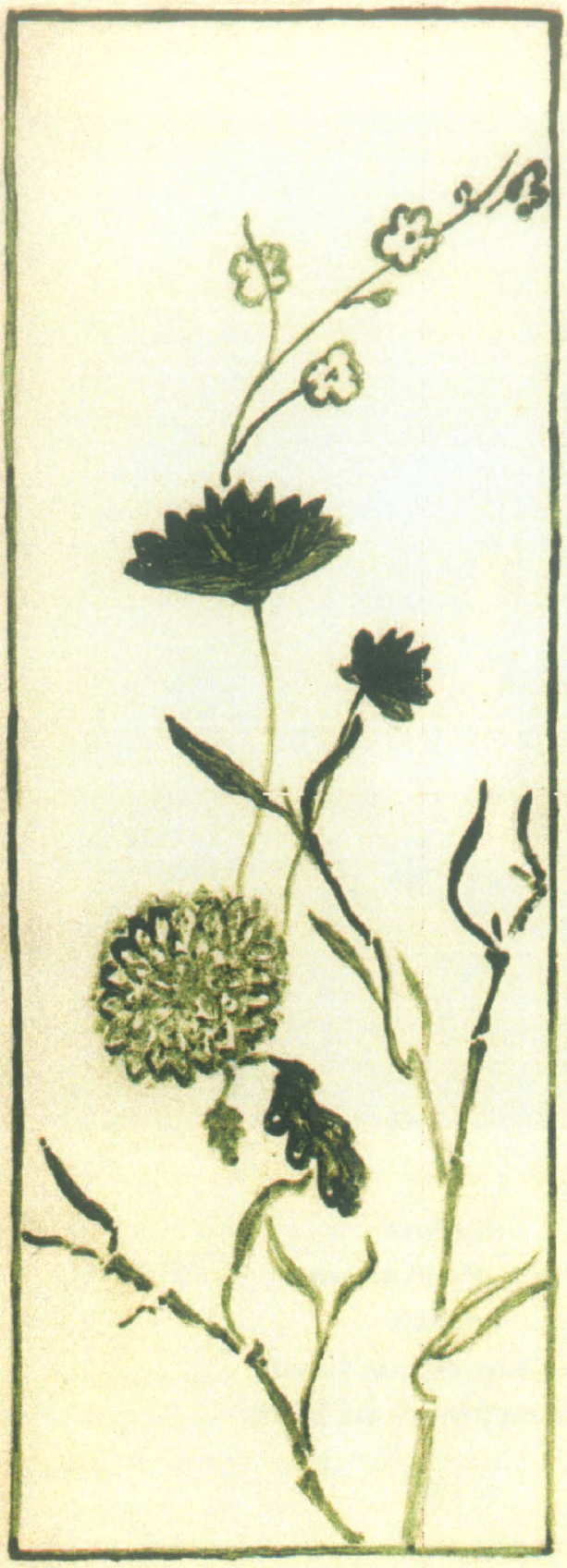


The Annals of the House of An

Colena M. Anderson

Author
Colena M. Anderson 1891 – 1944
written
The year of our Lord
Nineteen Hundred Sixty

A NEW RELEASE OF
"THE ANNALS OF THE HOUSE OF AN"

The original issue of "The Annals of the House of AN" included the original typewritten manuscript and three carbon copies that were given by Colena as her "Gift of the Spirit" for Christmas 1960 to her heirs, Frances and Clarence Gulick, Victor and Anne Anderson, and Elam and Jean Anderson.

In 1999 I was inspired to reproduce the book for distribution to Colena's grandchildren and great grandchildren as a partial record of their heritage.

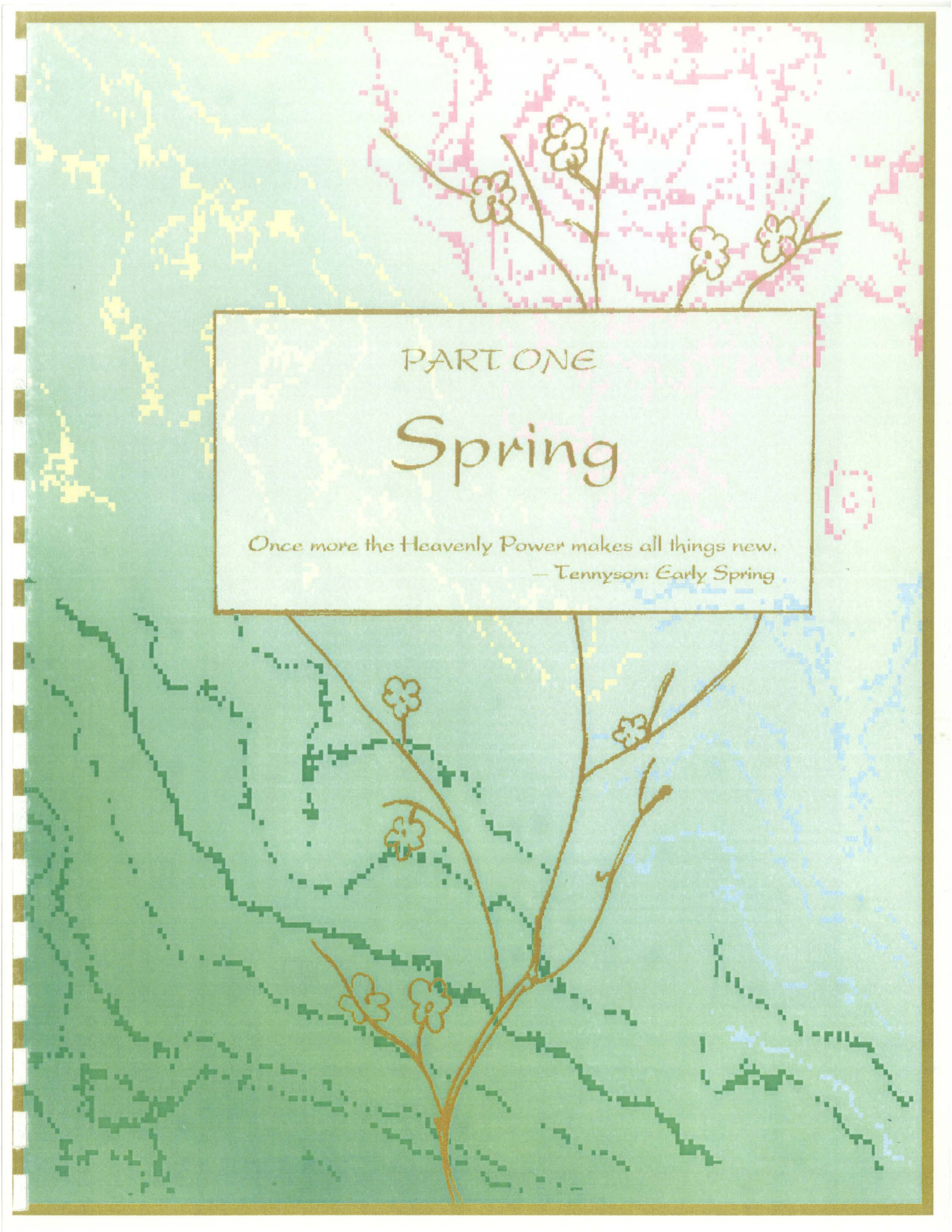
Elam and Jean, who are living in the McMinnville home that was Colena's, located the original typewritten manuscript and sent it to me in Alpine, California. The manuscript was scanned through an optical character reading program as a first cut at converting it into a computer text file. The resulting text was proofed against the original by our daughter, Judy and her husband Tom. Judy, a graphic designer, helped format the new release of "Annals". Elam and Jean sent Colena's original photos to me and from those we selected the photos to add to the new version. The maps of China and Shanghai are courtesy of The General Libraries, The University of Texas at Austin.

The cover is a reproduction of the original cover of our copy of the "Annals" with added text. The line art of the separator pages is from the original. We have added background to the separator pages, and typeset the original typewriter text of the separator pages.

Victor C. Anderson

This copy of the "...Annals..." was replicated by the Anderson Charitable Trust in appreciation of a donation to the Trust's project for support of the Elam and Colena Anderson Scholarship Fund at Linfield College.

THE ANNALS OF THE HOUSE OF AN



PART ONE

Spring

Once more the Heavenly Power makes all things new.
— Tennyson: Early Spring

1891-1944

Elam and Colena at the Boat Races, Cornell

1891-1944

Chapter One

Warm Wind Blowing

On the campus of Cornell University that first day of the fall term of 1913, Indian Summer was holding squatters rights. All morning it had sprawled, golden and languid, on the quad. At noon it wandered over to the library and, after circling the building, loafed awhile on the stone bench overlooking the valley and the western hills. From there it strolled past the lilac tree near Morrell Hall and out to the swinging bridge that spanned the gorge at the north end of the campus, where it loitered, suspended between earth and heaven, until the chimes struck the third quarter hour past twelve, when it sauntered back to the quad and leisurely settled down on the steps of Goldwin Smith Hall. There I met it as I was hurrying to my afternoon seminar. Indian Summer in all its ripe, warm beauty! What professor could compete with it? What class could rival its charms?

Certainly, not the Adolescent Psychology Seminar to which I was going. I hadn't wanted to register for this one o'clock class; it was mainly for graduate students and I was only a senior. But in making out my schedule I had the choice of this class, Education 8, or a Speech class, Oratory 10, and I knew, without a doubt, that I did not want oratory.

Coming from the warm, yellow sunshine of out-of-doors, I found the room on the second floor cold and gloomy, and as I eased myself into one of the chairs around the long seminar table, I shivered.

Professor Whipple began calling the roll. Methodically, he went through the names from the A's to the L's. Then –

"Colena Michael".

"Present," I answered in a timid voice, wishing now that I had chosen Oratory.

Just as the roll call was finished, a young man appeared in the doorway – tall, slim, grey-eyed, friendly-looking.

"May I come in?"

"Indeed, yes," Professor Whipple said. "I've been wondering where you were. Your card hasn't come to me yet, but I recall our interview of yesterday. Class, this is Mr. Anderson – Elam J., instructor in the Department of Public Speaking. Oratory 10, I believe. Now let me see how well I can remember your names."

As our names were called, the late-comer gave each of us a cordial smile. When his gaze met mine, my heart surged forward. Never before had I been so impelled toward any man. The brashness of my feeling made me ashamed. When, in the same instant, the complete thought came, A man as friendly as he looks is, no doubt, already married, consternation mingled with my shame. It was not my habit to wonder about the marital status of a young man so newly introduced. What had happened to me? To redeem myself in my own sight I lamely tagged a postscript to my initial surmise, Lucky girl! I'd like to meet her. But my heart was not in the wish.

After class the instructor of Oratory 10 fell in step with me. Walking down the long hall, he made easy conversation, telling me he'd just come from the wilds of Wyoming, was a graduate of Drake University, and was finding the East quite different from the West.

Back in my room at Sage, I revised my initial surmise and speculated instead, Perhaps, after all, he isn't married.

Weeks went by and he made no advances and no retreats – always, but only, the friendly smile and the walk down the hall after class. Then one night, just before Thanksgiving, the telephone rang.

"Phone for you, Colena. A man," the girl on telephone duty called.

The man was Elam J. Would I go with him to church on Sunday evening?

I would.

The next week it was, "Will you go with me to the Dramatic Club production?"

"Yes, thank you."

And after that with increasing regularity he would saunter into the library a few minutes before closing time, pick up my books, and walk me back to Sage.

One night in early December, as we were walking from the library, he set forth a problem and asked for my advice. He was planning to be a foreign missionary and back home in the West there were two girls – Which one?

In its own secret closet my heart whimpered, I knew it. I knew it. I knew it.

Hushing the whimper, I resolutely listened, dutifully pondered, and finally named the one who, in my opinion, would make the best helpmate for a missionary. At the same time I indulged my heart and let it have its say, I hope I never meet her.

At Christmastime he went to the Student Volunteer Convention at Kansas City. I went home to Buffalo. From Kansas City he sent a card wishing me a Merry Christmas. When we met in class after the holidays, I thanked him for it.

In mid-January he took me to a Young Peoples Rally. It was a crisp winters evening with the snow glistening in full circle under every street light and the sidewalk down the hill one long icy slide. He had to hold my arm to keep me from falling, and hold it firmly he did.

Inside me questions churned – Whom had he seen? Which of the two? What had she said? – churned, but none passed my lips.

He must have read my thoughts, for turning the corner at the bottom of the hill, he volunteered, with a sidelong glance at me, "I saw both the girls."

I looked straight ahead and murmured, "So?"

"I – I – P" For an instructor in Speech he was stammering badly. "I didn't take your advice."

"You chose the other?" My voice sounded weak.

"I chose neither." His voice was firm and strong.

Then he halted me in the midst of a circle of light from a nearby street lamp and bent to look straight into my eyes.

"Surely, you didn't think I was serious when I asked your advice. You were playing the game with me, weren't you?"

"I was not. I thought you were in earnest."

He waited a long minute, still looking into my face; then holding my arm even more closely, he led me towards our destination.

Silence lay between us and all around was snow and ice and winter cold, but in my heart I heard "a thousand blended notes" of spring and felt a warm wind blowing.

Chapter Two

The Stone Bench

Those thousand blended notes were not only notes without words, but also notes without a clear melody, until one night in early May. We had gone to a picnic near Triphammer Falls. As always with our group, the picnic had ended with singing around the fire. No one enjoyed this singing more than Elam. On the way back he continued to hum some of the melodies.

Two by two the couples passed us. "Take your time," called one. "Don't hurry," called another. Taking their advice, we soon found ourselves the only ones walking across Triphammer Bridge.

Then, for the first time in our acquaintance, Elam took my hand and held it. Startled, I drew it away.

"Why do that? You needn't be afraid of me."

Again he took my hand. No one had ever held my hand like this. Now I did not withdraw it.

His humming changed to words, sung very low:

> I love you truly, truly, dear.
> Life with its sorrows, life with its fears,
> Fades into dreams when I feel you are near,
> For I love you truly, truly, dear.

It was the song of the season. Everybody was singing it. We'd sung it around the campfire. But as he sang it now, the song moved from the impersonal into the personal. It became something more than a popular tune. By the pressure of his hand I knew it meant more to Elam too.

Now it was as though a gossamer web had been thrown around us, isolating us from the world about and gently drawing us closer together. I felt my pulse quicken.

Then shyness prompted me to tear the web.

"By the way – "

"What way?" Elam teased.

"I – ," What could I talk about? Then I remembered. "Oh," I hurried on, "have I told you I'm invited to a dinner at Andrew D. White's for next Thursday? The invitation came this afternoon."

"You are? Who's going with you?"

"Nobody."

"Then I am."

"But you can't." I freed my hand.

"Why not?"

"Because the invitation was for me alone, not for an escort too."

"Oh, but here in the East you're expected to have an escort for a formal dinner, aren't you?"

"Not at this dinner. We'll go as individuals. It's for initiates of the honoraries and for winners of the prizes."

"Then you're invited on two scores – Phi Beta Kappa and Barnes Shakespeare Prize."

"Must be."

"In that case it'll be a double honor to be your escort."

"Elam, you are not going with me." I all but stomped my foot. Not a shred of the gossamer remained.

"And I say I am."

"Oh," I wailed. "You can't. Maybe you do things like this out in those wilds of Wyoming that you're always talking about, but here – "

At that he laughed heartily, while I bit back my tears.

Silence fell between us, this time, at least for me, chill and cold. I was glad we were near the entrance to Sage. In a few minutes I could say, Good-night to this boorish fellow. Maybe I ought to make it Goodbye. Lucky the song was only a song. Otherwise, what commitment might I not now be regretting?

When we came to the dormitory, I held out my hand in a formal gesture. "Thank you," I said politely and coldly.

All laughter gone now, Elam took my hand in both of his. "Forgive me, Colena. I shouldn't have teased you so. I should have told you that I, too, have an invitation. All on the staffs of the English and Public Speaking departments are invited. Now, may I be your escort?"

"Oh!" It was a long drawn out "Oh." "Yes. Yes, indeed. And thank you again."

"The pleasure was all mine." It was his stock answer to all my Thank you's.

"No, not all yours, Elam. Not tonight."

Before the web could enmesh us again, I hurried inside. Up in my room, though, once more I felt its clinging softness, and he who was outside seemed still to be at my side.

The dinner was the most sumptuous I had yet known. If Elam had not been there, I should have felt lost indeed. His geniality melted the frost of formality and brought within a warm circle a group of students from foreign lands.

Among them was Hu Shih, also of the class of 1914. Within a very few years, the world was to know and laud him as the Father of the Chinese Literary Renaissance and a few years after that as the Chinese ambassador to the United States. At the dinner he was praised as the winner of the Corson Browning prize. In future years, Elam and I dated our friendship with that great man as of that night.

Three days after the dinner I was sent to the infirmary. Scarcely was I registered when a box of white roses came from Elam, and shortly thereafter a note saying, "I can't tell you how disappointed I was when I found you gone. My lovely plans for Sunday night shattered – "

What lovely plans? I would have to get well in a hurry to find out.

Wednesday afternoon I telephoned to tell him I was back in the dorm and feeling very well. Wonderful! Would I be at the library tonight? I would. Would I sign out for late leave? I would.

For the occasion, I chose the rose crepe dress that Mother had made for me. Outside the library, instead of going south toward Sage, he led me north. Passing Morrell Hall, he picked a white lilac from the bush growing near the building and gave it to me. With scarcely a word he

took me on toward the gorge, across the swinging bridge, where we stopped to look down into the deep shadows at the bottom of the gorge, then out Cayuga Heights to a place where a few lights from the shore reflected in the lake. The stars shone bright and from a nearby tree a night bird called.

There he told me that he loved me and there he kissed me.

Still bound by reticence, I shyly drew his head down and kissed him on the forehead. As I did so I had the strange sensation that I was kneeling at a shrine. God was very near.

The days that followed were busy, exciting, tumultuous days. Commencement was less than a month away. Preparation for finals competed with our new-found joy. We had so little time to be together and we had so much to tell each other.

The stone bench behind the library was a convenient and homely place for sharing the things that went before, certainly, a place much more conducive to confidences than the open guest rooms at Sage. From it we had a view of the valley and the lake and the distant hills.

Seldom did we come to this bench without first pausing to read again the inscription carved on its backrest:

To those who shall sit here rejoicing,
To those who shall sit here mourning,
Sympathy and greeting:
So have we done in our time.
1892 A.D.W.-H.M.W.

The Stone Bench

Sitting there, we poured out our hearts to each other. There I learned that out of his twenty-three birthdays he remembered his fourteenth as the most dismal. It was the year his sister Esther was married. She had chosen the twenty-eighth of February for her wedding day and no one remembered that it was his birthday. There was no cake for him.

"I take, then, that it's not a birthday without a cake."

"You're right. Preferably a white cake with thick caramel frosting, not just on top, but all around – the kind I used to have for lunch with a glass of milk when I worked on Saturdays in a grocery store. The storekeeper was very kind, always gave me a whole quarter of a cake."

Caramel frosting all over and thick. I made a mental note.

He learned that out of my twenty-two birthdays I remembered my fifth as the most gala.

"Mother bought a whole box of cookies, a big wooden box full, and served raspberry punch and home-made ice cream. I've tried for years to find punch like that but never have found it. Father hired a bus drawn by two big horses and took us, the whole kindergarten class, to the zoo. The horses had flags stuck in their harnesses and each of us children carried an American flag

and waved it and sang songs all the way. People on the street cheered us; they must have thought we were the lost battalion of the parade."

"What parade?"

"Memorial Day parade."

"Good! Now I won't have to be one of those husbands who can never remember birthdays. Memorial Day! And that comes on the 31st. I'll always remember."

"And I'll always remember to give you a nudge on the 30th." I turned my face to hide my smile.

Sitting there on the stone bench, I came to know his family from afar. I heard of his mother and father, born in Sweden, emigrated to America and settled in Chicago, where Elam was born. Now they were on a homestead in Wyoming with Reuben and Delight, the two youngest children. Laurence, two years younger than Elam, was soon to be married. Two older sisters, Ruth in Chicago and Esther in Seattle, were already married.

Sitting there on the stone bench, Elam learned to know my family from afar. too, with the assurance that he would soon meet them in person when they came to my commencement. He heard that my father was born on a farm in Hamburg, New York, that my mother was born in Buffalo, New York, and that all four of my grandparents had emigrated from Germany. He heard much of my three-year-old sister, Marguerite, for I was devoted to her.

"It's as though my parents had two only daughters. You see I was an only child for twenty years, and now, while I've been away, Sister has been an only child."

"Only child! Hmm." Elam became reflective. "There may be times when I'll have to remind myself of that fact, just as there will be times when you'll have to remember that I was not an only child."

"What difference does that make?"

"Difference! You had no one to scrap with. I did."

All kinds of seemingly irrelevant things were shared with each other; our hunger to know each other was insatiable. Only now and then did a few items move together to reveal an immediately interlocking significance, as, for instance, when I told of my parents' early moving from the country to the city because my mother was homesick for her parents.

The interlocking significance came as once again we touched upon the thorn in my joy – the long absence and great distance from my parents and sister that being foreign missionaries would mean. Not that I was unsympathetic to the missionary aspect. Before I'd settled upon majoring in English, I myself had thought of doing social work and that was a kind of missionary endeavor, but always close to home.

"How can I ever go so far away?" I all but cried. "It has been hard enough being 150 miles away at college. And that has been for only a few months at a time. What would 3500 miles and seven years mean?"

"Maybe your homesickness is congenital," Elam suggested. "Remember how it was with your mother and how your father moved back to the city for her sake."

"Maybe." We both laughed a bit. "If so, then it's the hardest kind to combat. But that, Elam, will be my problem, not yours."

"I'm not so sure. It was your father's problem. It will also be mine."

The enormity of the conflict struck me. My tears were now out in the open.

"But you, Elam, you dare never yield to me. You have already made your commitment. My

father had no such pledge to fulfill."

"Yes, I know." Elam sat with his head bowed and held in his hands.

"With or without me, you must go. Of that I am certain."

His shoulders shook, and I heard something close to a sob.

What was this I had said? Go without me! But how could I ever voluntarily separate myself from him?

And so it was in those days that, as we sat on the stone bench, we came to know what was meant by the double dedication, "To those ... rejoicing and to those ... mourning." My dread of being far removed from home was not, I knew, the mourning meant, but in a way it was a degree of sorrow; something in me had to be sacrificed; the cross of homesickness had to be endured.

I came closer to real mourning the day after Elam did his record sprint. He had told some of his friends of a certain race that he had won.

"You're from Wyoming, Andy," they had said, "but we're from Missouri. You'll have to show us. We'll pace you with our car."

That afternoon, Tuesday, they took him out to the country and paced him. I had planned a picnic supper for Wednesday to eat on the hillside overlooking the lake.

On Wednesday afternoon Elam telephoned, "I'm coming early. Could we have a walk before the picnic?"

When he came, I saw that his faced was flushed.

"Terribly sorry," he said, "we'll have to postpone the supper. Let's get off the campus and I'll tell you why."

Under the canopy of trees shading Goldwin Smith Walk, he told me. He'd just been to see the doctor, who had ordered him to go to the infirmary.

"Nothing to worry about, Colena. All I need is a little rest. You see, the fellows speeded up the car, but I kept up with them. I should thank them for helping me beat my own record."

"Thank them nothing!" I stormed. "Haven't they ever heard of heart strain?"

After he left me, I went to the stone bench and, alone, watched the sunset. How quickly plans could change! How many times in the future would outside forces divert the direction of our dreams?

Here I was for the first time alone at our place of rendezvous, separated from Elam by no more than a mile and at best no more than a week. But someday – How would it be then when one or the other of us should sit here alone separated by death?

I turned and with my forefinger traced the words, "To those who shall sit here mourning."

Four nights later, with Elam again at my side, I asked him the question that burned in my heart, "How will it be – then?"

"Then?" He put his arm about me. "Oh, my dear, always remember that death is only an incident in continuing life, and whenever you sit here, I am at your side."

Chapter Three

Liebeslieder

The anxiety over finals was dispelled when all but one of my professors gave me exempts. The only final I had to take was in Dramatic Structure. So busy with my own drama, I thought, I must have missed the essence of drama in theory, for, certainly, the remaining days of wunderschöne Monat Mai and the first rare days of June provided all the love plot and conflict I could handle. On the one hand, the bright shining of our love dimmed that between the covers of any book; on the other hand, the shadow of the break with my girlhood home, involving a long, far separation, cast a gloom deeper than any gloom created by greater tragedies recorded in actors' lines.

Mother and Father and Sister came to Ithaca a week before Commencement to stay with friends. It was their first long trip in the new Ford that Father had bought before Easter. Although this was the first meeting between them and Elam, they were not strangers to each other. What I had told Elam of them was matched by what I had written them of him. Only two facts I had withheld: that our friendship had grown into love and that he and I had agreed to wait until fall before becoming formally engaged.

"What if we're only in love with love?" I had asked, and Elam had said, "The summer of separation will let us know whether we have gold or not."

In the days following that certain night in May, I had tried to write the news home, but all my words failed to convey the message as I wanted to convey. Always I would hear my mother crying, "But how can I have you go so far away?" And then I would tear up the sheets.

Mother had made my academic robe herself, painstakingly putting in the intricate folds by hand. It was a piece of exquisite workmanship. Everyone who saw it exclaimed over it, but their compliments now fell upon deaf ears. The flame of gladness and joy in creation that had glowed for her as she worked on the gown, the brightness of which I had seen at Easter vacation when she began the arduous project, was now quite blown out. There were only ashes left.

Bypassing my statement that we weren't yet really engaged, Mother's first greeting to Elam was, "How can I let you take her so far away?"

"Don't feel so bad, Frankie," Father said. "You didn't expect her to stay single all her life, did you?"

"No, of course not. It's only the going so far, so far away."

My father put his arm about her. "There, there, don't take it so hard. It must be God's plan for Colena to go out as a missionary. Remember how you didn't want her to go to that small denominational college?"

"Yes, I do. I've been thinking about that all the time."

"Because you were afraid she'd meet a missionary. So we sent her to Cornell."

"No missionaries there, I thought." Mother smiled wryly.

"And see what she found." Father put his arm over Elam's shoulder, and I saw the two men I loved most in all the world accepting each other as father and son even before one of them and I had sealed our troth or ever that one had formally asked the other for his consent.

But Mother was not so spontaneous in her acceptance. That night she asked me, "If you hadn't fallen in love with Elam, would you have gone out alone?"

"No. I might have shifted from teaching English to doing home mission work. I've always been drawn to that, you know, but I'm sure I never would have ventured overseas alone."

"Then, how now?"

"Oh, Mother, can't you see? If he feels so strongly called, isn't it logical that if I marry him I should go where he goes? Believe me, we've prayed about this."

"I do believe that. Maybe I haven't."

When next Elam and I held rendezvous on the stone bench, he said, "I'm sorry to have your mother feeling so bad. And I the cause. What kind of man am I? And the way she feels about the distance is what you feel too. I know. Oh, my dear –"

My heart went out to him. Suddenly I felt a whole generation older. In that moment I was both a daughter and a mother, a composite being standing on the threshold between two generations, feeling the rending of apron strings in both directions. "No crown without a cross" could apply here too; without the cross of separation there could be no crown of a new family, far or near. And the cross had to be borne by someone, mainly the woman, I thought.

"How can the call of God cause one's dear ones such pain?" Elam was sitting bent forward, his head in both hands. His question was not directed to me, so low I could hardly hear it, but I answered.

"It has always been so and will always be so." Then without fully realizing the import I added, "This experience we must remember when our children –"

Our children? What had I said? Why, we weren't yet truly engaged? I put my hand to my mouth as though to push back the words.

Elam straightened and caught my hand and holding me close said almost fiercely, "Now I know why I sang on my way home last night, even after that hard time."

"What did you sing?"

So low no one but I could hear, he hummed:

I love a lassie, a bonnie, bonnie lassie.
She's as sweet as the lilies in the dell.
She's as sweet as the heather, the bonnie,
purple heather.
She's my own, my own –

"Oh, my dear," he broke off, "how am I going to stand the separation of the summer?"

"Now you too!" The turn of the tables made me laugh. Then soberly I faced him, "But it's good to hear you say this. If now you foresee that three months of separation will be a trial, maybe you can sympathize with my mother and understand what the years away may sometimes mean for me.

"I'll always understand." He held me close. "I promise that I'll understand."

Commencement Day came, the Mecca of my dreams and

Colena Michael, BA

of my parents'. It was here and they were here, but I was numb and my mother was sad. At the exercises I stood when we were asked to stand; I turned the tassel of my cap from right to left; I sat down. I might as well have been a robot.

Then the band struck up the Alma Mater. We stood again, the friends of the past four years and I like one body. We sang. The tears ran down my cheeks.

And after the Alma Mater, the chimes began to play. For four years they had measured off my days and nights in quarter hours. The last quarter was spent. Under cover of old familiar melodies classmates bade each other farewell.

The next day we were all back in Buffalo. Elam had come with us to spend a day before he went West to take two summer pastorates in Wyoming. We paused outside the house to admire the new lawn that Father had planted. It was green and lush and ready for the first cutting.

Later in the day Father asked Elam whether he'd like to drive the Ford.

"Simple. You crank it this way. Watch how you hold your thumb. Here are the shifts – low, second, high, reverse. Here are the brakes, regular and safety. Come on. I'll take you around the park to show you."

When they returned, Elam was beaming from the driver's seat. Gallantly he got out, opened the rear door, and said, "Pile in. I'll take you all for a ride."

Mother, Sister, and I got in. Father sat in front, and away we went through the park, out Seneca Street and on to Ebenezer at the exhilarating speed of 15 mph. Father had a road map and read the directions aloud even though he knew every mile of the way in the dark: "Turn right at the red barn. Go through the covered bridge. Pass the iron pump at right, and two miles before you get to the school house turn left."

"What's that?" Elam stalled the car. "Two miles before – that's impossible." Then he, heard Father chuckling and had his first initiation to my father's fondness for a joke. As Elam cranked the car, I heard him laughing too.

We made the trip out and back without a mishap, but as Elam turned into our driveway, instead of going straight towards the barn, the car swerved right, plowed through the new lawn, and came to a stop directly at the front steps.

"Now, that's what I call service," Father said, slapping Elam on the back. "Safe delivery right at the front door."

For the next hour the men teamed up with shovel and rake and hoe to repair the damage while we three women folk watched from the porch and gave unsolicited advice.

With Elam leaving that night the summer's test began. What would happen to our feelings once we were apart?

Train service was slow between Buffalo, New York and Pine Bluffs, Wyoming, but the beating of our hearts and the working of our minds were not slow, nor the moving of our pens. Letter after letter came and went.

In Buffalo three-year-old Marguerite pulled her chair close to my desk, asked for paper and pencil to draw pictures and write "lekkers" to Elam too. In Pine Bluffs, ten-year-old Delight spoke accusingly, "You like Colena better than you like any of us," and sixteen-year-old Reuben taunted, "Oh, we mustn't disturb Elam; he's got to write his daily letter – or is it two?"

From Wyoming Elam wrote of his parents. His mother said, "So much depends upon the wife. If she cooperates, you'll succeed; if not, you'll only exist." His father said, "If you love her, marry her within a year."

He wrote of the members of his churches. One asked, "Is she Swedish?" When he answered, "No. She's of German descent," the consolation came, "Oh, well, it might be worse. She might have been French or English."

He wrote of the moonlight night when he stood alone at the pasture gate and, filled with longing to have me there to share the mystic beauty, he found himself singing

Oft do I sadly think of thee
When I am far away, far away.

At home Mother continued to agonize over the prospects of the long separation. Seeing how pained she was, I began to question my duty and my loyalty. One lovely summer evening we walked together to Seneca Street to mail my letter. While I went into a store, Mother held the letter. When I came out, I saw a new light in her eyes.

"I've been standing here praying," she said. " – praying God to take the bitterness from my heart. I don't know what happened, but I do feel lighter inside. It's like a miracle. Now I know I have a weapon to fight loneliness."

Benedictions come in many forms; this was one of the most precious that ever came to me.

June dragged into July and July seemed never to end, but at long last August came, and with it the news of Germany's perfidy in Belgium. The day the news broke in Buffalo I was on my way to a reunion with high school friends. The buildings along Main Street were draped in black. At the transfer corner I bought a paper. For a moment I stared at the huge headlines, unable to take in their full import.

Then I turned to an inside page and in very small print I found what I had been searching the newspapers for for the past week: the announcement of the appointments of new high school teachers. There I found my name and my assignment to Hutchinson-Central, the new school that was taking the place of my Alma Mater, old Central. Standing with my back against a store front, I was torn in my attempt to respond to the two experiences – deep sorrow for the afflicted in Belgium and great gladness for the realization of my long-time dream to teach. How could one person at the same time experience such dichotomy? And why should I be so happy in the thought of teaching? If just the anticipation of it brought this joy, how much greater would my joy be when the actual teaching began? How would it be when I stopped teaching to get married?

Married? Did I really want to get married? Did I love Elam enough to give up this new excitement of the heart? Elam? After all, who was he? A stranger whom I met less than a year ago. Go with him across the ocean? How could I? Separate myself in space and time from the security of home?

A lake wind worried the black buntings and set them to flapping about me like crows about to take flight but unable to do so because they were chained. In much the same manner, black thoughts thrashed about in my mind.

That night I could not sleep. Finally, I got up and went to the window. Looking out, I saw a cross of light against the screen. A symbol? How foolish to think so! Why, it was nothing more than the beams of light from the streetlamp breaking against the screen, a simple demonstration of certain laws of physics. Yet the image haunted me. Night after night I looked at it before going to bed and then, as news from Europe grew darker and darker, I became ashamed of ever having thought of it as a symbol of my own personal skirmishes, so small when viewed through the

battle smoke of war. The cross became then an altar before which I prayed for all war sufferer's and for a speedy peace.

This transfer did not, however, banish my own inner confusion. As the time for Elam's return drew near, I blew hot and then cold. It was one thing to sit on the stone bench on a soft spring night and speak of love; it was quite another thing to know that when he came he would, or would not, have his question and I must have my answer. The magnitude of the decision frightened me.

The turmoil continued well into the day of his arrival so that, when he finally came, a strangeness lay between us. For me, it was as though the night in May had happened on some other planet.

That evening Elam sat down to our square piano and began to play, extempore, now a folk tune, now a hymn, now an aria from some opera. Sister sat on Father's lap and after a while both began to doze.

Seeing them so, Mother went over and touched Father and said, "Come. It's time to go to bed. Good-night, Colena. Good-night, Elam."

He rose to say Good-night and then returned to playing.

I kissed the three of them and wanted to call out, "Let me go with you. Please, please, don't leave me."

But they were gone. I could hear them moving about upstairs. Elam continued playing. After awhile there were no sounds from upstairs.

In all the world now only Elam and I. He remained at the piano and I in the Morris chair across he room behind him. All my heart and mind gathered into one plea, "Lord, lead us. Let us know Thy will." Elam could not have heard my prayer, for it was made in silence, yet now he began weaving into his music the chorus of "He Leadeth Me." After that he went immediately into the opening measure of Grieg's Ich Liebe Dich and, so low that none but I could hear, he sang

> Du, Mein Gedanke, du mein Sein und Werden!
> Du meines Herzens erste Seligkeit!
> Ich liebe dich also nichts auf dieser Erden
> Ich liebe dich, ich liebe dich,
> Ich liebe dich in Zeit und Ewigkeit!

When he finished, he turned and for a long minute looked steadily at me. Then he stood and came toward me, his arms outstretched. Gladly, freely, I went to him. In that moment my heart sang out its own knowledge: I was his too for time and for eternity.

Chapter Four

New Seas

Through the next two school years, Elam continued to teach at Cornell and to work for his Master's degree while I taught English and Zoology at the high school.

In July, 1916, we were married at my home. Mother had made my wedding dress – white satin with a train and a long veil and on the veil the wax orange blossoms that had been my father's wedding boutonniere. Sister was one of the flower girls. Marcella, the young daughter of my life-time friend Mary Bush, played the wedding march. Father gave me away, but later he said, "Gave you away! Nothing of the sort. The giving was done by you; you brought us a son."

That summer out in Wyoming I learned to know my in-laws, whom I chose to call "in-loves" because, even before ever I met Elam, my mother had said to me, "When you are married, never think of your in-laws without love. Never fear that I shall be jealous. It's hard when a mother is jealous of her daughter's mother-in-law. I know." They looked upon me, too, I felt with love and made me one of their own on that night when, kneeling at our chairs for evening prayers, as was their custom, Elam's father said, "And tonight Colena will lead us."

Mr. and Mrs. Elam J. Anderson

I learned to know the people of Elam's summer churches. The woman who had said, "She might have been French or English" drew me aside after I had twice admitted that I was not Swedish and in confidence admonished, "Now, Mrs. Herr Pastor Anderson, don't you go telling people you *ent* Swedish. If you don't tell them, they can't tell the difference."

One night, after all the others had gone to bed, Elam took me to the far pasture gate where he had paused on that moonlight night two years before. Tonight the moon was full again, casting a silvery sheen on everything. For a long time we remained silent, arms entwined, drinking in the beauty. Then he sang softly:

Deep as the sea, soft as the night,
Thus is my love for thee,
My love, my love for thee.

Deep as the sea! I had never seen a sea or an ocean, and he had had only a glimpse of the Pacific during a short visit in Seattle, but that night we entered into the essence of its depth and of its wide expanse. Nearby, the windmill creaked, and in the distance a coyote gave forth with his nightly call, but we were only dimly aware of these familiar sounds, for we were standing on the shore of our new life together and, louder than the audible sounds, was now the intimation of waves breaking on the shores of the new seas ahead.

Early in September we both enrolled at the University of Chicago and set up our first housekeeping in a third-floor-front, walk-up apartment across the Midway from the quad. Elam had not been drafted and his commitment to foreign missionary service stood in the way of his volunteering, unless it be as a chaplain. But, although by Baptist practice he was licensed to preach, he was not yet ordained.

Instead, then, he charted a course towards a doctorate in Education to be completed during our first furlough while I rode the waves towards a masters degree in Religious Education to be completed in June. Between classes we sallied forth to buy food or some kitchen utensil that had somehow evaded the "showers."

In that third-floor-front we launched upon our sea of hospitality. We had both come from homes where the doors always swung wide. There was, therefore, nothing new about this sea except that it was our own. That part of our furniture was made from orange crates was no deterrent to our enthusiasm for guests. Hardly a week went by without other feet than our own under our table.

We were scarcely settled when Elam came home with the news that Dr. Hagstrom, president of Bethel Seminary, where Elam had studied for a term, was in town. Could we have him for dinner?

"Of course. When?"

"Tomorrow."

"Only thing I'm nervous about, Elam, is the coffee. I just can't make clear coffee the Swedish way."

"Nothing to worry about, my dear. We'll splurge. We'll get thick cream and all you have to do is pour in the cream before you pour the coffee."

Meat loaf, baked potatoes, peas, biscuits, salad, white cake with thick caramel frosting. Nothing fancy, but with wedding silver and wedding linen and the roses Elam had brought as a surprise, everything was going well. Now came the crucial moment.

With the cream pitcher poised above our thinnest cup, I asked, "Cream and sugar, Dr. Hagstrom?"

"Sugar only, thank you. I like to see the bottom of the cup."

Before the twinkle in Elam's eye could turn to open laughter I hurried to say, "Sorry, in this cup you will see no bottom."

Not only did we break the sea of hospitality at the giving end, we broke it also at the receiving end. The members the Evanston Swedish Baptist Church where Elam served as intermim pastor from September to January and of the Austin Swedish Baptist Church where he served from January to June were lavish with their entertainment of us. In Austin we had the added rich experience of a weekly visit with Elam's sister Ruth and her family. In all those months, except for three Sundays, both of us left our apartment early every Sunday morning to take the long ride on the El and returned late at night, weary, happy, replete.

We became circuit diners who were treated to a great variety of special Swedish dishes, Ärter

med Fläsk (Pea Soup with Pork), Inlagd Sill (Picked Salt Herring), Hel Fisk i Kapprock (Stuffed Fish), Köttbullar (Meatballs), Slottsstek (Royal Pot Roast), Kalvkotlett a la Oscar (Veal Cutlet a la Oscar), Plommonspäckad Fläskkarre (Loin of Pork with Prunes), Kaldolma (Stuffed Cabbage Laves), Hasselbackspotatis (Roasted Potatoes), Helstekt lök (Whole Fried Onions), Kokt Rödkal (Spiced Red Cabbage), Gurksallad (Molded Cucumber Salad), Äppelkaka med vaniljsas (old fashioned Swedish Apple Cake with Vanilla Sauce), Citronfromage (Lemon Chiffon Pudding), Hallonkräm (Raspberry Cream), Jordgubbsparfait (Strawberry Parfait), Blandad Fruktsoppa (Mixed Fruit Soup) – the list was long.

And everywhere cups of coffee so amber clear that I vowed I could see not only the bottom of the cup but the tablecloth beneath. Early in our circuiting I realized that for me "Thou shalt not covet thy hostess' skill in coffee-making" was much more pertinent than "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's servant." Only one of our friends had a servant, and that one was just for the day, but all seemed to possess the skill that evaded me.

And so, between university and church with all the duties and pleasures appertaining thereto, the first year of our married life came almost full circle. Before our first anniversary, though, there was another commencement. This one brought me a white tassel and a Master's hood but no excitement of the heart, for none of my own folk could come and Elam had been called East to meet the Board.

There he discovered that, though he had early set his heart on going to China, the Board had assigned us to Jorhat, Assam. Elam's training and the need at that particular station matched better than any other opening at the time.

We were booked to sail in September, but in 1917 Assam was still under English jurisdiction, and back in the mid-1800's all of my grandparents had come from Germany and later in that century Elam's parents had come from Sweden. From the union of these facts now issued the complication of getting a landing permit.

All other papers were in order, our trunks were packed, every bridge burned behind us, the difficult farewells in Buffalo and Pine Bluff had been survived, and now we were in Seattle, as close to the Pacific as we could get, waiting day after day for the permits.

What we would have done without Esther and Helmer I do not know. They opened their home and their hearts to us. Helmer equalled Elam in a passion for music and excelled him in performance in singing but not in playing. While Esther and I crocheted or knit, the men folk filled the house with song. Of all their songs my favorite was Frances Allitsen's "The Lord is my Light and my Salvation."

One Saturday, land-locked though we were, a new sea came into our ken. I lay on an operating table while Elam, properly scrubbed and gowned, stood at my side, his hands on mine. Breathing the ether, I moved into a land of light and swiftly went from one part into another, each part becoming larger and the light ever increasing in intensity. It was as though I were passing through many mansions on my way straight to the abode of the Most High. And all the time, inside myself, a trumpet was playing, "The Lord is my Light and my Salvation."

When I awoke late Saturday afternoon, I heard my own voice booming out the words over and over again. Even after I was quite conscious and quiet, their echo came bounding back from all the walls.

When Esther and Helmer called, I asked, "Did he get off in time?" My eyes weren't focusing well yet, but I knew what I was asking. I wanted to know whether Elam had caught the train that was to take him to his out-of-town preaching engagement for today, Sunday. "Made it by the skin

of his teeth," Helmer answered, and Esther added, "He stayed with you as long as he could but you slept on."

