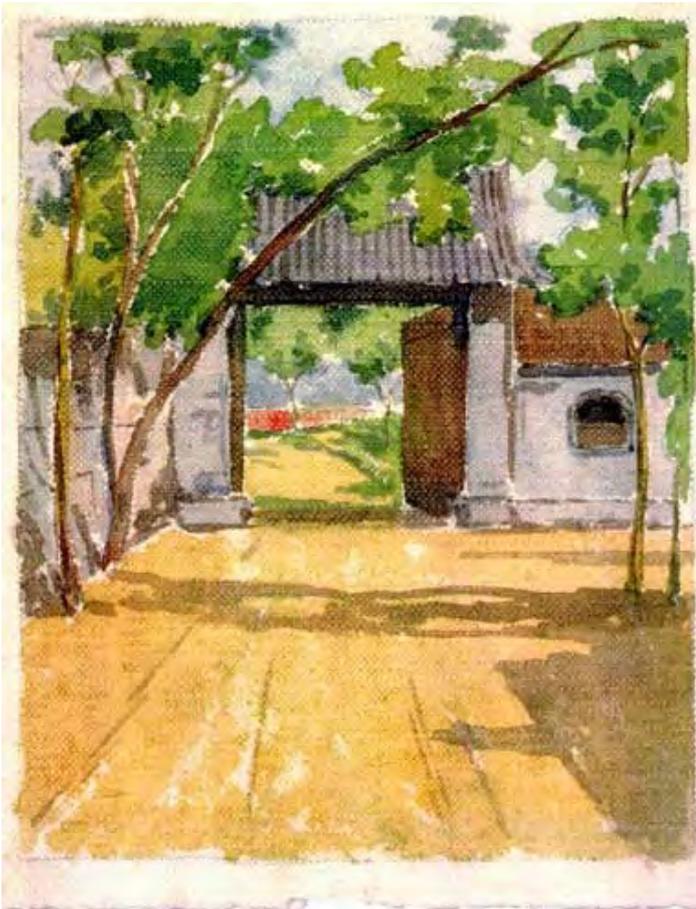
October 27, 1942 was the fatal day when we were drawn into real captivity. People were given one to three hours' notice to get ready for internment at Iltis Hydro Hotel. The Japanese Consul sent his car out in search of Elden and me earlier in the morning and we spent up to 10:30 in the Consulate hearing nothing about internment plans! A hasty dinner at home and frantic packing of clothes, and at three o'clock in the afternoon a Naval truck arrived on which we piled our trunks. Naval officers locked and sealed up the house, taking possession of all keys, and we filed down the road to our hotel prison. Nothing was prepared for us and we had to scramble for our food for the next few days, after which a catering system was established, a Chinese contractor supplying food to us.

Rumors we had heard weeks back proved true, for March 20, 1943, found us all packed, heavy luggage and beds having left the day before, and ready for a trip to the interior. We said farewell to all the friends at the gate on the 19th ("our day") and wondered how they would fare in the days to come. They had done so much for us (especially Dr. and Mrs. Eitel), and expressed much sympathy and love in their many provisions to make life bearable in captivity.

Buses took us to the station, and after four hours' travel straight west from Tsingtao we arrived at the unpromising station of **Weih sien**. Again crowded into buses, we bumped along a dusty road for

our several adjoining rooms which were former Chinese student rooms. Elden and I extracted most of our beds from the mess near the gate and we settled in for the night. No kitchens were operating and nothing was organized, nor had any other group arrived. We had to start things going, especially in the kitchen. In fact, the Japanese admitted they were not quite ready for us, and sanitary conditions, we soon learned, gave all too much emphasis to their admission.

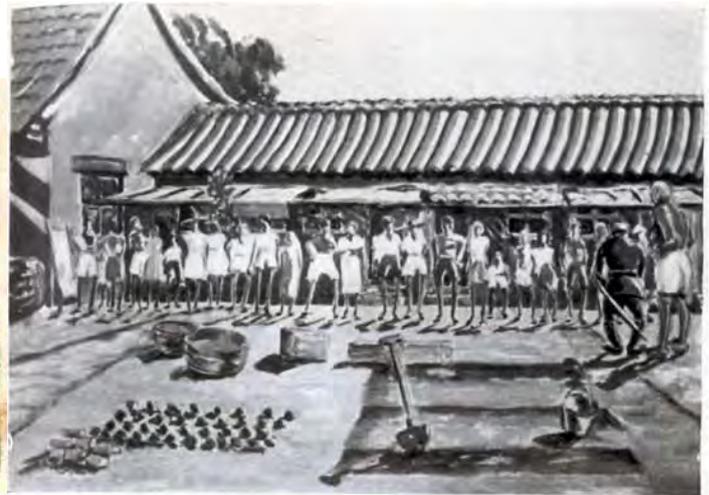
Morning roll-call ensued; otherwise the guards left us much to ourselves. Committees were



Weih sien, camp main gate
water colour by Mrs. Eileen Bazire

twenty minutes, and there appeared the gates of the prison! When would the Lord open the gates of freedom for us? How long, O Lord, how long? we asked over and over in the next six months.

Our three months' old baby (Lindie) stood the journey well. Consul Kakigawa himself took our two families around to Block I and we settled into



ROLL-CALL IN THE CAMP

formed and I was named to the General Affairs Section. The children eventually went to school under the German sisters from Tsingtao. Groups from Peking, Tientsin, and all parts of North China brought our total number in the course of days to 1,800. Three kitchens fed the mob and general and decided dissatisfaction prevailed to the end over the poor and scanty amounts of food provided by the enemy administration. Sanitary conditions became appalling, work became heavier, for we were compelled to do all phases of heavy duty: ditch digging, pumping water, clearing away tons of garbage, carrying flour, all baking and cooking, carrying supplies, hauling coal, and minor brick construction work attached to rooms and chimneys. We had our own carpenter and iron repair shops and forged our own materials for various uses around Camp.

Cleanup squads kept the place somewhat in order – ours especially – for the inspection of a General who finally came on a rainy day and left having seen only the Japanese Police Headquarters! A heavy rain flooded the entire compound and took a day to drain off, washing down a hundred feet of outer wall. The Japanese said we had to repair it, but the Committee refused and finally the Japanese had to hire Chinese laborers.

But food was a big problem; we were not getting nearly enough to eat, and poor stuff at that. Thus early, very early in Weihsien history, the **Black Market** entered into almost everyone's existence, to keep us alive. We are sure our location near the outer west wall, adjoined to a Christian farmer's



The Fallen Wall --- "The Omen"

--- Excerpt from Ida Talbot's diary of the 4th July 1943 Weihsien.

We had hardly returned from supper when the rain started pouring. Sid was holding the baby who was crying very badly. Peter & Gay were creating a terrific din when thunder & lightning flashed & drummed and a tremendous crash was heard. Gay looked out and said that the Carters' sunshade had collapsed. Then Sid looked out of our little back window and shouted "there was no wall".

For several minutes, it did not seem to penetrate into anyone's head that it was the wall which was keeping us in. I jumped up on the box under the window to see; I did and immediately painted it. Sid was chafing with Christine's howling. However when I had finished and he saw the result he was proud.

No one in the row thought to look out of their back window until Sid convinced them. However the zinc roof of the water tower situated between one row of buildings in front was blown into our courtyard by a rain spout.

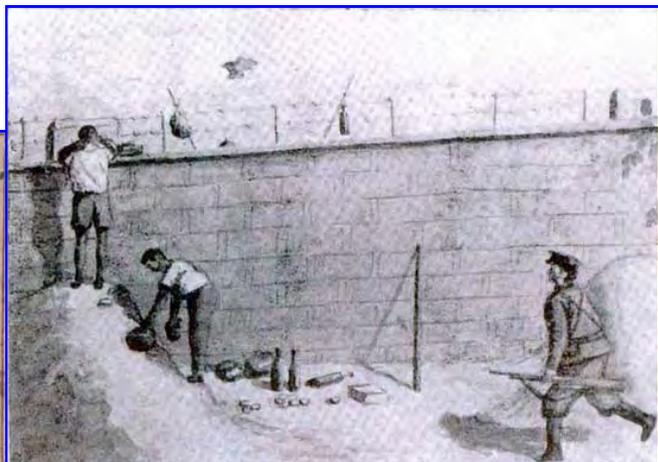
Stan A. was witness to this phenomenon. He said a sheet of water came down followed by another and before it had time to reach the ground, the previous sheet of water lifted it right into air, taking the roof of the water tower with it and when its strength was spent, dropped it in our courtyard.

I have never seen such activity on our highway. People just keep on massing to see the broken wall and to look out onto freedom. Then people sang "God bless America". It is very touching time, and how we longed with all our hearts that this was all over.

The Japanese were the last to know, and after a couple of hours they came with a bale of barbed wire.

The American Fathers then had a sing song of old favourites. They sat on the stage wearing blue shirts, white pants & red ties. Some wore the letter "V" shape. At God bless America, the Stars & Stripes was unfurled. It was impressive.

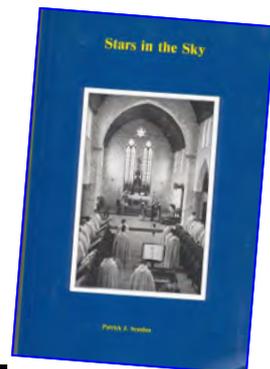
What a day!



BLACK MARKET

house and field, was of the Lord. Elden made early contact with him and he thereafter, through the months until he moved away a few weeks before we left, supplied us with contraband eggs, rice, millet, and other things, pushing the foodstuff over the wall in the dark of night. One of us kept watch for the guard while the transactions took place.

Many weeks passed before the situation got beyond the Japanese Police, who threatened and physically punished a few internees, drove off nearly all of the Chinese, increased their watch, put the greatest offender – a Trappist monk who had done thousands of dollars' worth of business – into solitary confinement, and cut down our already scanty rations. Still the Black Market went on – people must eat. The Black Market in America is justly condemned as a selfish practice that hinders the war effort; the Black Market in a Japanese intern-



http://www.weihsien-paintings.org/Scanlan/Book/txt_Scanlan.htm

ment camp is a matter of life and death.