After they left, I continued to sleep on.

Sometime in the night, I awoke and saw, looming above me, an inverted flask with a rubber tube through which fluid was dripping into a vein in my left arm. Treatment for shock! And here I was a continent away from my own home folk, miles from Esther, and how far from Elam, I could not tell. Tears of self-pity welled and I began to sob.

Instantly a nurse came from the shadows and groped for my pulse.

What a comfort to have her! But I longed for Elam. Why did he have to leave me at such a critical time? Couldn't he have cancelled the date? Didn't he love me any more? When he came I wouldn't kiss him. What – what if I died before he came?

The nurse let go my wrist. "I'm going out to get you a cup of tea. You're coming along just fine."

Then I wasn't going to die! The Lord – The Lord? In my rising wrath I'd forgotten about the Lord, but He had not forgotten me. Under ether I could loudly proclaim Him as my Light and my Salvation, but under a saline flask – "Oh, Lord, forgive. Forgive."

Elam came early in the morning. He kissed me and I did not turn my head away. Instead, I drew his head to my pillow.

"My darling," he moaned, "it tore my heart to leave you."

"Then why did you?"

He moved his head slowly from side to side. "I – I don't know, except that I'd promised and it was too late to get someone else. Oh, my dear, if you had –"

"Hush," I said putting my hand to his mouth. "The nurse says I'm doing just fine."

He raised his head and searched my face as once before on that snowy night. I searched his too and saw there such lines of weariness as I had never seen before.

Then he took both my hands in his and prayed, and when he finished he laid his head on the coverlet and promptly fell asleep.

How could I have questioned his love? Why should I have allowed the black thoughts to come? Selfish, that's what I was, thinking only of my wants when I should have been projecting myself into his dilemma. After all, an appendectomy was getting to be almost as common as a cold. Why should he have stayed? If one's soul grows through repentance, mine grew tall in the next few minutes.

The conviction that I had postulated on the stone bench about Elam, first loyalty belonging to his pledge, that he would have to go where duty called even if he had to go without me, had just been put to the test and, in a way, I had recanted. Now I re-affirmed. That first statement had been given intuitively; now I had a rationale. Elam might not know why he left me, but I knew. In a conflict between a call to duty and an expression of love, Elam would yield – must yield to the call to duty. He and all good men were made to do so. And when he did, it would be my part, as a good wife, to understand and carry the burden of aloneness without complaint.

I laid my hand on Elam's head as gently as one touches a sleeping child after he has been hurt. Then on the shore of my new sea – this one not of light, but of enlightenment – my spirit knelt and prayed while Elam slept.

Early in December word came from the Board that there was an emergency at the University of Shanghai. One of the short-term single missionaries was being sent home on sick leave, and Elam was assigned to take his place for the coming term. China was at least an ocean nearer

Assam and we could serve there while we waited for the landing permit.

Four days before Christmas we stood on the upper deck of the S.S. China holding the colored paper streamers that formed our last tenuous tie with Esther and Helmer and the boys and with the homeland. When the streamers broke, tears filled our eyes. We waved to our own as long as we could see them.

Then we went to the prow to watch the boat plow its way through the waves. And standing there, Elam repeated John Oxenham's poem

WE BREAK NEW SEAS TODAY

We break new seas today –
Our eager keels quest unaccustomed waters,
And, from the vast uncharted waste in front,
The mystic circles leap
To greet our prows with mightiest possibilities:
Bringing to us – what?
Dread shoals and shifting banks?
And calms and storms?
And clouds and biting gales?
And wreck and loss?
And valiant fighting times?
And maybe Death! – and so, the larger Life!
And maybe Life – Life on a bounding tide,
And chance of glorious deed:
Of help swift-borne to drowning mariners;
Of cheer to ships dismasted in the gale;
Of succor given unasked and joyfully;
Of mighty service to all needy souls.

And maybe Golden Days,
Full freighted with delight!
And wide, free seas of unimagined bliss,
And Treasure Isles, and Kingdoms to be won,
And Undiscovered Countries, and New Kin.

China Bound

Province-Level Names

Characters	Pinyin	Pronunciation	Characters	Pinyin	Pronunciation
安徽	Anhui	ahn-way	辽宁	Liaoning	lee_ow-ning
北京	Beijing	bay-jing	内蒙古	Nei Mongol	nay-mung-goo
福建	Fujian	foo-jee_en	宁夏	Ningxia	ning-she_ah
甘肃	Gansu	gahn-soo	青海	Qinghai	ching-hi
广东	Guangdong	g_wong-doong	陕西	Shaanxi	shun-she
广西	Guangxi	g_wong-she	山东	Shandong	shahn-doong
贵州	Guizhou	g_way-joe	上海	Shanghai	shong-hi
海南	Hainan	hi-nan	山西	Shanxi	shahn-she
河北	Hebei	huh-bay	四川	Sichuan	ssu-ch_wan
黑龙江	Heilongjiang	hay-loong-jee_ong	天津	Tianjin	te_en-jin
河南	Henan	huh-nan	新疆	Xinjiang	shin-jee_ong
湖北	Hubei	hoo-bay	西藏	Xizang	she-dzong
湖南	Hunan	hoo-nan	云南	Yunnan	yu_oon-nan
江苏	Jiangsu	jee_ong-su	浙江	Zhejiang	juh-jee ong
江西	Jiangxi	jee_ong-she			
吉林	Jilin	jee-lynn	台湾	Taiwan	tie-wan

China today circa 1991

Chapter Five

The Making of a Scribe

New seas, new countries, new kin; indeed, everything was new except the old ache in the heart to be nearer my home folk. Much of the time, though, I was able to submerge that ache through the realization that on the steamer with us were other young couples going out from their home folk too and through the excitement of sharing the new experiences with Elam.

On the second day out at sea, fearful lest I might forget the fresh strangeness of some of these experiences, I started my own log of our trip. Elam had brought along his Hammond typewriter with the special type, but I had never learned to type, so now every day I laboriously wrote the original and two carbon copies in long hand, one for each of our home families and one for ourselves.

In those pages I tried to preserve the experience of walking on decks that rose and fell and slanted now to the left and now to the right; conquering the corkscrew roll we called it. I shared with the home folk our unbelief at the greenish pallor on the faces of some of the passengers and of our smug settling back in our steamer chairs as we saw first one and then another of our missionary group seek the rail. And then I had to confess that on Christmas Eve, just as the flaming plum pudding was being brought to the table, both of us with one accord made a precipitate exit and headed for the upper deck. "Just want a little fresh air," Elam gasped. "Me, too," I echoed. And we both spoke the truth, for on that trip and on all subsequent trips all we ever needed was a little fresh air to change our green pallor back to normal.

One day, when the ocean was like glass, we had our first life-boat drill. Looking at each other blown up to twice our size in the bulky life preservers, we indulged in gales of laughter, but a few days later when a whole gale sent waves cascading over the deck and down the staircase into the dining room, laughter turned to fear, and I made Elam promise he would make me learn to swim before we crossed the Pacific again.

In Honolulu we watched the surfboard riders at Waikiki. We indulged in pineapple fritters. We bought seed necklaces and postcards by the dozen. We walked through liquid sunshine and marveled at the exotic beauty all around us. We drove to Pali and saw the world spread before us.

On the Sunday between Christmas Day and New Years Day, still in Honolulu, we had difficulty concentrating on the sermon for the singing of the birds and nodding of the mammoth poinsettia blooms outside the open windows. A New Year's sermon with windows open and flowers and birds in abundance! At home there was snow, but also the dear ones.

Elam bought me a lei. Always careful not to show affection in public, he, nevertheless, managed to make the lei secure with a kiss and later, as we stood at the rail of the steamer, watching Pali fade in the distance, he drew my arm through his and closed his hands over mine.

"The last of the homeland," I said, "a very remote part of the homeland."

At that he held my hand closer and bent his head to touch mine.

That night, once again at sea, writing up our log, I attempted a few simple line drawings and

experimented with illuminating the initial letters of each paragraph.

"You know, Elam," I said, bent over the pages, "if I believed in transmigration, I'd say that in some previous incarnation I must have been a monk, one of those medieval friars who copied manuscripts."

"A monk!" Elam looked up from the book he was reading. "I didn't know there were lady monks."

"Maybe there weren't, but anyway a scribe of sorts." To myself I thought, Strange how I can lose myself writing these pages, forget time and place making scrolls and flowers around a "T."

If Hawaii was remote from home, Japan was much more remote. Even before we set foot on shore we knew we were far, far from home. At home we had never seen such a flutter of colored kimonos. "Like butterflies" we both said in the same breath. At home we had never seen such chilblained hands nor such chap-cheeked children, nor such dripping noses. I had a wild wish for dozens of handkerchiefs to scatter broadcast. When we found the stores, we knew again that we were far from home; never in any store at home had we seen such a collection of woodprints, lacquers, silk brocades, and porcelains.

With money for wedding china still unspent, we knew our pattern as soon as we saw it: snow-capped Fujiyama rising out of stippled white cherry blossoms against a soft grey-blue background, and over all a full moon.

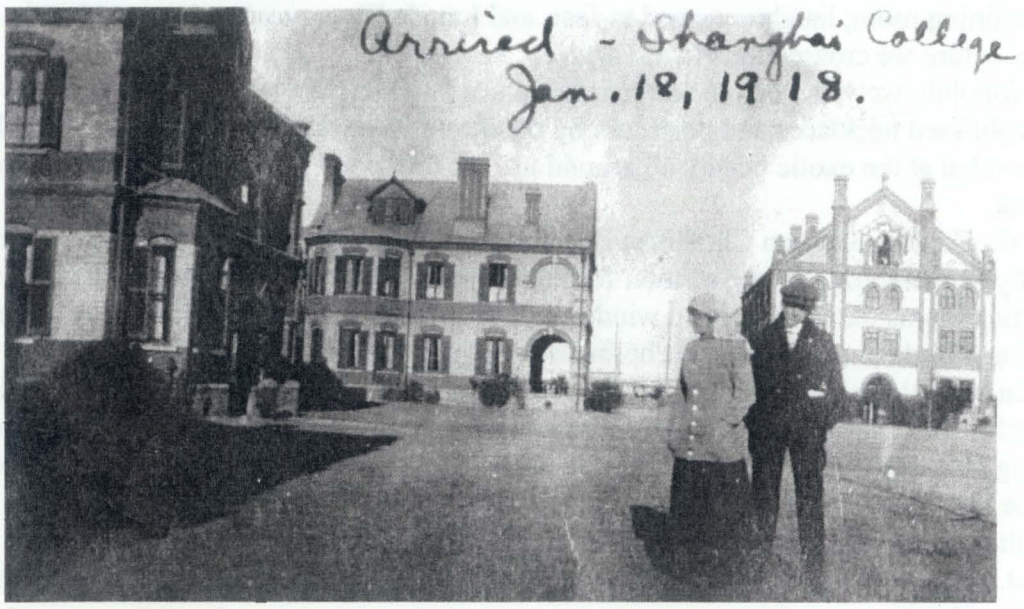
The excitement we had had in opening wedding gifts was revived.

"No one would think we were a staid married couple, would they?" I whispered to Elam.

"We aren't and never will be, I hope. Not s-t-a-i-d, just s-t-a-y-e-d married."

There, in that foreign shop with other buyers and clerks milling around, all he could do was to catch my gaze and hold it, but I was learning that the freshets of love find many channels. This holding my gaze somewhat overlong was one of Elam's expressions of affection, as real as any physical caress. I'd met it in its infancy under a street lamp on a winter's night.

Some days later, in mid-January, we landed in Shanghai.



"So now we're Shanghaied to Shanghai," Elam quipped as we stepped off the gangplank.

Missionaries whom we had never seen before, but who by nightfall were well on their way to being close friends, came to pilot us through customs and to take us out along the Hwangpoo to Shanghai College. With amazing skill the Chinese chauffeur wove his way down the left side of the street in and out among rickshas; creaking wheelbarrows; squeaking carts; tired, moth-eaten horses pulling phaeton-topped carriages; and chanting men carrying loads slung over their shoulders. And he maimed no single one.

Everywhere we looked there were people – men and women and children, and all their garments were blue or black. Gone were the kimonos of red and pink, green and purple, that had fluttered about us in Japan leaving us with the veneer impression of gayety and light-heartedness. Here was a plodding people, a down-to-earth people. Our hearts went out to them.

Once I had heard a returned missionary say, "All China is one huge graveyard." Now, driving through the crowded streets, I wondered how anyone could say that. Later, when we came to open country beyond Yangtzepoo and saw the fields dotted with small brick structures, my puzzlement grew.

"How is it, Dr. White, that people as poor as I've heard the Chinese peasants to be can have so many well-built dog houses?"

"Dog houses? Where?"

"There. All over."

"Those," said Dr. White, "are not dog kennels. They are graves."

"Oh," I murmured, submerged in a sea of humility.

Doghouses? – GRAVES

That night, comfortably settled as boarders for the coming term with Mary and Ernest Kelhofer, I felt like a divided person, a schizophrene. Part of me was devoutly thankful for our safe arrival and warm welcome; that part joined Elam in a prayer of thanksgiving. The other part was desperately homesick. The whole Pacific Ocean was crowding that part until it was about to break. Elam held me close and stroked my head and let me cry.

In the crisp, cold, winter sunshine of the next morning I resolved never again to give way to homesickness with such vehemence. There must be other outlets besides tears. Searching, I remembered how lost to time and place I had become on the boat while writing our log. Now, before even unpacking the suitcases, I took the pages from the briefcase, read over the last few and set about adding more to bring the account up-to-date. Then I made three covers and bound the copies, and found solace in the realization that for me writing could be a modus operandi through times of tension.

The next day, on his way to town to register with the American consul, Elam took the two bulky envelopes and mailed one to his family and one to mine. He brought back the incredulous news that he had been able to mail them with U.S. stamps at U.S. local rates.

"But how? And where?"

"At the U.S. post office on Broadway near the Astor House. I felt as though I were committing a misdemeanor."

So did I. All our previous intellectual reactions to the "unequal treaties" suddenly moved into a climate of warm emotionalism.

That night Dr. and Mrs. Chen – C.C., a Ph.D. from Brown University and Tsoo Tsing, a national leader of the Y.W.C.A. – invited us to dinner. While we were struggling with chopsticks, C.C. said, "You've got to have a Chinese surname. Now, let's see, what shall it be? It could be –" He laid down his chopsticks and with the index finger of his right hand he made swift strokes in the palm of his left hand. "It could be An for 'saddle.' How would you like to be called Mr. and Mrs. Saddle? Or An for 'quail.' No. Mr. and Mrs. Quail wouldn't be too good. Or An for 'table' or An for 'shore' –"

"Come now," Tsoo Tsing interrupted, "You're joking. You know what An they should have." Then she drew a Chinese character in her left palm, only she drew it more slowly than he had drawn his and she explained it as she drew: "See, first a roof, 宀 and then a woman under the roof, 安 And that's 'peace.' Mr. and Mrs. Peace. How do you like that?"

"A lovely name," said I.

"A good name to live up to," said Elam. Then turning to me, "And I hereby dub Colena its scribe – Scribe of the House of An. How do you like that for a title, my dear?"

Chapter Six

Chinese New Year to Christmas
1918

House of An! We liked the name. We liked the meaning. But, young as we were in China, we knew that here one man and one woman did not make a House. House with a capital H needed children. Well, the Lord must certainly know that we wanted a family – we'd prayed about it enough; yet here we were, married for eighteen months, and we were still only two.

For all of that, though, life was not to stand still. In God's own good time the family would come, and when it did we'd take each member as a gift straight from heaven, though even then we weren't fooling ourselves into believing that they'd be angels. And while God took His time, we'd try to improve ours.

Right now there was plenty to keep us occupied and interested for it was Chinese New Year. On every side long strings of firecrackers were exploding to the delight of both old and young. In every village temporary bamboo towers held swinging lanterns, which at night looked like huge Christmas trees ablaze with lights. In every home – scholar's, official's, merchant's, peasant's – there was feasting.

Quickly we became gourmets of Chinese food. Birds' nest soup, sweet-sour pork, shark fins with shredded chicken and green vegetables, spring roll, eight precious food pudding – we found all them delectable. The only dish I could not bring myself to taste was the dish of fried slugs, but Elam tasted them and found them, if not supremely good, at least not wholly bad. Learning to eat with chop-sticks and to crack watermelon seeds with our front teeth and to sip hot tea from handleless cups with just the right degree of sibilant appreciation were exercises that took much practice but brought the reward of a sense of belonging once we had partially mastered the techniques.

Making a list of topsy-turvy items became an indoor sport and a special hobby. Calling the last name first, reading from right to left and from the top to the bottom of the page, shaking one's own hand instead of the other's – these were the most obvious items and headed the list. But when we thought of China's brilliant dynasties – the ancient, well-organized Chou, antedating by many centuries the civilizations of our forefathers; the cosmopolitan Han, straddling the beginning of our own era with its infant steps about 200 B.C. and its tottering steps about 200 A.D.; the artistic T'ang (600-900 A.D.) with its outstanding works in literature, art, religion and philosophy, receiving to itself "strangers from afar" – when we thought of these, we wondered whether it was not rather we of the West who were the topsy-turvy-ites.

Then suddenly the feasts were over, the fairyland towers with their twinkling lights were gone, and the sound of firecrackers was stilled; overnight New Year had exchanged its holiday garments for the work-a-day garb of blue. Students were back and classes for the. spring term were opening.

When we left the States, we had thought that only Elam was to teach during the coming term, but Dr. White had other plans. He wanted me to teach English and Biology.

"What texts?" I asked.

"There's one for English, but none so far for Biology. You'll have to make up your own as

you go along. Just keep the vocabulary simple. Back in 1912 the students here asked that instruction in all classes except those in Chinese Language and Literature, of course, be given in English. That's why we can use both of you now before Language School," he said with a twinkle in his eyes. "You may find it hard-going at first, but you'll also find the students willing to work hard. And, by the way, be sure to wear warm clothes. The class rooms are not heated."

Thus forewarned, Elam and I bundled ourselves in long underwear, our warmest suits, sweaters and overcoats and thought ourselves well-armed against the cold. The next day, though, we added overshoes, mittens, and caps with ear muffs. Writing on the board with chalk held in a mittened hand produced a calligraphy somewhat resembling the Chinese, but none of the students found any meaning in it, and when we looked at it the next day we could scarcely decipher it ourselves.

"Keep the vocabulary simple." This admonition became a real challenge as I attempted to simplify "dicotyledons," "endosperm," "gametophyte," "photosynthesis," and as Elam struggled with "environment," "schizophrenia," "apperception." Nowhere in all the world is it more clearly demonstrated than in China that "the individual developes by incorporating within his own experiences the summarized achievements of the race," but try to put that in simple terms. And then add to it the statement: "Social progress is secured through the modification and slight increment which the individual may furnish to tradition," and do it without the benefit of a translation medium. No wonder that in his classes in Education Elam found pedagese a slippery antagonist.

If at times Biology sat down on its haunches, English always moved along, although frequently it limped badly. Take, for instance, the paraphrases of Browning's "Incident of a French Camp." The poem was in the text close to Tennyson's "Ring Out, Wild Bells." We tackled both.

Remembering the perfect English of Hu Shih, my classmate at Cornell, I was poorly prepared for statements like these:

> Napoleon, with pushing out neck, wide legs and arms at his back, stood on a hill.
>
> Napoleon out thrust his neck and his head in backwards. He faced the ground, put his feet distantly, fastened his hands on his back and thought about his planning.
>
> At that time Napoleon wided his legs, pushed forward his neck and linked his hands together after his body.

However awkward their expressions were, there was nothing awkward in their comprehension of the underlying meaning. Tennyson's "Wild Bells" was not mere words for them. They heard bells ringing and knew exactly what those bells should ring out in China: the feuding war lords; corruption in high places; "squeeze" in low; ignorance; disease – cholera, typhus, beri-beri, tuberculoses; famine – and the foreigners. Foreigners, yes, all but the Americans. "Americans very good," they said. "America our friend, but English –" They spat the Englishmen out of their mouths.

If we taught the students anything that first term, they taught us much more. We wanted to take at face value their kindly spoken affection for all Americans, but the vehemence of their

feelings against non-Americans made us examine our own "goodness" and wonder how long before we also might be proscribed.

The barrier of language was a source of constant irritation for us. Even though instruction was always to be in English, we needed to know Chinese. Both of us were forced day after day to wait long minutes for the students to thumb through their dog-eared bi-lingual dictionaries in search of some clearer meaning to a word than we could give without benefit of Chinese. Their zeal for learning the English language seemed incongruous when placed beside their dislike of the English people. Was it that these students were going to take a page from the current history of India where the educated were using the language of the British raj to berate the raj, or was it that these Chinese students felt that English was the "Open Sesame" to the hidden treasures of the West? Whatever their reason, we could only hope we'd have as much zeal for their language.

Soon after we arrived in Shanghai, Elam joined the Shanghai Volunteer Corps. Once a week he and Victor Hanson, a missionary colleague, went to the city for drill and rifle practice. When ricksha riots and market riots threatened the safety of the city dwellers, the Shanghai Volunteer Corps was called for special duty.

"I may be late coming back," Elam said one afternoon in April as he kissed me Goodbye. And he was. The clock struck twelve and then one and two and three before I heard him open the door and go into the kitchen.

Slipping on my robe, I started downstairs. He met me at the foot of the stairs. "Better go back to bed. I brought in a ricksha runner. Making him a cup of tea. He hurt his foot. He'll stay with the gatekeeper all night and see the doctor here in the morning."

"And what have you been doing? You're all out of breath."

"Nothing. Just a little tired. Go now, I'll be up in a minute."

Not until in the Wintertime of the House did I learn why Elam was so out of breath. Then a friend of a friend of mine over in Europe met a Chinese official who in 1918 had been a student at Shanghai University. "Dr. Anderson" he said. "You mean Elam Anderson? Oh, I've never forgotten what he did during some of those early riots. A ricksha coolie told the gateman and the gateman told some of us students, 'An-hsien-sheng, he was coming back to the college when the ricksha coolie stumbled and hurt his foot. Then An-hsien-sheng got out of the huang-pao-ch'e and made the coolie sit in it while he, the teacher, took the shafts and brough the coolie to his house and cared for him.'"

In May the Board wrote saying there was no hope in the foreseeable future for us to get landing permits for Assam and, therefore, they were asking us to take a permanent assignment to Shanghai College. We were happy to do so, for by now the campus had become familiar territory and bonds of affection were growing closer every day. Our hopes to go to language School in the fall were, however, shattered when Dr. White said, "We'll need both of you here for another year. After that, language study."

In June, 1918, we went to Mokanshan, the summer resort in the mountains, although the missionaries who had been in Kuling laughed and said, "You mean up in the hills." For weeks the newspaper had carried an advertisement of a launch that would take passengers from the railroad at Hangchow to the foot of the mountain where chair bearers could be hired for the trip up the mountain. Food and water for one day's trip was all that we needed. Since the day was exceedingly warm, long before we reached Hangchow all our thermos bottles of cold water were emptied and we had resorted in the train to ordering hot tea served in glasses. One thing we knew – we must not drink unboiled water.

At the wharf we found the launch was not yet running. It would run next week. A houseboat? Ah, yes. If any houseboats were left. So many travelers had already come.

We managed to find a houseboat, a small one, too small for our party of five, but we squeezed into it and were on our way. The journey would take the rest of the afternoon, all night and until noon of the next day. And we without water!

There was, of course, the water of the canal in which our houseboat was slowly moving. But after seeing what was being poured into the canal our stomachs turned.

"If we boil the water for ten minutes, it would be safe for making tea, if we had some tea leaves," the veteran in the party suggested.

"I'd rather die than drink that water even if it was boiled for an hour," I said.

But those were light words; I'd never faced thirst before. In the end I drank with the other four tea that was made from the boiled canal water and the few tea leaves the boatman had. With each successive brewing the tea grew weaker and weaker until in the end I just closed my eyes, held my nose, and drank plain boiled canal water.

Never in all my life did cold water taste so sweet as did the water from the "safe" spring at the tennis court at Mokanshan. Living water, indeed! The metaphor took on new meaning, and an intensified vitality.

That summer Elam fulfilled his promise made during the storm at sea. What the physical education directors at both Cornell University and the University of Chicago had not been able to teach me, Elam taught me in the little swimming pool at that inland Chinese mountain resort.

In late August we returned to the campus and settled into our own home, one half of the long, narrow building close to the college gate that was no longer needed for married seminary students. There was no electricity, no running water, no plumbing. All our water was brought from the river by coolies who poured wooden bucketful after wooden bucketful into a great stone jar at our back door and then stirred in alum to settle the mud. After that all the water for internal use was boiled and filtered and when the children were very young all their bath water was boiled too.

"But I've got to have a shower," Elam said, "even if I have to make it myself."

With the help of, and at times in spite of the hindrance of, a village tinsmith, Elam got his shower. The tank was made of two five-gallon Standard Oil tins soldered together. The faucet was a crude sprinkler top with no shut-off valve. The tray was a four-foot square piece of galvanized tin turned up at the edges and set in a wooden frame. The run-off was through a pipe leading from the tray through the wall and down into an open ditch at the side of the house. The procedure was to get two five-gallon tins of water the desired temperature (Elam preferred one hot and one cold), soap yourself well, pour the water into the tank and then hurry to stand under the spray.

"Ah, now," Elam would say, drying himself vigorously and listening to the water gurgling down the drain, "This is the life!"

By early October, 1918, we were well settled. In the living room half of the long narrow front room was white wicker furniture on a brown and blue camel's hair rug. In the dining room half were a table and chairs painted white with mahogany stained top and seats, all made by a local carpenter. Under the table was a washable reed rug. At the windows were white cheesecloth curtains, crisply starched. Even before the furniture was in, these curtains were up. In all our moves Elam's one request was to have curtains be the first things up and the last things down. "Makes the room look cozy," he would say.

All that we lacked now for winter comfort was the coal heater, and that was to be supplied by the college and set up within the coming week. But before that week came, the weather suddenly took a turn and there we were chattering with cold, finding no warmth whatever in the daily promises of the Chinese servant who kept saying, "Ming t'ien (Tomorrow.)" As a stop-gap we borrowed an oil heater that turned out to be somewhat decrepit.

On Friday, Elam handed me a letter. "From an old friend," he said, pursing his lips. "She'll be passing through port tomorrow. Wants to know whether we'll be home. Will we or won't we?"

"Of course, we will," I was quick to answer.

"You know who she is?" His face was a study in restrained laughter.

"How could I forget? She's the one I advised you to marry." I kept to myself the thought "And the one I hoped I'd never see."

But that hope must have been made under a lucky star, for it almost came to pass.

Elam went to meet her at the dock. I stayed home to make everything bright and shining. An hour before I expected them back, I started the oil heater downstairs and then went upstairs to see that all was in order there. They came home sooner than I had thought they could so that I was still busy upstairs when I heard the college car stop at our door. I rushed downstairs and simultaneously flung open the front door and the door into the living room. Immediately out of that living room there billowed forth a cloud of sooty smoke. It settled on all three of us and surrounded us like the darkness of an eclipse so that in truth I did have difficulty seeing her. For days after she left, little balls of soot were still playing tag with each other in all the corners.

But now it was November. The last of the soot was gone. The curtains were again freshly laundered. The coal heater was up and behaving as well as the coal heater I knew in my childhood days. This one, a continent, an ocean and two decades away from that one, had the same kind of isinglass windows through which I could see the flames. Sometimes when I was alone I would sit by the stove and watch the flames and remember and long and wonder and get out my last letters from home and re-read them.

I was reading like that one morning when the chapel bell rang. It was an odd hour for that bell to be ringing. Could there be a fire? I rushed to the window, but there was no sign of a fire anywhere. Then my neighbor came out of the other half of the duplex and motioned me to join her and together we hurried to the other end of the campus and up the stairs to the chapel in Yates Hall.

There I met Elam and there we heard the news of the Armistice. We were all standing, and while the students shouted "Hao. Ding Hao. (Good. Very good.) Chieh Kuo (Finished) Teh Kuo (Germany)," we drew close together and with other Americans unashamedly let the tears run down our cheeks.

That afternoon students came around distributing the flyers of the victory, on the upper half of a pink sheet was the picture of a boot labeled "Allies" kicking out a bemedaled, German officer. On the lower half of the page were eight columns of Chinese characters. Looking at them we yearned to see in them something more than "hen tracks"; we chafed at the thought of having to wait another year before going to Nanking. But the next day, back in our classes, impatience ebbed away and we were glad for the work and the opportunity set before us.

By now Elam had started a Glee Club and was already planning for a pioneer tour. The students were as excited as he over the idea. They drew close to him and he felt a real affection

for them.

Late on the Saturday night before Thanksgiving, he decided that he'd like to have them in for Sunday supper.

"But, Elam, there's not time or way to get food now."

"We don't need to go out to buy. We'll use what we have."

"But we don't have enough for twenty guests."

"We do if we set up a kind of smörgåsbord, a little of this and a little of that, just a dish of everything we have. You'll be surprised."

Elam and his Glee Club

I was. By the time he had pulled out all our canned goods and foraged in the cooler and I had baked a cake and some cookies and made a batch of fudge, we had quite an array: rice, sweet potatoes, white potatoes, plain crackers, graham crackers, bread, butter, jam, noodles, scrambled eggs with bacon, deviled eggs, salmon, sardines, cheese, pork and beans, soy beans, spinach with vermicelli (Chinese fashion), beets (Harvard style), Chinese cabbage, foreign cabbage, sliced canned meat, sesame seed candy, cake (white with caramel frosting), dried prunes, raisins, hard candy, apples, mandarin oranges, fudge.

"See," Elam gloated. "I told you. Twenty-nine dishes and watch them disappear."

I watched and saw all but the butter and cheese go. One of the less inhibited students explained, "We Chinese don't like butter. And frankly, I don't like the way your house smells."

"Smell!" I was startled and began to sniff. What offensive odor had escaped my sensitive nostrils? And who was this Son of Han who would speak so bluntly and tactlessly to the wife of his professor? Was something happening to this younger generation that had not yet been recorded in the history and reference books that we had read?

"Yes," he continued. "Smells of milk. Ay-yoh, how can you foreigners drink that stuff? Or eat cheese?" By his facial expression I could tell that for him cheese was beyond limbo.

Inquiring around, I found that others, in less blunt ways, expressed their aversions to lactic products, and within a week I was to learn that even mice in China eschew cheese.

The conversation on that Sunday evening before Thanksgiving, 1918, ranged from cheese to war lords, from Glee Club Tour to the Twenty-one Demands.

"I find it hard to believe that Japan ever really made all of those original demands." Elam said. "There must have been some error. No country as civilized as Japan in these days of fading colonization and growing democracy would be so medieval. It just can't be."

"Can't be!" The one Korean in our midst bent forward in his excitement. "But it already comes in our country. None of you know yet how hard to have steps followed, to be full of afraid all the days. You do not know how life is squeezed when outside rulers come in with 'blessings of progress'!" His tone of bitterness cradled the last phrase in quotes. "But wait, your day will come. And," turning to Elam and me, "America's too. All of you shall see that Hideyoshi's dream of empire breathes still in Japan. Modern Japan still thinks what he thought in 1578 that the conquest of China with Korea as a base of operation can be made 'as easily as a man rolls up a piece of matting and carries it under his arm.'" This last sentence was delivered in faultless English as though it were a lesson learned from a book. "But excuse me please. I should not so speak with such heat at a party." He smoothed his white garb over his knees and sat in silence.

So did the rest of us. His fervid prophecy had gone deep.

Elam broke the silence by going to the piano. "What shall we sing?" he asked.

With one accord the answer came, "Bullfrog on the Bank."

In unison, in parts, in at improvised round, he led the group until cheer was once again abroad. Then he changed to "Shanghai Will Shine Tonight" and warned the group to watch carefully not to sing off key. But as soon as they were all singing lustily, he shifted keys.

The group floundered badly, but after awhile they were again singing in harmony. Then Elam shifted keys again and once more they floundered. But this time they laughed and called, "Encore!"

So began that favorite musical game which Elam used on many occasions with different groups. He could always count on it to bring any group, no matter how diverse its parts, into a period of goodly fellowship.

Listening to the confusion of tones at the time of the shifting, I was always reminded of the Tower of Babel. So must that mixture of tongues have sounded. And closer home I was conscious of its symbolism of the frightening frontier that the Korean student had held up to our gaze. If in play, one slight shift could so quickly change a pleasing chordal structure into chaos, how much more quickly might not a political or social shift made in earnest change the tenuous harmony of nations into war?

When such a change was made, could harmony be as quickly retrieved? I knew the answer was "No" and in the shadow of that answer I always shivered even when the fire burned brightly behind the isinglass.

Having set out a smörgåsbord of sorts on the spur of the moment on that Sunday before Thanksgiving, I was eager to see what could be done with a Christmas Eve smörgåsbord in true Scandanavian tradition when there was time for planning and shopping. Elam discovered a store in Shanghai that sold smoked salmon from Seattle, anchovies from Moscow and knäckebrod from Stockholm, Lutfisk, too, but he wasn't sure how to prepare it and in that era of B.A. (Before airmail) there was no time to get back an answer from the folks in Wyoming or Seattle.
I made limpa brod from a recipe I found in a current magazine and köttbullar (meat balls) from the memory of their taste. With the help of Elam's memory and the dried apples sent from my folks we concocted fruktsoppa. Yul gröt was not too difficult. "Just keep on adding milk to the rice and boil it a long time in a double boiler," Elam said.

As we went on joyfully planning the menu, another plan came to mind. Thinking of the guests we'd invite, we realized that we would have several nationalities represented: English, German, Swedish, Chinese, and Korean. Here was the nucleus for an International Christmas

Eve. Here under our roof would be guests who could read the Christmas story in different languages.

And so it was that on Christmas Eve, 1918, the House of An began a tradition that has remained unbroken through the years. From year to year faces and languages change, but the story remains unchanged, and in the presence of a lighted Christmas tree and our Symbol of Heaven we read around the circle, always making certain that we have at least German and Swedish and Chinese to add to the English:

> And it came to pass in those days ....
> Es begab sich aber zu der Zeit ....
> Och det begaf Sich i de dagarna ....
> Tang na shih hou ....

Chapter Seven

From Two to Three

Once again it was Chinese New Year. Looking back, we wondered where the months had gone since last we saw the frail bamboo towers with their swinging lanterns dotting the landscape. I saw them now, through the windows, a pleasant sight to behold, as from time to time I rested that evening from packing the suitcases for our first trip to the mission stations of Ningpo and Shaoshing.

The next morning Elam went to town to make final arrangements. I was to follow later by ricksha to the end of the tram line and then by tram to the Chocolate Shop where we were to meet.

It was a cold, windy day. The ricksha runner called my attention to the freshly oiled yellow curtain that would shield me from the wind. Then he set out on a jog down the road beside the Huangpoo. From time to time he turned his head to inquire, Hao, puh-hao? (Good, not good?) And I answered, Hao. Ding hao. (Good. Very good), stretching the truth a bit, for the pungent odor of oil from the curtain and the strong odor of garlic from his breath were making me feel somewhat squeamish. Apart from that, however, all was very good. I was on my way to meet Elam and we were going on a holiday!

On the road near the college there was little traffic, but as soon as we entered the Yangtzepoo mill district, the traffic grew momentarily greater and more and more confusing.

Suddenly, in the midst of this teeming traffic I was shocked into a startling awareness. The announcement of the angel in the temple to Zechariah of old that his wife Elizabeth was to bear a son could not have been more clearly heard by that aged man than was the inner announcement that came to me on that crowded street in Shanghai. The news was being relayed to every fibre of my nervous system. For very wonder and joy I held my breath, and then in recompense I pulled aside the yellow curtain and filled my lungs with the cold air. Once again I was to find how strong my constitution was, for although that air smote me with the added odors of open-air kitchens and factories and human toil, nothing untoward happened. All I needed was a little air.

The ricksha runner stopped short and was all for putting back the curtain, but I refused to have it up again and waved him on. And while he wove his precarious way among automobiles, bicycles, wheelbarrows, carriages, trucks, man-borne loads, pedestrians, and other rickshas, my soul magnified the Lord.

Not until I'd seen Dr. Barlow in Shaoshing could we be certain that what I took as an announcement was in fact the truth. That night, in the privacy of our room, we knelt while Elam prayed. Great events and great decisions always called for special prayers – and on our knees. In the days that followed I had to remind him often that I was not made of Dresden china and ask him please not to be so obviously solicitous. After all, a woman who needs only a little fresh air likes to keep her precious secret to herself for a little while.

The trip to Ninpo took only overnight and was made in a comfortable river steamer. The return trip from Shaoshing took twenty-three hours in five different vehicles: a houseboat that crawled at snail's pace down the canal; sedan chairs carried by bearers who walked barefooted in the snow; a ferry boat that tacked across the wide river; a train that hurried from Hangchow to

Shanghai; and then the college car that took us home.

On the snowy plain, whenever bearers met going in opposite directions, those who first called, Walla-walla (Move over; give right of way) won the right to keep the path while the slower ones were forced to trudge in the deeper snow. After a few times of hearing this call, Elam joined the bearers and sang out "Walla-walla, Washington." The bearers thought the addition of "Washington" a great joke, and immediately adopted it, calling it lustily and laughing heartily. Approaching bearers adopted it too, so that long after they had passed we could hear them shouting "Walla-walla, Wallyton." One of them added, "The foreign devil says it so."

Yang kwei-tzu (Foreign devil). We heard the term first from the children in the villages around the college. Now we were hearing it from grown men in the interior. When Elam called back Chung-kuo jen (man from China) the bearers laughed and interspersed their chanties with both names. Elam always took the term lightly, but to me it had something sinister about it.

In the very month, January, 1919, that the personal announcement was made to me, another announcement, was being made half a globe away. Newspapers around the world carried the news: "Gathered at Paris, representatives of the Allied and Associated Powers have assembled to draft terms of peace." Although at that time China was divided at home with one government in Peking and another in Canton, she arranged to have a delegation that should speak officially for both governments. This delegation asked in no uncertain terms that the German properties in Shantung be turned back to China and that the Chino-Japanese treaties of 1915, issuing from the Twenty-one Demands (which by this time Elam had sadly to admit were real), and of 1918 be abrogated.

The news of the Paris decision did not reach China until May 2. Under Articles 156-158 of the Treaty of Versailles, although nominally Shantung had been given back to China, Japan was to retain the railway, mines and submarine cables with the rights, privileges, and properties attaching thereto.

The next day the People's Determination Society in Peking suggested a boycott of all Japanese goods. The flame of resentment kindled in the north capital spread like a crown fire in a tinder-dry forest. In Peking, Tientsin, Shanghai, Hankow, Canton and points between and beyond, the flame shot high. Everywhere students organized themselves into unions "to save the country." They enlisted the patriotism, voluntary or involuntary, of the merchants, and with evangelical zeal they want to hamlets and larger villages to "illuminate" the peasants by interpreting to them the terms of the Paris decisions.

On May 7 the students of Shanghai College held a mass meeting in remembrance of the fourth anniversary of Japan's 1915 Demands. With feelings running hot and high, they proclaimed a city-wide boycott against Japan. The next day our campus was bedlam. All day long the students hauled things from their rooms to the river bank in preparation for a mammoth bonfire that night. Books, papers, pens, chairs, tables, bowls, chopsticks, clothing, games, food– anything that looked, tasted, smelled, felt, sounded as though it had originated in Jih-pen was brought to make the flames leap high.

The servants in the homes of the missionaries caught the fever. What furniture, books, scrolls, lacquer, porcelain did we have to add to the flames? Would we give them up for this good cause? "Will you, An sz-moo, give me your Japanese dishes?" Yung-ho, our house-boy asked. I would not. For the rest of the day he sulked.

That very day the Swansons, missionary friends on their way back to India, arrived

unannounced in the late afternoon just as we were about to sit down to our supper of creamed salmon, baked potatoes, peas, salad, pie and tea.

"Whatever is all the hub-bub about?" Mr. Swanson asked.

"Another student demonstration," Elam said. "Want to go out to see all the Japanese goods that will be burned tonight?"

"I'll go too," said Mrs. Swanson. "This will be something to write home about."

"Quick," I said to Yung-ho. "Re-set the table. Use these dishes." I pointed to the cupboard in the butler's pantry.

With the alacrity mentioned in his letters of recommendation, but with no joy, he cleared the table entirely, spread out best embroidered cloth and took down the Fujiama dinner plates. Halfway to the table he deliberately lifted his fingers from the two lower plates and let them drop to the floor. I saw him do it.

"Yung-ho!" I cried. But what did he know of that time in the shop when Elam and I had bought the cherished set?

"Jih-pen!" he stormed, the flame of hatred flashing in his eye.

Elam and the guests were at the door.

"Quick. Quick. Sweep up these pieces," I ordered. "And leave the other dishes alone. Don't you dare touch them. I'll finish setting the table myself." If he didn't understand all my words, he understood my tone and he did as I said.

Yung-ho

But his resentment was not yet burned out. Back in the kitchen he spilled the coffee – coffee, not tea, for Swedish friends, of course – grounds and all, into the creamed salmon, so that I had to make another panful of the salmon and another pot of coffee. And when, noticing how wet Mrs. Swanson's shoes were from the early dew, I asked him to put them near the new oil stove to dry, he put them on top of the oil stove, where they soon scorched beyond repair.

Going to the kitchen to investigate the queer odor, I heard him muttering Jih-pen and saw on his face such an expression of anger that I grew frightened.

As calmly as I could, I said, "You may go. I'll finish the rest myself."

On his way out he brushed the shoes to one side and again muttered Jih-pen. Only then did I realize that he thought the shoes, bought at Marshall Field in Chicago, had also come from Japan.

Through that disturbed spring term, I had a series of Sunday afternoon teas for the village girls who worked at the silk mills in Yangtzepoo. The girls, all in their early teens, worked on twelve-hour shifts with every other Sunday free. At first they were very shy, but successive visits wore away their shyness. Seldom now did we hear their younger brothers and sisters call Yang-kwei-tz. In the wintertime I had seen hands red and rough and cracked and festering from chilblains; now in the springtime I saw hands red and rough and sore from having been parboiled

in the hot water used to unreel the cocoons.

While these Sunday afternoons helped our roots to sink deeper into the soil of our now adopted land, our Sunday evenings, with our students, when they gathered in our home and we talked and sang and laughed and prayed together, made the land less alien.

Once on our first furlough a friend asked, "Do you live close to the Chinese? Do you have them all around you?"

"Oh, no," I promptly answered. "We don't – " Then I stopped. "But we do. We do have them all around. In fact, except for the few missionaries, we have nothing else of but!" That ungrammatical statement bore weighty evidence that for me – and Elam could have said the same – the barrier of color and race was down. We lived not among Chinese, but among students, neighbors, friends.

At the two baptismal services of that spring term of 1919 some of the students who had met with us on Sunday evenings were among the thirty-eight who declared their faith and claimed Jesus as their Saviour. A great deal of work was done among the non-Christian students by the Christian students themselves. Without urging from the missionaries, they organized prayer groups by themselves, sometimes getting up two or three hours earlier than usual to pray for those who were having great difficulties.

Many of them had difficulties so great that we who had grown up in Christian homes could not appreciate them. To be persecuted by one's own family, to be shunned by one's friends, to be jeered at as "the running dog of the foreign devils," and yet to remain true to one's faith and love those who persecute you was the test that the majority of our young converts went through.