The Japanese finally constructed electrified barbed-wire fencing around the entire Camp, five feet away from the outside walls. The Chinese got around this easily enough; some were brave enough to crawl through under the wires; others used long poles and attached their bags and small baskets to these; while the more cautious threw their produce over the wall – except, of course, for eggs, which were gingerly shoved through holes in the bottom of the walls! Internees threw back over the wall their payment for goods received! I can still see two chickens, which on one occasion with their feet tied together, came flying over, while I felt the soft ooze of a broken egg in my scramble to get a hundred eggs through that hole in record time. Only two of the hundred eggs broke and the farmer gladly accepted payment for ninety-eight. I still feel the chickens were working for us, for never a squawk did they make!

A number of internees were caught with the goods, taken to the guard house and slapped. **“Provide more food and it will not happen,”** said our Discipline Committee chief to the Japanese Chief of Police, who sucked in his breath and replied that food was hard to secure. That was hard to believe, for outside the walls Chinese farmers had plenty of food to sell.

The day Elden was caught by the guard, a woman kept throwing over stones and dirt to attract our attention. Said she, across the wire fence, “I have seven hundred eggs – want any?” We did, badly, and she pushed one hundred over in a basket; but the guard saw Elden from a distance, dashed around the house, and Elden had to admit his misdemeanor. The guard was a diplomat – gently scolded Elden and made off with the eggs himself, wrapped in a Japanese newspaper, which he drew from his back pocket. The usual stunt was to confiscate the goods openly and march the culprit down to the guardhouse for punishment. “You

have broken the statutes,” wrote this one on a slip of paper, after looking at his Japanese-English dictionary. Encouraged, he continued, “Next time authority will punish severely.” I had joined Elden long before this, determined to see no foul play at the guardhouse; Lois had informed him my work was at headquarters. We nodded as he wrote: “Please lend me a cloth,” indicating his desire to wrap up the eggs. It is bad manners to carry a package wrapped in paper, according to the Japanese, and custom demanded that the eggs be wrapped in cloth. We had none to spare, so sorry! So the newspaper came into view and his purpose came into realization. Resourceful race, these Japanese, possessing a genius only for duplication!

Well planned concerts took our minds away from drab internee existence. Both Elden and I



Weihhsien concert programme by Mrs. Eileen Bazire

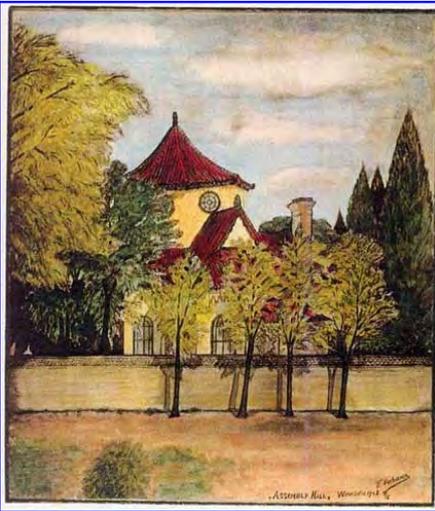
sang in Mendelssohn’s “Elijah” and “St. Paul” and at another concert I further annoyed the public rendering the love Song of Delilah to Samson and sang bass in our mixed quartet rendering “Rigoletto”. Others sang a duet from Madam Butterfly. Our improvised orchestra did best.

Baseball was the order of the day and it seemed

most of the camp turned out to witness major games. It was not strange that so many of us lacked strength to hit the old ball as we used to, and frequently faltered in a short run between bases. Scanty and poor food had left us weaker than we realized, and consequently the heavy manual labor exacted of us took what strength we could muster.



Weekly prayer meetings and Sunday services were held in the large Chinese church which com-



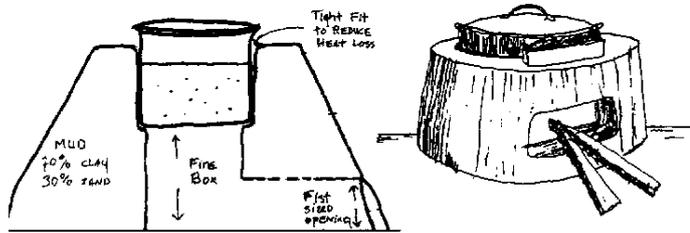
Assembly Hall / Church / Warehouse ...

fortably accommodated about six hundred people on long wooden benches. There being preachers of all denominations, varied in their interpretation of Scripture and of

Christian philosophy, very few sermons stamped themselves as holding firmly to the tenets of the Christian faith, and still less exalted our Lord Jesus in His sacrificial love and redemptive glory on the Cross. My joy of the week rested in a Sunday-school class of ten intermediate-age boys, all of whom declared their belief in the death of the Lord on the Cross for their salvation.

A Normal Day's Activities

Elden was usually up first, starting our outside fire, a community-built affair of mud and bricks.



The rest of us arose in time to dress for roll call, before which I often had fifteen or twenty diapers and other things washed and hanging on the line. My wife, Lois, was in bed for two and a half months with pleurisy, but as she gained strength she took over some of the washing and ironing in the morning hours.

The guard appeared and one of us simply told him the number of people in our small compound of five rooms, after which he disappeared, much to our peace of mind.

Having our own stock of cereals and eggs, we

never went to the community dining hall for the usual breakfast of bread porridge, but prepared our own, and in good weather ate outside in the fresh air. The girls collected dishes, Marian (Mrs. E.C. Whipple) or Elden started washing them, and sometimes I came in for the drying.

Our central living-dining room came next for the day's sweeping and mopping, and our two bed rooms were set in order before Elden went off to work in the carpenter shop or to pump water, while I chased off to headquarters. Marian collected bottles and bag, and journeyed to the hospital for the days' supply of eggs and milk, paid for by the internees. When she became strong enough, Lois continued with house work, though the baby took up most of her time. I moved around in my capacity as a General Affairs Committee member, from canteen to shoe shop to library, putting in a nail here for the ladies in the sewing room, or scrounging a box from the rear of the canteen to make additional shoe shelves for our industrious and capable Flemish Catholic shoe repairers. Elden served more nobly on the Music Committee.

Thus noon came upon us and we consumed weak soup, a little potatoes (rare), a little meat, and a little "tsai" (vegetable) in some sort of gravy, supplemented with our own baked bread, in the community dining room, with eight hundred others, plus **uncounted flies!** The dishes, our own, were washed outside by the faithful ladies, and we returned home for a brief rest. Elden and I resumed our appointed tasks in the afternoon, returning for tea. Elden's brew of black tea always tasted so good that some friends from different parts of camp came daily at that hour to see us! Music practice, baseball, or making coal balls out of coal dust and mud took up the rest of the afternoon.

Supper, the youngsters brought back from the community kitchen in kettles, and we enjoyed (but for the flies) this meal outside also. The dishes

washed and the children in bed, Elden and Marian went off to visit Mr. and Mrs. McNeil of the National Bible Society of Scotland, while Lois tended the baby and read, and I watered the garden; or we all went to a concert. We usually turned in for the night about ten o'clock, after coffee or some drink and sandwiches, unless we had business at the wall, in which case we retired about half an hour later! So ended the day!

Chefoo Internees Join Us

Messages from friends in Tsingtao privately slipped in to us, and a package of food now and then from the same source brought us not a little cheer and comfort.

Conviviality existed throughout the camp. Over four hundred Roman Catholic priests and nuns left the encampment for Peking. In the course of time another rumor came true in the arrival of our Chefoo friends to be repatriated. It was so good to see Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, Mrs. Hannah, and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Taylor again, and to learn from them of Chefoo camp life. All the rest of the Chefoo internees arrived but two weeks before we left Camp. Most of the Camp turned out on both occasions to welcome their entry through the "prison" gates. Our negro band played welcoming music while the crowd cheered. Trucks of baggage rolled in, followed by over 340 children and teachers on foot. An even greater spectacle than the children was old Mr. Herbert H. Taylor (son of J. Hudson Taylor), eighty-two years of age, with bent back and flowing white beard, briskly walking up the incline with the aid of his cane. Here they came: children and old men and women, virtual prisoners of war in a country friendly to them but overrun by an aggressor nation. Time passed quickly, and some news of world events came over the walls, enabling us to keep above the feeling of being uninformed as to Allied progress toward ultimate victory.

Another camp rumor came true one day in the

arrival of Swiss representatives and a posted list of repatriates. I had previous information that both our families were in the list, but to make sure we went to see it, and returned home to think seriously of packing. We sorted our possessions and threw away some, packed our trunks and condensed things into suitcases. Baggage was very thoroughly searched and everything in the way of printed and written matter was taken, also family photographs, musical instruments, and music.

The day of departure came, and my two most prized possessions, Bible and sermon-outline book, were turned over to a friend (D), to be buried in an appointed place. They were well wrapped in oil paper and heavy canvas and I still hope some day to have them back again! Unmarked Bibles passed inspection, but the guards even tore Biblical maps out of one or two before reluctantly returning them to their owners. A Chinese silk banner, given me by the Chinese churches, was confiscated, as the characters on it might contain code! They did, as a matter of fact! but it was the code of heaven, not to be understood by carnal minds! We were sorry to see Elden lose his violin and all his music. I wonder if I shall be able to replace my favorite bass solos....

Fond farewells were said on the morning of September 14, and, filing through the church, we were subjected to body search and examination of hand luggage before passing through the lines of cheering friends. It was hard to go out of the main gate and leave them all behind: Americans, British, Dutch, Belgians, Norwegians, and Iranians, still to suffer the discomforts of the Camp.

We waited an hour in the field before trucks took the baggage away and we boarded buses for the railroad station. The walls were lined with internees who had sung "God Bless America," to which we had responded with the singing of "There'll Always Be An England." The train was long in coming. Nearly three hours we waited, many in the hot sun on the open platform. Then

three days and nights with over three hundred of us cramped in three cars, with all our hand baggage! It proved almost too much for some of the older ones. The tracks were blown up by the Chinese soldiers at one point in the journey and we had to turn back to a certain siding where it seems we were deliberately stopped beside several cars of squealing pigs. Squeal and grunt they did, all night long, and the next morning when we started off, we were joined to those cars en route to Shanghai.

The change at the river was very tiring and extremely difficult for the sick and older ones. We moved all our luggage ourselves from train to ferry on the Pukow side, and from launch to depot on the Nanking side, in drizzling rain. There in a section of the Nanking station we were herded together in a square, roped off like cattle, with hardly room to move for the mountains of luggage piled in the center and scattered around.

A train was announced, and in seven minutes flat we had all that luggage of over a thousand pieces on the train, and all internees aboard. Once in the rush I slipped and fell on the wet pavement and a large duffel bag and a suitcase cluttered to the ground. As I stooped to get the bag over my shoulder, a Japanese station-master standing by made an attempt to pick up the suitcase for me, but I had already reached for it. I was surprised, and I imagine he was surprised too when I thanked him in his own language!

At Shanghai we moved in buses out to St. John's College grounds, hearing on the way that baggage inspection would yet take place before we closed our eyes in sleep, and the next day we were to board the boat!

Two bombs had exploded in the Shanghai and Nanking stations that very day, we heard! The Chinese apparently still did not understand Japan's true aims for the Far East! Out of the buses, most of us lay down on the cool green grass; we had not

stretched out full length for three days and three nights.

The authorities served us soup and bread in the dining room, after which we scattered to find our trunks and hand baggage. Customs officers and military police were on hand and inspected such thoroughly. One relieved me of my shaving cream (2 tins) and most of my medicines. Who knows, the shaving cream might contain secret messages! I protested when he started to put away a new can of shoe polish, and opened it up for him to see and smell! I have it today in proof of my success!

Buses took us next morning to the Customs shed, where further examination of both hand baggage and persons took place before boarding the tender. We had waited several hours and were glad when we moved off, and smiled broadly when we saw up the Whangpoo a short distance the scuttled Comte Verde. Truly the Axis was breaking up!

At the wharf, alongside the big ship, Elden and I got hold of a hand truck and moved all our hand luggage from shed to boat. Lois and Marian had found their staterooms and to these we went, glad to quit for a while. We were on the **Teia Maru**, better known as the French ship **Aramis**, which had



*Le croiseur-auxiliaire XI, ex-Aramis dans la baie de Hong Kong en février 1940. On distingue parfaitement son armement: 8 canons de 138,5 mm et au moins 2 pièces de DCA sur la dunette
Photo Collection P. Ramona*

been seized by the Japanese at either Saigon or Manila, a passenger and cargo boat of 17,500

gross tonnage. Conditions were very crowded, with 1503 passengers squeezed into the normal accommodation of 400. Upper deck smoking rooms were turned into ladies' dormitories, while men were crowded into steerage holds! This was Elden's designated sleeping place and mine, but we never slept there. Lois had a second class two-berth cabin for herself and the children, and there I slept on the floor, when not sleeping on deck under the stars. Elden switched to his cabin in third class, which was a larger, four-berth space, and Sonny (Elden, Jr.) usually slept on deck.

At our third class dining saloon table sat those who made the eating part of life during seasick days somewhat endurable. Most interesting conversations took place. There were five of us at first: Dr. H. Loucks, head of the famous Peking Union Medical College, Professor R. Sailer, Mr Personius, former Marine Radio expert, a Roman Catholic priest – a very pleasant fellow, but one utterly unconscious of the stench produced by his pipe, and myself.

En route to Hong Kong, we traveled over very peaceful waters and felt we were at last out of the reach of military tyrants though still in the clutches of their boor representatives. Almost half of the passengers were missionaries, Protestant and Roman Catholic. Greek New Testaments, English and Hebrew Bibles, and Latin prayer books were visible in the hands of devoted students all over the ship all of the time. From remarks overheard it made a certain class of people feel much out of place. On the boat deck aft, replacing a gun which evidently was there in former days, there stood on the concrete emplacement a large white cross on a high frame. This was illuminated at night and in its brilliant glow each evening many missionaries and other Christians gathered to sing choruses and hymns to the praise of the glory of God. (Shade by day and light by night safety).

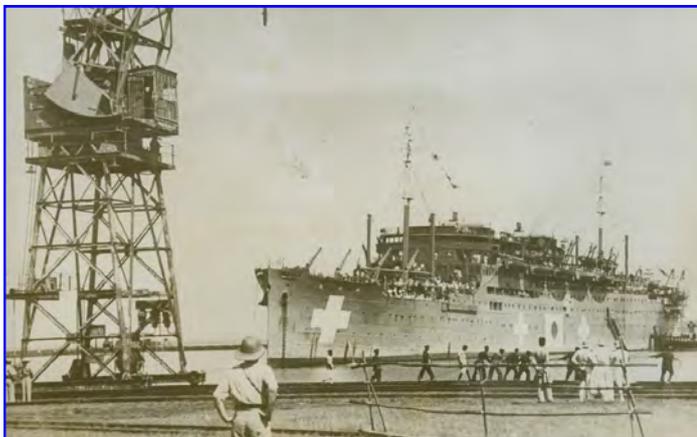
We saw nothing of old Hong Kong but laid over in the bay leading to Camp Stanley, from which

camp a number of repatriates boarded the ship. In the dusk we slipped out to the open sea once more and headed for the Philippines. This stop proved much more interesting than that in Hong Kong. We saw the long, green outline of the Islands, heavily wooded in sections, with still more dense areas farther back inland. Here at San Fernando it was our American Marines who gave the Japanese a stiff battle and foiled their first attempt at landing while Manila was being attacked from the air. Here we took on more repatriates and Mrs. Billings, wife of Manila's Chief Engineer and friend of Admiral Hart, joined our table in the 3rd saloon. To the ship's cargo were added many large coils of heavy Manila rope, assisted in the process by a dozen or so Philippino laborers under a Japanese supervisor whom I termed the slave-driver. Dressed in army brown, with leather puttees, he carried a riding whip in his hand and a six-shooter on his hip. He went about yelling orders here and there, once striking the edge of the hull with his whip as he yelled down to the coolies below deck. Clear evidence of fear and hatred could be seen on the Philippino faces. I watched them for over an hour and thought, "they have learned the meaning of Japanese coprosperity, alright".

From the Philippines we sailed in short time to French Indo-China. Coming close to land, we found our ship changing course to enter the mouth of the Mekong River where eleven rusty freighters were anchored. Taking on a pilot, we resumed speed and made our way up river some twenty miles to Saigon, past sub-tropical land less than one hundred feet, sometimes on either side of the ship. Scattered thatch-roof houses and squares of green rice fields spread out before us in a beautiful panorama. It almost seemed as if we were traveling the muddy waters of the Yangtze again. Typical South Sea fishing boats, manned by dark-skinned Indonesian in flat straw hats, swept past us downstream. Then to our surprise we were treated to a sudden tropical squall – sheets of rain descended from fast appearing black clouds. Sun-

worshippers on deck made a wild dash for cover! Several little squalls took up some time and sunshine greeted us for the rest of the way. The flag at the mast now called for official Naval escort who appeared in a fast Naval launch. Someone on deck wondered where they found it!

The city of Saigon could be seen some four miles



1942-1944 -TAIA MARU Aramis sous pavillon Japonais à Saigon ... www.flickr.com

away: a cluster of red roofs, a few chimneys indicating industry, and dark boat objects in the harbor. We anchored to receive water and passengers and small native craft began to move from little channels along shore toward us, little knowing what awaited them. One or two arrived and succeeded in selling their much-wanted yellow bananas before that Naval launch, which had escorted us to the harbor, cut loose to destroy innocent trade! There followed a scene which left many of us cold and caused not a few strong remarks from strong men to be hurled at the unwelcome invaders. The launch pulled away from the ship under full steam and headed straight for one of those small craft in midstream whose sole occupant was a young lad of about sixteen years. He stood up, paddle in hand, terrified at the approaching craft, and even now I hold my breath, as I did then, as I see the launch swerve in time, just brushing the native boat at high speed. The impact of that side sweep threw the boy down into his boat, which bobbed and tossed like a cork, and although it shipped water it kept right side up. The launch then headed for the port side of our ship,

aft, and I tore across the hatchway in time to see the second attack of the Emperor's brave sailors – more successful this time – against three men and a boy. Their boat shipped much water and the boy fell overboard and clung to the edge. Not satisfied, the launch turned quickly and it's second attack split the boat which had to be abandoned, the occupants climbing into another craft which shoved off from ours. Thus here too the true identity of their much talked of co-prosperity scheme was coming to light. Here also, as at Manila, it was understood with tight lips and silence. Perhaps the commander of the launch felt justified in his action because previously almost all the passengers had booed and cat-called him as he roughly treated a native on a lighter tied up to our ship, and kicked all his yellow bananas into the water! The same commander later slipped on the wet runway of his own launch to the cheers of the same naughty passengers! Those wicked and stupid Americans who cannot understand Japan's true policy of friendship and prosperity for all! So this was "Justice for all", "unstinted help", "close and friendly cooperation" and "equity and prosperity for all". "The Greater East Asia coprosperity" plan would never be realized having as its foundation an unprincipled race of people. The "Slavedriver" of Manila revealed their magnanimous spirit, in effect, do as I say – or I'll hit – or shoot, if necessary. Economic prosperity entirely at the risk and expense of the other fellow.

I think we were all glad to get away down the river again, and once more losing sight of land, we resumed our usual twelve knots on an ocean surface as smooth as glass. Never have I seen a large body of water so shining and smooth. We saw what appeared to be Singapore in the distance some eight or ten miles away. I counted at least thirty two small motor patrol boats scattered along the distant coast line. We anchored in some channel to secure more water and oil. Naval cutters raced over the waters to and from the boat, an occasional pursuit bomber roared over-

head and soared high in the clouds in search of enemy subs, while a light cruiser sped past, cutting the water at full speed. The reason became apparent in the course of a half hour in the form of a four-ship convoy – three of which were large oil tankers loaded to capacity. Other planes appeared far out to sea. By these they guarded jealously this newly acquired sentinel of the southern seas. My eyes turned to the white cross aft on our ship – emblem of true safety and salvation to all who rejoice in the atonement of our Lord.