In June we again went to Mokanshan, this time by doctor's orders. Elam was having a bout with malaria and I was wilting under the summer's heat.

When we arrived Dr. Barlow ordered Elam to bed and prescribed a heavy dose of quinine.

"But, Claude," I protested. "Not that many pills all at once!"

"Nothing else can help now. It's this or – "

Elam heard and dutifully swallowed pill after pill, chilling so hard that between swallows I held his jaws for fear his teeth would break. The treatment was drastic but effective. He never again had malaria.

That summer, rain or shine, every morning before breakfast we walked around T'ai Shan, our highest mountain peak. In the sky of a clear early dawn I saw blue for a boy and pink for a girl and wondered which it would be. In the soft white clouds that clung sleepily to near-by ranges, I saw white blankets on a crib. In the wind among the bamboos I heard a lullaby. One morning I shared my fancies with Elam.

"Pretty thoughts," he said. Then he halted me and looked into my eyes and asked, "And what do you think I see?"

"What?"

"You." And with that he put his arms about me and kissed me. There was no one around to see or to hear but the birds in the air and the lizard on the path.

"But, Elam," I said when once again we stood apart, "aren't you – "

"Glad?" He took the word from me. "Of course, I'm glad. It's just that – well, I guess most men don't get as excited as women over a baby that isn't here yet ."

He at my side not being able to enter into the thrill of anticipation that was mine! Poor

man. Poor men. What recompensing excitement was theirs that woman could not share?

The summer, for the most part, passed in quietness and joy and refreshing fellowship. Elam made progress with his book on Music Appreciation. His church choir added greatly to the Sunday services and the Summer Concert that he directed brought showers of compliments. My Campfire girls were a joy to me and the pageant, "A Cloud of Witnesses" that I wrote came off better than I thought it would.

But for all our mountain-top peace, we were ever conscious of the rumblings from the plains. Down in the cities the students continued periodic mass meetings and picketing of Japanese factories. It seemed that in vacation days their patriotic zeal grew. Where would it all end? Only in short jail sentences for the student leaders? Or would the time come when foreign police would lose their patience with the demonstrators? And then what? We dared not follow the thought through to its logical conclusion.

Concerning the boycotts, we were glad that at Mokanshan there was no pressure. Here the Chinese peddlers still had plenty things genuinely Chinese to sell, which they were ever eager to bring them to us, and we ever eager to buy. As though they had never head of Shantung and Versailles (as, who knows, they might not have) these peddlers would bring their wares tied up in squares of cloth, bow themselves into our presence, squat before us, untie the knots, and then spread out before us many a rich treasure. If we did not know the full value then, we do now, for some of those purchases have turned into museum pieces: the Eight Taoist Immortals carved from the root of a boxwood tree, a porcelain coiled dragon tile from a temple in Peking, a Sung bowl, a carved ivory fan, a jade Circle of Heaven, and linens so exquisitely embroidered and so inexpensive that once I said, "I hope that the time will soon come when we can no longer buy work like this for such ridiculously low prices." That time did come, has long since been here, but it is not the price alone that changed. No longer is such meticulous workmanship offered at any price.

June gave way to July, July to August, and August to September, and now it was time to leave. We were among the last to depart, for we waited to join the boat caravan of one of the doctors who had come late in the season. That first week of October, the Mecca of the past months, was too near for me to be without medical help on the way.

When at last we were ready to go, I was borne like a queen in a sedan chair with four bearers. On the way they sang many a spontaneous chanty that had for a chorus the familiar Hey-ho. Hey-ho. Hey-e-a-ho. I wished I could understand the verses that made the bearers laugh, and yet I knew it was better that I didn't.

Our destination now was Nanking. At last we were to go to Language School, Elam to begin this fall term and I in the winter term. But there were trunks with personal belongings that had to be brought from Shanghai, so at Soochow we parted company, he to go to Shanghai and I to stay with a friend in Soochow until he returned and then both of us would go to Nanking.

This friend had five children of her own. With her I felt perfectly safe. Even though the baby should come before Elam returned to take me to Nanking, where arrangements had already been made for the hospital and the doctor, or even if the baby should come before a Soochow doctor could reach us, I'd have this friend. With her five-fold experience of birth she'd know what to do.

It was with amazement, then, that I heard her greet Elam upon his arrival, "Am I ever glad to see you! I haven't slept a wink at night. I'm nervous as a witch. Here, she's yours now.

Take her."

In Nanking, Dr. and Mrs. Keen, director of the Language School and his wife, invited me to stay with them while Elam did the initial settling of the home of Dr. and Mrs. Price, Presbyterian missionaries home on furlough, which had been sublet to us. Gau-mah, our own cook-amah, who was replacing Yung-ho, was there to help, and also Lao-ding, a converted opium-smoker, who for years had been the gardener and handyman of the Price's and whom we were now retaining.

Mrs. Keen took me to a large, pleasant corner room with windows on both sides. From one of these I saw Purple Mountain as a great mass of uncut amethyst lightly shrouded in a scarf of soft grey gauze and resting in a jewel case of rose quartz, topaz, and gold inlaid with bits of ebony. I could scarcely believe the ebony pieces were only crows and the gold and quartz but the shifting colors of sunset. When I turned from the scene, I noticed that Mrs. Keen had drawn the curtains across the window on the other side. "Don't look out of that window tonight," she said. "I'll tell you why some other time." When that other time came, months later, she told me that from that window on that night I would have seen human heads raised on spikes, testimony of the punishments still meted out to malefactors in Nanking in the year 1919, A.D.

The next Sunday afternoon, October 5, Elam and I took a long walk around the seminary grounds and out beyond. At 11 p.m. a second announcement was made to me. I knew that my time was near, but I wasn't going to the hospital yet. I tried to go back to sleep but couldn't. At 2:45 I shook Elam. "Sorry to wake you, but I think we better go now."

He dressed in a hurry, lit the lantern, picked up the suitcase and piloted me down the steps. At the bottom I remembered the bootees I had begun a few days before "Please get them, Elam. They're on top of the dresser. I'll knit on them while I wait."

He gave me a queer look, but hurried upstairs and brought them. "I'll keep them in my pocket until we get there," he said.

When the gateman answered Elam's call, K'ai men. K'ai men (Open the gate) and saw me standing there, his eyes popped wide and the key shook in his hand.

The hospital was not more than a five-minutes' walk across a field and up a small hill. occasionally, even in these early years of the Republic, little bundles of humanity were found in this field. Only yesterday Gau-mah had told me of such a discovery made not long ago. Lao-ding had told her. Who had told him she had not asked. Walking on the path at the edge of the field on my joyous way to give birth, I shuddered at the thought of anyone abandoning a baby and thought that if ever another was discovered I would ask to have it.

At the door of the hospital Nature sent me another message, this one so urgent and tumultuous that for the rest of that night and all the next day I never again thought about abandoned babies – or about unfinished bootees.

In the twenty-one hours that followed, both Elam and I learned much of pain and patience, and in the twenty-second hour much of trust and faith, for it was then that Dr. Hutchinson said, "We'll have to use instruments."

Hospital orderlies came with a stretcher, When I'd been lifted upon it, the doctor bent over me and said a short prayer. Elam stayed at my side and held my hand while I breathed in the sweetish stuff of heavenly release and floated out of a limbo of pain into a paradise of light.

At the end of the return trip I heard a baby's cry coming from the pink and white receiving blanket that I had brought in the suitcase. At the same time I was conscious of the fact that Elam was still at my side, still holding my hand.

"Ours?" I asked in a voice that seemed not to have caught up with the rest of me.

He nodded and I felt him press my hand closer. His face looked distorted. Effect of ether, I thought hazily. It always makes things out of focus.

Then he did something that even in my groggy state startled me. In the presence of the doctor and the nurses he lifted my hand to his lips, and when I looked up I saw his eyes were tightly closed and I felt a tear drop upon my hand.

We named the baby Frances Delight after my mother and Elam's sister. At Language School Elam was initiated into the Fraternity of Fathers and given as his pledge badge a horse-blanket safety pin. When he brought it to show me, Frances was lying at my side, asleep. He pulled a chair close to the bed and sat there looking at her.

"Little darling," he whispered, gently touching her hand.

Frances awoke and instinctively clutched his finger.

"What a grasp she has!" he exclaimed. And when the nurse came a few minutes later to take Baby back to the nursery, he said, "May I hold her? I haven't held her yet."

"Of course. Hold her as long as you wish."

Watching him, I wondered why artists never painted a father with his first-born, and I thought, Men do have their thrills of parenthood; just give them time.

Frances Delight. Three weeks old.
1919 · 6/10

It was many years later that I came across Witter Bynner's translation of Saying Number 42 in Laotzu's Way of Life:

> Life, when it came to be,
> Bore one, then two, then three,

Not yet knowing it, I said in that October twilight, "Now we've grown from two to three," and Elam said, "Now we can truly call ourselves the House of An."

Chapter Eight

From Three to Four

Wo-men che hsieh jen. Tu shih wai-kuo jen.
Wo-men tu shih hsueh-sheng. Ts'ung wai-kuo ch'u
tao Chung-kuo lai-ti. Ti i-chien shih yao nien
Chung-kuo shu. Wei-shen-mo – yin-wei –

We are these people. All are foreign people.
We all are students. From outside to China have come.
The first business is to study Chinese books. Why? Because
when we lived in the foreign country, we had no Chinese
friends. Now that we have come to China we have Chinese
friends. Therefore, we want to read Chinese books,
want to write Chinese characters.

As Elam read the first lesson in the Language School Text over and over again, it sounded like a Buddhist priest's chant. Soon I was able to chant it with him, but not read it.

"These characters all look like hen-tracks," I said in despair. "I'll never learn to read them."

"Oh, yes, you will." he encouraged me. "Just wait until you're in class next term. You'll learn in self-defense. The Chinese teachers aren't allowed to speak one word of English. But don't go borrowing trouble. Right now you're not to worry about anything. Remember what the doctor said?"

Of course, I remembered. Easy orders, but not so easy to follow. This matter of being responsible for a little life was proving tremendous. During the day I kept checking to see that she was still in her bassinet. At night I only half-slept, fearful that she might choke in her sleep or kick off the blankets and catch cold or – a thousand ills crowded in to rob me of my sleep.

There were other worries too. There was Gau-mah. Here in Nanking she, a Ningponese, was almost as mach of a wai-kuo jen (a foreigner) as we were. China might not have a caste system, but it certainly had a town-province system. When she was unhappy a cloud settled over the household.

And there was the milkman who delivered water-buffalo milk. This milk was supposed to be richer in cream than cow's milk, and the dairy from which it came was recommended as sanitary. For several days I'd been noticing how watery blue the milk looked in the bottle and also that the milk was always shaken so that there was no collar of cream at top. Yesterday Elam had bought a milk tester and this morning when I plunged it into the bottle and showed the milk-man the low level of cream, he had said, "My, my, there's a mistake. This bottle belongs to another missy. I get yours chop-chop." My neighbor's approach was more subtle – but so was the provocation. A similar complaint produced the explanation, "Sorry, the rain it soaks through the buffalo's hide and" – a shrug – "who can control the rain?" The neighbor listened gravely, asked the milkman to bring the water buffalo itself. Then next morning he held a large black umbrella over the beast,

and the milk regained its cream on the spot and henceforth.

And there was the recurrence of homesickness, a two-fold affliction, for along with the missing of the home folk in the States there was now a missing of the old friends on the campus in Shanghai. I longed for all of them to see our baby. Every letter was burdened with the wish, as though she could not be wholly ours until the others had seen her.

But, graver than any of these worries was the haunting memory of that night soon after I had returned from the hospital with Frances. Elam came home from an evening social held for the Language School students and almost immediately became violently ill. "Ptomaine poisoning from the second freezer of ice-cream," the doctor said, "All who ate from it are ill. Give him this medicine and call me if he gets worse." Worse! How could he get any worse than he was now?

It was poor comfort for me to know the cause when Elam gasped, "Now, listen, Colena. Don't get alarmed, but – one never knows. If I should die, remember the valuable papers are in the green tin box, and – and you and Baby go back to America."

He did not die, but a part of me did – that foolish confidence in the strength and impregnability of youth that I suppose belongs to all young couples until Death brushes one or the other with its black wing. It was one thing to hear Elam say as he sat at my side on the stone bench and held my hand in his, "Death is only an incident in continuing life." It was quite another thing to hear him gasp, "If I should die." Quite different, for now we were one and there was a child to rear. Life hereafter – yes, but I needed Elam in this life and would need him for a long, long time. Nobody – doctor nor husband nor God Himself – could wipe from my memory "If I should die."

The routine of our days in Nanking was rigid. There was the schedule at the school: Review period, new character period, conversation period, writing character period, another conversation period and lectures on the history and culture of China. For me the schedule at home was equally rigid: Feeding times for Baby, bathing times, sleeping times, buggy times.

Twice a morning I bicycled to the school a mile away, and twice back to Frances.

One day a little Chinese girl ran directly into my path. Not being able to avoid a collision, I tumbled into the ditch with her. On my return trip, an hour later, I brought her a bag of candy and peanuts as a peace offering. When next I rode that way a swarm of little ones obstructed my passage. All of them wanted to be tumbled into the ditch and receive the offering: in fact, some were already there!

Once I came suddenly upon a Chinese wedding procession. Pausing at the side of the narrow cobblestone street I was so close to the Boys' Middle School Brass Band, that headed the procession, and to the wedding chair and to the carts that followed filled with dowry that I could have raised the curtain on the chair, touched the silk bedding rolls, and stroked the backs of the two white ducks in the red tub. That I did not is no credit to my decorum. Before that layer of civilization could function, I was shocked into immobility by the loud blare of the trumpeter followed by a jazz version of W. H. Doane's musical arrangement for Fanny Crosby's hymn "Pass Me Not, O Gentle Saviour."

And another time, a funeral procession moved past, silver paper money for expenditures in heaven gleaming in the sun, with a similar brass band blaring, "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now."

So tied to routine were we that year that we had little time for outings and excursions. Doubly

precious, then, was that Saturday afternoon at the Ming Tombs and later the excursion to the old Examination Halls. At the Ming Tombs I tested the oracle by aiming a pebble at the back of one of the huge stone elephants guarding the approach to the tombs. Had the stone landed on the stone back, our next child would be a boy. It missed.

At the Examination Halls, or at what remained of them, for they were being razed, there was no such oracle. Here for centuries, every three years twenty thousand students had gathered to compete for the degree that could be granted to only one hundred and forty. We saw the cells, just big enough for two boards, one for a table and one for a chair, where students remained for days until they finished their examinations and where sometimes they died from the strain.

Through the weeks we struggled with the strange characters, strange tongue. "Buds of Promise" was the name given to us beginners. "Buds" maybe, but, at least in my case, "promise" was doubtful, or so I thought that first week. Then, suddenly, one day the characters lost their hen-tracky appearances and fell into a rational pattern. My joy was akin to that of one who, blind for months, sees again. For days after that I did very little other reading but the lessons; the excitement of adventuresome learning was at its crest.

One of the lessons that Elam had already had but that I was just now studying told us, "Summer follows Spring. Winter follows Fall. And so Time passes." How true! For now bridal wreath, forsythia, and wistaria were gone. Roses were in full bloom, and it was time to leave Nanking.

As soon as I set foot on the campus of Shanghai College, I knew I was home again. Feeling the warm rush of joy I accused myself of being a traitor. This bigness of the heart belonged only to my home in the States.

That night, before I fell asleep, I teased the strands of confusion apart and, looking objectively at the experience, I was forced to say to myself, "Of course this is as it must be. This is life as it was planned to be." For the first time I saw another meaning to that cherished verse in the gospel of John, "In my Father's house are many mansions." Hitherto I had taken that as a reference only to life after death. Now I saw it as something more. Our heavenly Father provided "mansions" – "rooms" of many kinds. They began before birth. A womb, a cradle, a playpen, a house where Mother and Father and Sister made my first family, an apartment in Chicago, a sublet in Nanking, a duplex in Shanghai – one mansion after the other.

The pattern was set in my very chromosomes; it floated free in my sub-conscious whenever I went under ether: that sensation of growing expansiveness, of moving from one sphere of light or call it one room into another, each one growing larger and brighter and all directly leading straight to the heart of God.

At home, Mother and Father and Sister had also deeply felt the pangs of separation. In the lines of their letters and between the lines I read of their continuing longing to see me and of the tears my sister still shed because of my absence.

Then, as though in swift response to this new "at-homeness" born in me, there came within that month of our return treasured letters from Mother. She too had found new "rooms." She wrote how day after day she had gone about in a deep cloud. Everything seemed to be laughing at her, the flowers, the trees, the birds, the sunshine. And people – she didn't want to meet people anymore. When they'd say how wonderful it was to have a daughter doing mission work, she'd snap back, "Easy for you to say this. Your daughter is near you." When they'd feel sorry for her and try to comfort her, she'd become defensive. "My daughter loves me and I love her more than

some daughers and mothers who live in the same house." And then she'd go upstairs and cry until Father was beside himself and would beg her to stop and, he'd try to divert her attention and she'd say, "Go away," and Marguerite would come up and say, "Don't cry, Mama. Don't cry." and Mother would send her out to play.

> "Well, yesterday," Mother wrote, "I came to the place where I knew I couldn't go on like that, and I went upstairs and got down on my knees beside the bed and I prayed God to take away this terrible feeling. 'I'm not able to help myself, and nobody else seems able. Now God, I'm coming to you. Please, God, set me right.' And a strange thing happened. When I got up from my knees, the blackness was gone. I felt like a new person. I looked out of the window and I saw the trees were not laughing at me. The birds weren't laughing either. Things were normal. The bitterness in my heart was washed away. The way it was once before. Remember?"

When we read that letter it was Elam's turn and mine to get down on our knees and we did. And again when we read of the other experience.

One day Mother read in the Buffalo Courier about a young Chinese woman student from Columbia University who was working for the summer at Sloan's Drug Store on Main Street. She immediately telephoned Mr. Sloan, found out her name, and invited Nellie Wong to come out that week end. Now Nellie was settled for the summer in my old room. It was better all around for her to be in a home, Mother said, than alone in a room at the Y.W.C.A., no matter how friendly and kind the people there were. Nellie was most happy; she was really like a daughter in the house. "Not that she can ever take your place, Colena, but we do love her and I think she loves us." Nellie had promised to come back for her Christmas vacation, and Mother was planning to send her boxes the way she used to send me boxes when I was at Cornell. Mother was going to make her graduation dress too.

A few letters later we heard of Mr. Ch'en, a young Chinese chemist working at Schoelkopp's Chemical Works. My Father met him in a street car, struck up an easy conversation with him, and now he was coming out for noodles on the following Sunday.

In the weeks that followed, letter after letter told us of Sunday dinners, picnics, excursions, weekend visits, not only of Mr. Ch'en, but of other Chinese students as well. "Our daughter and son and grand-daughter are in your country," my Father said, "and your people are friends with them. Now we want to be friends with you." As I read Father's letter, I thought of our first reading lesson at the Language School: "In our foreign country we had no Chinese friends...." If ever my folks came to China that lesson would have to be revised.

While the summer days in Buffalo, New York, passed in pleasant fellowship with foreign Chinese friends and native Americans, our summer in Shanghai passed in equally pleasant days with native Chinese and foreign Americans, with the Chens, the Los, the Fong Secs, the Kelhofers, Hansons, Johnsons, Mabees, Websters, Henrietta McKeen, Huizingas, Kulps, Whites, J. B. Hipps. Rich living indeed.

And now all of us were standing on the dock one day in late August welcoming back Annie May and J. B. Westbrook. Six years ago, after only two years of service, they had been forced to return to the States because Annie May had contracted tuberculosis. For the past six years there had been only one goal for both of them: Their return to China. Now they were here. The very

day itself rejoiced. To see Annie May was to love her – never such a blithe spirit in our midst – and by nightfall I thought of her as an old friend and, compared with all the other friends that the Westbrooks had, Elam and I felt that we were most favored, because Annie May and J. B. were to stay under the same roof with us, their bedroom adjoining ours, until all of us could be settled into more permanent quarters.

Two weeks from the glad day of Annie May's arrival, we stood beside her grave. Three days before, very early in the morning, we had heard her moaning in pain. When the doctor came he pronounced, "Cholera." Dr. Webster and little Esther and Ch'en Yu-p'ing, assistant to the President, were also stricken. Then the ambulance came, and now we were hearing the words, "Dust to dust." the same that we had heard yesterday at the grave of Ch'en Yu-p'ing. The wild red lycoris lilies were in full bloom, those lilies whose blossoms appear only after the crown of leaves lies dead. With their symbol of resurrection before us, we sang

> O Cross that Liftest up my head,
> I dare not ask to fly from thee;
> I lay in dust life's glory dead
> And from the ground there blossoms red
> Life that shall endless be.

Death touched us once again that year. In January a cable brought us word of the home-going of Elam's mother. Not until a month later did we receive Lawrence's letter giving us the details. In that era of pre-airmail these were long, long days of waiting. Elam wrote to Mother in Buffalo:

> I can't call you "Other Mother" now because you are the only mother left to me in the land of the living. There is sorrow and bitter disappointment to me in the thought that never again on earth shall I see my Mother's face... You have a son now more than ever before. How I still love her, but I'll be writing letters to you now instead of to her...

And so he did all through his life.

That fall Elam was made Director of Middle Schools for the East China Baptist Mission, covering the inland towns of Ningpo, Shaoshing, Hangchow, Soochow, Lanchi, Kinhwa. At the University, teaching and Glee Club filled the days and weeks.

That fall, we welcomed our first women students. In 1920, only about one-tenth of one percent of the women in China could read or write, and there were only two colleges open for women and in these the enrollment was small. The women students brought with them their own amahs. At first these faithful servants, some of them nurses from the girl's baby days, walked to classes with the girls, carrying their books, but very soon the girls found other occupations for their amahs, and within a few weeks we were rubbing our eyes at the sight of the "daughters of Confucius" walking side by side with the "sons of Han" who appeared to be taking delight in carrying their double burden of books.

Before we could realize it, the term was well established. In May there had been another student strike, but by November the students had grown somewhat lethargic in their patriotic fervor and were again applying themselves diligently to their studies. When they did go out to the villagers it was more often to sing for them and give them Health Talks than to stir them up with

political or international discontent. Every Saturday night and many Sunday afternoons some members of Elam's Glee Club went on one of these deputation trips to village threshing floors, tea houses, or to the Model Community house at the Gate. They carried a Victrola swung on a pole between two carriers and they took with them charts on which diagrams and pictures were drawn large and clear. They took a Bible too from which to read a portion of scripture for which one of the seminary students would then give the exegesis. The charts never failed to interest the villagers. Once, after looking for a long time at an exceptionally detailed and enormous enlargement of a fly, one old woman said, "Ah, well, if our flies were as big as that I'd be afraid of them too."

In November we went – the three of us – to visit the East China Mission middle schools, again by houseboat but this time in more comfort than our trip to Mokanshan. The weather put on its finest front. The candleberry trees along the river were flaming scarlet. Their great fat clusters of waxy, white berries glowed like moonlight jade. At places where the river was too shallow, we would wade ashore to walk along the bank under the crimson canopy while the boatmen poled the boat across the gravel.

The visits in Lanchi and Kinhwa opened new vistas of interior China and of the interior of Chinese Christian hearts. Here, where houses and shops and streets and dress and food and dialect were, of all the places we had been so far in China, the least touched by the West so that we'd gone thinking we would find ourselves strangers in a strange land, the opposite obtained. The Chinese Christians greeted us warmly and with genuine joy. There was not the slightest shadow of a wall of separation. Blest indeed was the tie that bound our hearts in Christian love and made kindred our minds.

At this time famine began to sweep the North, bringing starvation and death for many, and flight for those who could struggle south. By December Shanghai was flooded with refugees; pitiful, miserable creatures with meager belongings, and hunger-hollowed eyes. From the oldest to the youngest on the campus, natives and foreigners alike, we turned our Christmas "exchange" gifts to refugee needs. At Christmas the platform in the chapel was white with gifts of food and clothes for the refugees near Shanghai. For those still in the North we heaped the baskets with coins, heartsore and heartsick for their plight and for the magnitude of the misery, so far beyond our mitigation.

The Christmas that brushed our souls with the vastness of man's human sorrows, also brushed our hearts with the sweet surcease of memory. That year, as director of the Shanghai Community Chorus, Elam enrolled a score of his Glee Club members to sing in the Christmas Festival Concert. As a kind of lark he planned to combine the last rehearsal with the nearest likeness to a hayride that could be arranged. A truck with wooden benches for seats and rice straw for hay made a good substitute.

On the way home the boys sang songs, Chinese and foreign, although it seemed to me that they sang the foreign ones more lustily than their own. "Sweet Adeline" took me back to the picnic at Triphammer Falls, and when some one started up "I Love You Truly" and I felt Elam's gaze compelling mine, I was no longer in crowded Yangtzepoo, but alone with him on the bridge that spanned the gorge at the north end of Cornell campus. When the singing changed to Christmas carols, stirred by imagination, I looked up and saw the brightest star in the sky grow even brighter; looked down and saw the rice straw at our feet filling a trough in a far-away stable.

New friends stirred our hearts, new tasks stirred our souls. New life stirred within me,

and winter quickened into spring in anticipation of our second child.

The child was born on the last day of March, at home, with our mission doctor, Dr. Huntley, and his wife in charge. An hour later, so I was told by others, Elam roared through the campus on his motorcycle, shouting out, to the utter and everlasting discredit of the oracle at the Ming Tombs, "It's a boy! It's a boy! It's a boy!"

Elam, Frances and The Motorcycle

1896 1919

Victor Charles Makes Four

1922 20/J

Chapter Nine

Nights and Days

The Chinese nurse who came to care for us was just out of training and this was her first case; more than that, this was the first time she had ever been in a foreign home. Knowing what homesickness was, I could sympathize with her, but my sympathy only increased her mao-ping (illness).

Victor, having been born with his own particular time-piece within his ten-and-a-quarter pounds of husky baby-body, added to her malady. He came mid-morning and promptly after his first protesting wail went to sleep and slept until nightfall. Then he began to cry and continued crying all night. For five days and five nights the pattern repeated itself. During the daytime he would scarcely stay awake long enough to eat. By the sixth day he had exhausted all of us, even our friends at the other end of the campus.

On the sixth night chaos reigned. He wakened Frances and together they treated us to a cacophonic duet. Amah came upstairs to quiet Frances. The nurse went to Victor. She gave him warm water, burped him, turned him, changed him, rubbed him, patted him. To no avail.

Elam took Holt's Care and Feeding of Children, written in Catechism form, question and answer, from the night stand and sitting in a chair beside me turned to the section on "Crying."

" 'How much crying is normal for a very young baby?' The answer: 'From fifteen to thirty minutes a day is not too much.' Hm, he's been at it for over an hour. It must be abnormal. See, here's the question, 'When is crying abnormal?' Answer: 'When it is too long or too frequent.' Certainly too long, but hardly too frequent when it's continuous. I never heard a baby cry like this. Now listen to this, 'What are the main causes of such crying?' Answer: 'pain, illness, hunger, temper, and habit.' Temper, habit?"

"He's too young," I defended my offspring. "And he can't be hungry."

"Then he's in pain. He's ill. I'm going to dress and go get Dr. Huntley."

"Not yet." Then, feeling like a general, I gave my orders, "Bring the baby to me. He's going to sleep with me tonight. And all of you go back to bed."

"Not so, not so, An-sz-moo," the nurse protested. "The baby must sleep in his own bed. At school – "

"School's out," I cut her protest short. "Bring me the baby." The tone of my request was the tone of Othello's "Fetch me the handkerchief," but the result of my demand was in no way tragic.

The peace that descended upon our household that night I accepted as a gift from heaven and in the days that immediately followed, when Victor so quickly adjusted his time-piece to agree with ours, I accepted him as a gift, not from the ordinary heaven, but from the empyreal. A large, solid gift he was with the surprise feature of black curly hair that made him, at six days, look more like a six-months old child. Frances had come petite, fair, and bald. By now, of course, she was no longer bald; her hair was flaxen with a glint of gold – "Rithtig Svensk," Elam wrote to his father, "but Victor – He is our dark Swede." Our dark Swede – and our expensive Swede!

When he was born the doctor wanted me to take more chloroform. How well I remember the

appliance, one I had to squeeze myself. "Take more," Dr. Huntley urged.

Drugged though I already was, I still protested, "Oh no. The Board can't afford it!"

Under the ruling of the Board current at that time, medical bills up to $100.00 were cared for by the individual; medical bills over that amount went to the Board. When the final reckoning of medicine, payment to nurse, and bills at Mokanshan was made, Victor cost us exactly $98.50. A few more whiffs of chloroform might have brought the bill over $100.00.

Looking at the amount now, I say that $98.50 was a bargain rate. At the time, though, it did make a dent in our budget. But then, of course, Victor as our second dependent would be adding something to our yearly salary. We had started on a base pay of $1,100.00. Frances had added $110.00. Now her brother would be adding another small increase. I wonder now how we managed, but at the time neither Elam nor I thought of ourselves as poor. Not rich either, of course, but with no rent to pay for the house we considered ourselves as comfortably middle-class.

That estimate, though, did not remain static. When we compared ourselves with the villagers, we knew that in their eyes we were wealthy beyond anything they could ever hope to be, and comparing our brown camel-hair rug with their brown earthen floors, we saw ourselves as they saw us. Then we were stretched on the rack of self-condemnation and asked ourselves why we didn't forego our comforts and go live as they did. Wouldn't we be better witnesses? But if we did, what chance would we have to keep our health? And the children? No, we couldn't go native. In the midst of our comfort there was then always this discomfort.

That was one side. On the other side, there were our students. It was to them that we had come as educational missionaries. Most of them came from well-to-do homes. Only a few from poorer homes. Compared with the mansion of the banker's son, our home must have seemed to him very humble indeed. But wealthy or middle-class, the students expected the faculty to live in homes that showed an advance over the standard of living of the villagers. In fact, the separate homes that each family of us maintained became the model and ideal for the students.

In their admiration of the privacy of our lives and in the economic changes already in operation, we foresaw the breakdown of their old family system, and having seen some advantages of that system over ours, we were not completely confidant that in China the Change would work the greatest good for the greatest number. The orphans, the halt, the lame, the blind, the aged – where would they be housed when China's youths settled themselves in one-family homes? Orphanages were run by missionaries and could take only the direst of cases; homes for the aged were non-existent. Where then could they go? We have the answer now in Red China Communes. But in the early 1920's, when Elam and I were asking the question, ideas of such communal living could only have been in the blueprint stage of the most radical of revolution-ists, if indeed they had gotten that far. It took the long hard trek through the hinterland to breed a generation that could countenance mass living on such an impersonal scale as communes demand, and that trek had not yet been made.

Wherever there are great discrepancies in standards of living, it is some comfort to be suspended midway. Looking at those of high estates I once thought, in comparison with them, in the matter of earthly goods, we are to them as those of lesser estates are to us. In this world there is bound to be economic inequality, so let us put by our futile uneasiness, do what we can for those with less, envy not those with more, and so follow Saint Paul's example, in whatever state, therein to be content.

Upon one unforgettable occasion Dick Vanderburgh took us to the home of a friend to see a notable collection of ivories. I had passed the walled-in residence site many times, but this was the first time I had entered the gate. The house, set in the midst of a garden that took up a whole city block, was truly a mansion.

After introductions and preliminary courtesies, which included Tea sumptuously served, our host ushered us into a room where all the walls were paneled in ebony and all the lights were ingeniously sunken out of sight. In 1922, hidden lighting had not yet filtered into the decor of our missionary homes, so no wonder, as I sat in an ebony chair, hushed by the eerie atmosphere, that I feared we had been tricked into coming to some esoteric seance. Ivories! Where were they?

Our host must have been a master at mind reading; certainly he was an expert at timing. How it happened I do not know, whether he pressed a button or whispered to some genie, "Open Sesame," but at that moment the walls slowly turned themselves inside out and in an intensified glow from the hidden sources of light, there now glistened and glowed before us and all around us shelf above shelf of ivories such as I had never seen or ever expect to see again. Confucius with his disciples, the eight Taoist Immortals, dozens of Buddhas in different postures, elephants and tigers, junks and rickshas, houses and bridges, farmers and scholars, fishermen and priests – all exquisitely carved. And on one long shelf a special exhibit of the spheres within spheres, those series of balls carved from one solid piece of ivory, each encased within another and yet independent of each other, able to rotate separately.

At the end of the hour Elam said, "If only people in America could see this, the word 'Chink' might die and our American self-conceit give way to humility. We should exchange traveling museums of art."

"And what would the States send to China as the best of their civilization?" our host asked. "Tractors and trucks, movies and improved artillery?" And then like a velvet glove on a mailed fist he appended, "But these ivories are poor indeed compared with those of my Chinese friend. I hope you may someday see his collection. He has rare treasures worth a great fortune."

Now he pushed a button; this time I observed his motion. The walls swung shut as slowly as they had opened. When we were all out of the room, he dimmed the lights and double locked the door.

One morning within that month Frances was healthy, happy, gay. The next she was unconscious. "In coma," Dr. Huntley said. "A case of amoebic dysentery." He brought her out of the coma and came several times a day to see her. Friends came to spell us with the watchful care. One day Doctor said, "Tomorrow, if there is no improvement, I shall call a doctor from Shanghai for consultation." By the pressure of the handclasp we knew how serious Dr. Huntley considered this case.

After he left Elam and I fell to our knees. "Fell" is the exact word; we had no strength to stand. And there on our knees we prayed, silently alone and then audibly together, and one of us said, "Father, let the cup pass, but if not – " And then, as though raised by some power outside ourselves, we stood and simultaneously said, "Something strange has happened."

We turned to Frances' crib and heard her whisper, "Water."

The next morning Dr. Huntley came early. "The crisis is passed!" he exclaimed. "There is no need for consultation."

As he was leaving, Tsoo Sing Chen came in. She heard the good news. "Thank God," she

said, "Our prayers are answered. Last night we turned our Faculty Prayer Meeting into a season of prayer for all of you. We asked God for Frances' life, but if not, then that strength be given you two to stand whatever comes."

Elam and I looked at each other, sharing again in retrospect that strange feeling of incoming strength that had flooded our weakness at the very hour of the meeting.

Then, swiftly in the wake of the new joy in our home, the remembrance of another home nearby, another crisis, another mother, father, and their child. Last spring one of the women at our Industrial School – by this time a few women were sewing with the girls–was expecting her baby about the same time that I was expecting our second. Mary Kelhofer, a nurse, and I had gained from her and her husband a promise that he would call us when his wife's time came. I was still confined when one midnight the man came urgently to Mary.

As soon as she entered the mud-floored home, Mary knew she could do nothing. The woman had been in labor for three days. On the second day the village midwife had tied a rope about the woman's waist to prevent an unnatural birth through the mouth, a superstitious fear held in cases of delayed birth, and yesterday had ordered a potion of burned spirit money and wine. Today the midwife had attempted crude surgery. Mary saw the rusty knife on the floor. The woman and the baby were both dead.

"But why, why did you not call me earlier?" Mary cried.

"My mother would not let me," the husband said.

Swiftly, the nights and days and months and years ran their course and furlough – Homing – was before us! In our case the customary term of seven years had been lessened to five and a half to accommodate the schedule of furloughs for the other members of the faculty.

For the woman of the house the months preceding furloughs are chock-a-block. In her planning she packs and re-packs the suitcases to make sure she will have all she needs wherever she is before trunks can be delivered. In her shopping she overbuys so that she has to purchase more suitcases and wicker baskets. In her concern for her missionary responsibilities and privileges she crowds the hours with extra meetings and constantly seeks for some "last word" from a Chinese friend, when as Thoreau so well knew, she had not yet had her first word.

Over a cup of tea I plied Tsoo Sing Chen with questions. "What this? What that?" And finally, "What greeting shall I take to the women in the churches from you?"

"Tell them we want their friendship, their understanding, their thinking of us as – how shall I put it?"

"Not to think of you as strangers but as friends, is that it?" I asked.

"Yes, yes. That is it, although more bluntly you might use Jesus' own words, 'No longer do I call you servants but friends.'"

Elam found his days chock-a-block too. With his teaching and supervising, his speaking and writing, his playing at Rotary Intentational, his planning for the Spring Glee Club Tour, and his gathering of data for his thesis, he was always on the go, busy, busy, busy.

One evening we deliberately sat down to check our activities and desires against our time.

"Elam, if we don't have the Fong Secs out before we leave, I'll be unhappy."

"So will I. A great man, Fong Sec. And so modest. No one ever hears from him how much of the Commercial Press is due to his vision and administration. If you think you can manage, Colena, let's have the whole family out next week."

Manage? I'd stay up all night for the privilege of having that family under our roof again. As

I thought of them, I thought of them projected against that great establishment, known around the world. Founded in 1896, the Commercial Press, had had a phenomenal growth. From a couple of presses it had expanded into something more like an institution covering twenty acres. It now had a number of divisions: editorial, research, letter press, photography and engraving, machine shop, educational supply division, and an Oriental library of international fame. Besides this work in Shanghai, it had two branch printing houses, one in Peking, the other in Hong Kong over 35 branch offices, and more than 1000 agencies throughout China and Chinese colonies abroad.

The Oriental Library, open to the public, was one of the best equipped reference libraries in China. It contained a highly valued collection of rare Chinese books besides more than 200,000 volumes in Chinese and 100,000 in other languages. The Correspondence Schools maintained by the Press had more than 32,000 graduates.

Just to have Fong Sec in our home always left us with the feeling that we had had a cultural blessing.

The day before they were to come, Elam came home for lunch, happy as a lark, bursting, as I could see, with news.

"What ship came in today?" I asked, scooping up an armful of Frances' playthings to make a path for him. "And what did it bring?"

"Two things. First you're going to Peking." He put his arms around me and held me as close as the blocks and stuffed animals in my own arms would allow. "You're going with the Language School Tour during the Easter vacation."

"Me to Peking? When I'm getting ready to go to America? Elam, you're c– "

"Don't say it." He put his finger to my lips. I was tempted to bite it, but refrained. "Because I'm <u>not</u> crazy and you <u>are</u> going. Here's the ticket." He pulled the ticket from his pocket. "I ordered it last week. And now the second – "

The second! I wasn't over the shock of the first yet.

"Yes, the second. I told you the ship brought in two things. Well – " Here he cooled down a bit. "Well, maybe you won't think the idea as good as I did when I first heard it."

"Come on. Out with it." I was still holding the toys in my arms and must have presented a very dramatic figure as I demanded his full confession.

"Dr. White says now that plans for the Kulp's occupancy have changed. We may move into the new house if we want to."

"Move! At this time! Now, Elam, you <u>are</u> talking like a man out of his wits."

"Not so fast, Colena. It isn't such an absurd idea. Really it isn't. There's that brand new house standing empty at the other end of the campus. Why shouldn't we enjoy a new house after these years in an old, remodeled dormitory?"

"And just when do you propose we move?" I thought I was being sarcastic, but Elam missed the sarcasm and answered in all seriousness. "Tomorrow."

"Tomorrow! With the Fong Sec family coming for dinner!" I dropped in the nearest chair, my feet stretched out before me, my arms hanging limp, the toys scattered about me.

"That's why. We'll be in a new house, all fresh and unmarred. Don't you see?"

I couldn't see it then, but I did see it the next evening at six o'clock when Elam and I stood at the door of the brand new home and welcomed Dr. Fong Sec, his wife and their children. In the living room and dining room the curtains were up; the carpets were down; the chairs, tables, book cases and piano were freshly polished and in place. Out in the most modern kitchen

on the campus, beef stew was piping hot in our home-made fireless cooker, canned peas were heating on the oil stove, a cake fresh from the oven was being frosted by Amah, and in the icebox was a crisp salad made of "safe" vegetables grown in the Kelhofer's garden. The table in the dining room was set for a cafeteria meal. And there was a fire in the fireplace.

Dr. Fong Sec expressed surprise at not having found us at the old place. "How long have you lived here?" he asked.

"Oh," said Elam, "Quite a while – since about four o'clock this afternoon."

In his reply I detected a note of braggadocio but I forgave him that, for it was due to his organization and directing of the crew of movers, made up of campus servants and village men, that the small miracle had been performed.

It was not until late the next day, when I was putting bureau drawers in place, that I missed the gold chain and my Phi Beta Kappa key. To lose only two items in such a move was nothing, so Dr. Chen said. "As for the chain and key, you might as well kiss them Good-bye." I wondered at his idiom and then I remembered that he had learned his English at Brown University.

Kiss them Good-bye. But the wife of old Li wouldn't let me kiss them Good-bye. Some of her men folk had been among the movers, and the suspicion of Amah and others was centering upon them. We could prove nothing, but old Li's woman could and did. According to old Chinese custom she used circuitous tactics so that all faces were saved. On Chinese New Year's day, when no rickshas were running and all grandmothers should have been at home, she walked on bound feet through the rain to the tram and back from the tram and how far she walked in the city I was never to know, but at the end of the day she returned, soaked through and through and so utterly exhausted that her hands trembled as she held the cup of hot tea I offered her. She did not have the articles with her but day after tomorrow a soothsayer would bring them – that is, would bring one of them, for k'o-hsi (too bad) the chain was lost. The pin, though, that would be brought. And it was brought just as she said.

When I asked her why she had eaten so much bitterness to get the pin back, she said, "It was nothing in repayment for what you have done for me. You took my little not-bright granddaughter into the school. Everybody in the village says, 'Put her with the pigs, An-sz-moo,' but, you let her stay in the class room and you give her some little handwork to do and when she finishes it you give her two dimes. You are kind to her."

And then – Peking! Beautiful, fabulous Peking! There I saw the Forbidden City. I stood within the Temple of Heaven and touched the great tall columns that held up the blue porcelain dome, columns made of Douglas fir felled in Oregon. I stood by the white marble Altar of Heaven gleaming in the moonlight and felt tears start to my eyes for the sheer beauty of the structure and for the magnificence of its conception: no roof worthy of the altar but heaven itself. How could a group of students from the States ever have been so insensitive as to stage a dance on that altar?

Some miles from Peking I walked on the Great Wall where I met a young Chinese boy who asked if I was Christian and did I know any stories of the Teacher. There, on top of the wall built hundreds of years ago to keep out foreigners, I told something of Him who is our peace and has broken down the dividing wall of hostility.

In the museum I hung over the glass cases, bewitched by the celadons, the ox-bloods, the jades; hypnotized out of the present into the far past by the bronze ceremonial vessels, loveliest of all the K'u and by the ju-i sceptres, those gifts of imperial favor; and by the symbols of

heaven. Fabulous, beautiful Peking!

The week before we were to sail, we went to Dick's photo shop to get more colored slides. We'd taken Frances with us, for later I was to take her to a birthday party in the city. Mother had made and sent what Frances called her Red Riding Hood cape and bonnet, and there she was like a busy redbird moving in and out between the cases, first at Elam's side and then at mine.

When we were ready to leave, she was nowhere around. We went outside. She was not in sight. Elam went in one direction, I in the other; then we came back and looked blankly at each other, our startled eyes saying the word our lips refused to speak, "Lost!"