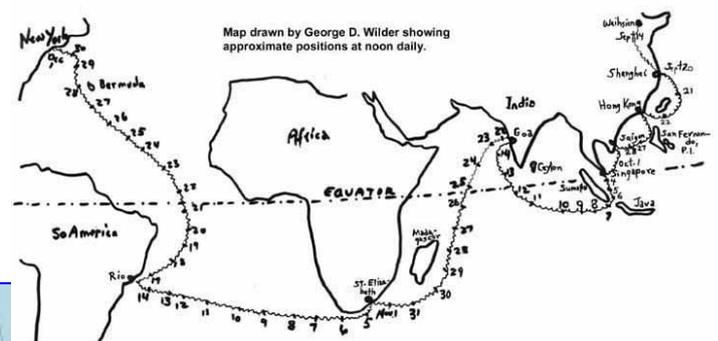
Le Teia Maru à quai à Marmagao en septembre octobre 1943

Picking up anchor finally on the third day, we cut a straight course for the Sundra Straits between Java and Sumatra. This bit of journey we did in zig-zag fashion under Japanese naval pilot escort at night. and while we could see at times the dark form of rugged land on either side, the only object of great interest was the **Krakatao Volcano** shooting its angry red glare high into the darkness.



To think that this erupted in 1885 filling the world's heavens with fine ashes and spread abroad such a tidal wave that a warship in Perth harbor Australia was submerged or capsized! It was nice to see that and somewhat satisfying to think that the Japanese could not erase that glow from the darkness though they could hide from us the naval secrets of Sundra Straits.

The Indian Ocean – I never want to see it again! The first three days – miserable sea sickness! Barbara felt it for two days also, and we two were obliged to lie flat most of that time in order to keep anything down. By this time we were indeed “fed up” with the Teia Maru Japanese thought out diet of wormy rice, cold peeled potatoes (with concentrated bacteria content!) and curry and rice of a fashion so frequently that the mere suggestion of it now makes me shudder. Still some of us are bad sailors. There were some in our company – “rude fellows of the baser sort” – to whom such life and diet was acceptable in so far as plenty of liquors were handed over the bar. Barbara and I managed to straighten out after another day had passed only to be treated to ptomaine poisoning. However, the Indian Ocean trip had to come to an end and what a wonderful sight greeted us at the Portuguese Port of Marmugoa. Rounding the



breakwater, four German and Italian cargo ships lay scuttled and partially submerged in the shallow waters of the bay. The crew interned across the waters on an island. But that beautiful green hill and shore, sloping toward the water front, heavily wooded in places with Banyan, Mango and other trees, brought a deep feeling of relief. Palm trees

dotted the base of the hill, gracefully waving long fronds in welcome. Here and there small white cottages nestled in terraced patches in the lovely green background. This was the town of St. Francis Xavier, greatest of all Jesuits. Outlined against the sky on the top of the hill overlooking all Port activity stand the ancient walls of Fort Marmugoa dating back to 1310 A.D. It was conquered in 1510 by Duke Alfonso Albuquerque and the old city of Goa wrested from the hands of India's Rajah the same year. Xavier, who arrived in Goa May 6, 1542, made this his headquarters and set out an extensive missionary journey which took him along the Malabar Coast, Malacca, Spice Islands, Celebes, Amboy, and Japan. He died in 1552 and was buried on the lovely windswept island of Sanshan, eighty miles from Canton, while waiting for Chinese merchants to take him over to China soil according to plan. They took his money but never came for him. As told to me by Father Moore, head of the Jesuits, the story of the miraculous preservation of Xavier's body leaves one cold with imagination as to the exploits of the evil one. Xavier was buried in quick lime in his coffin; three months later his body was examined and found perfectly preserved. Portuguese repented of their ill treatment of him and offered to take his body back to Goa. Passing through Malacca, a great pestilence ceased and other miracles were performed. People demanded his body be left there where it remained for over a year. It was finally taken on to Goa in 1554 and has remained there ever since, first in the College of St. Paul for 30 years, and since then in the church of Born Jesus. In 1616 the right arm was sent to Rome by order of the general of Jesuits. The body immediately began to shrink and in the last 326 years has shrunk 10 inches! The body is visible now every 10 years (last seen by pilgrims May 1942). At each exposition, two doctors attend and carefully examine the body in the presence of the Governor,

Shrine Priest and others, who declare it to be still in a state of perfect preservation. Once a nun, attempting to secure a "firstclass relic", bit off a toe as she pretended to kiss his feet! Blood gushed out and the deed was discovered! Part of said toe "relic" can be seen at Goa, the rest at Rome! And so these people, living in an atmosphere of darkness and superstition, clinging with spurious love to worthless relics and uncanny rituals with the dead, are to be pitied in their need of the living Christ.

Along shore fourteen tall loading cranes projected their arms one hundred feet into the blue sky while dozens of Indian Tamils squatted below awaiting the word to bear the burden of our luggage and Red Cross supplies. A donkey engine behind warehouses, puffed away at its task of shifting empty cars.

Looking out past the long breakwater at 6 p.m. – far out over a wide expanse of the Indian Ocean the heavens once more declared the glory of God in a sunset brilliant with red and gold. An Indian dhow with full sails to the wind clearly silhouetted against that beautiful background, declared man's freedom to enjoy God's glory. I wondered if anyone on that large dhow knew the world's Saviour, or if the darkness of Catholicism through the ages from Xavier's day in this section of India permitted no light of Truth to shine.

Then it happened, the **Gripsholm** came in



<http://salship.se/mercy.php>

sight!...and word passed around brought most of the fifteen hundred repatriates, it seemed, to the decks to see her beautiful white outline. Such a contrast to the dirty grey of the Teia Maru. The life, sentiment and atmosphere among the Japanese seemed to be in keeping with that dirty dull color. No one cared any more we would soon be free – on board an American Government chartered vessel bound for home! Docking, the Japanese sang their National song. Some American sailors sang “God Bless America”. Permission was granted by Port Authorities for us to go ashore and how good it felt to be on terra firma again. The whole family went for a walk and Lindy kept looking up at the tall, monstrous cranes. Japanese stewards took to fishing in the water between pier and ship and soon were hauling in dozens of six-inch silver-sided fish, akin to big brother tuna in shape. Tommy wouldn’t leave the scene and I ad-

the same time, the Japanese in a line not visible to us (for freight cars separated us) filed past and on to their captured French vessel. Most of them, I heard, were from South America, only a few from the United States proper. A few Japanese Christians and two pastors were among the number.

The feeling had to grow upon us that we were free citizens and passengers, no longer under the jurisdiction of the enemy administration. The small tourist class cabin of 2 berths and a sofa assigned for Lois and the 3 children proved a disappointment, but it seems everyone is similarly accommodated. My two- berth cabin in the bottom of the vessel seemed so small but allowed more privacy than the four-berth cabins. Elden made an exchange with a Catholic priest, my cabin mate, and then his sleeping with his family up topside, allowed Tommy to join me, thus relieving the congestion in Lois’ cabin.

We took more walks ashore and after the departure of the Teia Maru, Tommy and I went fishing with the line I purchased from a Japanese steward. Caught several of some specie silver fish. Bobby caught a larger kind which slipped off the hook. I think we all tasted at least one yellow banana before pulling up anchor. I am sure all others afflicted with my difficulty (seasickness) were as sorry as I to see that beautiful green shore line disappear from view. But letters from home cheered us all.

The food – all we could ask for of the Waldorf Astoria and the service and cleanliness – closed my eyes in quiet satisfaction. We could begin now to live, and life again seemed worthwhile. Under the other regime we seemed so helpless, so useless in the Vineyard of the Lord of Glory, so far removed from those we once sought to bring to the light of the Cross.

It was nice to arrive at Port Elizabeth, South Africa, at night and see her shoreline brilliant with twinkling city lights. Only recently was the blackout lifted, we were told by friends ashore, and they too were enjoying light. By 10:30 the next



www.messengeries-maritimes.org
... Le Teia Maru et le Grisholm à Marmagao en septembre-
octobre 1943

mit I found it hard to leave within two minutes for a longer walk. On the second day Lois gave me up in disgust, after all, I had to see a little more of those fish. Tommy raced one up to the cabin for me and I drew a picture of it before heaving it out the porthole.

Trunks and all baggage were exchanged and after receiving our new tickets and requisite information, we too made the exchange with those of the enemy nation, filing off one by one with limited hand luggage and boarding the Gripsholm. At

morning we were ashore – our whole family. A bus took us to the city limits and private car to “Feather Market Hall” where we met Francis Elliott Wright to whose quiet home in the wind-swept pines, fifteen minutes away from the city, we went for the day. Far more wonderful than the last place, because we could rest on green grass and feel solid earth for a longer time.

Equipped with South African currency, we went shopping the next morning: purchased shoes for Lindy, Lois and myself, candy, fruits and nuts and delved into not a few dishes of ice cream! Elden and family joined us at Francis’ home yesterday, but to make the most of shopping opportunities we had to separate later. At supper there in the evening, Francis had a trio of her African church girls sing several hymns for us which they did in beautiful harmony.

By 4:30 p.m. we had picked up anchor and to the cheering songs of some British soldiers on the outer pier made our way around the breakwater and once more out to sea. The days’ usual activities: a delicious breakfast of tomato juice or grapefruit, choice of cereal, choice of eggs, meat, bread, butter, jam, coffee, milk for the children and cocoa. Magazines were distributed, free chocolate bars and clothes from the American Red Cross, concerts, movies for those who were interested, orange and lemon juice purchasable at the bars, and everyone seemed busy writing endless letters, camp reports and statistics for the government. I saw one of the number of whales that were sighted. Tom would like to catch one on a hook! Soaring graceful over the waters in the wake of the ship were those interesting birds of the South albatross, some having a wingspread of five to six feet, occasionally soaring with the wind twenty feet over our heads to our great delight. But I, for one, had fallen in love with South Africa’s lovely climate. Jetty Street, leading up hill past City Hall to Main Street shopping district. Short bus runs out to Wilmer and other sections of the country. Everything seemed so wholesome, the

suburban homes so spaciouly placed across broad, unpaved streets from each other, and delightful English flower gardens. True, nothing more recent in American cars than 1941 Studebakers, Oldsmobiles, etc., but they looked “mighty swell” to former internees of Japanese prison camps! At 1:30 a.m. Lois and I saw the “Southern Cross” in



the constellations.

We pulled into the dark waters of Rio late in the evening of the 14th of November. Another span of



the journey compassed, having further enjoyed the good ship Gripsholm’s delicious food for eleven days under favorable weather and calm seas. Anticipation ran high yesterday with the passengers, especially those who had never visited this great city, reputed to be one of the most beautiful sights of the world. Long before eight in the morning the decks were crowded, people straining to see the skyscrapers dimly visible in the morning fog. Banks of clouds rolled over the mountain

peaks and finally the sun, dissipating the mists, left exposed to view off in the distance the figure of Christ with outstretched arms on the top of the highest peak. After breakfast, we picked up anchor and slowly made our way nearer port, passing old "Sugar Loaf" mountain whose bare cliffs rise in majestic splendor over 1300 feet from the water. An American patrol passed us and wild cheers and shrill whistles brought in recognition a salute from her flag and waving arms from her deck. The skyscrapers on the waterfront section of the city seemed to nestle against the green woody mountains in the background. "Already", called Tom, "a man has caught a fish", when we were anchored earlier in the morning, and now he was all eyes for the city coming more and more into view.

Armed freighters appeared, fast launches neatly cut the placid waters, while a plane now and then soared overhead. It was most interesting to see a number of old passenger and car ferries poking their blunt noses through the waters and leaving white streaks criss-crossing the ten-mile bay – old

San Francisco ferries, we were told, that came all the way down to Brazil's capital under their own steam. Yesterday we queued up to receive back our old passports and shore cards. The passengers are now lined up three deep clear around on both sides of the promenade deck to receive Brazilian money. El and I think



it best to wait until after the gold rush and see now the many interesting things one can see from the ship.

On the bulletin board, expressing true American feeling, is a touching word of welcome from Mr. Cordell Hull, Secretary of State. We eventually reached shore and made our way through the milling crowd to the Touring Club, children's section, and there met Elden and his family. Arrangements were completed for the care and entertainment of

the children, including baby Lindy, for the rest of the morning and afternoon! Rather than take the much advertised bus trips, we decided to see the shops but found Brazil's national holiday had closed all shops but one large department store and, of course, the small curio shops. It was not necessary to purchase the "feel" of solid earth. A cool breeze swept down Rio's main avenue, Rio Branco. Cars swiftly passed along the way, and it seemed all Rio had dressed up in their best and turned out to see us. But the



next day when all the shops were open, everyone was just as nicely dressed and I came to realize this was a city of wealth. The women were always in beautiful costume and men did not wear open shirts, while "shorts" would be considered queer and foreign. We returned to pick up the children who had fared well at the hands of their kind hostesses and were full of tales of what they did and saw in the course of the day. We were glad and immediately visualized another full day. We would try that again.

Boarding the ship again we met in El's cabin to discuss Rio and finally all turned in for a quiet-ship - motionless-sleep. Lindy did not rest so well and consequently Lois started the morning with a very tired feeling, but off we went to do the day. The same kind people took the same expectant children and the same relieved parents made their way down the same broad way. The Red Cross supplied us with numerous articles of clothing and by 11 a.m. Elden and Marian and Lydia Pflueger had joined us to freely partake of the tasty sandwiches, drinks of milk, coffee, Coca Cola, doughnuts, cakes, etc. generally provided by the American community, in a place always kept open for the service men.

With the kind help of one of the Red Cross ladies,

we secured a Livre for eighty milreis and started on our two hour tour. Along the length of the boulevard to the open seashore we passed beautiful gardens and scooted under tall sheltering trees. By this time I had figured our speed to be too fast and so hastily extracting my little guide book, I found the magic Portuguese word for slower – “davagar” and our driver, who could speak no English, was all smiles as he slowed up that his country’s beauty rush not past us too fast. Encouraged, I used Pare and we stopped along the seashore long enough for all of us to walk across the soft white sand to the water’s edge. Lois took off her shoes and socks and splashed her feet for a minute before returning. In the distance we could see one of the cable cars in it’s perilous ascent up those long cables to the top of a mountain.

The Botanical Gardens claimed most of our time, walking all around in the cool of overhanging fronds of monstrous palms and past thousands of species of trees, bush and fern. The main road outside and the one leading in from the gate lined with stately coconut palms, fronds eighty to one hundred feet aloft, I shall never forget. I could only put my arms half way around the trunk of one and my heart was in the hug I gave it! I could only name several of the beautiful ferns, several of 60 species I had learned back in Kuling days under the hand of Charlie DeVol. Reluctantly we left, taking away a souvenir album of colored pictures of sixty species of Brazilian trees.

Driving past the embassies of great nations, we came to the palace of President Vargas whose car passed us as we came away from the gate. We could not see if one of the two occupants was the President or not. His picture is posted everywhere in Rio’s business section, marking Brazil’s entry into the war. That quiet street was also lined with stately palms, fit guardian sentinels to mark the way to a palace.

It was interesting to see something of the new airport as we drove past and various government

buildings farther on. The driver seemed anxious that we see them and he had reason to be proud of such beautiful buildings, comparable to any in America.

Back at the center again, we paid off our good driver, stowed away more food and after more shopping, returned to collect the children and were on the boat by 4 p.m., one hour before sailing time, as desired. Another place we were sorry to leave! In fact, Elden said he would like to start a Mission center in such a city!

Whistles blew, arms and flags waved, tugs tooted, ropes and cables were cast free, and we moved away from another famous city. The eyes of most everyone turned to the cross, some more frequently than others, high in the distance, clearly outlined against the darkening sky. At times rolling



clouds obscured the bottom half of this one hundred foot concrete form, but the head and outstretched arms of invitation to all the world, still clearly visible, seemed permanent in the heavens. If all who gazed upon it knew the living Christ of God and not the Jesus of history! The many interesting boats, including an old “four master”, soon disappeared with the setting sun behind us and we were on the last lap of our long journey home.

The evening brought the greatest joy of all the trip. Not knowing it we had kept the “best wine”

until last. We went on deck to finish our letters from Dad and Grant and I noticed that as Lois and I read, Elden and Marian were watching us from a distance, not seeming to have anything to do but covertly watch us! The reason became apparent for Lois jumped – Dad would meet us in New York upon arrival! Elden and Marian rose laughing and joined us. It seemed too good to be true. Again the “Lord hath done marvelous things” for which we certainly praise Him.

We are three days’ further up the coast of South America now and as I sit once more here in the ship’s lovely writing room, the experiences of the past months seem like a dream. The desks are all full of busy correspondents, others drape themselves on easy chairs and couches reading in the soft light of shaded ceiling and wall lamps. It could be called the “Rose Room”, not so much for it’s carpets and upholstery, which hold many dull roses in patterns, but for the glow of the red wall lamps bringing out a beautiful reddish-brown luster of rosewood panels, ornamented with gold embellishments on borders and ceiling squares.

It is Sunday – November 21 ... and once more we have passed over the Equator, the fourth time on this long journey. The president of a South China college remarked that he had taken seven journeys around the world, never

once crossing the Equator! None of us felt the “bump” as we passed over but we can take Captain Erickson’s word for it that it is behind us.

The Lord continues to bless us with good weather and the slightly ruffled ocean, glittering in the hot sunshine, invites one to a plunge! Elden

and Marian are reading on the “Prom” and Lois has Lindy Gene aft in the sunshine where a cool breeze brushes away the heat. The other six of our families can be seen most everywhere at anytime!

Monday – November 24th Bobby is in bed with a temperature, too much swimming we all think but Bobby. However, to be on the safe side, in view of the ship’s doctor taking everyone’s temperature before landing, we have ruled out swimming in the pool on board. Tommy nearly wept at this rule!

November 25th – Thanksgiving Day.

The morning found Bobby’s temperature 103.2 and Lorna came down with same trouble. A number of others similarly afflicted have pronounced the doom of the swimming pool.

An 11 a.m. service was held on deck. Consul General Davis read the President’s proclamation of thanks-giving. Scripture reading and prayers were appropriate. Elden and I sang in the mixed choir of 40 voices, singing “America the Beautiful”. It was thrilling to sing there on the open deck under the hot tropical sun with many hundreds of others

“My Country, T’is of Thee” and “**The Star Spangled Banner**”. U.S.A. seemed nearer and complete freedom assured. Feel as if I have in some small way already begun to serve my country by internment camp reports and maps turned into the government office on board over which I spent many hours.

November 29 ad interim –

The usual daily routine. Somewhat choppy yesterday – ominous clouds swept past us to the east. Curtis Grimes and others gave a second concert last night and I was glad to sit and enjoy it all rather than be up there myself. Feel honored that he twice asked me to give several numbers. His performances are certainly that of



a first-class concert artist. Wish I had my music, especially transposed numbers.

Sunday – November 30.

Here we are about 24 degrees latitude which is about opposite lower Florida. The ocean is like molten glass this morning, moving in long swells and occasionally the ship rolls lazily in the sunshine but not enough to bother those of us who possess weak interiors. Weak ones are cheered this morning over the report that we “get in” Tuesday night. Both Tom’s and Barbara’s temperatures are up this morning and Dr. Crawford of Texas says we must get them over it. Suppose he will renew the attack with sulphathyazol.

First church service in the main lounge was crowded this morning, over two hundred attending. Lois and I managed to attend the second service, while the baby slept. The Sunday School – 100 strong were in attendance this morning. The young people’s choir sang beautifully “Lord, I want to be a Christian”. John Jacob Trachsel, our Sunday School Superintendent at camp, gave a splendid, short message on the consequences of sin. He told S.D. Gordon’s story of the boy who slept in the attic in punishment for three days’ fishing, when he should have attended school. His father, at midnight, crept up to the attic to be near his boy and sleep with him in his punishment. God, our Father, shared our punishment for sin in His Son’s crucifixion on the cross. Our old friend, Charlie DeVol, preached on the same subject and our hearts were touched, remembering His great love.