Dick got his bicycle. "I'll find her," he called over his shoulder. "You two stay here." We watched him part the crowd, heard him call, "A little foreign girl dressed in red. Have you seen her?" And then he was lost too as he turned into one of the many alleys. A few minutes later he came out again, Frances sitting on the bar. "I wasn't lost, Daddy," she greeted us. "I just followed the man with a monkey."

Suddenly it was the Day itself. On June 16, Elam and I slipped away from the Commencement exercises, stopped at the house to pick up Frances and Victor and the luggage, and were driven to the wharf where the tender took us to the "Empress of Russia" anchored beyond the river.

How long I had looked forward to this hour of our weighing anchor for America! The time now came and I found myself sitting on the floor of the cabin – the chairs and bunks full of hand baggage and parting gifts – with one arm around Victor and one around Frances. She was crying, "This is Grandpa's house, I know, but where are the cows and the chickens and the horses?" Victor had tears in his eyes. He was hungry, but he made no open complaint. And I?
I was in tears too, for I had just discovered that the thermos bottle of milk which was to have sustained the children through the confusion of starting and which I had so carefully packed in the valise, was in a thousand pieces.

When Elam came from checking with the purser, he found us like this, a tearful trio. To his anxious questioning of the cause, I answered irrelevantly, "Is this the happy day I've looked forward to for years?"

Chapter Ten

Home Again

Colena, Marguerite, Elam
Father, Frances, Mother, Victor

While memory lasts, I'll never forget the smell of the firs, fresh and spicy, that came to us in the darkness of the night before our landing while yet we were far from share. Even before our eyes could see it, Home was coming out to welcome us! And in the morning, when Elam woke me and called me to the porthole and together we saw, clear and distinct and very near, a red schoolhouse on the hill, set among towering evergreens, it was as though Paradise itself had opened to me. I thought my heart would burst.

At the hotel in Victoria I gave the children their first "American" bath. While Frances was in the midst of hers, she asked for a drink. Quite naturally – for was I not at home again? – I filled the tumbler from the bath faucet. In amazement, our three-going-on-four-year-old exclaimed, "O, Mummy, am I taking a bath in drinking water!"

The images, of the gong outside our kitchen door filled with muddy river water being settled with alum, of our brass kettle with steam coming from its spout, of the brown crockery cooler, and of the expensive Berkshire filter rose before me. With one swoop I felled all of them. The sound of their crashing sang obligato to my words: "Yes, my dear, in good, clear, pure, unboiled drinking water."

Home Again was a suitable title for these and kindred experiences, but not for all. Without Elam's mother the homestead in Wyoming was not the home it used to be. Father, Delight, Reuben, Lawrence, and Esther, his wife, had had time to make their own separate adjustments, but ours had not yet caught up with theirs. Memories of Mother as we had seen her last kept crowding us at every turn. We listened for her greeting in the morning. We waited for her voice calling down the register to the, men folk discussing in the room below, "Come now. You've talked enough. It's time for bed." We yearned to see and to hear her pleasure in her grandchildren. We seemed not to be able to accept the fact that her voice was forever stilled.

And over in the East, the home of my father and mother and sister was no longer in Buffalo at 92 Cazenovia. Instead, it was in the village of Colden, twenty-five miles from Buffalo. The house had eleven large rooms and was surrounded by an extensive lawn, in the center of which was a great maple tree, where Father had hung a tire swing for the children. At one side the land sloped gently towards a shallow brook, where in the summer crayfish shot in reverse from stone to stone in the clear water, and in the winter the children slid from bank to bank on solid ice. Up on the hill behind the house was the vegetable garden, my father's joy and pride. Already in late

July Mother had dozens of cans of peas from that garden stored in the basement, and as the season moved towards fall there was so much more produce than we could eat or put into cans that near-by neighbors and city friends were also well supplied. It was a beautiful place at the edge of the village, guarded by the "sun-kissed hills of Colden," but for me it was not home. When we arrived all the neighbors were strangers.

I longed for the familiar surroundings of the Cazenovia Street home with the old friends. When I'd visit the Bushes, whose house was three doors from 92, I'd slip out and walk by that house and look up at the windows in the room that used to be mine and wonder whether anyone there saw the light from the street lamp forming a cross on the screen. I'd look across the street to the path in the park that stretched the full length of the long block and feel my sister tugging at me and hear her begging, "Take a walk. Take a walk."

For all my fine philosophizing back in 1920 about the many mansions – many rooms – in my heavenly Father's house, now three years later I was allowing myself to be engulfed in a nostalgia for one certain room that could never again be mine. Would I never grow up? Never come to a sane, steady emotional maturity? Where now was that spiritual balance based upon "in whatever state I find myself therein to be content"? And where was my thankfulness for once again being with my kin? An ingrate, that's what I was.

Yet even as I scourged myself with the term, I'd go back and over a cup of coffee with Mary Bush reminisce like an octogenarian. And she only in her early 40's and I just turned 33. She and I had much to remember, for she was my oldest friend. Before I was born, she had come with her mother and sister to live two doors from my mother. She was like an older sister to me; I loved her dearly, Now her daughter Marcella was a grown-up young lady about to graduate from the Lake Forest Conservatory of Music.

Time had moved fast. Now my children were begging Sister to take them for a walk. One day in early fall, from the bay window of the Colden house, I watched them come skipping back from the post office laughing as they came. Great elms bordered the road, and formed an archway overhead. The leaves had turned a brilliant yellow and already a goodly number had fallen to the ground, so that it was as though the trio were coming through a tunnel of mosaic gold. Frances was wearing her Red Riding Hood cape, and Victor was wearing the woolen suit Mother had made for him, hunter's green with a red vest. Marguerite's plaid skirt echoed both colors. The picture was too vibrant and lovely to enjoy by myself. I turned to call Elam to come to share it with me.

He was not there; he was miles away at the University of Chicago working on his doctoral thesis, "Teaching English Efficiency in China." For a second I had forgotten that the House of An was now housed under two roofs. But, I resolutely thought, forcing back a wave of longing, I must remember that both roofs are in my heavenly Father's house. At times the remembrance wore thin.

My full acceptance of the Colden house as home came two weeks later when I discovered that I was with child again. A baby to be born while I was here with Mother and Father and Sister! A baby of ours for them to hold as they had not been able to hold Frances and Victor in their babyhoods. How good to be at home!

My folks were as excited as I. Mother began planning the layette. When we went to Buffalo for a talk I gave on "China 'Cross the Bay," we bought soft muslin and fine white yarn. This time I'd start the bootees early. Elam wrote, "Good news. Take care of yourself."

The anticipation was short-lived. In early November there was a miscarriage, a death to me as real as though the child had been born and named and long cradled in my arms. Now the Colden home became both sanitarium and sanctuary. With three to care for the children I had long hours to myself in an upstairs corner room, large and light and very comfortable, for resting, reading, meditating, writing, praying.

The first snowfall fascinated the children. Only once in Shanghai had they seen a thin sheet of the white stuff. Here it was drifts deep with always more coming down. We bundled them up well and let them go out to play. Unaccustomed to the coldness, they soon came back. Warmed, they clamored to go out again. After their third mushing, I said, "That's enough. Grandpa has more to do than put on and take off overshoes every few minutes."

My father lowered his glasses and looked at me over the rim. "Listen, Colena, I've waited years for this. Don't take the joy from me now." And so, all through that winter dozens of times a day, he patiently put on overshoes and took them off; helped with overcoats, on and off; hung wet mittens over the furnace register; kept track of the alternate dry ones to replace the wet ones.

Elam came for Christmas. By that time I had regained a goodly measure of the oil of joy for my mourning and a garment of praise for my spirit of heaviness. When he found me so he held me close and said, "This is your gift to me."

I hid my smile, for I had another gift that I knew would be a greater surprise. Sometime in November a letter had come from Phi Beta Kappa Headquarters addressed to me, but when I opened it I found it was an order blank, for a key, not for Mrs., but for Mr. Elam J. Anderson. I'd already heard that Drake University, from which Elam had been graduated, had been granted a chapter and now I knew they were giving memberships retroactively. Strange that Elam hadn't told me. But maybe he was keeping it for a surprise. Well, I'd keep this too. So I sent back the order with a check and when the key came, I wrapped it and the receipted bill in a fancy gift box and enclosed that in several others.

On Christmas morning along with a lovely six piece dresser set and a Parker duofold from Elam was an envelope containing the notice of his election and with it was a note to me, "Now we'll each be wearing a key – that is, when mine comes." Dolefully he said, "I'd hoped to have it by now, but the order blank must have been delayed." That was my cue to give him a House of An version of the "gift of the Magi."

Christmas that year was one to remember always. We went to the woods to cut our own tree and gather greens for decorations, all but Mother. She stayed home to bake pfeffernüsse, and when we came back, the kitchen was filled with a spicy fragrance and the large yellow bowl was heaped with fresh warm cookies. There and then we emptied it. We went crunching over the snow to the village church, small, white and spired, that stood in the center of the village, where we heard the children say their pieces and where we chuckled with Santa as he gave out the presents that each had thoughtfully brought from home lest Santa's supply be too soon depleted. We sang carols in the church and at home. We visited friends in Buffalo and they visited us. We exchanged Christmas goodies with our neighbors. To me now they were no longer strangers, but friends, the Colburns and Partridges especially. On Christmas Eve we went out to see the stars. Away from the glaring lights of the city, they looked like brilliant-cut zircons, and the one that was the brightest the children called the Star of Bethlehem. We read the Christmas story in

English and German and Chinese, Elam reading the Chinese, for – and this was the only flaw in that Christmas of joy – we had no Chinese friends with us. Nellie Wong had gone back to China and the others whom my folks had known in Buffalo had moved away from the city. In our hearts, though, and in our prayers, we held them and all we knew across the waters close within our little circle.

Dr. and Mrs. Anderson

In June Elam received his Doctor of Philosophy degree "with all the rights and privileges appertaining thereto" from the University of Chicago. In the years to come he received honorary degrees from other institutions, but this was an earned degree. He had worked hard for it, and I was proud of him.

After his commencement we all drove to Ithaca for my tenth reunion. There we found that, although the years had brought some changes to our friends, they had brought none to the library or the stone bench or the swinging bridge. Nor to the chimes; they rang out the same joyful initial melody and old familiar tunes. Only on Cayuga Heights, where we sought for the spot from which we had seen the light reflected in the lake and where we had heard a night bird sing, did we find a great change; there the trees had grown so tall not a glimpse of the lake was visible.

Upon our return to Colden, we steadfastly set our minds and hands to the preparation for our trip back to China. The farewell dinner at the Pauls' drew together the oldest friends. For many years the combination of Bush-Paul-Velentine-Michael had met at least once a month. Through the past year the House of An had mingled with them like blood-brothers. Now all but the Bushes had arrived. At the last minute, Mr. Bush called saying Mary had a headache and didn't feel able to come. We knew it was no ordinary headache, for Mary never complained.

We left for Colden at ten o'clock and all the way home we kept thinking of her, wondering how she was, planning when we'd go to say Goodbye to her.

We went and said Goodbye, but not as we planned. At ten o'clock that night, the very hour of our leaving, Mary was dying.

Knowing that we should not draw the children into the shadow of our sorrow, we planned for them a display of fireworks on the evening of the Fourth. The night was soft and dark and warm and the children sat on the steps of the back porch of the now dearly familiar Colden home, hugging their knees in excited anticipation. The flares soared high beyond the elms and the great sugar maple making of the leaves a lacy imprint against the brilliant light. For safety's sake Elam would allow no one to touch the Roman candles but himself. Now as he began twirling them and running in a circle around the maple, the children jumped up and down and shouted, "Oh, look! Look! Look at that one!" And well they might shout, for these were the choice pieces, the ones with extra multiple exploding stars. Then suddenly all the stars were gone, and Elam was standing motionless beneath the maple, holding his hand in silent agony. One candle had burst a full galaxy within his grasp.

The nation was still grieving with President and Mrs. Coolidge over the death of their son from an infected blister on his heel. The smallest of blisters now rang bells of alarm and the

blister on Elam's hand was not small. For the first ten days of our trip, our route westward was charted through the different doctors' offices where we stopped for examinations and fresh bandaging when necessary

At La Porte we relaxed in the country with Ruth and Oscar and their family and left refreshed in spirit. At Chicago we met old friends and heard our first radio broadcast over a crystal set. To us it was a miracle. At Evanston we renewed acquaintance with members of the first post-marriage parish.

At the Summer Assembly Camp at Iowa Falls, Victor, wearing dark glasses because of a slight ulcer on the retina, strayed from our tent. When I could not find him in any of the children's haunts, I called Elam from his conference, and immediately a general search was on. As the men made ready to drag the nearby river, my heart stood still as once before it had on that crowded street in Shanghai when Frances was lost. At that moment, the camp cook came to the door of the dining hall.

"What's the commotion?" he called.

"Victor, our little boy, he's lost!"

"You mean the one with the dark glasses?"

I nodded.

"Come." He motioned me to him. Then he stepped aside for me to enter the building.

There sat Victor, paper napkin tucked under his chin, very carefully dipping a cookie into a glass of milk.

"Poor little chap," the jovial cook said, "he came in, sat down, folded his hands, bowed his head, and then picked up the napkin and waited. What could I do but serve him? Sorry you had any worry."

Heaven is found in many locales. To my roster I added that day a camp building made of rough-hewn lumber, filled with long tables set for lunch and having at the time three occupants – the cook, a small boy, and a guardian angel.

The next Monday, at the Earl Clinic, at Mound, Minnesota, both children had tonsilectomies. Elam's Aunt and the Dahls helped us through the first hard days.

Then on Thursday we started for Wyoming. There the children rode horseback; rode in the car with whoever went out for the cows in the far pasture; sailed paper boats in the watering trough filled by the creaky windmill; and in the cool of the evening drank warm milk fresh from the cows.

Earlier in the year Delight and Lawrence and his family had gone to San Diego, and now that Reuben was married and he and Ruth were caring for the homestead, Elam thought his father might like to go with us to San Diego. "Yes," Dad said, "that would be nice, but – "We could get no definite promise from him until the morning of our departure. Then, with suitcase packed, he came out and casually said, "Do you have room for me?"

Room? Of course we had room.

That next Sunday afternoon, driving miles across the treeless boulder-strewn plains, we had nine punctures and not one within the shadow of a rock.

When evening came, Elam, weary from his tusseling with the tires, said, "Well, Dad, I suppose you'd say we had all those punctures because we traveled on Sunday. A business trip on Sunday."

"Naturally, A-lam." (He always gave the Swedish pronunciation.) "What else could you

expect?"

And he may have been right, for on not one of the week-days of the long drive to The Dalles, where we met Esther and Helmer and the boys for two days of happy companionship, and over the scenic Columbia Gorge Route and down the coast highway, were we plagued with nine punctures in one afternoon.

Kingsburg, San Gabriel, San Diego, Mission Beach – "O Time too swift! O Swiftness never ending!" Before we could fully realize it, we were at San Pedro hanging over the rail of the S.S. President Taft, watching our Dodge being slung up in a huge net like a plaything and lowered into the hold. Good old car, we thought, waving it farewell until we should see it in Shanghai. It had brought us over 6000 miles in two months and a week and its only misbehavior was due to our impiety, a circumstance wholly beyond its control.

Soon after that, still standing at the rail, we saw the wide expanse of water between us and the shore grow ever wider. When we were well past the breakwater, we took the children to the prow of the boat and while they, holding tight to our hands, peered between the guard rails down upon the parting waters, Elam and I stood, our free hands clasped, facing China and the future.

By September (the year was 1924) we were back on the Shanghai College campus. As we walked the cinder paths, we realized how firmly we had grown into this place, realized, indeed, that we were "Home Again." Even after the absence of over a year, our feet still remembered every curve in the paths, and our eyes recognized old acquaintances in shrubs and trees. The spiraeas and forsythias, the privets and the pittisporums, the roses and the wisterias – how they had all grown!

And the trees – the candleberries; the Himalaya cedars; the false ash, better known as the Wedding Tree because of weddings performed in its shade; the ginkos – how much they had added to height and girth.

But it was "The Camphor" that caused us to marvel most. There were several camphors on the campus, but when anyone said "The Camphor" everybody knew the reference was to the landmark tree that grew near Dr. White's at the curve of the road. At its planting in 1909, it was only three feet tall and less than one inch in diameter. So remarkable had been its growth that within a decade it had won for itself the title "The." To the children of the campus it soon became a playhouse, a clubhouse, a shade from the sun and a shelter from the rain. We paused before it now and felt somewhat awed.

As I stood there I thought, if ever this tree should die or be felled, the mourners would be legion. But who would ever dare lay an axe to it? Or uproot it? To do so would be committing murder.

Frances made straight for it. She climbed into it and sat on one of the low-growing branches. Then she stroked the smooth bark and gently crushed one of the shining leaves and lifted it to her face to breathe deep of its fragrance. Victor, who was too young when we left to know this tree, watched her for a moment and then he ran over and scrambled up beside her and imitated her every motion. Within minutes, Wei Mei and Iu-Chen Chen and Mary Ellen and Arthur Kelhofer were there with them. Seeing Victor in their midst, I said to myself, Now he, too, is initiated into the Order of the Camphorites. When it's time for Tea, I'll know where to find him.

Chapter Eleven

One Season Ends

Life swung back into orbit; day by day its pace accelerated. The time for Glee Club practice was from 11:30 to 12:30. Since Elam had a class at one o'clock, lunch had always to be prompt. I set Frances to watch at the window and when she saw him rounding the curve by The Camphor, she would call to me, "Daddy's coming," and I would call to Amah, "K'ai fan" (Open the rice). Then the next minute – or so it seemed to me – he would be off to his afternoon classes. After those classes there were other academic and extra-curricular responsibilities and always more and more meetings that he had to attend in the city.

When I joined the Shanghai Short Story Club, I felt a prick of conscience. Here I was worrying about his over-crowded schedule and yet adding extra trips.

"Don't be silly," he said. "I want you to keep up your interest in writing. Besides, I enjoy the meetings. And look at me. Do I look worn out?"

I had to admit that he did not. "But still, you're going too fast," I said.

"What about yourself? You didn't get to bed until two o'clock last night. I looked at the clock."

He was correct. I was writing a play, "And So This Is Christmas," for my Sunday School class of Chinese co-eds, and when the muse was with me, how could I desert her?

The practices were going along very well until the dress rehearsal. Then, suddenly, the girl who had the lead petulantly and flatly refused to go on. I reasoned with her, "There is no understudy." I appealed to her loyalty to the college, "This play is the main part of the program tomorrow night." Finally I pleaded with her to do it for my sake. Nothing moved her.

I called for a recess and, while the players left the room, I consulted with Esther Sing, the most level-headed among the group.

"Mu-yu fa-tzu (No way out of the difficulty)," she said. "I know her. When she gets a p'i ch'i (streak of perversity) like this, no one can do anything with her."

No one? There is always One. I'm not given to bothering the Lord over trifles or with what I can do for myself, but this was a case where I had done all I could and I did not consider the play a trifle. There was only a moment for prayer and it had to be done unobtrusively, in fact, while I was walking forward to call the cast together. It was so done and with urgency.

I gave the word to begin. The recalcitrant one took her position grudgingly, but took it. When it was time for her to go to speak to the play-character she had wronged, she crossed the stage and spoke her lines. The play went on.

May 30, 1925, Elam and the children woke me with their "Happy Birthday" song. Around my plate was a garland of flowers and tucked among the flowers coins to help me remember how old I was.

That a day with such a happy beginning should have such a tragic ending! Late that afternoon while Elam was preparing to take the college orchestra to the Native City for a benefit concert, one of the students came rushing into the house greatly agitated.

"Fourteen students shot in Shanghai by the police!" he shouted.

"No, no." Elam tried to quiet him. "That must be just a rumor!"

"Pu ts'o. Pu ts'o (Not wrong) ! Chen-di, chen-di (True)! The British police did it."

And it was true. The following day the headlines of the paper stood large and stark. The Nanking Road Tragedy was no rumor. when the accusations and counter-accusations settled down, we found that the ostensible cause was a memorial service by the students for a Chinese worker shot in a Japanese factory by a Japanese employer. This memorial was staged in the International Settlement where such meetings by the Chinese were unlawful. The students went ahead anyway in order to arouse public opinion. They succeeded. A riot followed in which unarmed students moved against a police station where fellow students arrested in the early hours of the rioting were jailed. The police, British, opened fire and killed a dozen or so students and by-standers.

Why, oh, why didn't the police use water hoses or shoot above the heads? Didn't they know the position that students still held in the land? For foreigners to kill any Chinese would raise a storm of protest, but to kill students was to raise a catastrophic whirlwind. Students themselves might be debunking Confucius, the great teacher, for the measurements he gave for a man's night gown and for the fact that after hearing a certain piece of music he could not eat meat for some time thereafter, but the scholar, the student – and the lay Chinese made no distinction between them – still stood high in the social scale and in a way was sacrosanct.

In the days that followed there was some stoning of foreigners and there were a few more clashes between the police and crowds of laborers, but when sailors and marines were landed from warships order was restored. Order, that is, on the surface and in our immediate vicinity, but resentment continued to seethe and in the interior, wherever there were Japanese or British removed from the protection of their military, disturbances and acts of violence furnished copy for Second Coming type headlines in American papers. All that happened at the college was that there was no commencement exercises.

Throughout the summer, letters kept coming from our families and friends expressing grave concern for our welfare and asking when we were coming home. We replied:

> Everything is quiet and peaceful here on the campus. Please take newspaper reports with a grain of salt. Granted there is trouble in other places of China, but we are safe.
>
> We're concerned over the California earthquake. Talk about safety! I think we're as safe as, if not safer than, we'd be in many places in America.

"Everything is so quiet here!" was the theme of our summer-time in Shanghai in 1925. Letters home were filled with items far removed from violence:

> We've planted our window boxes with asters that Mary Kelhofer gave us. Now there's a riot of color under each window, the only riot around unless you care to call the noise of eighteen "campus kids" all under Frances' age a riot.
>
> Leontine Dahl has just come back from furlough. She brings weird tales of very, very short skirts and pretty garters. And bobbed hair! Now, almost everybody here is bobbing too. No. I haven't. Lucia Hanson had a braid as thick as your arm and down to her knees. I wanted to weep when she cut it off.

And every letter bulged with the doings and the sayings of the children:

Victor said, "I wish we could burn the gee-toes and frow the fire out the window."

Victor said, "Dat dam dood." No, I did not wash out his mouth with soap. All he meant was that the jam was good.

Victor spilled water on a clean scarf and came to me and said, "Oh, Mama I billed dome watta, but Mama, I guse you."

Victor, trying to dress his bunny, gave up, brought the toy to me and said, "Oo dess it. It allas wiggles so." At that Frances put her hand to her mouth and gave me a most companionable, understanding smile.

Victor refused to add to his prayer, "And make me a good boy." When Elam said, God likes to hear you say that," Victor replied, "Her Won't care. Her'll make me dood anyway."

The Family of Four

And items about Frances:

Frances, tired from a shopping trip for shoes, said, "I don't feel well. I feel like a bottle of castor oil."

Frances said, "I wish I was God. Then I'd a been there when I made myself and I'd seen how I did it."

Frances' ambition is to have hernew teeth grow in in a hurry so she can pull them out and get false teeth. To my fervent hope that that may never happen, she exclaimed, "Why, don't you want me to have false teeth?"

Frances picked up a magazine and looked at it for a time. Then she put it down and said, "That word I don't know." The word was "immutable." (My fault. I hadn't included that word in her kindergarten vocabulary last year.)

Frances and Victor quarreled with each other today when Elam and I were

> away having a vegetarian dinner at a Buddhist temple in Shanghai. Indirectly, I found out about it from Amah. Directly, I let Frances know I was not pleased. Tonight she prayed: "Dear Lord, help Victor and me to always, always be nice and lovely and quiet. Not to cry and howl around the house and wah, wah, wah." She shouted the wah's so loud I jumped. Then in a whisper she added, "Help us to keep peaceful."

Frances said – Victor said – Frances did – Victor did – Of such homely inconsequentials was our heaven of tenuous peace in those summer days while all around us the storm clouds muttered and the rolling of their thunder from Soochow to Canton mingled with rolling presses at home, but the storm had not yet broken over our heads.

At that time Mao Tse-tung was on his way to heading, if not already heading, the Propaganda Bureau of the Kuomintang. Chiang Kai-shek was saying that China's alliance "with the world revolution, with the Soviet Union, was an alliance with the revolutionary parties which are fighting in common against the world imperialists to carry through a world revolution." And again he was saying:

> The Nationalist revolution cannot rule without Dr. Sun's three principles, nor can the revolution neglect Communism... Knowing that we cannot separate the Chinese revolution from the world revolution, why should there be any quarrel amongst us about the three peoples' principles and the Communists?

But for that which had not yet come and whose coming we had no power to prevent, we refused to barter the peace of that summer. We went the even tenor of our way, entertaining and being entertained or sharing in the "covered dish" suppers where each family brought one dish and after the meal was over each provided a special stunt for the pleasure of all. Elam's contribution was the song of Figaro.

We had a daily swim in the swimming pool that was built by the Alumni to honor Dr. White on his 50th birthday. The pool was fed by two artesian wells, which were now also providing us with safe drinking water and the luxury of flush toilets, bath tubs, and showers. We swam in the late afternoon, when the pool was in the shade, and when we left the pool twilight would be coming on and with it the mosquitoes. Then after supper we would flit ourselves against the pests and walk in the coolness of the evening to find the place where the tuberoses filled the air with fragrance so sweet that for a time the acrid odor of our preventive was quite forgotten.

On moonlight nights we would lift our eyes to the skies and think how the same moon had, within hours, shone on our homefolk and would shine again and know as surely as David did that our help came from the Lord who neither slumbered nor slept.

Nor was this awesome wonder experienced alone by Elam and me. Frances too, young as she was, only five, was caught up in it. One night in September when she was undressing she said, "I have a little poem about the moon. Would you like to hear it?"

Would I like to hear it! The first touch of the Muse on my daughter? "Yes, indeed. I'll even write it down for you." So there in her rose sprigged muslin gown sat Frances, hugging her knees and dictating her first poem:

LADY MOON

Lady Moon,
There are your children up in the high blue air.
In the night they twinkle,
But when I go to bed
And in the morning when I wake up
And look out the window,
There is no moon and you aren't there.
There is just a beautiful sunny sun
And blue clouds in the blue air.
And lovely green trees
And flowers opened up.

As they sleep in the night time,
They close their tired eyes
To sleep awhile in comfort
In the cuddly grass.

Hours after hours,
I think under the sun
About the starry skies
And that little verse like this about
"To sleep beneath the starry skies."

And everyland –
China, America, Ningpo –
Everyland that people live,
No matter if they're strangers,
They go to sleep
And make their bed in comfort.

And birdies in the nest,
They go to sleep
And in the morning
They fly
And sing their morning songs.

And now I must go to bed.
I've written it all.

Were I to attempt a graphic picture of our small enclave of peace there on the campus in the summer of 1925, I could find no better words to frame it than "We went to sleep and made our beds in comfort."

And now it was November. Classes were well established. Elam was busier than ever with

his teaching and supervising, his speaking and his directing of musical groups, the latest addition to which was the choir of the American Community Church in Shanghai. I'd given up the classes at the college to begin regular school work with Mary Ellen and Frances.

The chrysanthemums that we'd slipped in the spring were in full bloom, making a brave show of color, white and pink, yellow and bronze, all around the house. During recess one day I told the girls to put on their coats – the day was sparkling clear but quite nippy – and go out to cut a bouquet. Important little first-graders they were, and I as their teacher was finding as great a challenge in teaching them as in teaching the college students. Wei Mei Chen came from her own study of Chinese at home and joined them. The picture made by this trio of friends there among the flowers charged me with a full feeling of well-being. Strange, how little beauty and peace it takes to make that feeling!

Before the recess period was over, the college mailman came down the path.

"Only one letter today," he called, holding up a single envelope, " and it's for the hsiao hai-tzu (children). Frances, lai, lai (Come. Come.)"

"For me?" Frances' face was aglow as she came running to take the letter.

"For you and Didi (little brother)," he said. "Then must I wait 'til Victor comes home?" The glow left her face.

When Victor came from his kindergarten class that Mary Kelhofer was having for him and Arthur, he and Frances opened the letter together. I was as eager as they to see who would be writing to then from Canton. Frances attempted to read it but soon gave up, saying, "You read it, Mother. It's in Chinese."

It was not in Chinese. It was in English and quite legible, but in an unfamiliar script. It was from Hwang Ding Sing, the student who had worked for us before we went on furlough. He was the only student at the college who had ever worked at manual labor in a foreigner's home, or for that matter, in anyone's home. He'd come from a very poor family. When we told him about students in America working their way through college, the idea took fire. He was eager to be a pioneer. He swept the walks, brought in the wood, carried the coal, helped in the garden. We had thought about him often but had lost contact with him. It was good to have a letter from him.

With Frances leaning against me on one side and Victor on the other, I read the letter aloud.

Whampoa Military Academy

Dear Francise and Victor,

Are you well? Are your father and mother well? Tell your parent excuse me that I didn't write them for a long time, because we are so busy in our national revolutionary work to clear the counter-revolutionary force in Kwangtung, But I never forget you all even in one day. See that trees whistle in the autumn wind. The leaves fall to the ground and change yellow. How fierce the cold wind is!

"Hwang, father wants you to chop more woods. Hwang, mother wants you to carry some coal upstairs...." Are these not your words that I always heard in my dreams? Thank God, the dreams usually bring me to see you almost every night.

Good-bye! Francise and Victor, I will go to Moscow soon during this month for I have passed the entrance examination of the Sun Wan University of Moscow in our

> military school. Fifteen cadets of our school are qualified to be sent to Moscow, Russia. It is said that about three hundred students including us at Canton will be sent by the National Revolutionary Government. I am very busy now to prepare for the journey.

"What means 'revolutionary'?" Frances asked.

"He say Good-bye. Where he go?"asked Victor.

The day was still sparkling clear, but for me it was as though a cloud had darkened the sun. The letter had the same effect on Elam. We felt the revolution now was at our very doorstep, and more than that, we had a conviction that its close tie with Russia boded no good. Strange how little it takes – no more than a half-ounce letter – to steal away hearts ease!

That night we went to sleep, but our beds were not made in comfort. Nor were they, so long as we lived in China, ever again completely so made; for that matter, whether in China or America, never again wholly in comfort. Through Hwang's letter, the last we were ever to hear from him, we were drawn into China's revolution, and, hot or cold, war has plagued our comfort ever since.

There were other discomforts, too, impending. The strong undercurrent of political movement, of intellectual ferment, of violent emotion also penetrated the foundations of the missionary movement and the relationships of its participants. The same stirrings of nationalism which fanned the revolutions of a dozen countries were also bringing into focus the issue of the place and future of foreign missions. The far-reaching Layman's Inquiry into Foreign Missions, Rethinking Missions: A Layman's Inquiry after One Hundred Years, by the Commission of Appraisal, William Ernest Hocking, Chairman (New York, Harper and Brothers, 1932) 349 pp., was still six years ahead, but the questions and the pressures which brought it and its profound appraisal into being were already alive on the campus of Shanghai College. For several years the word "indigenous" had been a kind of abracadabra. Everyone was talking about making missions "indigenous," but few educational missionaries were doing anything about it. They were all sitting tight in their professorial chairs. Elam saw no way of increasing the ratio of Chinese on the faculty except by decreasing the number of foreign missionaries. Let them be advisers, but as soon as possible put Chinese on the staff, except, say, in the Department of English language and Literature. It was the foreign missions' task, we felt, to plant the seed, but the full growth must be from native stock in native soil before even our own mission could be fulfilled.

Unexpectedly, a new call came. One day in the spring of 1926, the Board of Managers of the Shanghai American School, a combination day and boarding school for some 500 American children from kindergarten age through high school, met to choose a new principal.

"How would you like to live in Shanghai?" Elam's question came out of the blue.

"You mean 'do,' don't you? How do I like to live in Shanghai? I'm in Shanghai. I like it."

"No, I mean 'would.' In the International Settlement?"

"If that's what you mean, then my answer is 'I wouldn't.' I don't like the city. I'm perfectly – but why do you ask? You aren't thinking of – "

"Well, not unless you're willing, but the Board of S.A.S. is thinking. This afternoon they asked me to be principal of the school."

"And move to Avenue Petain in French Town?"

He nodded.

"Leave this house!"

He nodded again, his eyes now reflecting his hurt at my dismay.

"Colena," he said earnestly, "We've talked for months, for years, about our own mission here – to bring the Gospel through these institutions, to lay a foundation of Christian education, to train those who will carry on the task so that it becomes not foreign, but theirs – not foreign Christians but Chinese Christians. How can Chinese Christians replace us on the faculty unless some of us move out and make way for them? We can't just talk about it; if we really are sincere, we must move on and make room. Here is a call. I think the College is ready for the change. I think the time to begin the transition is here. I'm ready for it. Are you?"

I saw his logic and I knew he was right. The spirit was willing – but, oh, the flesh was weak! Nothing could take away my innate dislike of moving. I become almost physically ill when I have to move. Just the thought of packing made my whole being cringe, my heart rise up and ache in my throat. But more than that: the college was home. I loved the friends. My roots were as deep here as those of The Camphor. And the children – how hard for them to leave the place!

But a far greater pain was yet to come and in that hurt I lost my selfish objections. In it I suffered with Elam, and through it we grew closer together. When Elam submitted his resignation with his reasons and his deep convictions on the inevitability of and the necessity for transition to native Chinese Christian teaching and leadership, not just one, but several among the missionaries, our closest friends, accused him of disloyalty, of being, indeed, a traitor to the ranks, a traitor to the cause of foreign missions itself. We suffered together and the suffering swallowed up the pain of moving once again. I knew that I, too, was ready now to move along to make room for those who alone could make Christianity indigenous.

In early July we marked our tenth wedding anniversay. Five days later, on July 8, 1926, our third child, Elam Jonathan, Junior, was born.

When Elam saw his namesake, he rejoiced greatly.

Later, sitting by my side and holding my hand, he smiled and said, "Nobody can accuse us of being unpatriotic."

"How so?" I asked. "This isn't the Fourth."

"No, but we already have Frances with snow-blond hair, Victor with blue–well, maybe we'll have to call it blue-black, and now Junior with red. Red, white, and blue? Don't you see?"

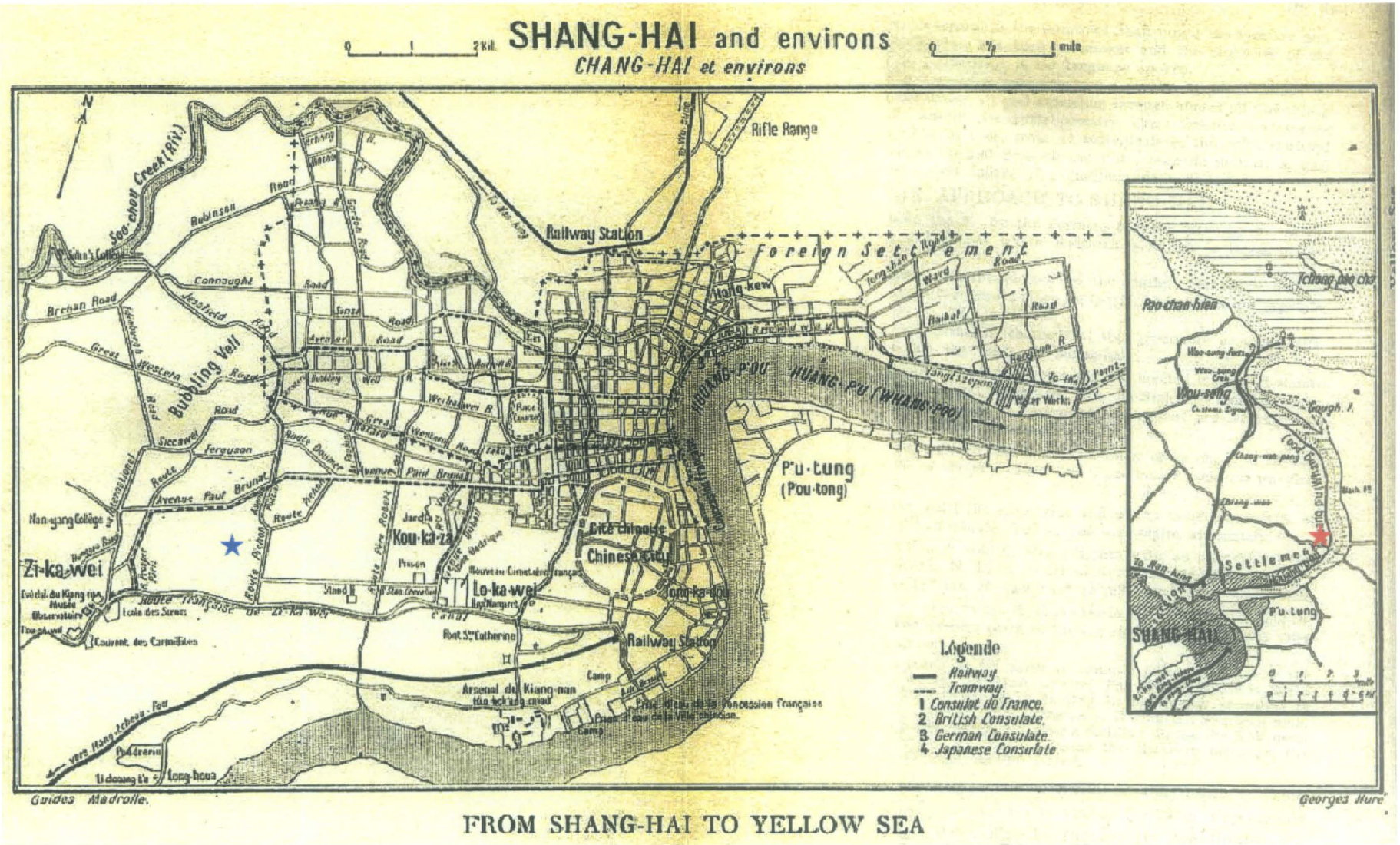
The birth of Elam, Junior, made us a family of five. The Spring season of the House of An came to an end. Planting time was over; growing time was ahead.

PART TWO

Summer

Summer's lease hath all too short a date

Shakespeare: Sonnet XVII



FROM SHANG-HAI TO YELLOW SEA

Historical map of Shanghai circa 1912

★ Location of Shanghai American School, 1923

★ Approximate Location of Shanghai College

Chapter One

Shanghai American School

Spring began in the month of September, 1913, on the campus of Cornell University and ended thirteen years later on the campus of Shanghai College, half a world away. Summer began on the campus of Shanghai American School in September, 1926, and ended six years later on the campus of Linfield College, Oregon, once again half a world removed from its beginning.

All through July and August of 1926 I kept complaining, "This is the hottest weather I've ever known." There was small comfort in Elam's words, "It's really not the heat it's the –"

"Yes," I'd interrupt. "I know. It's the –" and then wait for him to join me in the cliché, " – the humidity." Most of the times I could laugh at our little duet, but there were times when to laugh took more energy than I could muster; then my smile was vapid.

Frances and Victor, too, felt the heat more than before. The recent siege of whopping cough had taken a heavy toll of their young bodies. Their appetites were slow in returning and they tired quickly at their play. Among the children, only Elam, Junior, thrived on the heat. He ate and slept and grew fat, and became the focus for our hearts' deepest affection.

On the warmest day of September we moved from the college to the Shanghai American School. The house in which we were to make our home for four of the next six years was located at 75 Avenue Petain, directly across from the school compound and twelve miles from the college.

At Home, Shanghai American School 1928

Midway between school and college were the Bund and the shopping district of international Shanghai. In the daytime this was a bustling, teeming business section, a maze of traffic, but on the evenings when we would be returning from visits to the college, the children thought the Bund and Nanking Road a fairyland, made so by the thousands of lights that outlined Wing On's and Sincere's, the two great department stores, and that festooned the entrances to lesser shops and restaurants and places of amusement.

I, too, found pleasure in the lights and let my imagination play with the children's fancy until that time when, shopping alone one evening, I saw three rough Chinese men on the street near Wing On's bargaining with a stout, noisy madam for a shy girl – she couldn't have been more

than twelve – whom the madam was urging forward. My heart sickened and I looked for a policeman, but by the time I found a husky Sikh, the men had turned down an alley and all I could hear was the crying of the girl, and for that the policeman would do nothing. To express the true nature of the case I had no adequate vocabulary in Chinese and certainly none at all in whatever lingua franca the Sikh used. As I stood there stammering before him and gathering a crowd about us, I knew that even if I had a vocabulary in which to register a coherent complaint, he would have done nothing about it.

In many respects the house at the American School was in notable contrast to the house at the college. That one was a two-and-a-half-storied, low-ceilinged, no-basement cottage that made me think of a brooding hen sheltering her chicks. This one in the city was a full three-storied, high-ceilinged building with a basement-above-the-ground, in truth making it four-storied. This house made me think of a stiff- necked giraffe. No longer could the children run out-of-doors directly into a large compound with a wire fence so far removed that to locate it was to take a small expedition and to walk around it from the place where one end began on the down river bank to the other end quite a distance up river was to have a real excursion. Here in the city they had first to walk down a long flight of stairs before they could be in our small triangular garden bounded on two sides by a high bamboo fence separating us from a soy bean field and on the third by a white picket fence separating us from the cinder sidewalk in front. And when they did reach our garden, there was only one small willow tree that cast a shade so slim Elam immediately converted one of the large packing boxes into a playhouse to give some measure of shade.

True, there was the large school compound across the street, but it bore little resemblance to the college campus. Out at the college there were many trees that gave shade and fragrance and above all there was The Camphor. On the American School compound the trees were few and far between and most of them still so young that they had to have wire guards about them to protect them from climbers. Out at the college there was the broad river with tidal flats where, day after day, ships of many nations plied the rippling waters, their flags floating bravely in the breeze and their banners of smoke trailing behind or flowing ahead, depending upon the direction of the wind, like skiers' scarves. Here in the city we had the broad street where, day and night, cars of many makes raced back and forth, the only ripples being those made on very warm days in the heat-softened asphalt by the heavier cars and trucks.

In only two respects did the new house resemble the old. It, too, was surrounded by graves and it furnished the outer shell for the inner spirit of Home. In the field behind our bamboo fence and about halfway to the next street, was a huge grass-grown mound, which the children named The Hill. A small boy herder occasionally brought his water buffalo to graze there. Whether the mound sheltered many graves or only one we could not tell, but from its triple gables we could tell that there were three distinct graves in the low brick structure standing so close to the fence that the children could touch it with a stick poked through the wattle. Over on the school compound, at the corner of Avenue Petain and DuFour, there were other graves. When the school purchased the land, there was a stipulation that the graves on that certain small plot of ground should be kept fenced off from the rest of the acreage and never razed. No one came to care for these graves, and one grave had become so weathered and fallen apart that the children, peering through the fence, would say in sepulchral tones, "I see bones. Real ones."