November 30th. *The morning came upon us, cold, grey and forbidding. We pitched and tossed and rolled all night and both Tommy and I had a bad night of it, between the waves pounding on the metal hull underneath the cabin and a few drunks airing their tongues in vile language. Most of the morning rested in seasick condition but that the day would end in U.S. waters kept my head*

above water! The cold, grey waves seemed cruel as one by one they rolled away, tops lashed to spray in a driving wind. I thought of the heroic struggles of our North Patrol, guarding our ships and seeking out the enemy under freezing conditions that coated everything with ice.



The afternoon rolled away without event, save a two master sailing ship sighted off port side. After supper Lois and I hurriedly put the children to bed – for, yelled one internee, “lights ashore!” We made our way up to the boat deck and there, sure ‘nough, were lights – those of Staten Island. In the narrows we anchored for the night. A tug came past and her crew shouted to us in welcome. On shore, dull lights glowed down on a highway over which cars skimmed in silence, their moving lights the only indication of activity. In the background tiers of blinking lights of many buildings.

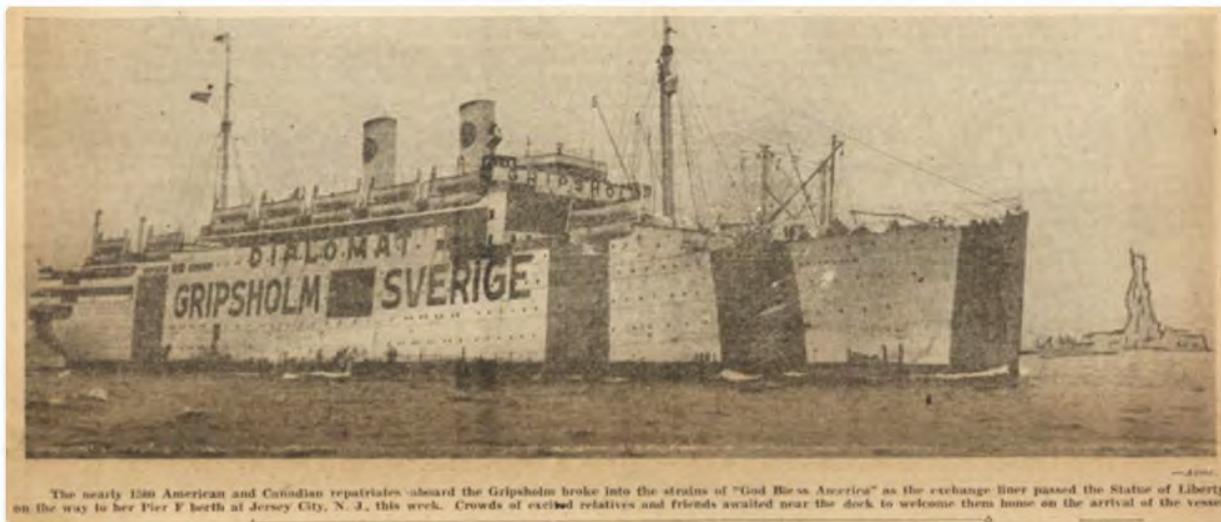
December 1, 1943

With the ship motionless in the waters, needless to say we had a good sleep. I rushed Tom to B Deck cabin and found the rest of the family still asleep. Up on deck in the darkness before the dawn, I breathed in cold fresh air and to our Heavenly Father, guardian of our lives these long weary months of travel, I lifted my heart in worship and thanksgiving. With the approach of dawn, sea gulls floated down and swooped over the water in search of food, and dark objects appeared to take the shape of anchored ships all around us. “Liberty and Justice for all” in the real sense of the word, for which we fight in this war. Full daylight brought breakfast and a fuller view of our interesting surroundings. We had swung around with the current and aft we looked upon a wooded section of Staten Island. A bright fire blazed on the narrow bank, presumably driftwood being sent up in smoke.

#

The Gripsholm Exchange and Repatriation Voyages

by Brigette C. Kamsler on September 17, 2012

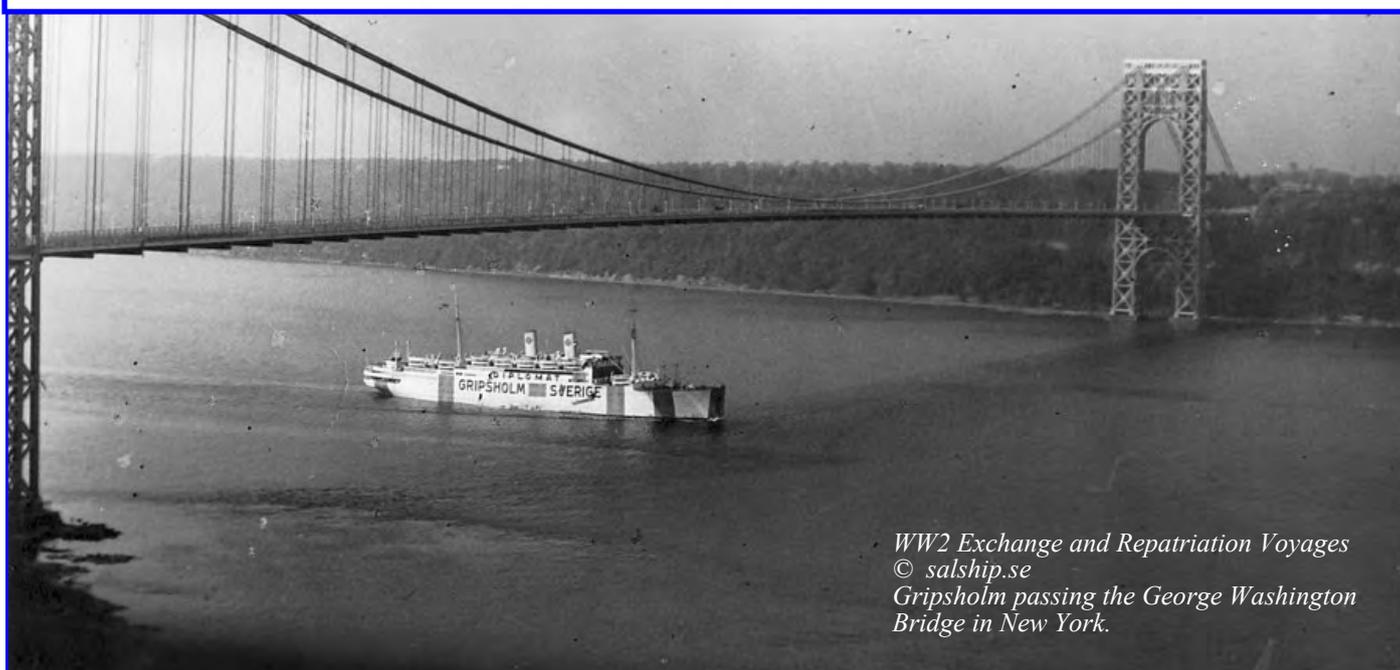


The nearly 1200 American and Canadian repatriates aboard the Gripsholm broke into the strains of "God Bless America" as the exchange liner passed the Statue of Liberty on the way to her Pier F berth at Jersey City, N. J., this week. Crowds of excited relatives and friends awaited near the dock to welcome them home on the arrival of the vessel.

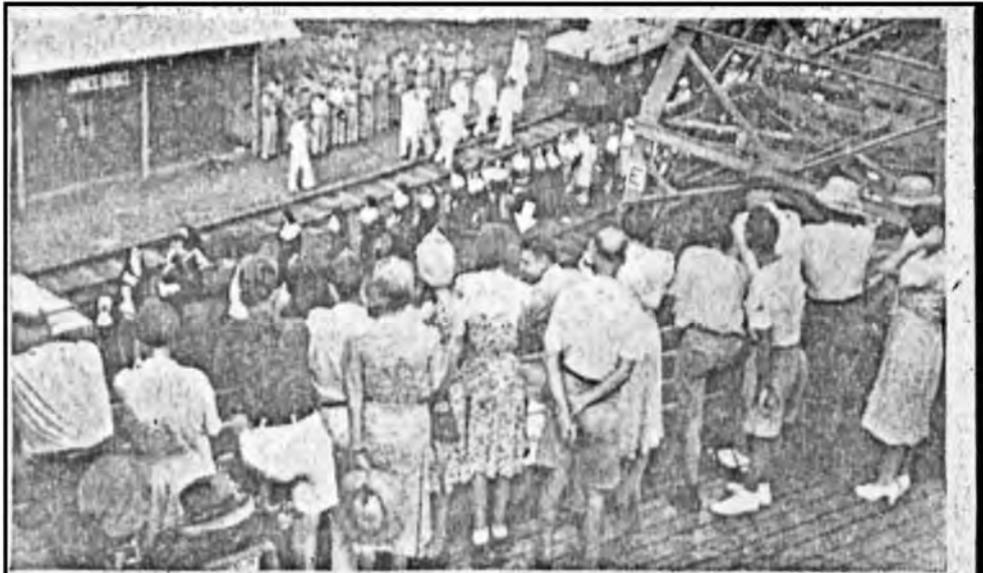
The Shanghai Evening Post American Edition, Dec. 3, 1943, page 1.

[\[click here\]](#)

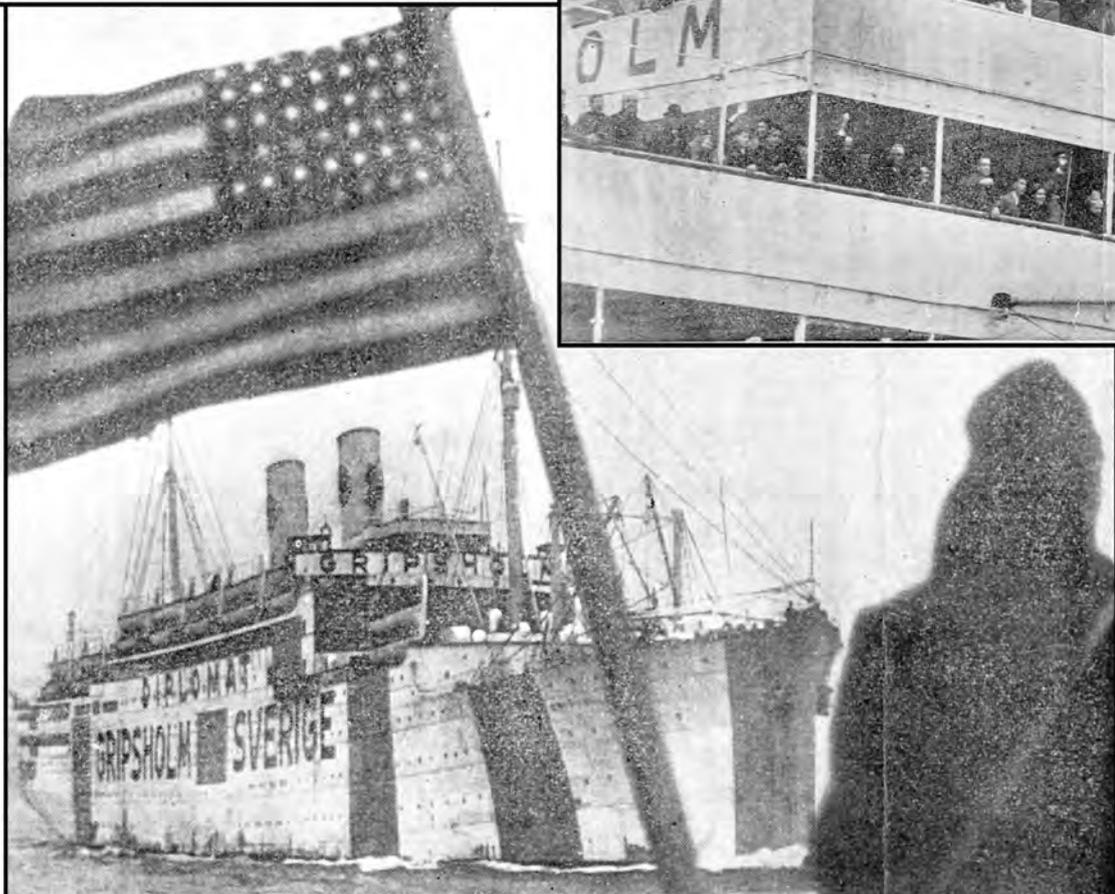
Credit to MRL 12: Foreign Missions Conference of North America Records, Series 2B, Box 33, Folder 9,
The Burke Library Archives (Columbia University Libraries) at Union Theological Seminary, New York.



WW2 Exchange and Repatriation Voyages
© salship.se
Gripsholm passing the George Washington
Bridge in New York.



Exchange point for Americans and Japanese was Portuguese port of Mormugao off India's west coast. The picture above was taken from the Gripsholm,





PART OF THE REPATRIATION PARTY WHICH ARRIVED IN PHILADELPHIA, PA., DECEMBER 1, 1943

Left to Right. Back Row: MRS. H. E. V. ANDREWS, REV. H. E. V. ANDREWS, MISS MARTHA H. PHILIPS, FREDERICK G. HARRIS, REV. ELDEN C. WHIPPLE, (REV. H. M. GRIFFIN). Second Row: BERNICE E. KOHFELD, FRONSIE A. BECKON, MISS MARJORIE I. SIMPSON, MISS LAURA ROBINSON, MISS DOROTHEA FOUCAR, MARY PEARL NOWACK, BARBARA HULSE, KATHRYN KUHN,

MR. NATHAN E. WALTON. Third Row: MRS. R. D. THOMAS, DAVID D. THOMAS, HUGH HULSE, ELDEN C. WHIPPLE, JR., AND JULIA N. WHIPPLE, BRUCE KOHFELD, LORNA LEE WHIPPLE, LOIS VIRGINIA WALTON AND BARBARA A. WALTON. Front Row: BYRON KOHFELD, KATHLEEN SMAIL, NATHAN THOMAS WALTON, IAN SMAIL, DWIGHT WHIPPLE. Photograph courtesy Philadelphia "Evening Bulletin"

Elden's journal continues:

It was a wonderful experience when internment and control by the Japanese ended in mid-October, 1943, at Goa on the west coast of India and we were welcomed aboard the luxurious cruise ship S.S. Gripsholm and sailed from Goa, via Port Elizabeth, South Africa and Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, to New York City, which we reached on December 1, 1943. Among others there to greet us was our Dad, who with "Uncle" George Sutherland escorted us to the CIM Headquarters and Home in Philadelphia.

[end of excerpts for the WeiHsien episode ...]

...

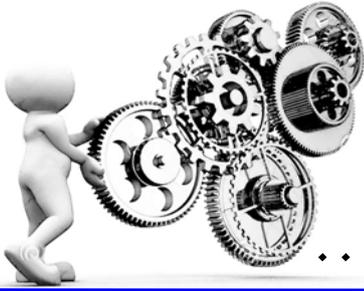
FBI Has Checked All On Gripsholm

FBI agents for the past several weeks have been questioning friends and relatives of the 629 passengers who will arrive here on the Swedish-American liner Gripsholm to learn if any enemy spies or other subversive persons are aboard.

The State Department is co-operating with the FBI, and both agencies are trying to see if every passenger is vouched for and that there is no one aboard like Karl Friedrich Bahr, the exchange student and Nazi spy who arrived here recently on the Drottningholm.

The investigation preceding the arrival of the Drottningholm was not as complete as the present one.

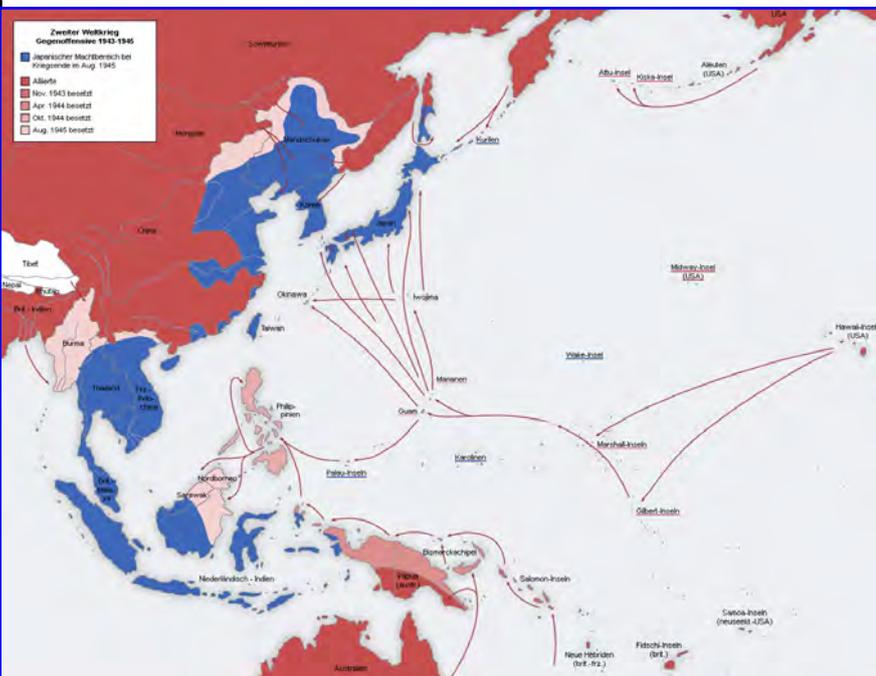
© [click on the picture]



... *timeline* ... *June 1943 to liberation* ...

© <http://www.historyplace.com/unitedstates/pacificwar/timeline.htm>

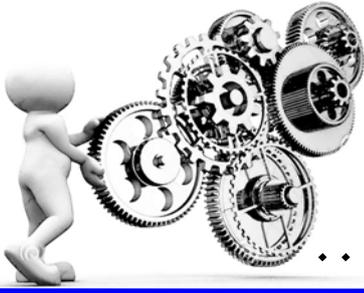
- June 1, 1943** - U.S. begins submarine warfare against Japanese shipping.
- June 21, 1943** - Allies advance to New Georgia, Solomon Islands.
- July 8, 1943** - B-24 Liberators flying from Midway bomb Japanese on Wake Island.
- August 1/2** - A group of 15 U.S. PT-boats attempt to block Japanese convoys south of Kolombangra Island in the Solomon Islands. PT-109, commanded by Lt. John F. Kennedy, is rammed and sunk by the Japanese Cruiser AMAGIRI, killing two and badly injuring others. The crew survives as Kennedy aids one badly injured man by towing him to a nearby atoll.
- August 6/7, 1943** - Battle of Vella Gulf in the Solomon Islands.
- August 25, 1943** - Allies complete the occupation of New Georgia.
- September 4, 1943** - Allies recapture Lae-Salamaua, New Guinea.
- October 7, 1943** - Japanese execute approximately 100 American POWs on Wake Island.
- October 26, 1943** - Emperor Hirohito states his country's situation is now "truly grave."
- November 1, 1943** - U.S. Marines invade Bougainville in the Solomon Islands.
- November 2, 1943** - Battle of Empress Augusta Bay.
- November 20, 1943** - U.S. Troops invade Makin and Tarawa in the Gilbert Islands.
- November 23, 1943** - Japanese end resistance on Makin and Tarawa.
- December 15, 1943** - U.S. Troops land on the Arawe Peninsula of New Britain in the Solomon Islands.
- December 26, 1943** - Full Allied assault on New Britain as 1st Division Marines invade Cape Gloucester.



Leapfrogging (strategy)

© From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia
Leapfrogging, also known as **island hopping**, was a military strategy employed by the Allies in the Pacific War against Japan and the Axis powers during World War II. The idea was to bypass heavily fortified Japanese positions and instead concentrate the limited Allied resources on strategically important islands that were not well defended but capable of supporting the drive to the main islands of Japan.

#



... *timeline* ... 1944 ...