The other resemblance of "75" to the house at the college was that, in common with it and

the other four houses in which we had lived, "75" was one other earthly mansion of the quota prepared for us in our Father's house. It is highly improbable that anyone but ourselves ever saw anything majestic or imposing about the giraffe building, unless, perhaps, country friends of Amah, whose "mansions" were one-storied, bamboo-thatched, mud-floored huts. Certainly, the visible brick walls, broken by narrow windows, did not warrant that appelation. But the invisible walls did. In times of quiet meditation, Elam and I saw the glow of jasper and sardonyx deeply imbedded in these walls and in times of ecstasy, the sparkle of sapphire and amethyst.

As for furnishings, what matter that the round table with the heavy chairs bought from the former owner needed refinishing when, at that table, Frances and Victor began to eat again with zest so that, week by week, Elam and I could note their steady gain in weight and hear their returning energy as they stomped up and down the several flights of stairs? Or what matter that the table stood on an inexpensive reed rug when, upon that rug, stood also the baby's buggy and in that buggy, while Elam and I lingered over a late dinner, our youngest, replete and on a schedule convenient to all, would lie and watch the beaded fringe of the lamp shade that hung low over the table as that fringe moved in the breeze coming from the west porch? At such times, seeing how the light was making stars of his eyes and spun-gold of his curls and being grateful for the health and dearness of the children asleep upstairs, I thought I was in a corner of heaven and I knew that our House was rightly named the House of Peace.

Even the typhoon that came early that fall could not touch our peace. Elam and I were reading in the living room when the worst onslaught came. We had already closed the windows on the upper porch where the three children were asleep. Now the howling wind tore off the bamboo shades on the lower porch and the rain came slashing through the screens. Then over all the other noises came the clatter of falling bricks.

"Our chimney!" I raised my voice above the storm.

Elam shook his head. "No, something farther away."

When nothing more clattered we went on with our reading.

Early the next morning Victor discovered the cause. From his bed, where he could see over the bamboo fence, he called excitedly, "Oh, Sister, look at the three pigs' houses!"

From her bed and from the tower of her knowledge, Frances replied, "I keep telling you, Victor, they're not pig houses. They're – oh, Mother, Daddy! come see the grave. The roof's off."

And so it was. The three ridgepoles were down and with them the bricks that made the triple gabled, connected roof. Stark and bare to the elements were three coffins, their head pieces revealing how stout and thick was the wood from which they were made. Two days later, when the storm had abated, a Chinese man, looking every inch of his long dark grey silk gown a gentleman of rank and wealth, came with a mason, and after the mason had repaired the damage, the gentleman burned spirit money and left three bowls of rice on top of the new roof. Elam and I knew when the spirits would eat the rice; a college student had told us: "When American ancestors came to smell the flowers that their descendants put on a grave."

"But why three graves so close?" I asked Amah.

"Graves of a rich man and his two wives, number one wife on one side, number two on the other. The man was the eldest son. It is his duty to keep the graves in good shape."

I pondered the two wives and remembered what Dr. Polk, the doctor who delivered Junior, had told me of the wealthy Chinese with four wives all living congenially together: "They just

about keep me in a living. I can count on at least one child in the family every year." And I thought again about the college student whose father, after becoming a Christian, had to house his number two wife, the mother of his nine children, in a separate establishment and have no more relations with her, while he and his number one wife with the nine children, now all grown and transferred to the big house, lived as a monogamous couple.

This particular conflict came into sharp focus in December, 1927, when Chiang Kai-shek took Mei-ling Soong for his wedded wife. Because of Elam's position in the community we were included among the guests invited to the wedding reception. (Our only personal acquaintance with the famous couple was my quite casual one with Miss Soong through the American University Women's Club and that, certainly, would not have brought us the royal invitation.) Strange, we thought, that the reception should be held in the Majestic Hotel safe within the foreign concession when, at that time, the favorite slogan of the Kuomintang was "Away with concessions!" As I looked at the lovely bride, my mind wandered to those other wives of the bridegroom whom he had been obliged to set aside and pay off so that this marriage could be purely monogamous.

On our way home a great gratitude filled me for the uncomplicated singleness of Elam's love and mine.

Chapter Two

New Flag Flying

The Chiang-Soong wedding was solemnized at the end of 1927, a much more convenient time for the Generalissimo than the beginning of the year would have been, for then he was mang tê-hên (very busy) with his northward advance; a more relaxed time, too, for the guests, for now the tensions and apprehensions and trials of that hard spring were past history.

Gone in time but not from memory. It would take months before we could forget the sandbag forts set up about the city and the barbed wire barricades at the border of Siccawei, just a mile down Avenue Petain from our house. Nor would we soon forget how in that spring of 1927 the consul had ordered women and children from the interior, even from the college, so that our house was filled with refugees; nor how each family had to keep a suitcase packed for departure at a moment's notice. One suitcase for five and one of the five a baby of six months – this took maneuvering for me.

Those days were full of special strain for Elam. There were more than four hundred boarders at the school for whom he felt as responsible as he did for his own three children. Then, too, the American School was designated as the concentration point for all Americans in French Town. From there we would all be taken to the gunboats. I saw the lines deepen in his face and knew the weight of his concern as together we prayed for strength and wisdom and courage for whatever lay ahead.

No wonder that we welcomed every bit of news that brought some easement to the strain. One such bit came from Hankow, that city up the Yangtze where the Chinese Revolution had had its premature birth on the double tenth of 1911 and where now the Left wing of the Kuomintang was in control. Reuter's reported that the nuns and priests of that city had formed a union and were parading through the streets with banners announcing that the price of prayers was raised. The opportuneness of this strike brought a smile; Chinese New Year, the season of greatest praying, was just around next week's corner.

Again there came a breath of relief when, after reading of the "terrific fighting" in Hangchow, Ed Clayton, coming from that city, brought us an eye-witness report: Not three hundred casualties but thirty-two; noise of battle not all from machine guns, but from the exploded firecrackers that now lay thick on the field; cartridges not all triggered in guns, but at least forty of them stuck in mud to form a Chinese character.

On February 20 in the native city of Shanghai twenty-five Nationalist sympathizers or suspects were decapitated. That part of the city was thrown into a state of panic and for a time in a lesser degree the International Settlement too. For days thereafter we stayed in our own back yards. Periodically announcements came that the Cantonese Army was about to take the native city from the War Lord, but each time the report proved false. By the middle of March we greeted each announcement with "Wolf, wolf!"

On the morning of the twenty-first I decided to go to town. I hadn't been away from our immediate block for days – weeks, come to count them. School, home, church next door – the circuit had indeed been restricted. There were things I needed to buy. Our refugee guests were

busy about their own affairs. I'd be back by noon; no need, then, to bother telling Elam at the office. Amah could care for the house.

Riding in the ricksha to the bus line, I felt a fine exhilaration which stayed with me on the bus all the way to town. Once in Sincere's, I took my time walking up and down the aisles and made my purchases with unusual deliberation. The atmosphere of the store that day was pleasantly hushed. At other times it was like a noisy bee hive, but today customers spoke in lower tones and even walked with a lighter tread.

Suddenly I came upon the flags, a whole counterful of them. Not the Chinese flag that I was accustomed to, the five-color red, yellow, blue, white black-striped flags, but a new flag, red with a white sun in a corner field of blue. The flag of the Kuomintang Party! A large one was draped over the picture of Sun Yat Sen hanging on the wall. But why should these flags be on sale? The Kuomintang had not yet come to Shanghai.

Pointing to the flags, I asked a clerk, "Why these flags? Why not the flags of the Republic?"

Raising his thumb in the gesture of highest praise, he answered, "Kuomintang ding hao!"

The Kuomintang very good! Then the Revolution had come! But when? No news last night or this morning. And how? No gun fire for days. Was the firing still to come? Or was this truly a bloodless revolution? Even if it was, incidents attendant upon all revolutions might break out at any moment.

Hurrying out of the store, I hailed a taxi and gave the order, "Avenue Petain, number 75. K'uai k'uai-ti (Quickly)!"

All along the road I saw the new flags flying, or being newly raised to catch the breeze. People must have had them in waiting. Riding with me now was no longer the gay companion of exhilaration, but the grim partner of apprehension. The very quietness of the turn-over seemed sinister.

When I reached home Elam came rushing down the front steps to meet me. "Where have you been?"

"I've been to London to visit – " I tried to speak airily.

"This is no light matter," Elam interrupted me. "You had me worried."

"Worried? Why? I just went downtown to make a few purchases. Am I Christopher Robinson's mother who can't go down to the end of the town unless I go down with you?"

By this time he had piloted me up the stairs and there on our front steps he put his arm around me and held me close.

"Please," he begged. "An hour ago I had word from the Consul to have everyone stay at home today. They expect the city to be taken over and there may be trouble."

I stopped and faced him. "To be taken? My dear, your tense is wrong." Now I did speak airily. "It is already taken. I've seen the new flag flying."

Two days later Nanking was taken, and there one section of the Army went berserk. The Consul and his family and some others sought refuge in Socony Hall on Socony Hill, the new name for Purple Mountain. Elsewhere in the city other foreigners were seeking refuge. Dr. John E. Williams, Vice-Chancellor of Nanking University, was shot and killed on the street. The homes of the foreigners were looted and burned; foreign women were raped. Mission schools were raided all but Ginling College. That was untouched. The sister of one of the officers was a student there and this officer took his detachment to safeguard that school. The people – but the story is too well known to be repeated here. Nowhere is it more vividly told than in Pearl Buck's

My Several Worlds.

In the dark hour when Elam and I first heard the news, we went apart and prayed, and later, alone, out in the open, with my face turned towards the besieged city, I sent such a fervent prayer and felt myself so drawn into the presence of the Most High that to this day I see the spot where I stood as a circle of light and were I Jacob I would call it Peniel.

When news came telling how the group had been rescued by the artillery barrage laid down by the gunboats, we accepted it as a miracle somewhat akin to the crossing of the Red Sea and gathered with others at the Community Church next door to us to give thanks for the deliverance.

Among the accounts that filtered through, came word of Lao Ding, our old servant in Nanking. When the soldiers captured Dr. Price and demanded that he take them to his friends to collect ransom on the spot, Lao Ding went along; no threats of the soldiers could force him back. Once around, twice around, three times, and the friends had to cry out, "we have no more to give. Spare Dr. Price. He is a good man." But the soldiers were deaf to their cries. They ordered Dr. Price to kneel in the street that they might behead him. At that moment Lao Ding threw his frail form over the tall frame of the missionary and cried, "First my head!" In the hearts of those soldiers there must have been some quality of mercy, for both Dr. Price and Lao Ding were spared.

The riot in Nanking put fear into all of us. Would the Left Wing come to Shanghai? It soon appeared it would not. Business men and bankers paid rather handsomely for protection by the Kuomintang troops that had so quietly taken Shanghai. Chiang Kai Shek condemned the radical perpetrators of the atrocities and freed the Right Wing from blame. On all sides now we heard, "Kuomintang ding hao" and everywhere we saw the new flags flying.

Chapter Three

Family Growth

It wasn't long before the Communist advisers were sent home. Then the moderates in the new party took up headquarters in Nanking and the extremists in Hankow. By the end of June the inland refugees in Shanghai had thinned out, many of them going to Japan. Those from the college were allowed to go back there.

With the war centering around Peking now, we felt quite eventless in Shanghai. Some of the barbedwire barricades were taken down and the sand bag forts were growing grass. True, the Cold Stream Guard was still in town along with a contingent of U.S. marines and sailors. We enjoyed having some of them as guests. The marines who were with us on Mother's Day centered their attention on the children, as did the Captain who came a few Sundays later, but he especially on Junior. His wife was in California waiting for their first baby. As soon as she and the baby could travel they'd be coming to Shanghai.

"Be sure to let us know when they arrive," I said.

"We'll certainly want to meet them."

"It'll be some months yet," he answered, "But I'll remember. With red hair in my family, my wife's hoping the baby will have it too." He tousled Junior's curls. "Children grow up fast, don't they?"

"Sometimes I think too fast."

And yet we wouldn't have had it any other way. Here was Victor, not yet six, watching every move of the school electrician when he came to repair a lamp and saying to me the next time I started to call the man, "Don't need to. I can fix it." And he did.

And Frances struggling with problems and questions that thinkers throughout all ages have sought to answer. No longer would she say the "Now I lay me" prayer of her childhood. Now all her prayers were of her own making. When I asked her why she had stopped, she answered, "I can say that prayer fast and never think of a word. And what's the use of that? And what's the use of Victor and me saying 'Make me good?' Even though we say it every night, the next day we aren't good all day long. It sounds as though we're just tacking it on to make our prayers longer. We really don't mean it." When I pointed out to her that yesterday she had made progress, she was quick with her explanation: "That was mostly you. You said in the morning, "Now today we're going to work on getting back into the habit of coming right away when you're called and not say, 'In a minute,' all the time." Thoughts about immortality, too, were in the round of her mind.

One morning at breakfast Victor said, "I want to die so I can go to heaven and see how it is there."

Turning to Elam, he asked, "I will go to heaven when I die, won't I?"

"If you're good." Elam's gaze caught mine across the table. I was certain that he was remembering, as I was, Victor's earlier confidence, "Her'll make me good anyway."

Then up spoke Frances. "But, Daddy, if Victor had died when he was born, he'd have gone to heaven, and that time he wasn't good or bad. He couldn't be because he didn't have time to do

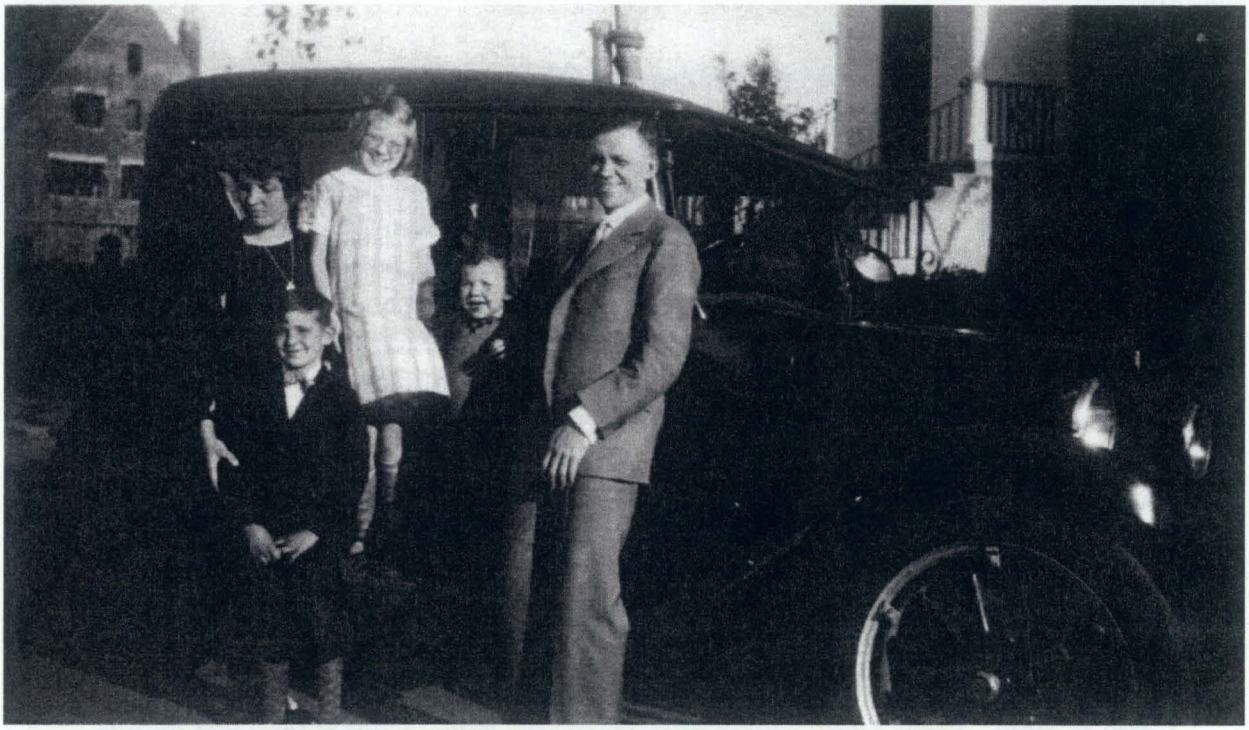
anything."

And young Victor sagely nodded.

Theology served at our breakfast table and by an eight-year old? And her younger brother revealing by the nod of his head that what she was saying made good sense to him. Ah, yes, in these early months of the summertime of the House of An they grew like beansprouts, inside and out.

That same day Junior reached a new plateau too. For sometime he had been walking independent of aids and scorning all assistance in getting up when he fell. That day he crawled under the bed. Hearing much manouvering and baby lingo, I bent to see what he was doing. There I saw him trying to stand upright. After awhile he crawled out, tugged at me and, pointing under the springs and trying at the same time to stand tiptoe, he shook his head in a most serious manner and said, "Mama, no, no." Into those four syllables he crowded both a statement and an admonition. I heard both quite distinctly: "You can't stand upright under a bed spring, Mama. Don't ever try it."

By the summer of '27 I was quite expert in juggling the exchange of big money and small money. One day the Valet Service, the shop that promised "prompt, reliable and courtesy" service, presented a bill for $.90 big money. I handed the collector one Yuan shih-kai dollar. (Ten cent big money paper notes were still scarce and the new Sun Yat-sen dollar, hot from the mint, hadn't reached us yet.) The collector gave me $.20 small money. I gave him 18 coppers



Five and Car at the Shanghai Home (Front steps right, Church left)

because at the current rate of exchange $.20 small money was worth 42 coppers and $.10 big money was 24 coppers, give or take a few cash, but cash were no longer to be bothered with. So proud was I that when Elam came home I greeted him with, "I'm thinking of applying for a job in Wall Street."

These money transactions were good mental gymnastics. What I enjoyed far more, though, were the two courses given at the Language School, housed for the summer at the American School. Chinese Philosophy by a Chinese professor and Present-day Religious Ideas in China taught by Dr. Rawlinson, not only renewed my youth and oiled the rusty hinges of my brain, but also revealed how deep was my thirst for knowledge and my love of books and study.

Elam's knowledge was increasing too. He was corning to know the mind of American youth in China. "It's strange," he said after Comencement, "how much a high school graduate thinks he knows. One senior girl said to me 'I'm amazed to discover how little more my parents know than I on most problems facing us today.' And one of the boys said, 'I doubt that our elders can contribute much more than we to the solution of today's problems.' A wise lot. They look so sweet and young, but feel so old and sophisticated. But I do believe that these young people here have a broader outlook on life and really think more thoroughly on many of the world problems than most adults in America. They're a very wide-awake group."

That first year Elam was pulled in many directions. He was principal and business manager, concert manager, advisor to students, supervisor of teachers, preacher to students, leader of the church choir, professor of a graduate class at the college, and teacher of Music Appreciation.

Conscious of these strains, I decided, willy nilly, he must have a vacation. Mokanshan was still out of bounds. Japan was too expensive. So I started talking about going out to the college for a couple of weeks. There the children could play with their old playmates and we could have unhurried fellowship with old friends. Frances and Victor could climb trees and know once more the security of The Camphor. There we could swim and have picnics by the riverbank.

There Amah, too, could find refreshment with her old friends. Poor woman, she had had trials aplenty with the city servants and business agents who came to our door. The one who raised her p'i ch'i (disposition) to its highest degree was the laundryman. "Someday" she'd mutter after he'd leave, "someday he's going to make me sheng-ch'i (to be angry) and then he'll see."

"See what?" I'd ask. But she would never tell.

That very week I was to find out. When he came for the laundry, there was the usual wrangling, only this time it mounted to such a high pitch I felt constrained to intervene.

"Now, now, what's the trouble?" I called as I descended the stairs. "Quiet. You'll wake the baby."

But there was no quietness in either of them. It took minutes before I could cool them off enough to determine the issue, which proved to be my new appliqué counterpane.

"He hasn't brought it back," Amah charged.

"She never gave it to me," he countercharged.

"I had it in the bundle that I counted last week," I said.

"Before her, not me," he stormed.

"I gave the bundle exactly as you tied it, An-sz-moo." Tears of anger stood in Amah's eyes.

"But when I opened it at home, no counterpane was there." The sweat of anger was on the

laundry man's face.

"Enough, now," I said. "You go your way, and, Amah, you go, tend to Junior. I hear him crying."

"No wonder," she grumbled, "with all that loud talk from that rascal. That turtle!"

"Amah!" My voice was sharp. "You're not to say that. You know I've warned you."

"Pardon, An-sz-moo. I know I shouldn't, but I can think it." And up the stairs she stomped and in a minute I heard her talking softly to the baby.

This small tempest happened on Wednesday. Saturday afternoon Amah asked if she could go see her old friends at the college and at Yangtzepoo and stay overnight. I told her we were all going to the college next week. But still she had to go on Saturday. She had much business to do there now. When she returned late Sunday night she had a smug expression and acted heady.

Wednesday, when the laundryman came, I saw to it that I was there to meet him. I'd told Amah to stay away. No, he had not found the counterpane. He was sure – At that Amah appeared. In the most aloof manner she invited him to have tea with her at the Siccawei Teahouse on the following Tuesday.

I was dumfounded. Amah inviting the rascal to have tea!

"But we'll be at the college," I interrupted for want of a better deterrent.

"Yes, I know." At that moment, Amah might have been proxy for the Empress Dowager. "I am sure An-sz-moo will excuse me for that day. I have important business, very important business." She leveled her glance at the laundryman whose face turned livid as he answered, "And I too. At three o'clock at the Siccawei Teahouse."

We went to the college that weekend and all that I had thought the change would mean to us, came as I had thought. Frances and Victor held rendezvous with The Camphor and took Junior to sit on the lowest branch. There he crowed like a cock, but when I took him away he kicked like a steer. "See, he likes it too," Frances said, coming to him and holding a handful of crushed leaves to his nose. "Just to smell, Junie, not to eat."

On Tuesday Amah set out for Siccawei, with her went a host of friends from the village, mostly women but some men. Some of the women hobbled on bound feet. Others, I'd gleaned, would swell the crowd at Yangtzepoo. But what would they all do at Siccawei? That Amah would not reveal.

It was late Tuesday night when she came back. I held my curiosity overnight. In the morning I learned what a loyal servant does when rascally laundrymen accuse her of cony- catching her mistress' best counterpane. She invites the accuser to have tea at a public teahouse. Then she gathers as many of her friends as she can to go drink tea with her at the same hour she has set for him. And as he comes in with the friends he has invited she and her friends begin to talk in very loud voices – yes, very loud – about the strange case of the lost counterpane. And as his friends also begin to discuss the same case, she and her friends raise their voices –

"And so, you see, we just outtalked him." Amah beamed. "I had more women on my side."

"But my counterpane?" I timidly interjected. "Did you get that back, Amah?"

"Your counterpane?" For a moment I feared she had forgotten the casus belli. "No, the counterpane was not returned. But –" she paused to let me have the full force of her victory. "But he lost face. Plenty face. He'll never bother me again."

Now it was September and another term of school had begun. Frances, advanced to third grade, wrote a homesick letter to Miss Prentice, her second grade teacher. Victor came home bursting with pride because he could write his own name and proceeded to write it in many strange places.

One day, coming upon him just after he had written his name in crayon on the front steps, I said, "Oh, Victor, I wouldn't do that if I were you."

"But, Mother," he promptly replied, "how couldn't you not if you were truly me? I did."

At that Elam laughed aloud. "Next time, Colena, you better say, 'If you were I, Victor, you wouldn't do that,' but then that wouldn't have much point, would it?"

Early in November the captain who had promised to let us know when his wife and child arrived called to tell us they were to come on the next boat. I set a date for them a week hence, but when the date came his wife was down with a cold, so I said, "Then next week." But the next week the baby was ill. "Then, surely, next week," I said. But the next week the baby was dead, The captain phoned to ask Elam to conduct the funeral. I answered the phone.

"I'd come in person to make this request," the captain said, "but the baby died of smallpox, and we're not yet cleared by the health office."

"Smallpox?" I had not yet accepted the news of the death. Now this extra tragedy. "But wasn't the baby vaccinated?"

"No," His voice broke and I wished with all my heart I had not asked. "No, the doctor in the States thought him too young."

"But – " No. I would not ask.

"The amah I'd hired brought a little red satin suit to welcome the baby," the captain answered as though I'd completed my question. "He looked so darling in it my wife put it on him several times. After he became ill we found out that the suit had been worn by the amah's little nephew who died last month of smallpox."

A month later the captain and his wife came for dinner. I made certain that the children were all upstairs before the guests arrived, and I cautioned Frances and Victor not to come traipsing downstairs as they sometimes did.

Almost immediately, though, upon arrival, the captain asked whether Junior was awake and, if he was, could they see him. When Elam brought him down, he was just on the borderland of sleep, his hair slightly damp and very curly. The captain's wife held out her arms for him. Then she buried her face in his hair and when she lifted her face again and said, "I think our's would have had hair like this," I thought my heart would break.

Christmas seemed but a week away from Thanksgiving. Frances took her part in the reading of the Christmas story and Victor joined us in the Gloria. By this time the tradition of the reading was well established and to the Swedish and German and Chinese we now were able to add Russian and French read by the White Russian gentlewoman who while refugeing at the school was also teaching French.

That year the House of An began another tradition. For the first time we sent out our own Christmas card. Down at Siccawei, a native stationer cut out our character 安 (An) from gold foil paper and pasted it upon the cover of a white card. Inside, he printed our message in gold:

"AN" for PEACE
A woman (女) under a roof (宀)!
Above a stable roof a Star;
Beneath the roof a Mother
with
A Newborn Babe;
To shepherds abiding in the field
A gladsome Song
of
Peace . . .

Do you follow our minds and hearts as we searched for a special greeting for you this year?

In the light of the Star of Bethlehem our own Chinese name takes on a new meaning and seems to gather unto itself so much that is precious. That is why we share it with you.

Elam

and 安derson

Colena

In the spring months that came tumbling upon us it was good to have the many toys that had been showered upon the children, for now they were quarantined with measles. Frances came down first and on the last day of her illness, Victor came down and on the last of his, Junior broke out. For more than six weeks they and I were house prisoners. Frances, who had been wearing glasses for more than a year, was warned against reading. Victor needed no such warning; he had not yet met The Iliad. Trying to devise amusement for them stretched my ingenuity.

And while the two older ones were broken out, how was I to keep Junior happy? He loved to be cuddled, and I must confess I had not denied him nor myself that pleasure. But now –

Elam solved the problem by moving our Edison record player upstairs into Junior's room and showing him how to put on the records and start the machine. "Thank goodness, the records are unbreakable," Elam said, bringing up a rackful.

Junior soon chose his favorite, the Largo Al Factotum. He came to know to a hairline groove just where the "Figaro" call began. Standing in his crib, he would back up the needle to repeat over and over again that one portion.

One day Victor said, "Daddy always brags about those Edison records and says it wouldn't

break even if he'd throw one across the room. I'd like to see him do it. I betcha it'd break."

"Well, I'll just prove it," Elam said and picked up a record and flung it into a corner.

Crash! The record lay in a hundred pieces.

Frances and Victor, shocked into silence, stared with eyes wide open and when Elam gave forth with his one and only oath, "I'll be hornswaggled!" they clapped their hands over their mouths and for a minute looked like frozen images. Then breaking into laughter, they flopped about on their beds like porpoises, chanting, "It broke. It broke. It broke. And Daddy said it wouldn't."

During a wild gyration, Victor fell against the radiator. At the sight of blood from the cut on his head, Frances abruptly stopped her laughter. Victor himself, always brave, made no outcry. The only sound now was the cry of the Seville barber, "Fi-i-garo. Figaro, Figaro. Figaro come, Figaro go ..." from the other room.

I bathed the wound, saw that it was not deep, and sent Elam for a bandage. After we had the gash well bound, I sat down on the bed and laughed and laughed. I couldn't stop laughing.

Frances cried out, "I think you're a mean mother to laugh when your little boy hurts himself."

Elam hushed her and gently led me upstairs to our large guest room on the top floor and bade me lie down. "I'll send Amah up with tea," he said, "and later with supper. You stay here. I'm taking over for the rest of the day and tonight."

After the hot tea I lay relaxed and dozed and waked and dozed again. Late in the evening, it must have been about nine o'clock, Elam himself brought supper on a tray, his and mine.

"The children?" I inquired.

"All fed and bedded down for the night."

"You talk as though they were little animals," I protested.

"Basically, they still are. But the milk of human kindness is beginning to stir in them. Here, they sent you these and of their own accord." As lightly as though fireflies had brushed my cheeks, he laid down the burden of the children's kisses.

After supper he sat by my side and read one of my old favorites, David Grayson's "The Open Road." I must have fallen asleep before he'd finished, for when I woke in the middle of the night I remembered that we'd gotten only as far as the tamarack swamp; I hadn't heard the yokels calling "Coo-ee, coo'ee" to the gray ewes coming over the hill.

There I lay in the darkness, alone and in a strange room in my own house. Through the window I saw the stars blinking in the sky. Now and then the swish of a car speeding down the avenue came to me, muted somewhat by the added distance from the street, but from the floor below not a sound. Confident that all was well, I dozed again only to be wakened by the eerie call of some bereaved Chinese crying out for the spirit of a newly departed to return. I got up and, standing by the window I saw the lantern light weaving in and out among the bean fields down the road near the village partway to Siccawei. The mourner himself was too far away to be seen, but his lamenting cry carried on the night air and, as such cries always did, it sent a chill through me.

Quietly I crept downstairs, tiptoed to each sleeping child and listened to each one's breathing, and then I slipped into my own accustomed place and, secure in the midst of my living, let my heart go out in sympathy for those who were mourning, without hope, for their dead.

By Eastertime the children were all well. The services at the Community Church were food for our souls. The significance of bread and wine as a memorial broke afresh upon my spirit.

I could not rest until I had tried to put my feeling into words. I wrote:

No monument of stone,
But homely bread and wine –
These common things alone
Our Master chose to own
For His commemoration.

No trumpets sounding loud
Demanded as a sign,
But spirits, contrite, bowed –
The tokens He allowed
Sufficient dedication.

I was sitting at my desk, musing over what I had on paper when Victor came to me.

"What you doing?" he asked, leaning over my shoulder.

"Trying to write a few verses."

"Is it hard to write a verse?"

"Sometimes. It's like – well, like making anything. Sometimes things go right; sometimes they go wrong."

"Like when I made Daddy's wooden boat."

"Exactly. You worked hard on that."

"I know. But I wanted it to be good, 'cause his silver ship that was stolen was so good. Mine didn't come out like I wanted it to, but next year, when I'm seven, I'll fix it up better."

"Oh, but Daddy liked it. Even better than the silver one."

"I know." Victor hitched his left shoulder up in the shy gesture that was his alone. "He told me so."

With that he left the room, but in a minute he was back again, saying, "Someday I'm going to make a verse for you."

The next morning I found his offering in an open notebook left upon my dresser:

A vers

Onece upon a time there was a famley. One was
Juior. One was Frances And one was Victor. But
Juior was the funyest he bost the wHole famley.
And the puss crold under arms of peopel. or scrched
it furr agenst the woll.

– Victor Anderson

Chapter Four

Two Shores

Once again we smelled the pungency of fir trees through the dark and in the morning we saw the trees on the shores, right and left. But nowhere could we see a red schoolhouse, for now we were steaming up Admiralty Inlet to dock at Seattle. In the distance were the snow-capped Olympics, and in the water below us were the frolicking porpoises. The children lowered their eyes to these while Elam and I lifted ours to the hills.

We needed all their steadying strength for our meeting with Esther and the boys. There they were, waiting for us, only the three of them. The news of Helmer's death had come to us long since, but today in our acute awareness of his absence, we had to make our own final terms with that fact. We dared not weep, for now Esther, Gene and Gordon, too, like the folks in Wyoming six years before, had had time to make their adjustments, and we must not bring back fresh grief.

Mary, Annie May, Elam's mother, and now Helmer – one by one those we loved were gathering on the other shore. "The bourne from which no traveler returns"? I wondered. For there were times when Helmer's presence seemed as palpable as Esther's or the boys, so vivid I half expected to hear his rich baritone voice assuring us again that the Lord was our light and our salvation.

In Colden, within the past two years, Mother and Father and Sister had had an automobile accident and Father had had a stroke, but all were quite recovered now except Father who had to avoid over-exertion. Apprehensive about the emotional strain incident to our arrival, we were dismayed at eight o'clock, the hour set for our arrival, to find ourselves, still some sixty miles from Colden, out on a lonely road with our gas gauge registering empty. Somewhere along the way we must have made the wrong turn. The car coughed, jerked ahead a few feet, coughed again, and stopped. Far down the road one lone, light shone in the darkness. By the time Elam came back with gasoline and started the motor another half hour was added to our lateness. Not until the following morning when Father reported he had slept well and was harnessing Uno to pull the wagon for Junior did I relax and let myself sink into the comforts of home.

In September, Sister went to Cornell to begin her freshman year, Elam went to New York to begin his year of fund-raising for the Shanghai American School, and Frances and Victor went to Orchard Park, eight miles away, to have their first experience in a consolidated rural school. Bob Boehlecke, a high school senior, who later married Sister, drove them back and forth in our car. Mother, Father, Junior, Uno, and I stayed at home in Colden.

And so, as it was six years ago, the House of An was again divided in its body, this time by the width of New York state. Ever conscious of the distances that death had created for those we loved, I sometimes wondered whether the smaller separations that came to us who still moved on one shore were perhaps preparations for that other separation that cut off this world from the next. Did this separation between Elam and me provide us with the prescience that love would bridge death, even as now it bridged measurable distances? And did the joy of our occasional reunions give us a preview of the joy of reunions on that other shore?

Certainly, the ecstasy we tasted in our two reunions that fall was not of the earth earthy.

From somewhere beyond the few miles of smoke-filled atmosphere another element was added. This conviction crystalized on a certain day in 1929 as I sat elbow-deep in Christmas cards in a top-floor hotel room in New York, while Elam was at a conference.

When the maid knocked, I called, "Come in" without looking up.

For a moment she stood motionless. Then she said, "What a sight for sore eyes! You're the only happy person in this whole place."

"What do you mean?" Now I did look up and saw how tense she was.

"Haven't you read the latest Extra?"

"No. What's in it?"

"Suicides. All over town. Men shooting themselves and jumping out of hotel windows."

"But why?"

"The bottom's out of Wall Street."

And there I'd been writing, "Joy to the world"!

Elam brought an Extra with him. His weariness frightened me. Long after he was asleep I continued meditating on the separation of our family. In the morning I had my purpose well in mind.

At breakfast I said, "How would you like Frances and Victor and me to come to New York? Mother and Father'd be glad to keep Junior in Colden."

"You mean you'd come here?"

I nodded.

"Oh, my dear, that would be wonderful"

By late January we were settled in a sublet opposite Barnard College, the children enrolled at Horace Mann School, and I at Teachers' College.

Frances kept yearning for the flesh pots of goodly fellowship at Orchard Park; Victor for the good earth of Colden. "I walk blocks to school and blocks back, and nowhere can I put my feet in mud."

The next day we had him join the Cub Scouts. After his first hike down by the river, he returned beaming, mud halfway to his knees, in his hair, on his face, and on his shirt. But not on his new leather coat; that he had carefully taken off "to keep it from getting muddy" and promptly lost it.

In April my father had a heart attack. "Not serious," Mother wrote. "I'll let you know if you should come home."

The first Sunday of May, a warm spring day, Elam took us to Sleepy Hollow. The quiet, peaceful countryside was so much like Colden I said, "Colden's just around the corner, isn't it?"

"No farther," Elam replied. "Want to go?"

His words dispelled my daydream. "Oh, but we couldn't."

"Of course we could. We could start right now and get there by midnight."

"But the children. They have to go to school tomorrow."

"Just the same, if you say the word, we'll go. We'd come back on Tuesday."

"Oh, Elam – but no, no we can't go. Still, thank you, thank you for the thought."

Back at the apartment I wrote a letter home telling of our temptation to come. I enclosed a theme I'd written two days before on the anniversary of my grandfather's death. That day I'd come across Thomas Bailey Aldrich's poem "Memory," and prompted by a line, sat down to write.

The letter reached Colden on Tuesday, the day that the doctor said Father was much better. In the late afternoon my mother read aloud to my father:

> The hour I recall is not the "last blue moon in May," but the first golden morning in that month twenty-six years ago today. In the pre-dawn I was running away from what had happened in our house. There, a few moments before, my beloved grandfather had died.
>
> Midway in my flight I was stopped as though someone had blocked my path. Stunned, I looked around for my assailant. None was there. But as I stood staring about, I became aware of the exquisite beauty of the morning. Never had I seen the world so alive, so lovely. The young willow leaves and the grass spears were emeralds; the sky was lapis lazuli; the song of the birds was a heavenly choir.
>
> All the world alive and so beautiful, but my dear one dead! Never again to see him smile or to hear him call me "Darling!" How could God mock me so?
>
> Grief engulfed me. I closed my eyes and, backing away from the beauty, I pressed myself tight against the rough boards of the shed and let the tears fall.
>
> Awhile later, just as the sun was coming up over the horizon, I felt someone touch me. I opened my eyes but saw no one. Yet my grandfather's presence was there and I heard him say, not in my ears but in my heart, "My darling, I am not dead. I'm closer now than I've ever been."
>
> In that moment was born my assurance of immortality.

Tuesday night a few minutes before ten o'clock Father said to Mother, "I won't need my medicine tonight; I feel so well." At ten o'clock he died.

By two o'clock on Wednesday morning Elam was driving the children and me to Colden. In the moonlight we passed orchard after orchard of blossoming trees. Again my heart cried, How can God mock me like this? Against the loveliness I closed my eyes and while the children stept I let grief have its way, and not once did Elam say, "Don't cry."

When I opened my eyes the sun was up, washing the sky and earth with light. Then the miracle of twenty-six years before happened again. I felt my Father's presence and in my heart I heard him say, "I am not dead."

Chapter Five

War's Alarms

On August 3, 1931, we once again weighed anchor for China, knowing this time that our stay would be for only one year. In late May Elam had been asked to become president of Linfield College, McMinnville, Oregon, but before he could take over the new responsibility, he had unfinished business to complete at S.A.S. Mother went with us. Sister stayed at Cornell, in Ithaca where we had spent the last year.

We landed in Shanghai, deluged by a typhoon. Now our giraffe house stood us in good stead. The basement and yard were under water, but the first floor stood high and dry and from our front steps we watched the neighborhood boys rowing home-made rafts up and down the avenue.

When the water had somewhat receded, the children went wading in the young lake that had formed over the tennis courts between the Community church and our house. Frances came back with a thrilling tale of waves up to her knees and seaweed tangling about her feet.

Solemnly shaking his head, Victor said, "Just long grasses and the water's only three inches deep. I measured it with my hand." A budding scientist, he was – although at six he had had only one ambition – "I'm going to be a father."

While we were still struggling with high water in Shanghai, up in Manchuria on the outskirts of Mukden on the night of September 18, World War II began. There, in the Three Eastern Provinces tinderbox, in retaliation for the blowing up of part of the South Manchurian railway, which the Japanese militarists alleged had been done by the Chinese, the Kwantung Army opened fire and imediately marched its troops into Mukden to take over the government buildings, the arsenal, and the wireless station. This indeed was a "shot heard round the world." Its echoes reverberated for fourteen years.

Once again the Chinese struck back with their "invisible weapon," an anti-Japanese boycott, their ninth since 1908. The eighth, begun in 1927, in protest to the landing of troops at Tsingtao and Tsinan had lasted for two years and cost the Japanese G,$39,325,000. What this one would cost them no one could yet tell. Its vortex was in Shanghai, and we who lived there were subjected to the strains and tensions attendant upon all boycotts. At times we thought that this one might be made of softer metal than the others, for here and there we heard a few Chinese saying, "What if the Japanese do have Manchuria? They can't be any worse rulers than Chang Tso Ling and his shiftless son Chang Haüeh Liang. Maybe now there'll be order up there. The Kuomintang still has enough to do south of the Great Wall." These few, however, were not the many, nor of the government, and the boycott continued.

In the midst of the unrest and sporadic disorders, we attempted to put our own house in order. Once again we were a 100% school-going family as we had been the year before in Ithaca. Here Elam was principal; the children, students; and I, teacher of Junior English. Mother was both student and teacher, studying Chinese and teaching English to two private ricksha runners who brought young boys to the school and waited there all day to take them home. In addition, she went to the Shung Teh Girls' School once a week to train a chorus.

One day in January Helen Poteat, who was driving the college children back and forth to S.A.S. from the college, took Mother partway to Shung Teh and gave her full instructions how to go on from there. Plagued with the feeling "Now I'm turned around," Mother promptly lost her way, and when the ricksha runner went around the same block three times and no Shung Teh School materialized between rounds, she insisted upon getting out of the ricksha to go to a Sikh police for help. She held out the money Helen said would be the fare, but the runner refused to accept it, setting up a vociferous objection. Immediately from all directions fellow ricksha runners came to "look-see." The shafts of their rickshas made a formidable stockade.Thoroughly frightened, Mother called "Help! Help!" fully expecting the Sikh to leave his sentry box and come to her aid. All he did was to give one glance and turn away.

Two young school girls came instead – Japanese. They elbowed their way through the crowd. Then taking the money from Mother's hand, they threw it on the ground at the feet of the runner, and while all the curious ones scrambled for the coins, the girls put Mother between them and re-elbowed their way out of the crowd and personally escorted Mother to the school.

There she found there was to be no chorus that day; the American teacher had sent all the girls home. The situation was too tense: five hundred Japanese bluejackets were landed in Yangtzepoo with more in Kure to follow. Hadn't Mother gotten the phone call not to come? No, she hadn't, but if things were like that she better go straight home.

"Not alone," the American missionary said. "Dr. Anderson will come for you, will he not?"

"Yes, of course, if he's home, but I doubt that. I heard him say he was going to play golf this afternoon."

"Well, I'll phone and if he's not there I'll find someone at this end."

Elam was at home. He had just come home, mach earlier than he had ever come from golf. When he came in, I exclaimed, "What! Home so soon? What happened?"

He waited a long minute before he said, "When I was teeing off for the second hole, a plane came overhead and circled over the course. It came so low I could see the pilot.

"Japanese?"

"Yes."

"A bomber?"

"Yes."

"A Japanese bomber over the International Settlement! Oh, Elam!"

At that moment the telephone rang and Elam hurried to get Mother.

Five days later at 4 p.m. the Shanghai Municipal Council and the French Concession authorities declared a State of Emergency. At 11:45 p.m. Japanese troops attacked Tientungan Station and the Shanghai-Woosung Railway. The next day the Japanese planes launched an aerial attack on Chapei, about three and a half miles as the crow flies, from our home. Incendiary bombs started fires in the Commercial Press and in the days that followed repeated attacks utterly destroyed that great plant. That center of culture with its press, its editorial offices, its research department, its great Oriental library, that place into which our good friend Dr. Fong Sec had poured his life – all, all of it in ashes! And the North Station bombed. And who could yet tell how many homes? The purported provocation was the boycott.

What that ninth boycott cost Japan I do not know. The six most serious previous ones had totaled for the Japanese less than $25,000,000. Within a few weeks we were to discover that the

retaliation for the current boycott brought the total of losses sustained by the Chinese and foreigners in the War Zone, in the Chinese territory outside the War Zone, and in the International and French Concessions to approximately $1,500,000,000. But the greater loss was in lives: persons killed, 6,080; persons wounded, 2,000; persons missing, 10,400.

Compared with subsequent figures coming from the full-fledged World War II, these figures seem minute. At the time they appeared colossal, especially for a holocaust never once referred to as a real war, but only as an "Undeclared War," an "Incident."

As soon as the State of Emergency was declared, the city again took on a martial appearance as it had in 1927. Sand bags and barbedwire barricades were erected; strict curfew was enforced; marching soldiers of several nations were back with us. Once more a packed suitcase in our hallway and gunboats in the harbor stood ready for a speedy evacuation.

Now refugees began pouring into the city. Hundreds a day passed our house. We dared not assist any of them, or all traffic would be stopped and we ourselves inundated. The normal population of the International Settlement, approximately a million, was doubled by another million refugges. They made a pitiable, heart-breaking sight: old women on wheelbarrows or riding rickshas piled with all the family's goods that could be taken and always with one or more pao-bei (precious) children in their laps; old men limping along on tattered sandals or bare-footed; pregnant women, weeping children, bewildered young men. All of them seeking food and shelter.

And what shelters they found! The largest was a half-finished cement office building without windows or doors or running water or plumbing. Here hundreds of fear-ridden human beings squatted or lay on straw sparsely strewn over the cold cement and gratefully received the two meals a day provided by Red Cross, Missions, and other agencies and individuals. A few times' Mother went to help dish out the rice and always she returned lamenting , "Oh, those poor, poor people!"

From our front porch we could see the planes letting down their bombs over Chapei. They'd fly low, then quickly rise and soar away, and almost immediately up would come the cloud of smoke and afterwards a faint sound of the detonation. At night the sky was red with the reflection of the fires. When the big guns were trained on Woosung, even though that was farther away than Chapei, our windows shook.

During one of the worst bombings, Mother said, I'm glad I'm here. If I were at home, I'd be sick with worry."

I remembered the great surge of joy that went through Elam and me when, a few years before, we had read the Kellogg Peace Pact. Then we had thought, Never again will War stalk across a Noman's Land, or innocent people be made homeless, or little children be bereft of parents or lost from them, never again a reign of fear and terror. And yet here we were, day after day hearing the booming of big guns and the rat-tat-tat of machine guns, and night after night seeing the skies red with the reflection of the fires raging in Chapei and Kiangwan.

When the Pact was signed we'd said, "Thank God our children will never have to experience or even read about the horrors of War." Yet here was our nine-year-old Victor coming in to announce, "I just saw a plane shot down. It sort of staggered and then it nose-dived and never came up like the bombers do." That night the paper reported, "Chinese shoot their first Japanese plane."

One Sunday morning shortly before church, a number of Japanese planes flew overhead, so close that as we were gathered outside before the service, we could clearly see their lethal loads. All during the service they circled and roared above us. What the preacher was saying we could only guess from the topic of his sermon printed in the bulletin. That was a time that tried our faith. With potential death so close, could we still feel the everlasting arms bearing us up? We could – and we did. That morning our offertory hymn was not just lip service, it was heart service:

There is a place of quiet rest
Near to the heart of God.
A place where sin cannot molest,
Near to the heart of God.
Oh, Jesus, blessed Redeemer,
Sent from the heart of God,
Hold us who wait before Thee
Near to the heart of God.

Again our house became a haven for refugees from the college. While the men remained on the campus to protect it from possible looting, the women and children came to the city, some to stay with us, others elsewhere. After a bomb exploded in front of the Chen's house, it was thought best that their whole family leave the campus. We counted ourselves privileged to have them with us.

As in 1927, we had to have two servings, the earlier one for the children,the later one for the adults. It became the custom for the children to get ready for bed and then, while we adults were still at the table, for them to come down, parade around the table and say their several Good-nights.

One evening, when the noise of the big guns was loudest, Gi-chen, the youngest of the Chen children, paused at Tsoo-Sing's side to ask, "Mother, how shall I pray tonight? That the 19th Route Army win the war?"

His mother answered, "You forget about the fighting tonight. Put a pillow over your ears to shut out the sound of the guns, and when you pray, pray for the little Japanese children whose fathers have already been killed in this war."

Nor was compassion absent on the other side. There was the story of a Japanese soldier detailed to shoot a Chinese prisoner. When the Chinese, stripped of his gown for the execution, fell to his knees to pray, the Japanese asked, "You Christian?" The Chinese answered, "Yes ." Then the Japanese said, "I, too. Get up. Go to the gate." And with that he kicked the Chinese. At the gate, though, he quickly picked up a Chinese gown from the pile of clothing there, clothing from the executed, and gave it to the Chinese, saying, "Quick. Go, before the others see what I have done. I kicked you only that they might think I was taking you outside to shoot you."

Soon after the Incident started, Elam helped draft a letter "To the World" registering a protest against the action of Japan. Mother and I joined him and over a hundred other Americans in signing the letter. This protest against the wanton destruction of Chapei District, the barbarous burning of the Commercial Press with its valuable Oriental Library, and the killing of hundreds of innocent women and children was sent to the civilized world through Reuters. The letter

ended with an appeal:

> . . . to all Christians and to the conscience of the world to condemn this madness and cruelty of war and urge our own and every peace-loving nation, including the friendly Japanese people themselves, to insist that their government dissociate themselves from the action of the Japanese armed forces, take every possible measure calculated to end the fighting and make use of available instruments for a peaceful settlement.

At the same time a protest was also sent to Geneva. The letters bore the year date of 1932, but when we read of atrocities we thought the more correct date would have been 452, the year when Attila plundered Aquileia.

Americans were not the only ones who protested. A Japanese liberal, a woman, wrote:

> Ever since September 18, 1931, when Japan began her military operations in Manchuria she has been looked upon with suspicion by the rest of the world. When she launched her sudden attack on Shanghai, she became a target for world criticism. Although we admit that much of the criticism is justifiable, we hope friends of Japan will realize the responsibility for the present grave situation rests upon the shoulders of the militarists alone, and should not be attributed to her people who are kept in ignorance from the facts... And China? She has suffered unspeakably. Her loss is tremendous, but her future is brighter than that of Japan. She has already won a "moral victory," and she has gained the sympathy and goodwill of the whole world. May China evade the present error of her sister country, Japan, and work to attain her goal of national unity and world peace.

The League Council, other than the Chinese and Japanese representatives ended their lengthy appeal to Japan with these words:

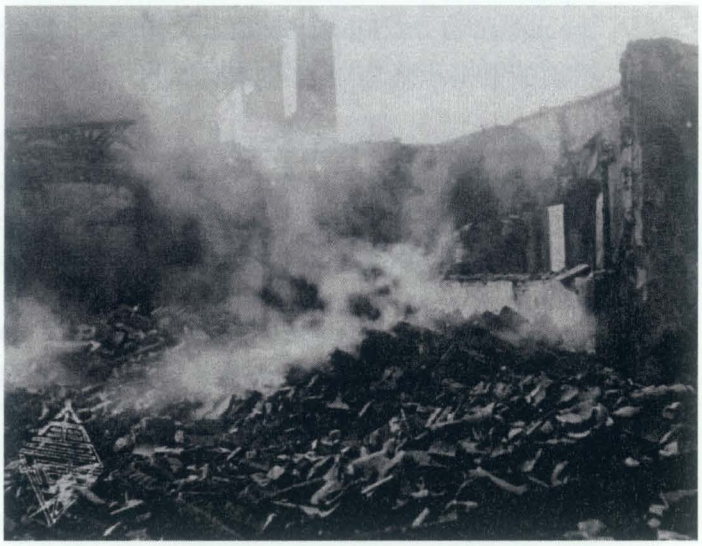
> The twelve members of the Council appeal to Japan's high sense of honor to recognize the obligations of her special position and the confidence which the nations have placed in her as a partner in the organization and maintenance of peace.

On February 23, 1932, Secretary Stimson who already in early January had projected the Stimson Doctrine, wrote a public letter to the chairmen of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Senate of the United States. If read aright the letter should have warned Japan, encouraged China and awakened Great Britain and the League of Nations to their responsibilities.

On the 15th of March, Members of the Committee of Inquiry of the League of Nations, headed by Lord Lytton arrived in Shanghai. Six days later they visited Chapei, Kiangwan, and Shanghai war zones.

Soon thereafter permits were issued by the Japanese military for civilians to visit these zones too. Elam secured permits for us adults – and for Dr. and Mrs. Chen. It was a bitter experience to have to ask permission from a Japanese for a Chinese to visit parts of his own native country, but we had to do it if we wanted to see what had happened in Chapei and out at Woosung.

The sights were sad. They sickened our hearts. Whole villages were in rubble. In a block-wide area only one structure stood, the framework of a door at the top of which was a blue and white enamel number plate bearing the number 13. Unlucky 13, indeed. Around the framework lay the grey bricks that had once made shelter for some family. On top of the pile lay the brick that had been above the doorway. It had the old Chinese figure of the endless knot symbolizing long life. I picked it up and brought it home. Whenever I show it now and tell its story and people say, "Unlucky 13 was the better prophet; the old Chinese symbol was repudiated,"I think, No. So long as I have this brick, its meaning remains; those who lived in that house, though unknown to me, are kept alive in my thoughts and sympathy and, therefore, at least while my memory lasts, they have a segment of endless life.



Ruins at Chapei

More poignant was the sight of used rice bowls and chopsticks on a table top lying among the ruins, its sturdy legs shattered, evidence that the family had been surprised while eating – that and the slipper of a small child, so easy to think of as having been lost in sudden flight. Where had that family gone: Where were they now? Among the refugees or with great numbers of others in one of the mass burial graves that were so speedily made during the cleaning up in preparation for the visit of the Committee of Inquiry?

On March 2, 1932, for strategic reasons, the Chinese troops retreated on all fronts. Resistance henceforth would be from second defense lines. The worst was over. Gradually living lost its strains. Curfew was lifted, and again as in 1927, sandbags began to sprout with grass and barbedwire barricades about the native city and outlying districts were pulled away for easy access to and fro. Social life, cramped and restricted for what seemed ages spread its wings like a Luna moth coming out of its cocoon. Taut nerves relaxed. Windows no longer shook in their frames and the only red seen in the sky was the blush of dawn or the scarves of sunset.

And, as though it were a direct word from God Himself that all was well, Spring was with us. Soft, warm, fragrant Spring! We opened the windows and doors and let it flow through the house. The warm breeze set the bead fringe on the dining room lamp above the table to swaying gently. Now only our own family sat at that table; all our refugeeing friends had gone home.

Mother, Elam and I were lingering over dessert – ice cream and white cake with caramel frosting all around it. Peace was within our walls – and without, where the children were playing a little while in the yard before their bedtime. Their happy voices added to our feeling of wellbeing.

Then, like a clap of thunder from a blue, cloudless sky, the sound of machine guns tore into our peace. Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat. Quick, sharp, continuous, and not more than half a mile away. We ran into the yard and gathered the children. Where could we hide them? Where could we hide

ourselves? Where could we run? The firing now sounded only a quarter of a mile away.

A man leapt over our fence, not pausing to open the gate, and burst into the house shouting, "The Japanese are coming back. The children! The children at the school! What will we do with them?"

Elam met him head on in our hallway as he himself was starting over to the school, having just called to me, "I've got to do something for the boarders and the staff. You – you lock all the doors here."

Mother and Amah and I each sheltering one child, were frozen in our places. I think never in the lives of any of us were we so taken with such sudden, paralyzing fright. Lock the doors! But I couldn't move. And all the time the terrible sound was coming nearer and nearer. Surely now the soldiers were just around the corner on Avenue Dufour.

With a stupendous effort of will I moved toward the front door to lock it as Elam had directed, taking Frances with me. There I all but collapsed. "Oh, no," I cried. "It can't be. But – but it is! Firecrackers! I smell them. The air outside is full of their odor. Firecrackers! Not machine guns!"

And so they were. The next day the streets were littered with exploded firecrackers. Never in all our years in China had we seen streets so littered. The bamboo baskets on telegraph poles provided for gathering paper – a hao-shih (meritorious act) – were filled to capacity. Chinese New Year, the time when firecrackers traditionally should have been the order of the day, came during the Undeclared War and were then proscribed. The people, however, had bought them and hoarded them, and although the ban was still on, some one family could no longer resist the temptation to fire off a few. Those few started a chain reaction that swiftly ran through the city, celebrating a war, not ended, but for the time dispersed.

Indeed, not ended until a dozen years had passed, not ended until mighty thunderbolts struck and mushroomed into lethal clouds over two cities in Japan.

Chapter Six

Man-man Tsou

The Chinese have a cordial way of saying good-bye. At the departure of a guest, the host goes along to the gate or even beyond, saying "Man-man Tsou (go slowly)," to which the guest replies, "Pu sung, Pu sung (Do not escort)." Now we felt China itself saying to us "Go slowly," but we did not feel like saying to it "Pu sung"; we wanted all of China to go along with us forever.

After the fall typhoon, months before the planes came and the bombs fell, we were already storing up memories. Whenever we could, we attended the concerts of the Shanghai Symphony Orchestra, one of the finest we'd ever heard. Elam lost himself in the music and when we returned home, he put on records of the pieces we had heard and, to the delight of the children, directed them as though he were Maestro Paci or Conductor Foa, with all the twirls of the baton and bows included.

Once, while Indian summer loitered in Shanghai as it used to at Cornell, we took the children to Jessfield Park to see the swans and to sail their boats in the pond, but beautiful though the park was we were not wholly comfortable there. On our first trip to Jessfield, a few years before, even the children had sensed the inequity in the sign at the entrance: Chinese and dogs not allowed.

"Why can't Chinese come?" Frances asked. "This is China. It belongs to the Chinese." And Victor said, "Chinese and dogs! That doesn't sound nice."

True. Neither white superiority nor segregation ever sounds "nice."

Then there was Miss Henderson's orphanage. Hers was, in truth, a faith mission. Single-handed, this saint of a woman cared for over a hundred Chinese orphans in small buildings that looked as though they, too, were held together by faith. Years ago when she first began her good work, she herself gathered the children from the side of the road or took them from the opening in the wall where others had placed them, but for years now the babies had been brought to her. People had learned to trust her. One day I gave her $5.00 sent from a friend in America, which at that time exchanged into $20. Mex. (Chinese currency), and the sainted woman said, "I knew someone would bring us money today. I just paid out the last copper for ten piculs of rice."

At Chinese New Year time, even though the State of Emergency existed and curfew was strict, we saw at last the burning of a kitchen god. In all our years in China we had not yet witnessed that particular ceremony, although we had read about it in many books. Our Chinese Christian friends had no kitchen gods. One evening, then, we set forth. Surely, some non-Christian Chinese home or shop close by would be sending its kitchen god to report the good deeds of that family to the registrar in heaven. Up one street and down another we walked until at last in a small open kerosene oil shop bearing the name "Socony," we saw the preparations being made and asked permission to observe.

There, draped over a chair, at the head of a feast-laden table crowded in next to the counter where oil was sold by the dipperful, was the limp kitchen god, limp because he was only a picture on a sheet of paper. The host spread syrup on the mouth of the picture, folded it, took it to

the sidewalk, placed it on a bed of straw (the symbol for a horse), poured a small dipper of kerosene oil on it, than touched it with a lighted match. Poof ! Up went the sweet-mouthed god, well-mounted on his steed, to report only good things of the house and its people. And, for a few days, until a new god was installed, the family could indulge itself.

Here now, I thought, is Old China. A touch of the new in the kerosene, of course, but the rest old, very old. We shall keep this hour as one of our museum memories.

Then tuuning to go home, I stumbled over a bicycle rack outside the shop next door. The rack bore a sign in English: Ice cream sold here, made in Seattle.

In March, Tsoo-Sing Chen took me to see the Taoist Temple of the Birthday Gods.

On the way we passed a Buddhist temple, newly painted. From inside came the sound of children's voices singing a Buddhist hymn to the tune of "Jesus Loves Me." To my lifted eyebrows Tsoo-Sing nodded, saying, "Yes, they're taking melodies from our Christian hymnals now and they're copying our Sunday Schools and their priests are preaching sermons. A kind of revival among the Buddhists."

At the Temple of the Hundred Birthday Gods, we saw a mother arranging with the yellow-robed priest for her young son to worship the god of his year. The boy was dressed in a fine new embroidered birthday jacket of red silk and wore a bright hat ornamented with tiny metal bas reliefs of the eight Taoist imortals. The mother handed the priest some coins. The priest handed the lad a lighted stick of incense and placed a red cushion in front of one of the idols. The lad set the incense stick in a sand-filled jar, knelt, kow-towed three times, and then got up and ran to his mother and shyly clung to her skirt. As they turned to leave, the priest, who had gone back to peer at the number assigned to the idol, excitedly called them back. After a short conference, the ritual was repeated, every item the same from coins to genuflections, except that this time the cushion was placed in front of the neighboring idol.

Tsoo-Sing explained: "The priest made an error. At first he placed the boy before the idol for the six-year-olds, but then he remembered the boy is really only five."

During Holy Week, a Russian lad whose mother sent him as a day student to S.A.S. because she liked the school's "clean atmosphere," took Mother, Elam and me to a service at one of the three Russian Orthodox churches in Shanghai, attended by the White Russian refugees now exiles in shanghai. There were no pews, no organ, but many icons and much chanting and tall, slender, white tapers burning in front of a life-sized painting of the crucifixion, draped in black. From time to time a choir of young boys sang a cappella. We stood first on one foot and then on the other while at our right a woman with deep lines of sorrow in her face knelt and prayed aloud, oblivious to all around, and at our left, another woman stood facing an icon and bowing and crossing herself over and over again. Where the picture of the crucifixion shone in the candlelight, a young woman, swathed in black, impulsively moved forward, knelt and kissed the feet nailed to the cross.

In that moment, the painting melted away; in its place I stood at the cross on Calvary, and the woman's name was Mary.

Early in May we went to visit the friends at the college. Victor and Junior took along their put-put boats to launch them in the "fountain." "Fountain" was a strange name for the cement well that stood three feet above the ground and held a shaft of water more than ten feet deep and several feet in diameter, but that was what the students out there called it. Its surface made a perfect small pond for the racing of the put-puts. While Elam visited with the men, Mother and

I stayed with the boys, periodically pulling them back from their leaning too far over the rim. Finally I said, "you've played here long enough. Grandma and I want some fun too. We want time to visit. Come on. Climb a tree. I'd rather have you break an arm than drown ."

Whatever made me say that I don't know, but all my life I shall know that Victor obediently climbed a tree and that within a quarter of an hour he lay beneath it with, not one arm, but both arms broken. It was a camphor tree, but not The Camphor. That friend, I'm sure, would have protected him.

One day Mother, the children, and I went to Soochow for an all-day visit. Knowing that it was to be a long hard day, I planned to have Junior stay at home with Amah, but the night before the trip he begged so earnestly that I reconsidered and said he could go if he'd be good.

"I will, I will," he promised. "I won't cry a tear."

Very early the next morning he wakened me. He had dressed himself in his best, washed his face and hands and ears, slicked back his hair with water so that not a wave showed, and there he stood with a smile as wide as his chubby cheeks would permit.

At breakfast, though, his temper frayed and he began to cry.

"That settles it," I said. "You can't go. You're crying already."

He squeezed his eyes shut, rubbed away the tears with his fists, and then forcing a smile, defended himself with the classic statement: "But I ha – n't gone yet!"

He went, and all that long sightseeing day, ending at midnight with Chinese soldiers crowding around him to exclaim over his curly hung-ti (red) hair, he never once cried.

In the afternoon at the Confucian temple where the courtyard was neatly kept and where tablets took the place of idols, he saw a priest striking a large bell, that looked very much like the Liberty Bell, with a wooden mallet. "Oh, come," he cried excitedly, "come, see the bell that cracked on my birthday." Our five-year-old, a whole year, and a world away, was still remembering that bell that cracked on a certain July 8th, long before the 8th on which he was born.

So, one by one, we stored up intangible treasures to add to the tangible ones: the four paneled-carved screen, the water buffalo that Elam bought for bronze but that turned out to be heavy porcelain, the Peking rugs. And later, when moths ate into the rugs and the frame of the screen needed to be reglued, we had no doubt whatever about which treasures were the more abiding.

Elam came back from a Peking trip the day after we came back from Soochow, and now we turned full face to the chaos of packing. Box after box was nailed shut for freight. When all were done we counted 44. Bag after bag was packed to take as hand baggage. When all were packed we counted 44. The numbers were purely coincidental.

Finally after the weary days in the desert of packing and the refreshing times at the oases of farewell parties, there remained only a few bits of business, among them closing out our bank accounts. One bank book was of special interest. It bore my name. In 1922, Elam had arranged to have $250 of the money I had earned by my occasional writings exchanged into Chinese currency and put on a ten-year, fixed deposit at ten percent compound interest. At that time exchange was 2 to 1 so that gold $250 turned into Mex. $500. In ten years I was to have double the amount. Now in 1932 I had it – a draft for $1000 Mex.

But, in 1932, exchange, instead of being 2 to 1, was 4 to 1, and so at the end of the ten years I had exactly what I had in the beginning: gold $250.

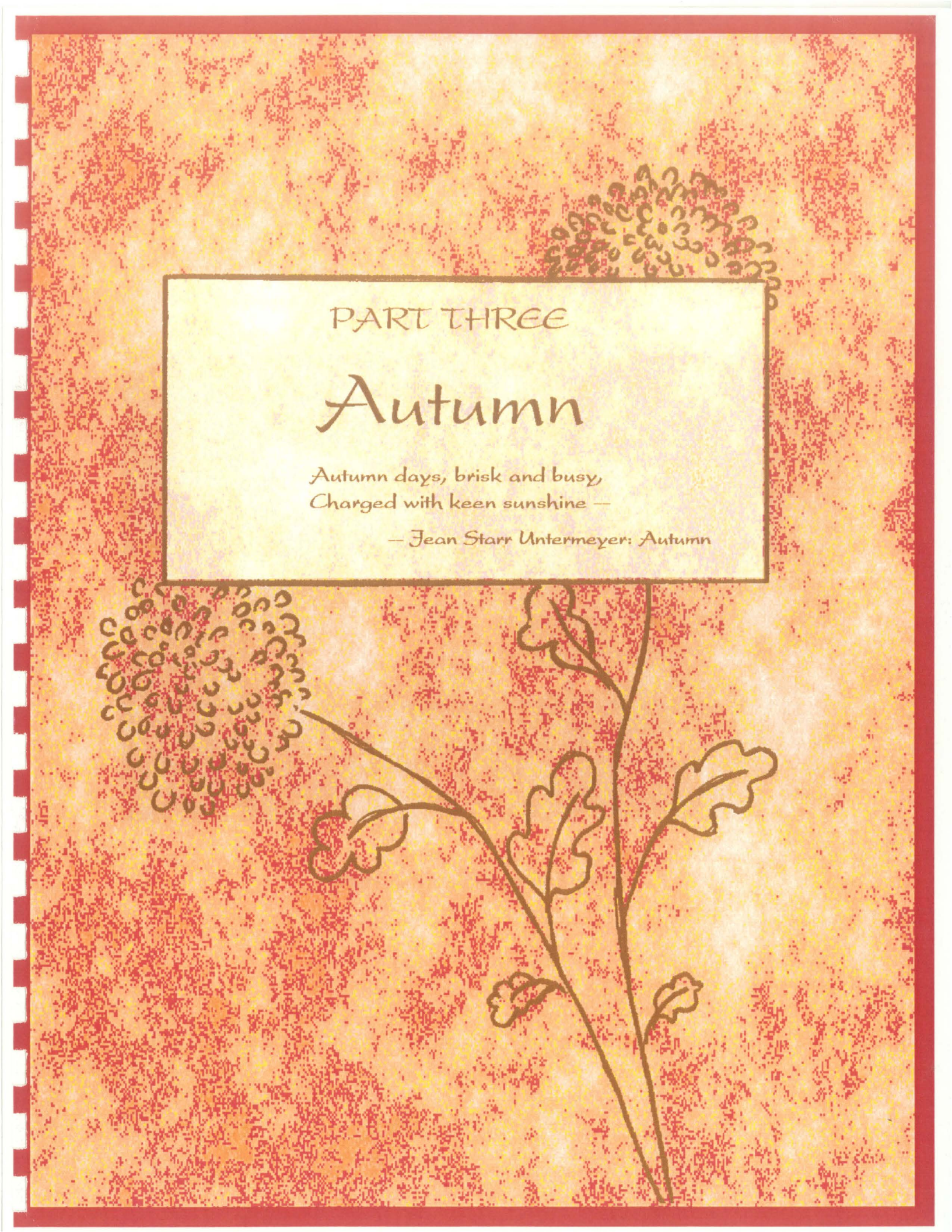
Now the day of our departure was at hand. It was not easy to say good-bye. Tears streamed down Amah's cheeks and our own eyes were not dry. She and the school servants stood at the gate, each holding a long string of firecrackers. As we got into the cars that were to take us to the Bund, they lighted the strings. Once again the air was full of the odor of gunpowder smoke. And now, mingled with the multiple explosions, came the traditional farewell, "Man-man tsou. Man-man tsou."

PART THREE

Autumn

Autumn days, brisk and busy,
Charged with keen sunshine —

— Jean Starr Untermeyer: Autumn



Linfield College, McMinnville, Oregon

Chapter One

Linfield

Autumn days, brisk and busy" – this was the Season on which we now embarked. Just so for many years our annual calendars had begun. The years began anew every autumn as with gathering excitement the weeks slipped out of summer into readiness for the opening of a new school year. New students, old students back for new classes, new friends, new problems, new growth. But now, for all the House of An, our lives moved into full new focus in another world.

In October, 1931, Elam had cabled one word to the trustees of Linfield College, "Accept." Now in July, 1932, we were there, all six of us, all 44 pieces of freight, and all 44 pieces of hand luggage plus a few more that had attached themselves to us in Japan.

The first night in our new home Elam said, "let's get out of this mess of unpacking and go down to Main Street to see what the town looks like. So off we went afoot, for the business section was only six blocks away and only a few blocks long. Once there, we broke rank; the boys headed for the windows of the toy shop, Mother and Frances for the displays in the dress shop, while Elam and I just sauntered. Passing the jewelry store, we saw a sign, "Welcome to our President."

"I didn't know President Hoover was coming to town, did you, Elam?"

"No, I hadn't heard. But maybe he's coming for a vacation to his boyhood haunt in nearby Newberg."

In the window of the stationery store there was another sign. This one read, "Welcome to President Anderson."

I looked at Elam and caught his. glance. "You saw these signs this afternoon," I accused. "You knew all the time!" He grinned.

The next week we learned what the Welcome meant. On Tuesday, July 26, the stores in town closed from 2 to 4 p.m. in deference to the reception held for us in the city park. There were corsages for us womenfolk. There were speeches and music, greetings from all the organizations in the city and telegrams from afar, and at the end there were cookies and punch for all the guests, listed in the paper as close to a thousand. And flowers – flowers everywhere. It was a glad occasion, permeated through and through with such warmth that our hearts were pleasured for years to come.

The house we were to have for our home, like all the others on the mission field, went with the job. Its height, basement with three floors above, reminded us of the house at S.A.S. Its spread, giving a sheltering wings effect, reminded us of the bungalow we had in those last years at Shanghai College, only this house was much larger than that one. Here there were large rooms for all of us with two left over for guests. On both the first and second floors there was a fireplace, each in frequent use. In the basement was a furnace that devoured huge chunks of wood.

In those days wood was the most economical fuel. At $5.00 a cord, one couldn't afford not to burn it. All around us the neighbors also had wood furnaces and many had wood cook-stoves. In

the early morning the air was always redolent with the odor of wood smoke. We used to stand at an open window or go out into the yard to breath deep of the tanginess. It sometimes seemed as though we were in a temple where incense was burning on home altars.

Mingled with this pleasant odor was the spicy fragrance of firs from the two trees that stood guard near our front door and from the divided grove on either side of the Cozine Bridge down the street. In stormy weather these trees swayed and tangled with each other like wrestlers; in calm weather they stood immobile and dignified like the guards at Buckingham Palace; on those rare nights when the sky was clear, they appeared to be communing with the stars.

Over on the campus there were more firs and other evergreens: pines and cedars and evergreen shrubs, too: nandina and pittosporum and laurels. And holly! with the promise of all we could use and all we wanted for our friends in the East. A mountain of jade and rubies dimmed beside this living treasure. And close by up in the hills the oaks were full of mistletoe. I could scarcely wait for Christmas to come.

On the campus the oak trees held first place, each one with its nature-given contour as cleanly curved as though a gardener had daily tonsured it. These trees formed a beautiful grove that gave shade in the summer and delicate traceries in winter.

King of them all, The Old Oak, standing near Pioneer Hall, reminded us of The Camphor half a world away. Raised to fame through the Alma Mater – "The Old Oak gives us courage, keeps us steadfast on our way" – , it became the focal point of May Day. Under its protecting arms the queen is yearly crowned and receives her court. With limbs stretching so far and grown so heavy, long before we first saw it, it needed support. Years later, in the Wintertime of our House, I was to appreciate far more the symbolism of that support.

Close by our campus path, the aging oak
Still stands with propped-up branch that reaches far.
How long since God through sprouting acorn spoke
We do not know, nor name of evening star
That turned the infant leaves to jade,
Nor who was there to watch them fall and fade.

We only know this truth now lately blown:
As sturdy poles meet silent, urgent need
Of branch instinct with growth, which yet alone
Lacks strength for destined deed,
So you who come with helping hand
Uphold and give us power. When burdens bend
Our spirits low, you help us rise and stand
Again to move in trust to journey's end.
We walk sustained with you as loyal friend.

On the campus, too, was the grafted maple that, once nippy weather came, blushed with one cheek while a Midas' touch turned the other into pure gold.

Of all the trees, though, the one that claimed our greatest wonder and 1'm sure the children's deepest affection was the cherry tree near our home. It was the largest cherry tree any of us had

ever seen, but far more wonderful than that – it bore five kinds of cherries. Through the skillful grafting of over a hundred scions by one of the college gardeners, that tree yielded pie cherries, Royal Annes, Bings, and Lamberts in addition to the native pollinators and gave a truly miraculous harvest when the days for its ripening were at hand. Some of the fruit was still on the tree when we arrived in July, but most of it had been sealed in jars and stored in the basement by the willing hands and thoughtful hearts of a few of the women belonging to the college. Often our minds mulled the lesson of such good and varied fruit coming from a common seedling because one man had given of his time and skill and patience, the while our hearts gratefully remembered what some women had done with their time and neighborliness and skill.

In China, the last official act of Elam as principal of S.A.S. was to break ground for a boys' dormitory. Here his first official act was to break ground for a women's dormitory, the first to be erected on the campus. Even before the city's reception, the spade took its first shovelful. The date was none too soon, for the aim was to have the building ready for the Diamond Jubilee in October. It was. On Saturday, October 22, Grover Hall was dedicated.

The next day, Sunday, Elam was inaugurated as the Tenth President of Linfield College. That year his father was also celebrating his seventy-fifth birthday. He had come all the way from San Diego but modestly declined to walk the few steps to the platform when invited to sit there as an honored guest. He preferred to sit with the family. At one place in his inaugural address, Elam paused to pay tribute to his father and asked him to please come forward. When Father still demured, Elam left the platform and went to stand beside him in the audience and spoke his words from there. Years later, a Rotarian said to me, "Andy gave a wonderful speech that day, one of the finest I ever heard. No, don't ask me what he said. Ask me what he did, though, and I'll tell you. He went down to his father."

That inaugural address was on "The Future of the Denominational College," and into it he poured his own dreams and hopes for this college and the many like it to whose future he now gladly joined his own.

He felt deeply that it had a special stabilizing role to plan, not only in society as a whole, but also in the lives of the young men and women who would spend four significant years within its influence and care:

> The Christian denominational college must provide a stabilizing factor in our modern life. It must not be revolutionary but rather conservative in the original meaning of that word. It must conserve those values that have been tested by time and tradition, values essential to any stability of society or government. It must in the very best meaning of the phrase be "the salt of the earth." From this point of view it must be both selective and preservative.

He was well aware before he undertook this new task that the future of the denominational college was precarious, and never more than now with the country in the gripe of a depression. The church-related school drew most of its students from the churches of the denominational convention which had in the beginning given it its franchise and its start and was properly answerable to its continuing concerns. Answerable to the past as it was, and should be, Elam still felt the church-related school was also answerable to the future, to the high calling of a Master who not only had lived, but still lived and required of us continuing search for His truths in all

our teaching and exploring of knowledge.

> The future of the denominational college is both precarious and assured. It must develop denominational loyalty and yet stimulate the practice and purpose of interdenominational appreciation and cooperation.
>
> It dare not forget the inspired statement, "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." Consequently, the denominational college must be honest in its scholarship and fearless in its scrutiny of the results of scientific research. It dare not ignore Jesus' unmistakable standard of discipleship, a love for neighbor that permits of no geographical or racial boundaries and therefore requires the maintenance within the institution of a vibrant atmosphere of good will and understanding toward all indiviluals and groups.
>
> Its prophetic mission must obey that vision of the Book of Revelation of a world that is to be "the Kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ" and interpret how the Lord God of Hosts through past ages as well as our own is working out His will with mankind.
>
> .....
>
> What a glorious goal, to develop among the students of a denominational college, not only a toleration for the differing opinions of other affiliations but a respect for and a willingness to permit such differences; to build up a powerful determination to work together with such other bodies in making Christ King, in glorifying His name, in strengthening the influence of the church universal rather than the church particular, in accepting the inspiring challenge of the great Chinese leader, Dr. Timothy Liu, "Agree to differ but resolve to love!"
>
> .....
>
> The denominational college of the future will not be built on the ruins of the old. Rather it will follow closely the example of the Master who said, "I have come not to destroy but to fulfill." Even as He dared to say, "It was said of old ... but I say unto you," so will the denominational college of the future dare to interpret the old in the light of the new, complete and strengthen the eternal in the past and call for a new and wholesouled allegiance to a cause in which "Christ and Him crucified" will forever be the supreme and only efficient motive.

At the close of his six years at Linfield, Elam titled his report More Stately Mansions. Were he writing these Annals, he might have called that report "Midautum Harvest," for it marked the midpoint in our dozen years, divided between Linfield and the University of Redlands, the ripened fruit of the sowing in his administration. Not that he claimed credit for the material prosperity of the college in those depression and post-depression years; he was ever aware of all who had built Linfield's foundations. Nor did he think quantitative growth was synonomous with qualitative, but the harvest inventory in 1938 did include both – the visible and the invisible signs of grace: A dormitory for the men, two for the women, an annex, a library, and two residences turned into off-campus houses. The annual budget moved from $91,000 to $170,000; enrolment from 362 to 633.

One cause of increased enrolment even through those depression years was the barter system whereby farm produce was taken for tuition. But the most effective cause was the policy of student employment for all work that could possibly be performed on a student part-time

labor basis. By this means more than $43,000 worth of labor was provided, in the Commons, on the grounds, in the buildings, and in other departments. Helping students help themselves in those lean years was good, healthful fruit greatly needed.

An extra sweetness in the harvest of increased enrolment was tasted when a survey showed that the most marked gain in students and in funds came from the city of Portland "near enough to learn both our virtues and our faults." The richness of the academic harvest came in 1936 when Linfield gained a place on the accredited list of the Association of American Universities, opening for Linfield graduates the doors of any of the graduate schools in the United States.

Dear to Elam's heart was the New Linfield Plan. It had two essential principles: the surveying of the field of learning and the providing for technical and personal guidance in the choice of vocations. Looked at from one point of view the Plan turned its back on the currently accepted and widely used elective plan whereby the high school graduate was given an a la carte offering of various departments and subjects on the assumption that he had already found himself and knew both his vocation and his interests. The new plan assumed that all entering freshmen had to a large extent identical needs and that these needs were so urgent that the old bogey of "required subjects" had again to enter the field but under conditions that would rob it of its horrors. As seen then the needs were for

(1) Some sharpening of tools with which to work. A better mastery of spoken and written English was first in this bracket. Then came the acquisition of further progress in the use of a foreign language. Typing and shorthand were also considered as "tools."

(2) An adjustment to present-day society by a study of contemporary institutions and current history. One aim: an increasingly more intelligent reading of current periodicals and newspapers.

(3) An adjustment to human relations. Psychology here should help the student to understand why human beings behave the way they do, and the course named "Religious Orientation" should guide him into a discovery of how human beings should behave.

(4) An introduction to science. The Plan attempted to interest the freshman in the four fields of science, physics, chemistry, biology and mathematics, both for the purpose of giving him an appreciation of its significance and also of guiding him in the selection of a science for more intensive study.

(5) Guidance in the discovery of vocational interests.

(6) Guidance in the discovery of avocational interests.

The Plan did not survive the next administration, but its vision never left Elam's mind and heart. Later, in Redlands, some of its features showed up in the Humanities Course ushered in there.

Looking at it again now after many years and remembering how just recently a group of my students, among them seniors and graduates, said, "We don't have any time to read the papers or keep up with current magazines," I wonder why the aim in Point 2 should not have been purposefully developed instead of relegated to a subordinate place in regular courses. And, watching class after class of seniors in the past decade receive their B. S. degrees with no knowledge of a foreign language whatsoever and our world shrinking in size minute by minute, I wonder why the language requirement of Point 1 was left by the wayside for Communists to find and to cherish.

A few remnants of the Plan do remain in courses like History of Western Civilization, Survey

of World Literature and Music and Art in the Western World. When Elam first proposed his plan at Linfield there was a young member of the faculty who saw the vision as Elam saw it. He took over the course in Music Appreciation and within a few years added the appreciation of art. He developed the course on his own and worked out a syllabus which grew through the years into a mimeographed manuscript, and in 1955, in co-authorship with another professor, turned into a published college text, An Introduction to Music and Art in the Western World.

On the fly leaf of my copy Milo Wold has written:

> My sincere appreciation for your interest, also my sincere affection to the memory of Elam who encouraged and inspired me to work in Music as a humanizing force.

Chapter Two

Fences

Almost immediately after our arrival the children went out doors to explore. Lunch hour came but they were nowhere around. One o'clock passed and two o'clock. At half past two they came in, famished and exhausted.

"Where have you been?" No reason for them not to know my state of mind; it was all there in the tone of my voice.

"Looking for the fence around the compound." Victor said as he flopped upon the steps. "I'm pooped!"

"Not 'compound,' Victor," Frances said, "call it 'campus'." Then to Elam, "There isn't any fence, is there, Daddy?"

"How'll I know how far I can go?" wailed Junior.

America, the beautiful, the free, the spacious, the fenceless!

Fenceless? within a few weeks we wondered. True, there was no barbed wire fence, no high brick wall with broken glass on top to discourage intruders, no nine-foot bamboo fence, but there were fences, invisible to the eye yet painfully observable to the heart.

A Family Portrait at Linfield

On a Communion Sunday soon after we arrived, a Chinese friend, a former student of ours, now on leave from his administrative position in a Presbyterian mission school in Peking, stopped with us for a few days enroute to the University of Michigan where he was to work for his Masters degree. Because of individual responsibilities we became separated during the Sunday School hour, but we had arranged for him to meet us in the narthex of the church afterwards. We waited overlong but he never came. When we reached home he was sitting on our porch reading the Sunday paper.

"But, Loh, why didn't you come to church?"

"I did. But at the door I was asked if I had been immersed and I said, 'No.' Then I was told that it was Communion today. I got the idea I wouldn't be welcome, so I came home. Was it because I wasn't baptized the way Baptists are? Immersed in the trough? Remember at Shanghai, before the swimming pool was built how they used the old wooden trough that the carpenters soaked their bricks in?"

We nodded. How well we remembered.

At the dinner table Elam and I writhed inwardly when Loh posed his questions: "What'll I have to do to become acceptable in all the Christian churches in America? This will probably be

my only visit and I've looked forward to fellowshipping with Christians across the country. I know, of course, what to do to be a Baptist. If I hadn't already been a Presbyterian when I came to the college, I'd have been immersed. What do I have to do to be a Methodist? A Presbyterian? A Congregationalist? An Episcopalian? A Catholic?

"Hold on, Loh." Elam stopped him. "It isn't done. You can't join all the churches."

"But Paul was all things to all men, wasn't he?"

"That – that was somewhat different." Elam stammered. "In these times you couldn't possibly be both a Protestant and a Catholic at the same time. In fact, not even a Baptist and a Methodist and an Episcopalian all simultaneous."

"Why not, aren't they all Christians?"

Christians – yes, but fences separate them.

At the next Prayer Meeting, Elam shared our deep concern over the embarrassment and probable estrangement ensuing to Christians from overseas who would be visiting us if this church had a policy of closed Communion. "It is quite conceivable," Elam said, "that my friend misunderstood. Maybe the questioner meant only to find out whether he was a believer. For my part, though, I should find it most difficult to partake of the Lord's Supper here if I knew that believers of another name than Baptist were excluded."

We were assured that there must have been a misunderstanding, but the incident made us acutely aware of the barriers that did exist between denominations and called to our minds what we had all but forgotten that there were still rigid barriers set up by some individual churches.

To know that our local church had no such divider within itself was comforting. To discover, though, that in Oregon a high barbed fence divided Conservatives from Liberals brought pain and anguish. No fence had sharper barbs than this one, and no barbs pierced deeper into Elam's heart. The most painful thrusts were made by those who judged the college and him, not by what they themselves knew of either, but what they had heard others report, sometimes twice or thrice removed from the source. Words taken out of context became stones of condemnation.

Once, when a particular painful barb pierced him, he wrote:

> It grieves me to have you feel as you do. While I am happy to have you formulate your own theology and interpretation of the New Testament, I find it hard to be patient with your unwillingness to allow me to read my New Testament for myself and approach my Lord and Saviour who has brought me salvation and atonement as he has you. Read carefully II Corinthians 13:5. In Weymouth's translation it reads: <u>Test yourselves to discover whether you are true believers: Put your own selves under examination. Or do you not know that Jesus Christ is within you, unless you are insincere.</u>
>
> These are serious words. It is most dangerous for you to assume either that I am not saved or do not love our lord and Saviour. In I John 5:1-2 we find, <u>Every one who believes that Jesus is the Christ is a child of God, and every one who loves the parent loves the child. By this we know that we love the children of God, when we love God and obey his commandments</u>. I do believe that with all my heart and as such dare cry, "Abba, Father."

"No fence, is there, Daddy?" Reverting to the logical way in which our Chinese friends

answered questions framed like this, Elam had to say, "Yes, there is no fence."

But there were fences – denominational, theological, racial. How high and thick this last one was. We had already glimpsed it in the burning cross in front of our cabin at the Iowa Summer Assembly, in 1924, after Elam had spoken against the race riots. Now here on the West coast of our Sweet Land of Liberty we saw it again. Town after town proudly called itself, "A white man's town." When a Negro, looking for a place to settle with his wife and five children, chose our own college town because of its fine grammar schools and the college for the children, and because of its many churches – "a town of this size with a dozen churches has to be a good town to raise children in" – he soon found it "expedient" to move.

And down in Redlands, California, our hearts filled with wrath when we found that the Japanese there could use the swimming pool only on the day before it was to be cleaned, One beautiful, fastidious young Japanese girl said, "Who wants to swim in water after all the rest of the town has had it for a week?" Later, when we bade farewell to our Japanese friends being exiled to Poston, our eyes overflowed.