© <http://www.historyplace.com/unitedstates/pacificwar/timeline.htm>

1944

January 9, 1944 - British and Indian troops recapture Maungdaw in Burma.

January 31, 1944 - U.S. Troops invade Kwajalein in the Marshall Islands.

February 1-7, 1944 - U.S. Troops capture Kwajalein and Majura Atolls in the Marshall Islands.

February 17/18 - U.S. Carrier-based planes destroy the Japanese naval base at Truk in the Caroline Islands.

February 20, 1944 - U.S. Carrier-based and land-based planes destroy the Japanese base at Rabaul.

February 23, 1944 - U.S. Carrier-based planes attack the Mariana Islands.

February 24, 1944 - Merrill's Marauders begin a ground campaign in northern Burma.

March 5, 1944 - Gen. Wingate's groups begin operations behind Japanese lines in Burma.

March 15, 1944 - Japanese begin offensive toward Imphal and Kohima.

April 17, 1944 - Japanese begin their last offensive in China, attacking U.S. air bases in eastern China.

April 22, 1944 - Allies invade Aitape and Hollandia in New Guinea.

May 27, 1944 - Allies invade Biak Island, New Guinea.

June 5, 1944 - The first mission by B-29 Superfortress bombers occurs as 77 planes bomb Japanese railway facilities at Bangkok, Thailand.

June 15, 1944 - U.S. Marines invade Saipan in the Mariana Islands.

June 15/16 - The first bombing raid on Japan since the Doolittle raid of April 1942, as 47 B-29s based in Bengal, India, target the steel works at Yawata.

June 19, 1944 - The "Marianas Turkey Shoot" occurs as U.S. Carrier-based fighters shoot down 220 Japanese planes, while only 20 American planes are lost.

July 8, 1944 - Japanese withdraw from Imphal.

July 19, 1944 - U.S. Marines invade Guam in the Marianas.

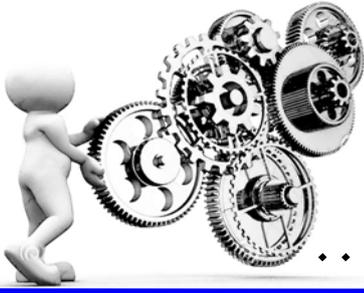
July 24, 1944 - U.S. Marines invade Tinian.

July 27, 1944 - American troops complete the liberation of Guam.

August 3, 1944 - U.S. And Chinese troops take Myitkyina after a two month siege.

August 8, 1944 - American troops complete the capture of the Mariana Islands.

September 15, 1944 - U.S. Troops invade Morotai and the Paulaus.



... *timeline* ... 1944 ...

© <http://www.historyplace.com/unitedstates/pacificwar/timeline.htm>

October 11, 1944 - U.S. Air raids against Okinawa.

October 18, 1944 - Fourteen B-29s based on the Marianas attack the Japanese base at Truk.

October 20, 1944 - U.S. Sixth Army invades Leyte in the Philippines.

October 23-26 - Battle of Leyte Gulf results in a decisive U.S. Naval victory.

October 25, 1944 - The first suicide air (**Kamikaze**) attacks occur against U.S. warships in Leyte Gulf. By the end of the war, Japan will have sent an estimated 2,257 aircraft. "The only weapon I feared in the war," Adm. Halsey will say later.

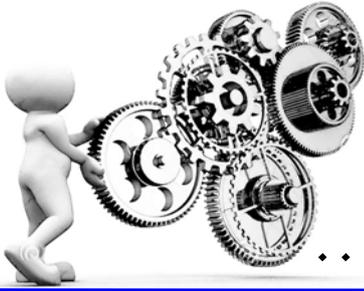
November 11, 1944 - Iwo Jima bombarded by the U.S. Navy.

November 24, 1944 - Twenty four B-29s bomb the Nakajima aircraft factory near Tokyo.

December 15, 1944 - U.S. Troops invade Mindoro in the Philippines.

December 17, 1944 - The U.S. Army Air Force begins preparations for dropping the Atomic Bomb by establishing the 509th Composite Group to operate the B-29s that will deliver the bomb.





... *timeline* ... 1945 ...

© <http://www.historyplace.com/unitedstates/pacificwar/timeline.htm>

1945

January 3, 1945 - Gen. MacArthur is placed in command of all U.S. ground forces and Adm. Nimitz in command of all naval forces in preparation for planned assaults against Iwo Jima, Okinawa and Japan itself.

January 4, 1945 - British occupy Akyab in Burma.

January 9, 1945 - U.S. Sixth Army invades Lingayen Gulf on Luzon in the Philippines.

January 11, 1945 - Air raid against Japanese bases in Indochina by U.S. Carrier-based planes.

January 28, 1945 - The Burma road is reopened.

February 3, 1945 - U.S. Sixth Army attacks Japanese in Manila.

February 16, 1945 - U.S. Troops recapture Bataan in the Philippines.

February 19, 1945 - U.S. Marines invade Iwo Jima.

March 1, 1945 - A U.S. submarine sinks a Japanese merchant ship loaded with supplies for Allied POWs, resulting in a court martial for the captain of the submarine, since the ship had been granted safe passage by the U.S. Government.

March 2, 1945 - U.S. airborne troops recapture Corregidor in the Philippines.

March 3, 1945 - U.S. And Filipino troops take Manila.

March 9/10 - Fifteen square miles of Tokyo erupts in flames after it is fire bombed by 279 B-29s.

March 10, 1945 - U.S. Eighth Army invades Zamboanga Peninsula on Mindanao in the Philippines.

March 20, 1945 - British troops liberate Mandalay, Burma.

March 27, 1945 - B-29s lay mines in Japan's Shimonoseki Strait to interrupt shipping.

April 1, 1945 - The final amphibious landing of the war occurs as the U.S. Tenth Army invades Okinawa.

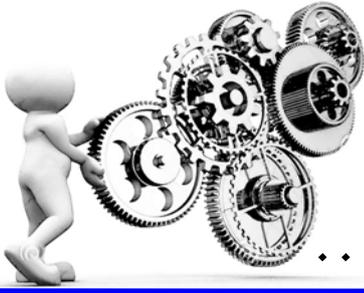
April 7, 1945 - B-29s fly their first fighter-escorted mission against Japan with P-51 Mustangs based on Iwo Jima; U.S. Carrier-based fighters sink the super battleship YAMATO and several escort vessels which planned to attack U.S. Forces at Okinawa.

April 12, 1945 - President Roosevelt dies, succeeded by Harry S. Truman.

May 8, 1945 - Victory in Europe Day.

May 20, 1945 - Japanese begin withdrawal from China.

May 25, 1945 - U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff approve Operation Olympic, the invasion of Japan, scheduled for November 1.



... *timeline* ... 1945 ...

© <http://www.historyplace.com/unitedstates/pacificwar/timeline.htm>

June 9, 1945 - Japanese Premier Suzuki announces Japan will fight to the very end rather than accept unconditional surrender.

June 18, 1945 - Japanese resistance ends on Mindanao in the Philippines.

June 22, 1945 - Japanese resistance ends on Okinawa as the U.S. Tenth Army completes its capture.

June 28, 1945 - MacArthur's headquarters announces the end of all Japanese resistance in the Philippines.

July 5, 1945 - Liberation of Philippines declared.

July 10, 1945 - 1,000 bomber raids against Japan begin.

July 14, 1945 - The first U.S. Naval bombardment of Japanese home islands.

July 16, 1945 - First Atomic Bomb is successfully tested in the U.S.

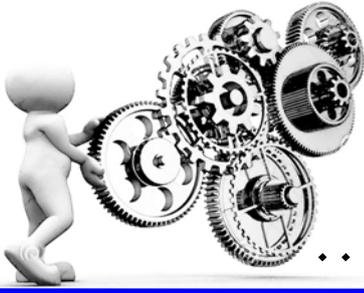
July 26, 1945 - Components of the Atomic Bomb "Little Boy" are unloaded at Tinian Island in the South Pacific.

July 29, 1945 - A Japanese submarine sinks the Cruiser INDIANAPOLIS resulting in the loss of 881 crewmen. The ship sinks before a radio message can be sent out leaving survivors adrift for two days.

August 6, 1945 - First Atomic Bomb dropped on **Hiroshima** from a B-29 flown by Col. Paul Tibbets.



*Atomic bomb is dropped on Hiroshima -
Aug 06, 1945 - HISTORY.com
www.history.com*



... *timeline* ... *1945 to liberation* ...

© <http://www.historyplace.com/unitedstates/pacificwar/timeline.htm>

August 8, 1945 - U.S.S.R. declares war on Japan then invades Manchuria.

August 9, 1945 - Second Atomic Bomb is dropped on Nagasaki from a B-29 flown by Maj. Charles Sweeney -- Emperor Hirohito and Japanese Prime Minister Suzuki then decide to seek an immediate peace with the Allies.

August 14, 1945 - Japanese accept unconditional surrender; Gen. MacArthur is appointed to head the occupation forces in Japan.

August 16, 1945 - Gen. Wainwright, a POW since May 6, 1942, is released from a POW camp in Manchuria.

August 17, 1945 — Liberation of WeiHsien Concentration Camp by the DUCK—team.

August 27, 1945 - B-29s drop supplies to Allied POWs in China.

August 29, 1945 - The Soviets shoot down a B-29 dropping supplies to POWs in Korea; U.S. Troops land near Tokyo to begin the occupation of Japan.

August 30, 1945 - The British reoccupy Hong Kong.

September 2, 1945 - Formal Japanese surrender ceremony on board the MISSOURI in Tokyo Bay as 1,000 carrier-based planes fly overhead; President Truman declares VJ Day.

September 3, 1945 - The Japanese commander in the Philippines, Gen. Yamashita, surrenders to Gen. Wainwright at Baguio.

September 4, 1945 - Japanese troops on Wake Island surrender.

September 5, 1945 - British land in Singapore.

September 8, 1945 - MacArthur enters Tokyo.

September 9, 1945 - Japanese in Korea surrender.

September 13, 1945 - Japanese in Burma surrender.

October 24, 1945 - United Nations is born.

#