"No fence, is there, Daddy?" The question mark became a pruning hook. With it the House of An hacked away at racism wherever found. Back in 1923 when I answered the query, "Do you live right close to the Chinese?" with the reply, "Oh, no – but, oh, yes, we do; really, we have nothing else of but," our House had put itself on record as believing with Robert Frost, "Something there is that doesn't love a wall."

From the youngest to the oldest now we did what we could to share the insight we had had of the truth of Paul's statement, "And He made of one blood every nation of men to dwell upon the face of the earth."

When Victor and Junior were asked about the nationality or race of a playmate, they'd answer, "I don't know. American, I suppose."

When Frances gave her prize-winning oration "I Discover America" she made her own entreaty.

When asked for an article on the advantage of the small denominational college over the Larger university, she wrote:

> The experience of knowing someone of another race in a situation where there is common ground on which to meet is invaluable. There are always students of other races at larger schools, but usually enough of them to form a minority group of their own. In a smaller school proportionately there are usually only a few of any foreign race and the barriers of group defense are not present. I remember Chinese and Japanese and Negro friends I had in college and feel warm inside just remembering.*
>
> (**The Sixteenth January Book*, 1942, by Northern Baptist convention.)

In our first year at Redlands when Mrs. Nicols asked for help with the Junior Cosmopolitan Club, Mother and Junior took up their years of fellowship with the young Japanese and Mexicans who made up the Club, and continued it throughout our years there, and still hold it dear.

Whenever I spoke at a Woman's meeting, no matter what the subject, somewhere in the talk I'd put in a plea for racial understanding.

And Elam – there was never any doubt about the depth of his concern:

> In addition to the three factors already mentioned – love for America as a geographic entity, a persistent independence, and a personal faith in and devotion to the democratic process – I find as the most distinctive of all the American characteristics the belief in and practice of good will and tolerance. Here we have the very Achilies Heel of our American pattern. Two thousand five hundred years ago the great Chinese sage Confucius, told his people, "Around the four seas all are brothers." Five hundred years later the great cosmopolitan Christian Jew, St. Paul, emphasized the same truth in "for He hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth." It remained for the United States not only to insist at the founding of our own government that, "All men are created equal", but, in spite of the long tradition of slavery, to fight a civil war so that this might be established. Our pledge of allegiance to the flag insists that it stands for liberty and justice for all. Not for all the white men, but <u>for all</u>.
>
> We already have the quality of brotherhood. What we need is to increase the quantity. I sincerely hope that we can find a solution on our West Coast of actually welcoming as citizens and inviting into our service clubs as members Japanese, Chinese, Mexicans, and Armenian Americans.

On Palm Sunday, April 2, 1944, over a national hookup by the Mutual Broadcasting System he pled with his listeners:

> Let every individual church in our land, let every synagogue, let every sincere citizen, irrespective of creed, discipline himself to act against the anachronism in the United States of America that some men and women are prevented from enjoyment of civic and economic rights guaranteed them by our constitution as well as by our religion. We condemn most vigorously and justly the discrimination against the Jews by the Nazi, and ignore or smooth over social and sometimes legal discrimination toward Negroes and Japanese-Americans and Mexicans – all American citizens in our own United States... As Americans we must discipline ourselves to progress toward the goal of World Brotherhood that we profess to accept and practice more courageously to bring the four freedoms to the Negroes, Mexicans, Filipinos, Chinese, Japanese and other racial groups in our beloved country.

In the late Autumn of the House, a college girl came to Elam after his speech to a large church gathering and said, "Tomorrow, Dr. Anderson, I'm going to speak to the two colored girls on our campus. I've snubbed them all along, but now I'm going to make friends of them. You've changed my thoughts tonight. Thank you."

"There isn't any fence, is there, Daddy?"

"Not in any of our hearts, I hope, Sis."

Chapter Three

Rain and Snow

The fall rains were well launched. Day after day we woke to weeping skies.

"Grown your webs yet?" the native Oregonians would ask.

"Almost," Elam would answer. "I have high hopes they'll be full-grown by the first snow. Then I'll use them for snow-shoes."

"Snow" snorted a native son. "Don't expect much of that in town. Got to mostly go up on the hills for that."

One mid-afternoon of a rainy, gloomy day I found myself alone in the house. The children were still at school, Mother was at a meeting, and Elam was at the office. To help dispel the gloom, I lit the fire in the fireplace and turned on the table lamps in the living room. Then I sat down on the davenport against the wall opposite the fire and in the unusual quietness of the house and stolen leisure of the hour I looked about the room.

On the mantel above the crackling flames our Chinese Symbol of Heaven stood out against a heaven-earth-man arrangement of vine maple, flaming red, the whole reflected in the mirror behind. At one side of the fireplace glowed "the golden corner": overstuffed chair upholstered in gold brocade, brass table on which was the lamp, now lighted, with the deep yellow silk shade, and on the wall behind the chair the gold cloth tapestry with the hundred baby design. In front of the east windows stood the carved library table made of na-muk wood from the gate pillars of Foochow, purported to have stood a thousand years and taken down when an auto road was put through the old city. Dick and Hester Vanderburg had given us the wood as a farewell gift when we left China. A wood carver from Siccawei had done the carving, having first made a wax impression from Hester and Dick's table. It's honey-colored surface had a satiny sheen that always called for a caressing stroke whenever I passed it. On the table stood a piace of rockery, symbol of long life, from the rapids of the Yangtze, and behind the rockery sprays of bittersweet just received from Sister living now in Canandaigua, New York. On the grand piano in the open study to the west of the living room a massed bouquet of bronze and yellow chrysanthemums brought living color to that room.

Sitting there, I had the strange sensation that Time was resting too. Outside, the rain was coming down, not in spasmodic torrents as it had yesterday, nor wind-driven as the day before, but straight and steady. It reminded me of the beaded portieres I'd seen years ago in Mrs. Paul's house, of the bed curtains, too, that enclosed Chinese beds and gave intimate privacy.

While Time stood still, I remembered the different hours when the rain had been curtains for us. Up at Mokanshan when for five weeks we had almost continuous rain and at night when the children were in bed, Elam and I would read by the lamp light, sometimes to ourselves, but more often he would read aloud while I knit on a blue sweater suit for Junior. There were those evenings at Andifan, our Place of Peace up in the woods close by, when rain beat a loud tatoo on the shake roof and fell from the eaves like a silver screen and all of us gathered about the great fireplace and sang and talked and laughed and prayed in close companionship. And there was

that time in the long stretch of bed-rest a few years ago when I survived one particularly dreary, rainy spell by imagining the rain was a curtain and reliving within the privacy certain hours of our love – the walk across the swinging bridge, the conversations on the stone bench, Maytime anniversaries – Now again those days returned.

How long before it happened I do not know, but suddenly Time moved on again. I felt it as clearly as if it were a person who, after having rested by the roadside, picked up his bundle and went marching down the road.

But it can't go, my heart cried. It can't take this moment with it. This bit of Time is mine; I'll hold it close forever.

I knew only one sure way to hold any moment close. I took up pad and pen and jotted down the words as they emerged from some place deep within me, whether from mind or heart or from both, I never could tell. When the words had formed a patterned chalice of their own with the experience of the moment held therein, I went to the telephone and did what I could not remember having done before: I called Elam home for something that was not important.

Not important? I wonder now. That of all the autumn days of that particular year I should best remember this one and of this day this one particular moment might prove it was important beyond even our cognition.

When he came the kettle was boiling and cinnamon toast was bubbling under the broiler. We sat by the fire and drank tea and ate the toast and when we finished I read to him

I like the rain.
It hems me in
And gives a sense of pleasant privacy.
It takes the outside world
And makes of it a frame
For this which now I paint
Upon the canvas of my memory –
    This one lone hour
    Beside the crackling flame
    Of oak-fed fire.

From shadows of the past
Come deathless days.
With flying flags
They troop in clear review:
    The day we met;
    The day you told me of your love;
    The day –
    The days –
        – in clear review.

I like the rain.
It hems me in with you.

When I finished, he came to me and put his arms about me and held my gaze to his before he said, "Thank you, my dear. Thank you very much."

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Three months later the telephone rang. I answered it.

"Hello. Is Mrs. Ondersohn at home?" The speaker had a thick Swedish accent. "This is Mr. Nosredna."

"Elam you clown! For a minute you had me fooled."

"Elam? What do you mean?" The, Swedish accent was gone. "I am Mr. Nosredna, a gentleman who would like to ask Mrs. Anderson to take a ride with him."

"Where?"

"Well, of course if you don't trus –"

"I'm already waiting on the doorstep."

It's another part of the highway opened, I said to myself, as I put on my coat. The last time I disappointed him because I didn't recognize we were riding over a newly opened section and when he pointed it out I wasn't at all excited. This time I'll Oh and Ah properly, keep my eyes wide open and squeal like Frances when we come to it.

But after he'd ushered me into the car, he headed it, not towards Portland where the new road was in progress, but out towards the hills where the only road improvemett was an occasional load of gravel dumped into some mudhole in the spring.

"Don't look yet," he warned as we neared the turn that brought the first range of the western hills into clear view. "Wait until I tell you." A few minutes later, "Now look."

I opened my eyes and gasped. Snow! Snow on the hills!

"Oh, how beautiful! I didn't know – There's none in town and from where we are we can't see these hills."

"I thought you didn't know. I'm glad you didn't."

Near the foot of the hills the snow was light and fluffy. Ours were the first tracks in it. Overhead where the oaks stretched across the road, the snow, caught in the lichened branches and hanging moss and mistletoe, made a canopy of white. Looking upward, I exclaimed, "Angel feathers!" as a childhood conceit came freshly now to mind. And after that we rode in silence through this winter wonderland.

On the way back Elam stopped the car where, through an opening in the trees at the side of the road, we saw, by magic of the sun, a snow-blanketed clearing turned into a field of diamonds. From the other side of the road the branches of an oak reached far over the road, for all the world like a prelate's arms clothed in white vesture and outstretched in blessing.

And there Elam kissed me. We were still lip to lip when an auto horn honked behind us. Startled, we turned and saw the grinning faces of two woodsmen in a pick-up peering at us through the rear window.

Elam started the car and drove on in our own tracks until we came to a turn-out, and there he drew over to the side and signalled the men to stop.

"Morning, Mr. Anderson."

"Nice morning, neighbor," Elam returned their greeting.

"Sure is, Mr. Anderson," one of them answered. "Real pretty with all the snow." His grin widened.

"That's what I thought. That's why I brought my wife up to see it. You know Mrs. Anderson, don't you? My wife likes snow."

The men touched their caps awkwardly and moved on.

It wasn't very often that Elam blushed, but he was blushing now. As for me, no doubt I was too, but I couldn't see myself. I could, however, feel the mirth within me. When I had it somewhat under control, I said, "Why did you motion them to stop and make such a point about my being your wife and then not introduce me properly?"

"I didn't know their names. Certainly, I didn't want them to think I'd be taking anyone else out for a ride but my wife."

"Oh, they wouldn't."

"Wouldn't? You don't know men, Colena."

I suppose he was right. I knew only one man very well; his name was Elam.

Chapter Four

A Pounding in Our Ears

Listen!
Do you hear a pounding in your ears
As new minutes pulse and die?
Time is riding by.

On the night of May 29, 1936, Frances was beginning her high school commencement speech with the poem she had written for the occasion. From the time I sat down in the fourth row from the front, I'd been as tense as an over-wound watch spring. And for good reasons. Just that morning Elam and I had returned from the two-weeks trip East to St. Louis for the Northern Baptist Convention where the report of the Resolutions Committee – Elam, as a member – had not passed because of too much debate on the "peace and war" item, and I was still "tied in knots" over the conflict. Then enroute home we had stopped at Ottawa University for Elam to give the Commencement address there and receive the honorary degree, Doctor of Laws. This afternoon we had seen Victor being graduated from Junior High with all the excitement appertaining thereto. And now, as chief contributor to taut nerves, there were Elam and Frances up on the platform, each to give a speech, and Frances had already begun hers.

She was saying:

Life is an adventure.
We stand upon the threshold of the years.
There is no time for tears,
No time tonight for frightened fears.

No time and, I saw now, no need for fears; the young speaker standing up there in the blue net dress that her grandmother had made for her, had herself well in hand and the audience too. Behind her on the stage, her father was leaning forward even as her grandmother, brothers and I were doing down below, all of us genuinely engrossed in what grand-daughter, sister and daughter was saying. "Life is an Adventure." So convinced was she, that she was convincing us too. Life <u>is</u> an adventure.

Soon after she finished, Elam spoke, his topic, "Give Me Liberty Or –" Much was made of the father-daughter team that night, and after the exercises people said "Better look to your speaking laurels; Prexy. This daughter of yours will soon run you a close second, if indeed she hasn't already."

For days afterwards, Frances' closing lines echoed and re-echoed in my mind:

Life is an adventure.
We stand upon the threshold of the years,
Dreaming dreams,
Planning living themes,

Because God deems
The world be made of deathless dreams.
And who are we to ask Him why?

Listen!
Do you hear a pounding in your ears
As new minutes pulse and die?
Time is riding by.

Did we hear a pounding in our ears? Ah, yes. Elam and I had bean hearing it for years. Each time we measured the children against the door-jamb or read the dial on the scales to note the added inch, the extra pound, we heard the pounding.

When the three of them, each in the spirit's own time, professed Jesus Christ as Lord and Saviour, we heard the pounding.

When the boys on Youth Sunday helped with the ushering and we saw them, poised and serious, tending to this bit of the Lord's business as earnestly and as manfully as their grandfather and father before them, we heard the pounding.

When Victor returned late one night from his long, solitary hike for Scouting honors with his right wrist broken and his Left hand clutching a bunch of pitifully wilted wild iris "picked for you, Mother. I've carried them all day long; that's why they're so wilted," we heard the pounding.

When Junior came home from the B. Y. Meeting announcing, "I'm not going to be a minister, I couldn't stand having people stare at me the way those kids did tonight. Gee, I thought they were going to bite me they leaned so far over," and Elam said, "That was a compliment. Now tell us, Son, when did you think you wanted to be a minister," and Junior answered, "I don't know. Always, I guess," we heard the pounding.

This very night, listening to Frances, the pounding almost deafened us.

And in the years to come, all through the Autumn of the House, it grew louder as Time rode ever more swiftly.

Each ycar Victor set up more and more complicated demonstrations for the Science exhibits both at Senior High and College, then purposefully set out upon his chosen career in scientific research, a road that led him through Oakridge, Tennessee, Los Alamos and the Alamogordo desert where man first burst the barriers beyond which unrolled the atomic age.

Frances, on the Labor Day of 1939 when news of Germany's march on Poland reached our sleeping state, looked up from an article she was reading on the League of Nations' efforts in economic cooperation, and said, "I know now what I want to do with my life. I want to work for peace."

Junior's final decision to enter the Christian ministry did not come in Elam's lifetime, but in the Winter of the House, when it did come, as surely as when Elam was in the flesh, I felt him share with me sound of that particular pounding.

In those full and busy years – six at Linfield and six at Redlands – it seemed that Time had the bit in its mouth. Elam did not chafe at the swift pace; he seemed to thrive on the speed, " – stirred with activity, the spirit of those energetic days." A speech here, a speech there, there were conferences in the East, in the Northwest, in Canada; new buildings to plan; commitments

to this group; promises to that. Busy, busy, busy. One month he gave a speech at a different place every day, sometimes two in a day, these in addition to his responsibility as president.

For myself, I did not yield so gracefully and eagerly to Time's swift pace. More than once I said, "I wish we had a small rose-trellised cottage somewhere, a place where we could find refuge from this mad rush, and I don't mean for just a day or two."

"The 'little grey home in the West' complex," Elam would smile indulgently. "Oh, my dear, that would be heaven, but in these days of turmoil, of world unrest, of war, how can we sit by the side of the road and let the rest of the world go by?"

Did I have a premonition of the too soon ending of those "brisk and busy" days? Was that why I heard a pounding all my own as I read Admiral Ts'ai's translation of Tu Mu's "Mid-Autumn"?

> The evening clouds are gone, the air is cool and clear,
> The Milky Way is mute, the moon a shining sphere.
> This life and lovely night will not last long for me,
> Then where shall I another year this bright moon see?

Chapter Five

Confucius Cruise

In the summers of 1935 and 1937 Elam and I conducted tours to the Orient. Advertised as "An Adventure in Understanding," the tours took for their theme the oft-quoted eight characters 四海之內 皆兄弟也 Ssu hai chih nei chiao hsiung-ti yeh (Within the four seas all are brothers), that Confucius spoke twenty-four centuries ago. Through lectures, discussions, and readings, we attempted to prepare the members for an intelligent observation and sympathetic understanding of the peoples, customs, and scenes of China, Japan and the Philippines. Compared with tour costs today, those of '37 seem ridiculously low: a 46-day tour for $670 first class throughout or $407 tourist on ship and first class ashore.

On the '35 trip we took Frances with us and shared her delight in renewing friendships and revisiting familiar scenes. On a hot July day, near a temple where the fragrance of burning incense, sandalwood fans and fried spring rolls mingled with the pungency of night soil and sewage, she took a deep breath and said, "Ah, this smells like home!" At the college she made straight for The Camphor. We followed and found her looking at the tree as a devotee gazes at a shrine, tears on her cheeks. And silent tears again at the Community Church as we joined in singing "Near to the Heart of God."

In 1937, we came again. It was well that no child was with us during this cruise, for that one brought us within the marches of World War II –"marches" with its double meaning: its frontier lands and its measured tread of soldiers. In '32 we had hoped that the Shanghai Incident would remain a solitary episode. Now, five years later, we were to witness the death of that hope. On the sixth of July we arrived in Shanghai. On the night of the seventh up in Lukuchiao near Peking a Chinese garrison fired on a Japanese force maneuvering in out-of-bounds territory. In ordinary times the shot might have gone unheeded, but the times were no longer ordinary. They were tense and highly explosive. By the time we returned from Manila, the hot breath of Mars had scorched the land.

Sightseeing done and homeward bound again, we sent the Tour Group back across the sea with another leader, and lingered on in China for another fortnight.

We gathered friends and recollections close around us. One evening late in July, the 20th it was, we joined the Rawlinsons and guests they had invited to meet us. We sat among flowers on the roof garden of the new apartment house. It was a beautiful summer evening. A gentle monsoon breeze brought some coolness from the ocean and a slight mist that moved across the stars like a veil of gauze.

Dr. Rawlinson had been ill and his former robust frame had somewhat weakened, but not his mind. That was as keen as ever. He knew China as few foreigners do, and he knew Japan, also. And he predicted war.

"Dr. Rawlinson," I exclaimed, "Surely, you don't mean bombs could fall in the International Settlement!"

"Of course."

"Here on this roof garden?"

"Why not?"

The next night we went to Jessfield Park to hear the Symphony Concert in the Open, and we rejoiced that the sign at the entrance had been changed from "Chinese and dogs not allowed" to "Dogs not allowed." Now, impartially, the attendants, between numbers, flitted the ankles of Europeans, Chinese, and Japanese alike sitting so comfortably in the reclining canvass chairs. Tonight the sky was wholly unveiled. The stars seemed close enough to pluck. But closer were the paper lanterns in which electric bulbs were glowing. During intermission I counted 300 lights twinkling in the trees. On a night like this could anyone conceive of war!

But on our trips to Nanking and to Mokanshan we heard the tread of soldiers marching and in all the stations we saw troops entraining or already on the rails. All along the way were tight little groups of Japanese, the women and children in brightly-colored or more soberly-colored kimonos according to the fitness to their ages and the men mostly in foreign suits, all of them heading for the coast.

On the night of the twenty-seventh of July, Elam and I talked late with Tsoo Sing Chen and other friends up in the quiet mountain resort of Mokanshan. Even as we talked, the Kwantung Army of the Japanese marched into Peking, temporarily known as Peiping (North Peace), and took possession of the city. Beautiful, fabulous Peking! From there they quickly moved into Chahar, Suiyüan, and Shanshi. In this last province they came face to face with the Communist forces, now incorporated – at least in theory – with the Nationalists and called the Eighth Route Army.

Shanghai, on our return, was uneasy. The nights were now sullen with silence. From our window in the New Asia Hotel, we could see groups of Chinese gathered on the sidewalk and huddled close together, but not like the neighborhood gatherings of the past. In former years such crowds would fill the night with loud talking and happy laughter. Tonight, when one spoke, he whispered.

Two days later, the Wileys and Dr. Chen came to take us to the college where we had served out our spring together. On the way we were halted by a smartly uniformed, business-like Chinese infantryman who pointed a bayoneted rifle in our direction. At his side was a non-commissioned officer with a drawn revolver. Like the rat-tat-tat of a machine gun he barked his questions: Name? Business? Destination?

Seven times that night we were halted, and the last time, when we were within half a mile from the college, so close we could see the tile roofs in the moonlight, we were turned back at a small bridge.

The next day we learned the reason for the orders. The bridge we would have to cross was mined in preparation for a possible Japanese invasion of that area.

On August 3rd, 1937, we bade farewell to friends and boarded the steamer to sail with the tide at 4 a.m. That night a typhoon blew in and we lay anchored midstream among warships of many nations and Chinese junks whose owners must have doubted the old-time efficacy of the eyes painted on the prows, for they too were loath to take to the high seas under this high wind.

We were loath, ourselves, to face what might now be close ahead. The hardening mood of China had penetrated, stirred and dulled our hearts. A close friend, the Christian Chinese president of the University of Shanghai, had told us, "We can now say that we have exhausted every peaceable means of coming to an agreement with Japan. There is no way except that of resisting to the death. It means the supreme sacrifice." One of China's leading industrialists said,

"We cannot postpone the decision to resist any longer. We must make the supreme sacrifice." A banker in Shanghai said, "China's willingness to make the supreme sacrifice must be rewarded with victory." A banker in Nanking said, "We younger Chinese can see no hope for either ourselves or our country unless Japan is stopped from her purpose of completely subduing China and supplanting all our initiative with a slavish submission to her dictation. We know this cannot be done without making the supreme sacrifice." A recent Christian convert said, "God will help us make the supreme sacrifice."

Supreme sacrifice! The cry prolonged the coming struggle.

In Kobe we saw a country and a people girding for war. On every street were women asking passersby to add a knot – at a price – to the 1000-knot belt to insure a soldier's safety. Belts like these, cotton strips with 1000 French knots in regular formation, were later found on Japanese soldiers captured by Chinese before the Japanese could commit harakiri.

In the stations at Yokohama, Tokyo, and Kobe we saw crowds bidding farewell to the soldiers and heard the patriotic shout, "Banzai! Banzai!" To us, though, these farewells did not ring out as those of true crusaders should. But how could one tell whether this new venture in China was or was not popular with the common man? In a country like Japan where loyalty to the emperor was a religion, it was impossible to discover what the people really thought – but there were scattered incidents:

There was the man conscripted from the village who was to leave in four hours for some unknown front with no opportunity to make any provision for his family. Rather than go to a certain death in some uncertain place far from home, he chose to hang himself. When the gendarme came to check on his non-failure to report, he forbade burial and ordered the body to stay where it was so that "all the rest will know that this act is one of the worst disloyalties to the emperor."

There was the young man who was away from home when his notice to report came. By the time he returned his date was past. A gendarme arrived and without waiting for an explanation shot the young man.

Never before had we been eager to leave Japan, but now, in spite of warm fellowship with former friends, alumni of Linfield, we felt relieved when we were on board. August the 13th, 1937, fell on a Friday, our fifth day out. The next was Meridian Day. "Probably the longest Friday, the 13th, we'll ever see," Elam said.

The next day, looking back to that long Friday, we thought of it as Time's own reluctant moving into "The Dark Fourteenth." On that day news came by radio that a Chinese pilot had miscalculated distances and dropped among his own people a bomb destined for the enemy. The holocaust in the heart of the city of Shanghai was too terrible to describe.

Among the dead was Dr. Rawlinson.

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Chapter Six

Andifan

Early in 1935, at a tax sale, we bought, sight unseen, a forty-acre tract of timberland up in the hills fourteen miles from McMinnville. It was the first bit of property we ever owned; always our houses went with Elam's jobs. The first time he drove us up narrow winding Peavine Ridge through the heavily wooded country, we felt like pioneers.

The forty was dense with second growth Douglas fir and here and there some first growth. Walking among the trees, the children shouted, "Oh, look at this one!" Or a pace farther, "But this one is bigger." Then the conclusion, "It's a real, genuine forest!"

Soon, though, their shouting ceased. Something of the awesomeness of the place was claiming their spirits even as it had already claimed ours.

Without a word now we moved quietly forward, Elam taking the lead. He broke the path for us – Mother, the children and I – through salal and prickly Oregon grape, through sword fern and tangled vine maple. Then he stopped so short that we crowded against each other. When we separated and looked about, we found that we were near a tree as great in circumference as some of the Redwoods we had seen.

Elam broke our silence. "Look," he said, spreading his arms to indicate the great girth. "Look," he said again, pointing upwards to where, far above all surrounding trees, five branches spread out like a star. Years ago the top had fallen and now only the single crown remained.

Junior said, "It touches the sky." Frances whispered, "A new star in the sky." Victor said nothing but started pacing the circumference.

"This," Elam said, "must be the oldest tree on the place. How old we'll never know."

"We could," Junior said, "if we had it cut down and counted the rings."

"But who'd ever let it be cut?" I cried.

"Never worry," Elam said. "It'll be here long after all of us are gone."

In the stillness, there came the tinkling of a cow-bell from a neighboring woodlot, the soughing of the wind in the tops of the firs, and the flowing of water in the small ravine to our right. looking down towards the stream, I saw a clump of maidenhair fern growing close to a partially exposed root.

Before we left the spot we named the tree The Oldest, brother to The Camphor. On our way home we settled upon a name for the forty and for the cabin that we would build there. We'd call this refuge Andifan, our Place of Peace.

It was not long before the cabin, built of logs felled on the spot, moved out of the dream stage into construction. We went out often to see the four walls slowly rising in the clearing. We roamed our woods, discovered new beauties and new vistas. Once, after pausing at The Oldest, we struck off to the west and began climbing the gentle slope. This time the children were in the lead. While Elam and I were still scrambling over a windfall, the children called out, "Hurry. See what we've found!"

Through an archway made by the bent limb of a dogwood tree, we saw a cove with

moss for a floor and tangled vine-maples for a roof. On one side of the cove a huge snag made an altar high and lifted up. About six feet from the ground a fir at some distant time had broken in such a way that a ledge now extended more than halfway across the snag. Back of the ledge a tall rugged, splintered shaft rose far into the air. To lay an offering on this altar, the shortest of us would have to stand on tiptoe. Among towering firs, however, an altar set on high seemed altogether fitting. Almost due east stood The Oldest. Sighting upward between two certain trees, we could even catch a glimpse of its star crown.

When we were all gathered into the cove, Elam said, "Let us pray." And so our chapel was dedicated.

While we were on the 1935 Summer Cruise the log cabin with a shake-roof was completed. The children had asked for a balcony from which they could lie on their cots and see the fire in the fireplace, and so the roof was high. A hanging lamp with cut-glass dangles hung suspended in the center of the living room and caught the fire's flame. To salvaged furniture we added a set of wicker brought from Hong Kong, stacked orange crate cabinets with dishes and cooking utensils from Ramsey's Variety Store. Elam and the boys made a table large enough for ping-pong. At meals, when we did not eat around the open fire outside, there was then ample elbow room at this table inside. The cabin became our second home. Like the doors of the house in town, its doors too swung wide to guests. At any time the suggestion, "let's go to the cabin" set the whole family in a state of fine excitement, even Uno, the dog.

Each time we stopped to swing wide the gate, we thought to ourselves, sometimes we even said aloud, "This is our Place of Peace." And there we claimed the peace that passeth understanding. There at the gate the cares of the day were dropped, and whatever bickerings the children had among themselves in some strange way were cast aside.

In the summer of 1940, the children laid out a mile-long trail. It went up the steep incline to the north-west of the cabin, on through the deep woods, and then with several well-engineered cutbacks it zigzagged down to the ravine through a lush bed of sword ferns. From there it made its way along the upper bank of the stream. The trail was narrow, fashioned for one-way traffic, but where it passed close to the oldest tree the children made it wide. On family hikes we paused there together.

During that same summer, too, the children planted sword ferns on the altar in the chapel, "Fran's ferns," and they took hold and grew, green fronds lifted to the sunlight, serenely slanting through the forest's peace.

That was a summer to remember. To wake at dawn to the singing of the birds, to smell the early morning freshness of the firs, to see the shafts of sunlight cutting through between the trees, to eat pancakes made by Elam on the outside grill, to work ourselves physically weary at some project, to lie on a bed of sun-baked bracken or go to Willamina Falls for a swim, in the evening to count the stars closest to the tips of the firs and to wonder about those in the deep distance, and at the day's end to hear Elam read some chapter from Scripture, to sing together, to pray together – Oh, the memories we hold from that summer, the last time our whole family was together at Andifan!

Chapter Seven

Of Thee We Sing

"How would you like to go East with me, Colena? You and Mother? We'd take the car. With three drivers we should be able to make the trip almost as fast as by train. Let's see, today's Friday, We could start Sunday night about midnight as soon as I get back from –"

"Elam, how can I? Only two days to get ready!"

"What's there to it? Just throw the things you need into the car and throw the flowers out of the vases and we're off. We'll have someone stay with the boys. Please come."

So in May, 1941, we began our sixteenth trip across the United States. Fifty miles from home I remembered the flowers; they were still in the vases. The tour clocked up 7000 miles in twenty days and gave us not only a round trip from Redlands to Atlantic City but also several detours and the Baptist convention.

The whole family had always been mindful of the beauties of nature – silent in the presence of Old Faithful, amazed by mountain look-out panoramic views, awed by a single phantom orchid at Andifan, but something about this particular trip brought to us a tidal wave of warm emotional response to the changing scenes of our native land. We were silent before the majesty of the Grand Canyon, the Painted Desert and the Texan plains; stirred by the budding oaks of the Ozarks and the green wheat fields of Wyoming; lulled by the rolling hills of Ohio; strangely moved by the broad Mississippi, the breakers at Atlantic City and, on the homeward trip, the strong currant of the Columbia; shaken by the beauty of maples freshly leafing against a blue May sky and white dogwood blooms in slanting drifts on a hillside. And when we saw the apple blossoms in New York, our sight misted, More than once Elam exclaimed, "What beauty God hath wrought to squander on us mortals!"

In the early morning before sunrise on our first morning out from Redlands, we were heading for the mountains. Directly before us, low in the sky, hung the morning star so close to one of the peaks that it looked like a beacon light. The mountains themselves were veiled in a purple-grey mist.

"Like the mist on Purple Mountain near Nanking," I said, and Elam nodded.

Together then we recalled that mountain as we had seen it first in 1919 riding our bicycles on narrow cobblestone streets back and forth to Language School and from the Ming Tombs when we went on the excursion. We remembered the terrible days of 1927 when Americans sought refuge in that mountain and we told Mother how we had seen the mountain in 1937 as we rode in an automobile over broad new highways where traffic was directed by nattily dressed policemen and people everywhere were stirred by the New Life Movement promoted by Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai Shek. Now, only four years later, some of our friends were looking at Purple Mountain from concentration camps!

To the right of us and to the left, men were in the fields, plowing, harrowing, disking, dust-grimed and sweat-marked. Poor men, having to work so hard! Then I remembered the picture of a Dutch farmer holding a limp tulip in his hand while all around him his flower field lay shell-riddled. This had been his field of prize tulips, the heritage from his father and his

father's father. Here in America no farmer's field was a war casualty. Fortunate men having fields to cultivate!

Near Ash Fork we came upon a detour. The road was rough and very dusty. Mammoth tractors and scrapers disputed our passage. We'd never seen such monsters before, veritable Goliaths of the road. A flagman waved us to a stop. Nearby one of the monsters was chewing up the old roadbed. It bit into the old blacktop as easily as our boys bite into hamburgers. Were it not for the friendly face of the man in the cab I would have wanted to retreat.

Elam turned on the radio. Out boomed the news: "The battle was fought by hordes of men and thousands of tanks, airplanes, guns, and armored cars,"

Tanks! First cousins to this tractor blocking our way. Over there the gas-and-steel relatives were committed to the devastations of war; here their cousins were still committed to peace. Of a sudden I wanted to get out and stroke the mud-encrusted giant "cat" ahead.

A few miles farther on we stopped at a brand new filling station. The small office was still unfinished, but the pumps were operating. In the yard beside a cedar tree, a young woman in a red shirt and tan slacks was tending a fire under two wash tubs standing in the open. While we were waiting, she brought out an armful of clothes and dropped them into one of the tubs. The man filling our tank said that they had just come from Texas. "Refugees" – he laughed – "having the time of our lives, liking it fine" because "It's a swell country for gardens." The woman liked her open-air laundry because she could "keep the kids looking clean."

As we drove away the "refugees" waved and called, "S'long. Good luck. Come back again."

"'Refugees' they call themselves," Elam mused, "They'd change that name if they had seen the ones that streamed by our house in '32."

"Or the ones trudging now beyond both oceans. Oh, when will peace come?" I cried, "The world has been at war so long, so long!" That was in May, 1941, with Pearl Harbor still seven months away.

We drove through Conneaut, New York, early one morning before dawn. The street cleaners were sweeping the streets, clearing away yesterday's litter, making ready for another day. In imagination I saw similar crews in all the cities and towns from Maine to California, from Washington to Florida. And I thought of our own walks and wondered whether Junior was remembering to sweep them and whether Victor was remembering to mop the kitchen floor.

To mop – Phrases flashed across my mind superimposing themselves upon my homely picture: "The Germans mopped up." "And after that the Japanese began the mopping-up process."

On Memorial Day we stood beside my father's grave in Orchard Park, New York, We had traveled 2500 miles to come to this place on this day. No one had asked us for our passports. No one questioned our right to be here, and no one had stopped relatives from putting small flags on some of the graves... Over the radio we had just heard, "No flags are flying over the graves of American heroes in France today... Once again our world heroes are in a war-torn country, but this time they cannot fight back."

Later that day we came up to a truck filled with young boys. All of them were singing something that sounded vaguely familiar, but they were swinging it so vigorously and laughing so hilariously I could not at first recognize it. Only when the truck turned off the highway and the song floated back from a distance did I know it for "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean."

"Hitler's Jugend wouldn't do that," Mother said. "I'll never forget how they sang their

patriotic songs that summer Frances and I were in Germany. Frances used to say, 'We don't sing national songs like that in America.'"

"Afraid we might be accused of being chauvinistic." Elam seemed to be speaking to himself.

Afraid to sing out our love for this country! This land of amber waves of grain, of purple mountain majesties!

Suddenly my throat ached to sing.

To Mother and Elam I said, "Let's sing 'America' Let's sing, 'Oh Beautiful for Spacious Skies.' Let's sing, 'God Bless America.'"

And straightway we sang.

Chapter Eight

Dynasty of Christmas

The An card printed in Siccawei initiated a tradition for our House that remained unbroken through the years. Always a letter and a special verse carried our greetings to an ever widening circle of friends.

When Frances was a sophomore at Linfield and part-time reporter for the Telephone Register, she sent out her own card with a verse, "Dynasty of Christmas." "Dynasty ..." – that was the rule that Christmas held over the lives of all of us. Successive Christmas Days fused to give a kind of fourth dimension to existence.

And as happens in political dynasties, so in this spiritual sequence, it came to pass that certain years took to themselves special identifying labels. There was, for example, that Christmas at Linfield when, one Saturday, all of us went to town to do our shopping. Again, as on our first tour of Main Street, we broke rank. This time Mother stayed with Victor and Junior, Frances sallied off by herself, while Elam and I went to Montgomery Ward.

Soon Mother came seeking us. "There's a man at the corner of Cowls and Third selling puppies. The boys won't budge from the spot. They want a puppy."

"Ridiculous!" Elam exclaimed. "What'll they do with a puppy having to train it with all the excitement of Christmas?"

"Ha! They? You know who'll bear the brunt of that training. Mother and I. And right now I don't see how –"

"Of course, you can't. I'll go down and talk sense to the boys. Wait here."

We waited. In a few minutes our three men folk came sailing down the aisle, Victor and Junior with broad smiles and Elam with a puppy. That Christmas was labeled The Year of the Dog. We called him Uno after Uno of Colden days.

Then came the Year of the Bicycle. We were in the midst of gifts on Christmas morning, tissue paper billowing around like whitecaps, when Wilbur Gustafson, a student-friend far from home, purporting to be overcome by homesickness, asked to be excused. Soon afterwards, while our spirits were still depressed with empathy – real for Elam and the children, but simulated for Mother, who had made the arrangement with Wilbur, and for me, who had been let in on the secret – Junior, glancing out the window shouted, "Oh, oh, there's Santa Claus riding a bike, a brand new bike! Oh, boy!" All of us rushed to the window and, although each of us, Junior included, was past the age of credulity, in that moment the illusion was perfect: we were seeing Santa in the flesh riding a brand new bicycle! The beard and the suit that Mother had made for Wilbur formed a perfect disguise. We watched him ride past our house, go to the neighbors, peer at the house number, cross the street to peer at that number, and then return and ride up to our front door, When Junior answered the bell and swung wide the door, Santa rode straight into our hall. The Year of the Bicycle, alias the Year of the Santa Claus Hoax, alias the Year of the Hornswaggled Excitement.

As the first Christmas season at Redlands approached, our minds turned more and more towards spending that Christmas at the cabin. At any time in the past three Christmas seasons we

might have gone the fourteen miles up into the hills in much less time than an hour; only now when we were 1000 miles away did we decide to go – and we drove home to Andifan. With fir trees all around us it took no time at all to deck the cabin with garlands and wreaths and to put up a fresh-from-our-own-forest tree that we set about trimming with various home-made decorations: cranberry and popcorn garlands, colored paper baskets and white angel wings, clusters of cones, cookies of various shapes. The flames danced and chortled in the fireplace and taking the shadows of our creative activities as we worked about the long table, threw them gleefully against the log walls and sent some of them to playing hide and seek in the loft.

That Christmas morning Elam woke me in the hour before dawn. "Come out and see the Star of Bethlehem," he whispered. There it was no more than a foot away from our tallest fir, a live thing, pulsing in the sky. We called the others to come too, but only Frances came immediately. Out of that experience grew our greeting for the next Christmas:

THE INSTANT OF A MIRACLE

So soon lost –

The brightness of that eastern star
We saw last Christmas morn
Above our tallest fir. In awe
We said, "A Child is born
In Bethlehem," and turned to call
The ones still wrapped in sleep.
But, when they came, the star was gone.

The instant of a miracle
Is ever hard to keep.

Now –

Some will say we never saw
A star stay in the sky.
But three of us out-know the rest;
We saw it – brilliant, high –
A star that flamed before our eyes
Into a blue-white fire,
And suddenly released to us
The song of angel choir.

The next year we made our Pilgrimage, travelling the full length of El Camino Real north of Los Angeles – The King's Highway – and visiting the Missions on the way: Santa Buenaventura, Santa Barbara, San Luis Obispo, San Miguel, San Antonio de Padua, the Carmel Mission, San Juan Bautista, Santa Cruz, Santa Clara, San Jose, San Francisco de Asis.

Two years later – in 1941 – the annual letter and verse were already in the press when December 7th struck. That night from our darkened room, Elam and I looked up towards the

stars. There they were, as they had been last night and the night before and all the years before and as they would be for years to come, bright and steady, calmly moving on in their appointed ways. Before I went to sleep I wrote a verse and the next morning I gave it to my two Elams, senior and junior, commissioning them to set the words to music. That same day I sent the verse to Frances, who was then working in the State Department in Washington, D.C., and asked her to write a second verse. By the time our letter and the House of An greetings were finished, the carol was ready to go with them.

YOU CAN''T BLACKOUT HIS STAR

Words: Colena M. Anderson and Frances
Music: Elam J. Anderson and Junior
Encouragement: Frances Michael and Victor

O come, all ye fearful, sorrowing and tearful,
O come from your anxious dark and look to the sky.
Behold how in brightness God's lanterns are swinging.
Above man's highest prison bars,
Beyond earth's widest, deepest scars,
His lanterns still are swinging.
You can't blackout the Stars.

O come, all ye tearful, trembling and fearful,
O come from your baffled quest, for God's gift is nigh.
Though Man in his blindness may damage God's dreaming,
Above the thundered rain of death,
We glimpse, and drink, in thirsty breath,
His glorious Promise gleaming.
You can't blackout His star.

The following Christmas season Frances came home to be married by Elam. For four months her letters had been telling us more and more about a certain Clarence Swift Gulick. After reading the letters, Elam and I would look at each other and sometimes say, "It looks as though –". We had not long to wait before our surmise became an established fact. News of the engagement came at Thanksgiving. When Clarence was assured that he would have a few more months in the States before Overseas duty, they decided to be married and have at least those few months of normalcy. Frances wanted to come home to be married by Elam, but there was a War and travel was not to be had for the mere wanting. It looked as though they would have to remain in Washington. Could I send my wedding dress?

I took it out of the box, Mother lengthened the hem, I bought a new veil, packed all and took it to the Post Office that Saturday to send it Air Mail. "Sorry, Mrs. Anderson. The last Air Mail has gone and we aren't to keep packages over the weekend, but bring it in early Monday morning and I'll open for you and get it off on the very first departure. Air Special should get it to Washington in plenty time."

On the other side of the continent, Frances and Clarence were driving to a party in their honor, when suddenly Frances burst into tears. Alarmed, Clarence pulled to the curb, took her in his arms. "What is wrong?" "I wanted so to go home," she sobbed. "I wanted so to go home. I've always counted on having my Daddy marry me, and now he can't."

"Why, Fran," he said. "I thought this was something your family was trying to put over! If you want to go, we'll go! Trains, or no trains, we'll go!"

There was a sharp rap at the car window. They rolled down the pane to face a policeman. "If you kids want to neck," he said, "Do it somewhere besides by a fire plug."

Sunday night, I was writing a long letter to Frances, giving her last instructions on what to do in my absence when the telephone rang. It was Frances.

"Hello, Mother, We're coming home for the wedding! Clarence managed to get coach tickets. We'll get there Saturday noon, have to leave Sunday night. But we're corning! We're coming!"

She wanted the wedding at home, in front of the Symbol of Heaven, Grandma was to be matron of honor, but "no one should give me away. I don't want to be given away." Junior was to play the Wedding March and for prelude, "Some of the pieces he used to practice when I was at home." For wedding lunch, "just steak and salad" – Steak! on Ration cards! but I said, "Of course." And we managed.

"But, please, Mother, just us. If you start inviting anyone, you'll have to ask everyone, and I want to be married by Daddy, with just us, at home."

Over a thousand miles of long distance wire, with all my heart, I assured her, "This is your wedding, my darling. You may have it exactly as you wish."

And so it was – exactly as she wished. They came by slow, slow train, but they came. None of Clarence's family could leave their war-time responsibilities, but Clarence brought with him the wedding service his Congregational minister-grandfather had prepared years ago. We drove home through the orange blossom-scented valley beneath the snow-capped mountain peaks and sat down to a steak and salad wedding feast served on Frances' great-grandmother's dishes. At three o'clock Victor said, "well, if you want any pictures, you'd better get married soon! No color comes out after four!"

Mother and I hurried upstairs to help the bride dress in the wedding gown that Mother had made for me in 1916. With frcsh orange blossoms in her hair and the new veil falling around her, Frances was ready, and Mother and I went downstairs.

There the fragrance of flowers was all around us. For all that the wedding was "small" the floral decorations were large. Friends showered us with blossoms: Paper white narcissi to fill a bowl two feet in diameter, white rice flowers, poinsettias that stood six feet tall, smilax for the mantels, a great deodar branch hung with silver bells, heavenly bamboo with heavy clusters of red berries, the "good fortune" plant used at winter weddings in China. There were Christmas wreaths in all the windows of this big house on the hill. Golden dates and persimmons, the latter turgid with marital oriental symbolism – red and round and sweet – formed the centerpiece on the dining table, and there were white candles in the seven branch brass candlesticks. Junior played "The Swan" and "To a Wild Rose" and started the Wedding March. I heard Frances moving to the top of the wide stairs and waited expectantly to see her descend. Junior expected her too, and when she did not come, he stopped playing to return to the opening bars. Elam had taken his place in front of the Chinese Symbol of Heaven. I had taken my stand where I could see both him and Frances. When Junior returned to the opening bars, Elam looked puzzled, and then

suddenly he moved from his place and came to the foot of the stairs and whistled as he used to whistle to call the children from play. It startled me and I all but called out, "Oh, no, Elam not that now." But there was Frances, radiant coming down the stairs to take her place beside Clarence according to the Will of Heaven.

And Elam began the sacred, treasured, solemn service: "Dearly beloved, we are gathered here, in the sight of God...".

Not until that night when we were alone did I ask, "Why, Elam, did you whistle?"

"Because Frances asked me to."

The next Christmas Elam and I shared our Christmases of the past, in chapel. Neither of us could know that that would be his last Christmas on earth, but could we have known, we could not have planned a gathering-in of recollections more rich in remembered joy.

On the morning of the last chapel period before vacation, he called me from the office. "Could you help me, Colena, with the chapel program? The speaker just called; he's had an accident. Read some of your Christmas verses and I'll play carols and lead in the singing."

"Oh, Elam, not the chapel program! Not without more preparation than there's time for now!"

"Please. I need you."

On the way out of the house I took down the Christmas spray from the front door and in chapel hung it on the front of the speaker's stand, and then, quite unrehearsed, Elam and I shared our joy in the blessed season with faculty and students. We closed the program with "Joy to the World" and Frances' poem:

DYNASTY OF CHRISTMAS

For you they sing, all Christmas choirs:

For you and for forgotten fires
on hearths you watched in childhood,
for cross-tipped spires
of churches where you sang small hymns
to Jesus lying in the hay.

For you and for this Christmas day,
for all your present joys and fears
the choirs sing. And music limns
the joy beyond all transient tears.

For you they sing, and, echoing,
come far-flung chords of songs unsung,
the silver sound of bells unrung
on crystal Christmases to come.

The future's warp, the woof of past
are by today's clear carols spun;

in symphony the three are one,
the tapestry of tone tied fast.

Thus is your dynasty of Christmas days begun.

Chapter Nine

Redlands

In the spring of 1938, Elam was invited to meet with the committee appointed to find a new president for the University of Redlands in California, academic sister of Linfield, both affiliated with the Northern Baptist Convention. We had been at Linfield for only six years and there was still much to be done there, but Elam felt a greater challenge from the University in the southwest.

Looking back now, I wonder whether it was the challenge so much as an inborn cycle of Elam's being that beckoned him to consider the change. His life pattern appeared to be emerging as a succession of six-year periods of service: six at Shanghai College, not counting the year of furlough; six at Shanghai American School, counting the two-year span of fund-raising in the States; and now six years at Linfield. Time to move on.

In March, when we went down to meet the committee, we arrived flush with the torrential rains of that spring. Because the roads between Los Angeles and Redlands were flooded, we had to stay over in the metropolis until travel was resumed.

That night in the hotel room, Elam asked, "How would you feel, Colena, if we'd be called?"

For a fleeting moment I felt myself transported through the years and presciently glimpsing a still undated future hour. Before I knew what I was saying, I spoke, but not in answer to his question, "We'll never leave the place together."

The University of Redlands, Chapel and Hills

"Whatever do you mean?"

"I – I don't know. Only–" and again, "we'll never leave the place together."

Before Elam would give his answer to the trustees, he wanted the judgment of the faculty on his qualifications. Later, one of the professors said, "You know, Prexy, we really didn't expect you to come out that evening; it was still so stormy and travel was dangerous. But there you were, fresh and smiling." Elam's question at the end of the interview was blunt: "Do you think I'm the man for the job?" The answer was equally blunt: "Yes." And so in the fall of '38 the head of the House of An, became the fourth president of the University of Redlands.

The wall between liberals and conservatives, theologically speaking, was as high in California as in Oregon, if not higher. Even before assuming office, Elam attempted to penetrate that wall by going to the Southern California Convention and announcing that he would be coming to Redlands not just as an educator, but as a brother in Christ. He spoke of the letters of Paul to the different churches and emphasized their plea that all be unified. "The Baptist is the first denomination which has insisted that each person has a right to think for himself. We are different and must continue to be so." And again, "There is a technique of cooperation: to be willing to disagree, yet to have love. I pledge my heart, my soul, my prayers to the making of that standard."

It was not long before he became keenly aware of the growing gap between some of the churches and the University. Imbued himself with a love of peace, he threw himself into a program of speech-making that tallied thirty speeches in his first month and two hundred in his first year. Through communication he hoped to narrow the breach.

"Autumn days, brisk and busy"! Too busy for the trustees. They spoke to him of slackening his pace. By 1941, with great restraint, he was trying to limit himself to only one hundred a year.

One particular trial that ate into his heart was the "Heresy Hunt" conducted by seventy-five Conservative Baptist pastors of Southern California, who felt called to consider complaints and rumors about a few of the professors at the University. Late in 1940, this group appointed a Committee of Seven to concentrate their investigation upon one certain professor. A special ache in our hearts was that at that very time the lovely eldest daughter of the professor under questioning had been stricken with polio. But some of the group of the seventy-five were too greatly interested in their Hunt to be aware of this tragic fact. After an interview, to which Elam and a trustee accompanied the professor, the committee recommended to the pastors and churches that they support the University. The group of seventy-five decided to postpone action indefinitely. But postponement did not mean cessation of criticism or condemnation. In later years, looking back upon this period, Dr. L. E. Nelson wrote, "Sniping concerning Redlands continued with President Anderson steadfastly refusing to lose his temper, or to yield." Elam's comfort at the time was that the liberals thought the University conservative, and the conservatives considered it liberal. "Since that is the case, we can't be too far left or too far right," he said.

Great as this problem was, Pearl Harbor brought problems of far greater magnitude. When the boys rushed upstairs on that Sunday in December to tell us of the report they had just heard over the radio, Elam would not believe it. "There's some mistake. Some crank is doing this for a trick." Even when he himself heard it repeated on the radio he said, "Impossible! The Japanese are our friends. They wouldn't do this."

"You just never will believe the worst about any one, will you Elam?" I myself couldn't see

how, after so many reports, there could be any error.

"No. I'd rather believe the best as long as I can." Always give the other fellow the benefit of the doubt – that was his slogan and practice.

Before the day was over, though, he had to believe the worst and the next day the responsibility of gearing the University to wartime needs lay heavy on his shoulders. An accelerated program with a twelve weeks' summer course shortened the time of residence for students from four to three years. Extension courses were offered to soldiers at near-by Camp Haan and March Field. Special defense courses were added to the curriculum: mathematics for prospective army and navy officers, chemistry for nurses, meteorology and astronomy for pilots and navigators, bacteriology for sanitary engineers and foreign languages for those going into foreign service. Physical education classes met five times a week instead of the customary two.

Blackout drills, incendiary defense training, First Aid classes, censuses of several kinds, plans for caring for refugees from Los Angeles in the event of an evacuation of that city – these and more were added to the busy days.

And with all the rest came the problem of finances. College income and prices were going in diametrically opposite directions: income down, prices up. In his report to the Trustees in February, 1942, Elam voiced his deep concern:

> Now they (the faculty) face the ogre of possible salary reduction, which is causing a great deal of unrest and genuine mental anguish. The least we should expect to give them is a genuine sympathy for their predicament and the use of our best thought and most earnest planning to provide every possible comfort, and reassuring word and plan. Deeply conscious as I am of the administrative problem of balancing budgets, I hope that some word of intent will be voted by this board.

Word did come, and within a year the business manager of the University announced that for the first time in twenty years the University was able to pay "all current and capital indebtedness" and was completely out of debt.

Although this caused rejoicing in one area of our lives, war was still with us. Knowing and loving the Far East as we did, and knowing and loving the young people here in the States as we did, our hearts were doubly torn. In his chapel talks Elam must at times have revealed his own deep personal aversion to war and his concern over the internment of those Japanese whom he knew to be loyal to America, and let slip some indication of his distress. What he said I do not know, but the records of two after-maths have been preserved. The first is an excerpt of a letter the students sent to him; the second, an excerpt from his reply,

The students wrote:

> We are going to the service not to be corpses, but to get to Tokyo, Berlin, Rome, where brute force and treachery are forced upon us as the order of the day.
>
> If this means that we must take lives to protect our own, let us do it and hope and believe that we are doing it to prevent a "sack of Nanking" in Los Angeles, and to prevent a "purge of the Getto" on Olivera Street...

> Will you try to appreciate our attitude on this question? Let us have some affirmative talk, send us from this easy life with an urge to protect those who remain, rather than misgivings and fear of what destiny had forced us to do?

To this Elam replied:

> I had supposed that my address on last Armistice Day had made clear my conviction that a military victory over Japan and Germany was a necessity, if any hope of a world brotherhood in the Far East was to be realized. I can say with all sincerity that my purpose all along has been to strengthen the faith of our students not only in America but in the ultimate outcome of a better world because the war had been fought for such a goal.

As soon as the announcement of establishing Navy V-12 units on college campuses was made, Elam put in an application for such a unit at Redlands. On July 1, 1943, the unit arrived. In physical fitness, in war bonds, and in insurance, this unit became one of the leading college training units in the Eleventh Naval District. In Navy strength tests it stood second to UCLA with a differential of only 0.2.

On Tuesday, August 15, 1944, Elam received word that Redlands was one of the universities approved under the GI Bill. On Wednesday, the 16th, he expressed his great pleasure in this approval and hoped that the University might "begin the training of veterans on an increasingly larger scale."

While these experiences were happening on the campus proper, over on the nearby knoll the House of An lived out its autumn days in the president's home. Of all the houses that went with Elam's jobs, this one came closest in physical appearance to being a "mansion." It had picture windows, spacious rooms, wide and long verandas down-stairs and up-stairs, and magnificent, unobstructed vistas in all directions. To the north were the San Bernardino Mountains. Sometimes they were draped in gauze-like mist, sometimes they were shrouded in deep clouds, but always we knew that they were there. And then would come the day when one or the other of us, whoever wakened first, would call to all the others, "There's snow on the mountains!" and we would rush to the wide windows and stand in awe before the majesty of the eternal.

To the east and the west of the house, lawns stretched far, the west lawn ending at a pergola covered with roses and wisteria. To the south, palm trees stood like sentinels and from among their long fronds mocking birds sent out their mimic songs. To the north were acacias and a great avocado tree, and all around on the lower levels were orange groves. On the terrace bordering the roadway to the garage, set at the foot of the knoll, hibiscus and bottle-bush and clumps of lavendar and dozens of other shrubs and plants helped make a miniature park. Close to the house, bay and privet and white Scotch broom made cool shade for the lower porches. Against the library windows flamboyant poinsettias stood giant tall.

One year, a friend gave us a tubful of chrysanthemum cuttings. We set them in all the borders and along the walk to the campus, and in the autumn of that year profuse floral whitecaps foamed over all the walks and the edges of the lawns.

One of the first to be drafted into service was the gardener who cared for the grounds

around the president's house. From that time on whenever Elam was at home, he took charge of the sprinkling system and set the fountains playing on the lawns. Watching them while we ate breakfast or supper on the porch, we thought them almost as beautiful as the famed fountains in the Gardens at Versailles.

Early in the war years, he and the boys planted a Victory Garden down on the lower level next to the orange grove. And a good garden it was. At the beginning I encouraged him but, as I saw the pressures of the campus grow, I wished he had not started the garden. When I said,let it go. You have enough to do, he refused. "Let it go! I should say not. It's wonderful, hoeing down there in the cool of the morning, feeling the breeze, and hearing the birds. And it's good for the boys."

Three Generations at Redlands

However much relaxation that garden gave him, golf provided him with more. Both at Linfield and at Redlands he formed warm friendships with town folk out on the golf course, and faculty members remember him as the Prexy who played two balls to their one and who, in winter days when dusk came all too soon, kept on playing by feel instead of by sight.

At Redlands he reveled in the sunshine. Early in our years there a news item described him as "the college president who never wears a hat," and then continued with various theories about his hatlessness. "He wants a good California tan." "He doesn't want to bother tipping his hat." "He can't afford a hat because he has lost too many golf balls." To all of these Elam smiled good-naturedly and went his way – hatless.

He and I, of course, knew the real reason: He quickly lost every hat he'd ever buy. All our lives we were to remember that sad and expensive experience in the Springtime of the House when, having bought a Stetson to celebrate Frances' birth, he traveled third-class from Nanking to Shanghai to compensate for his extravagance. To keep the new hat from injury, he put it in a bag and carefully set it in the baggage rack. Then, to protect himself from the cold, he pulled a woolen cap over his ears and settled down for a nap. In the confusion of disembarking, he found himself out in the station before he remembered his hat. When he went to look for it, it was gone. Thereafter, our family byword to deter us from both pride and folly was "Remember the Stetson."

Once, after a day of house-cleaning, I said, "You know, Elam, this is a big house. What I need is a pair of roller skates to get around in it, only I can't skate."

"What you need is a full-time maid and – ."

"In war years? Impossible!"

" – and a full-time gardener. Why can't you be content, Colena, to let the flower garden go?"

"Maybe for the same reason that you can't give up your Victory Garden, though, goodness knows, you have a greener thumb than I have. Call this my War Work, if you will while the regular gardener is over-seas."

"And what shall I call your stint of entertaining hundreds of guests for dinner and receptions? And in these years of ration cards."

"My hobby."

Closer to a thoroughly relaxing hobby, though, was flower arrangement. Taking over the slogan-advice of the florists, "Say it with flowers," I attempted to do just that. The Christmas wreaths of yellow dates said, "Christmas is a golden date that ripens with the years." Silvered eucalyptus branches slanting toward the front door said, "Christmas is blowing in from the kitchen."

One January afternoon when Mother and I were down-town, suddenly a calendar thought struck me. At the same moment I looked at my watch. Monday, 5:45 p.m.! At 6:30 twenty men were to have dinner at the house with Elam. "Mother! we have to hurry."

Shortly after 6:30 Elam was saying grace and out in the kitchen Mother and I were dishing up rice and ham, peas, and hot biscuits. We knew it wouldn't take the men long to finish their fruit cocktails. The salads were already on the table.

After dessert, Elam detained me. "Tell us, my dear, what these decorations mean." All eyes were on the wide red ribbon running down the middle of the table on which sprays of pine and cones alternated with red candles in the brass candlesticks we'd brought from China.

"Simple," I said. "It means I was in a terrible hurry."

Lovely as a Rose

"Hurry, hurry" were familiar words about the house. But now and then the tempo slowed – rather we deliberately slowed it and out of the slackened pace rich experiences were born. One came to us on a winter morning when, for reasons that I cannot now remember, only Elam and I were at home for breakfast on that certain Sunday. Fresh snow had fallen on the mountains. With that grandeur within sight I could not think of eating in the breakfast room which had no windows facing north. So I set the table in front of the wide window in the guest room and for our devotions we read some of the scripture references to snow:

> For he saith to the snow, Fall thou on the earth.
> – Job:6
>
> Hast thou entered the treasuries of the snow,
> Or hast thou seen the treasuries of the hail?
> – Job 38:22
>
> Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.
> – Psalm 51:7

For as the rain cometh down and the snow from heaven...!
So shall my word be...
– Isaiah 55:10

His appearance was as lightning, and his raiment white as snow.
– Matthew 28:3

Not long after that, we were wakened one midnight by a voice booming in through the open window, "One, two, three. Testing."

"That's Victor's voice, Elam. Where can he be? What is he doing?"

Scarcely awake, Elam mumbled, "putting in the amplifier for the public address system in the chapel." Then fully awake, "But at this time of the night! My gracious, he'll wake the town! I'll have to go over to stop him."

When he was gone, I went back to sleep, but soon I was wakened again, this time by the booming out of organ music. There was no mistaking the piece. It was Elam's original composition; no one else could play it, for he had never written it down.

Now it was my turn to save the town.

When I appeared, Elam gasped, "Colena! What are you doing here?"

"It's not so much what I'm doing; it's what you're doing. Have you no thought for the neighbors?"

"Victor! You rascal! You didn't turn off the amplifier!"

"Sure, I did, Dad." Victor's smile was smug. "But when you began to play I just threw the switches that connected the microphone through the tower speakers. You know, Mother, Dad just never can resist the temptation to play this organ. I've caught him here several times."

In The Report of the President for the years 1938-1943, Elam wrote, "The public address system for the chapel has so greatly increased its effectiveness that we wonder how we were able to function without it." How, indeed! One night we could have functioned very well without it.

By the time this report was printed, the House of An had already entered upon those strangely full, yet empty, harvest years that come to all families when the young ones leave the nest.

After finishing her junior year at Redlands, Frances returned to Linfield to complete work for her B.A. there. Upon graduation, she received a fellowship to The Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy, where in the spring of the following year she received her M.A. After that she went to Washington, D.C. to work for the Office of Strategic Services and later for the State Department. In December, 1942, she married Clarence Gulick. In the spring of the next year he was sent overseas, as Lieutenant Jr. Gr. in the U. S. Navy. Frances stayed in Washington. Early in '44 she came home for a visit

In December, 1942, Victor completed his work at Redlands for his B.A. degree. Anne Dowden had already gone to Berkeley to work for her nurse's degree. Victor lost no time in going to Berkeley, too, to work in the Radiation Laboratory under Dr. E. O. Lawrence.

One day in the spring of '43, Victor called us from Berkeley. "Anne and I are engaged and we want Dad to marry us. And, Mother, we'd like the wedding at our house, just like Fran's."

"But, Son, the wedding's never in the groom's home."

"But I'd like it and Anne would too. You know Anne's brother Tom is in the Veteran's

Hospital in San Francisco and Anne's mother is coming up to see him. She could stop at Redlands on the way and be at the wedding. Besides, if we had it in San Diego, we'd have to have it in the church there and we want it right where Fran was married."

"How about the University Chapel?"

"No, we want it in our house, in front of the Symbol of Heaven right where –"

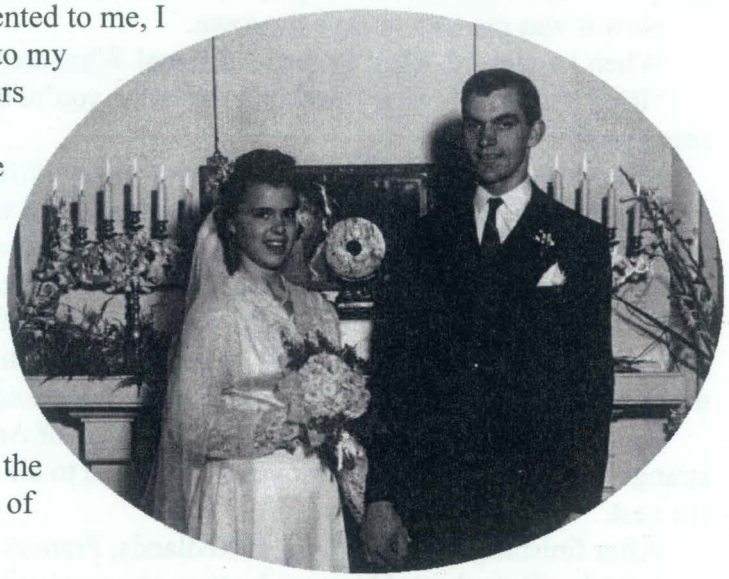
"All right, Son. It's your wedding. You can have it any way and anywhere you wish. But first I'm going to telephone Anne's mother. After all, mothers do have –"

"Yes, of course. But only end up in front of the Symbol."

Anne's mother felt as I did: this was their Day. And these were war years. And so that year the House of An added a daughter. And the next year it rejoiced in its first grandchild, Mary Frances Anderson. When I saw Elam holding her, the years rolled back, and for a second I thought we were in Nanking, so tender was his smile.

By the summer of '44 then, although the House had grown larger by a son Clarence, a daughter Anne, and a grand-daughter Mary, within the house on the knoll, the members were few, only four – Mother, Elam, Junior, and I.

Junior had moved up through the ranks of the Scouts to Eagle Scout. When the tiny pin was presented to me, I gave all credit for his regular attendance to my mother, for it was she who, when the hours pressed or his bicycle was out of order, chauffeured him to the meetings. By June '44, our full-fledged Eagle was also a full-fledged Sophomore in the University. He was also an amateur musician. Each week-day morning he was at the piano, sometimes even before the rest of us were awake.



Anne and Victor at the Circle of Heaven

On Sunday mornings, though, whenever Elam, Sr. was at home, he was the one to usher in the day with music. "Sun of My Soul," "Fairest Lord Jesus," "He leadeth Me," – of these and other favorites he made his own harmonious medley.

By '44 the House of An had moved far into its harvest-time, and another six-year cycle was about to end. The Spring of the House at Shanghai College, the Summer at the Shanghai American School, Autumn beginning at Linfield and continuing at Redlands – each resting place, each "room" had had its sexennial period of service.

What would the next six years bring?

PART FOUR

Winter

An icy hand is on the land
The coudy sky is sad and gray,
But through the misty sorrow streams
A heavenly and golden ray.

— Henry Abbey: Winter Days

Elam 1941

Chapter One

The Fifth Blessing

The busy, brisk days of Autumn continued, and once the early morning mists lifted, keen sunshine filled all the hours of that late spring and early summer of '44.

Commencement Day that year was full to overflowing. At the end of the day, Junior, Elam and I boarded the train for the Baptist Conference at Green Lake, Wisconsin, to be among the first guests at that recently acquired national camp.

I wore a red hat for the occasion, the first red hat I'd ever had; it made me feel extraordinarily gay. Elam, hatless as usual, felt even gayer. He was like a schoolboy on the first day of vacation. That evening, in the diner, listening to his repartee with the steward, who served us a special meal after hours, I recognized in the height of his exuberance the depth of his fatigue.

Green Lake was just what he needed. Straightway, after the first meeting, he found the golf course. Sometimes with Junior, sometimes with minister friends, he played the course and enjoyed every minute.

While he played, I sat in the shade and read or wrote. One day, after I had read an account of the bombings in China and of the air-raid shelters in caves, an idea for a story came to mind, a story about an old Chinese servant, patterned after Lao Ding, who at the cost of his own life would save the lives of the family he served, and have for his great reward, just before his death, the joy of holding the new-born baby in his arms. I'd call the story "The Fifth Blessing," deriving the name from Wu Fu, the five Blessings of Chinese symbolism: wealth, long life, rank, a love of virtue, and a peaceful passing from the world.

One afternoon, on the way to the course, as we passed the boat-house, I impulsively said, "Someday, Elam, take me for a boat-ride. Remember the canoe-rides on Cazenovia Lake before we were married?"

"Remember? How could I ever forget? Come, We'll have the ride now. Who knows what will happen tomorrow?" And we went.

On the night when we volunteered to do the dishes so that the young people of the kitchen staff could go on the picnic, he would have no one help us. To those who offered he said, "Thank you. We'd like to do them alone." To me he said, "It'll be fun. Remember that time I was helping you in your home and Marguerite said to the neighbor who came to the door, "Sister? Yes. She's home. She's in the kissin with Elam? And how you blushed? You wouldn't blush now, would you?"

With that he dried his hands, cast a cautious look at the doors and windows, and there and then kissed me.

One day, Junior, coming up behind us, caught us on our home-movie as we were walking down a shaded path. What went unrecorded was Elam's words, "Like walking down Goldwin Smith Walk at Cornell. Where have the thirty years since then gone?" Nor did the camera catch his raising my hand to his lips.

Soon after we returned from Green Lake, Mother went to Canandaigua, New York, to stay a while with my sister Marguerite and her two small children. Bob, Sister's husband, was still overseas on what proved to be almost four years of service without home leave.

Now, only Elam, Junior, and I were at home in Redlands. "Returning to the size of our beginning," Elam said. "A new phase, of life."

On Monday, the fourteenth of August Elam read for our morning devotions Revelations 21:21-23:

> And the twelve gates were twelve pearls; each of them consisting of a single pearl. And the main street of the city was made of pure gold resembling transparent glass. I saw no temple in the city, for the Lord God, Ruler of all, is its temple, and so is the Lamb. Nor has the city any need of the sun or of the moon to give it light; for the glory of God has illumined it and its lamp is the Lamb.

On the morning of the sixteenth he read Revelations 21:1-7:

> And I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth had passed away, and the sea no longer existed. And I saw the holy city, the new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God and made ready like a bride attired to meet her husband. And I heard a loud voice from the throne saying,
>
> "Lo, God's dwelling place is among men
> And He will dwell among them
> And they shall be His peoples.
> Yes, God Himself will be among them.
> He will wipe every tear from their eyes.
> Death shall be no more;
> Nor sorrow, nor wail of woe, nor pain;
> For the first things have passed away."
>
> Then He who was seated on the throne said,
> "See, I am making everything new."
>
> And He added,
> "Write down these words; for they are trustworthy and true."

<u>All things new</u>! <u>And He will wipe away all tears</u>! How often we had read these words! Blessed promises for some future day, some far future day, for Elam was only 54 and I, 53, and both of us in the prime of health,

That morning Junior went off to his summer session class and Elam to the office as usual. Later in the morning he was to go to Riverside to speak at a luncheon and after that he'd go with friends to play golf, a mid-week half-holiday.

As he was leaving the house after breakfast, I reminded him of our supper date. "But don't rush. If you're not home by quarter of six, I'll take the old Buick and go ahead, and if Grace is ready to serve before you come, I'll tell her to begin. She said it was to be informal, might be buffet in the garden."

True to my word, I went on ahead, thinking the hour set was 6 p.m. When I arrived,

though, I found I was half an hour early. At 6:27 Elam arrived, joyous, exuberant. Even with other guests present, he managed a surreptitious caress for me. Later, as he sat across the table from me, I thought I'd never seen him look so well; no worry lines on his fore-head and the grey hair at his temples shining like silver against his deepened tan.

After supper he and I stood apart from the others for a short while gazing at a neighboring home set among orange trees. The house was grey with white trellises covered with scarlet bouganvillia.

"The house of your dreams, my dear. We'll have one like it when I retire – only we'll have roses on our trellises."

"Lovely promise, Elam. But when will you retire?"

"Someday." In the secluded place he drew me close.

When we were ready to go home, he wanted me to ride with him. "I'll bring Junior back to drive your car home."

"In these days of gas rationing! Indeed not. I'll drive home ahead of you." And so I did with the beams from his headlights giving me double light.

After I'd brought my car safely into the garage at the foot of the knoll and he had parked his car beside mine, he said, "I couldn't have done it better myself." Then in the coolness of the mid-August evening, under the benediction of a thousand stars, we walked arm in arm up the incline to the house that now for six years had been our home.

Once inside, Elam began pondering a problem. How was he tactfully to fulfill a certain obligation next week? It involved a person whom he held in high regard, but who, through lack of verbal terminal facilities, created embarrassing situations. In the midst of his puzzlement he paused to remark, "One thing I've learned: no one is indispensable. Why, if I'd die tomorrow the university would go on without me and do very well."

Later in the evening, we sat at the large square green table on the west porch, he balancing his checkbook – "I've let it go too long this month," – and I working on "The Fifth Blessing."

After a while he handed me a new checkbook. "We're switching banks. From now on we'll have our checking account where our saving account was and our savings where our checking was. Six years this month since we came to Redlands. Time to change. I wonder what the next six years will bring."

Holding the sheaf of fresh blank checks, I wondered too. Closer at hand, I wondered what the first check would be.

Shortly after that we went upstairs. Junior came home and all of us talked together for a while and then Elam asked me to read the revised ending of my story.

"You're too tired tonight. I'll read it to you tomorrow."

"No. I'd like to hear it now."

And so I read:

> It was very hot in the air-shelter cave. Over on the floor near the wall, Li-t'ai-t'ai, his missionary "missy," was moaning in labor. Someone was shielding her with a part of a garment. Outside, the sky dragons were still dropping their bombs. Sweat and blood came to Lao Ding's forehead, but no words came from his lips. For three days now, ever since he had been hurt in the surprise attack before any of them had time to get to the cave, he had been mute, as silent and not able to speak as Zacharius in the days of old.

> Now, suddenly, above all other sounds came the protesting wail of a new-born babe. Missy's hsiao-hai-tzu, the one they had waited for so long!. And now Li-hsien-sheng, his good, kind "master," was bringing the baby over for him to behold. Something bright and sparkling broke in Lao Ding's heart. It ran to his eyes and in the dancing light he looked at the baby. Out of his mouth words came, clear and whole again, a miracle after his three days of dumbness, the words of Simeon: "Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace."
>
> The light spread over his face, and in the glory, Lao Ding received his own fifth blessing.

When I finished he said, "That's better. I like it this way."

To Junior Elam said, "I'll call you in the morning to help me in the garden."

When I slipped into my accustomed place, I had a question to ask about the faculty-town dinner we were to have on Friday night, the day after tomorrow, but Elam was already asleep. To myself I said, "I'll ask him in the morning."

But in the morning, when I awoke, Elam was not at my side. I found him in another room, eyes closed, as though in peaceful sleep.

The doctor said, "He went so fast, he never knew what happened."

Chapter Two

Faith of Our Children

On that August morning when Winter came so suddenly to the House of An, Junior was still asleep on the east porch on the opposite side of the house, removed from the morning shade of the west porch and the deeper shade of death in the west room,

Stumbling blindly across the hall out of that double darkness, I called, "Junior, Junior!" but youth sleeps soundly and before he wakened I did solitary battle with the dawn. Twice before I'd known this battle once when my grandfather died and again when my father died. Those dawns, too, had delivered blows, but neither of them smote with the force of this one. Here, all around, the air was alive with golden, dancing, laughing light and from horizon to zenith orange and red and gold and colors I could not name played and pulsed in the sky. A sunrise more gorgeous than any I had ever seen – gorgeous and infinitely cruel! In my dark hour how could God mock me so?

Shielding my eyes against the brightness and the glory and the pain, I stumbled on to Junior's cot and shook him and woke him and told him the stark news.

Then I went back and in the last short moment that I had alone I knelt beside the body of my beloved and kissed his forehead, my last kiss to companion my first. In that instant something came full circle.

Then in the next a new circle opened, for as I tried to rise yet had no strength in myself to do so, I felt arms about me lifting me to my feet. Over and over again in those first days this same strength kept coming to me. Billows of grief would go over me and I would feel myself going down, down, down, but long before I might have been utterly engulfed, some power would lift me. At times I was certain that I felt arms about me and a hand wiping away my tears.

When the undertaker suggested that I leave the room, Junior led me to the guest room and there by the window within sight of the eternal hills, where a few months before Elam and I had shared the verses about snow, young Elam read aloud his father's and my favorites: the Twenty-third Psalm, the Ninety-first, the fourteenth chapter of John. And when footsteps of those carrying a burden came from the hall, he closed the Book and raising his voice to drown out all other sounds, proclaimed again

> The Lord is my shepherd.
> I shall not want.
> Though I walk through the Valley of the shadow of death,
> Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.
> In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

So loud was his voice that the closing of the car door and the tires on the roadway made only a faint whisper.

Friends flocked to my side. Before I realized they had been told, they were with me.

Lawrence and Esther came from San Diego. Mother would have returned from Sister's in Canandaigua, New York, but the cemetery in Orchard Park, New York, where my father's body lay at rest, was the place we had chosen for interment.

Over long distance Mother said, "Then let Elam be buried near Daddy. The plot has room for four."

Saturday morning Victor flew in from Oak Ridge, Tennessee. When he came he folded me within his arms and held me with tender strength. Never before had he so held me. And when he could speak he said, "At first I prayed for a place on the plane; then, on the plane, I prayed that when I reached home Daddy would come alive for me. And he has!" Later he shared with us the feeling he had had the afternoon before, shortly after the news of Elam's death had reached him. "I had a class to teach. At first I thought I'd ask someone else to take over, but then it was as though Daddy said, "You go on." and I did and all the time I felt him close to me. I never taught as I did that hour. But in the night I lost that feeling of his nearness and I said to myself, 'He's dead.' That's why I prayed he'd come alive again. And he has. Now I know he lives."

Within a few hours after Victor's arrival, Frances flew in from the East. For her too, Elam died – and came alive.

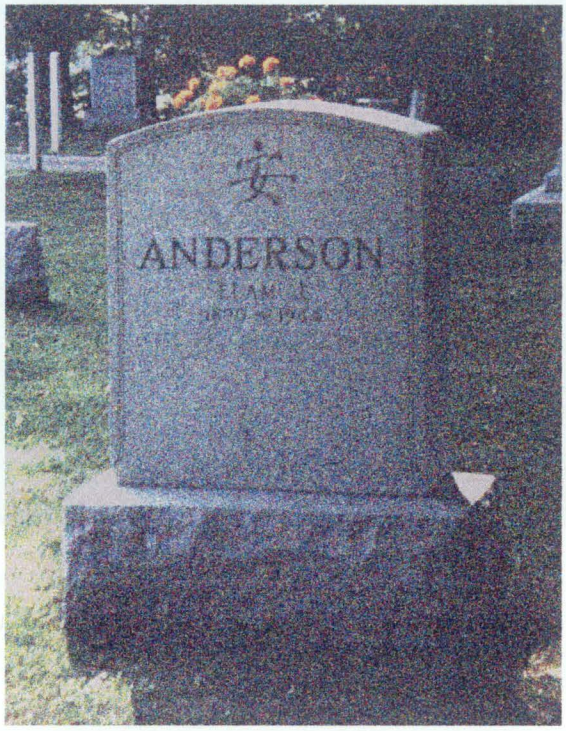
On the plane, she wrote,

> I've been thinking of many things – gratitude for all the happy years we had together in person, the happy years we were together constantly in spirit, though a continent apart, grief that he is gone.
>
> I could not bear it when I heard. Cried intermittently all morning Friday, on the streets, in cabs, in the house, at the airport. But even in the first hour there came a certainty. It may sound like sacrilege, but I'm sure it isn't: There came the knowing that now I really have a "heavenly father" and now I can talk with him in prayer as I used to in person and by letter.
>
> The feeling is intensified by the plane ride. In the plane we rose above the earth, heading out into the darkening afternoon, climbed steeply above a cloud ceiling through which we could glimpse the earth below shadowed by the clouds. But where we were there were beautiful colors and lights on clouds through which we passed, lovely shapes, perfect contours, all lit by the steady and everlasting rays of the sun, even though the earth was in shadow. And I had the sensation of travelling through the mind of Daddy. We were above the clouds and could see the universe as it really was.
>
> Concurrently there came another image, reflected from the Master's statement, "The Kingdom of heaven is within you." Then Daddy, in heaven, is also within me. It was true already – for twenty four years I've been his 'spittin' image! – it's still true now.

That evening friends from the faculty came to plan the Memorial Service for the following Monday. They asked Frances to write a poem for the folder. At first she thought she

couldn't do it, but after a season on the west porch alone under the stars she brought me the verses that spoke for all of us.

I used to wonder if life changed
When Death. stepped in and disarranged
The pattern of our work and love.
Now I know. Around, above,
Life pulses strong, for he is here.
His goal in life remains as clear
Within our hearts. He is as dear.
And still today, when joy grows dim,
He comforts us as we do him.



At Orchard Park, New York

828 Campus Avenue

Chapter Three

Bags of Cement

Although Death did not change the pattern of our work and love, it did change the pattern of our living. In a way, Elam himself had predicted the change when he handed me the fresh checkbook. Now that first check, about which I had wondered, was being made out to the order of The Elam J. Anderson Scholarship Fund. The greatest change, of course, in the pattern came with our moving from the many-roomed house on the hill to the house off the campus.

Even before the numbed shock of the first empty day had passed, we had to face decisions on what to do and where to move. The need to move was urgent, for the house in which we had been living belonged to the University and for the overflow of students arriving within a month it would make a convenient temporary dormitory.

Almost in the same breath with their expressions of sympathy, friends would ask, "What plans do you have? Where will you go? How could I answer? As yet, I was still struggling to realize where I was, let alone where I would be going.

On Friday, in my dazed state, I answered, I'll move East, back to New York state, somewhere near Orchard Park where Elam will be buried." But that plan meant selling the furniture and tearing up the House of An by its very roots. The next day I said, "I'll rent a place in town." But in that year of '44 where was a permanent rental to be found? And how could I endure two movings? The one ahead would be devastating enough.

The thought of buying a place was not to be considered. Our limited savings were in bonds, a "cushion for our old age," Elam had called them. By no stretch of necessity could 53 be counted my old age. No, I could not touch the bonds. A mortgage? I recoiled from the very word.

Sunday morning I awoke as though called by someone. Straightway I felt Elam laying out a plan. It was as though he were flinging well-formed decisions deep into my mind and will. "Don't move East. Stay in Redlands at least until Junior finishes college. Sell the bonds and buy a house."

"Sell the bonds!" I all but cried aloud.

"Yes, sell the bonds. There are not many, but they should bring enough to buy a house."

The message came so clear that at breakfast I startled the family with my calm announcement, "Daddy says, 'sell the bonds, buy a house, and stay here, at least until Junior graduates.'"

Before Victor returned to his young family and work at Oak Ridge and before I went East for the interment, the children made a tour of the real estate offices and vacancies in town. When they took me to 828 Campus Avenue, I knew we need look no farther. The house was an answer to prayer; it was the kind that Elam and I would have chosen for retirement years.

Before I would sign the papers, though, I searched for assurance that the house was well built. Elam had learned from his father and I from mine that certain essential features of good construction called for careful and trained observation. A friend made inquiries and examination and reported: "You need not worry. The house is one of the best built in town. It has steel lath

under the stucco and special sizing over the stucco. It has all steel sash and built-in copper screens. The joists are close together and" – almost as an afterthought – " it has seven extra bags of cement under the chimney to keep the hearth from sinking,"

With a steady heart but a trembling hand – And why not? Except for the timberland in Oregon, bought sight unseen for $200 back taxes, this was the first real estate venture for the House of An – I signed the papers and wrote the down-payment check. The next day Victor flew home. Within another few days I was on the lone train trip East. Frances stayed in Redlands with Junior.

When Mother and I came back, we all plunged into the chore of moving. The first article to be placed in the new home was our Chinese Symbol of Heaven. We carried it in our hands and placed it on the mantel and flanked it with roses and said a prayer that peace might continue for the House of An. Throughout the days of settling, the Symbol was the one bit of order in the midst of chaos, and from time to time we refreshed ourselves before it.

In one rest period there came to me a moment of Illumination. I saw, as clearly as I saw the jade Circle of Heaven, not seven golden candlesticks, but the seven bags of cement that were keeping our hearth – and my heart – from sinking: Love, Faith, Suffering – yes, suffering – Prayer, Gratitude and Work. And, sustaining above all other strength, Continuing Communion. Then, and in the months and years to come, I felt myself borne up by these.

There was Love – the love of the children, of Mother and Sister and all other kin, and friends around the world. Even of strangers, for letters were still coming from persons who wrote, "You may not know me, but I knew Elam." Thinking of all those who upheld me with their love and affection, I felt sure it wras no sacrilege to change the word "witnesses" in Hebrews 12:1 so that the verse read: "seeing yourself compassed about with so great a cloud of love and concern, lay aside every weight and run with patience the race that is set before you, looking unto Jesus the author and perfecter of your faith..."

"The perfecter of your faith!" And what a great strengthener Faith was! This comfort had been poured under my heart long years ago. It was already firmly set not only in me but also under the hearts of the children.

I remembered vividly the first time the bag was opened for its pouring. I couldn't have been more than five when my father gave me a hyacinth bulb to plant in my very own garden. He said a pretty flower would grow from it, and I loved flowers. Dutifully, I planted it according to his directions, but every once in a while I would slip out of the house and secretly dig it up. Then one day, as I was staring at the shoots that had burst out of the dry bulb, my father, who had quietly come to stand behind me, said, "See. I told you it would grow. You must have faith."

Once, years ago, on a rare and brilliant day, our seventh wedding anniversary, Elam and I walked the slopes of Mount Ranier together where snow still lay. Together we were halted by a Miracle at the edge of a snowdrift. There flowers were coming up through the snow, mountain flowers I could not name, pushing their brave, determined, destined way through the crust of snow. No matter how deep the snows of winter, there was always the growing edge of spring.

Swiftly with these memories came Elam's words, spoken so confidently one day when we were riding together. I had just finished reading aloud the last chapter of George Stewart's Reluctant Soil and was lamenting that Jane had been alone when Death came. "But what of that, Colena?" and then he said again what he had said on the stone bench: "Death is only an incident in continuing life." and added, "So why is it so terrible to go through it alone?"

Without Faith, my heart would have sunk into the grave with Elam. Faith assured me that his spirit, his life was going on and that in God's own time we would meet. But Faith had no solace for those times when, selfishly and unreasonably, I thought of myself as a lone sufferer. Why had Death by-passed others – some evil men and some deeply good but with mortal illnesses to whom Death would have been a kind friend – to come to take Elam in the prime of life? Strangely, my comfort for this illusion of isolation came from pagan literature, the lesson of the Fellowship of Suffering now written in my soul. There came the image of the woman who once went to Buddha begging for medicine to give the child in her arms, who she thought was dying but who Buddha saw was already dead. A tola of mustard seed from a house which Death had not yet visited – that was the prescription. Eagerly the woman went from house to house. Everywhere the people were willing to share their seeds, but to her question, "Has any died within this house?" each in his own way lamented:

O, Woman, what do you ask? The dead
Are legion, and the living few.

When she brought her sad report to Buddha, he said:

Today you found the whole wide world weeping
with your sorrow.
The grief which many share grows less by one.

There was Prayer. Strength had always come through prayer, personal and intercessory, and never more than in the first few days of our Winter. Just yesterday I'd said to faithful Kay, "My other friends must have stopped praying for me. I can tell, for some of the undergirding strength has slipped away. They must think I can go it alone now." Later that day the strength came surging back. I did not need to ask the source: Kay had doubled her own prayers – and those of friends.

There was another phase of prayer now that was bringing me solice. My church did not emphasize Prayers for the Departed; in fact, I could not recall ever having heard them mentioned. To the contrary I had heard members say in criticism of Catholic Masses for the Dead, "The departed have no need for our prayers. They are in glory. What more could human prayers give them."

For me, to pray for Elam as I always had, gave strength:

Why should my heart not pray for you
Now gone from sight but yet to love so dear?
Before you died I always prayed
Although at times you were not near.

Has Death the power now to change
The current of my heart at last?
Is Faith so weak that it must yield
Itself to atheistic fast?

Within the framework of God's own love
You live and move and have your being still.
No force can mute my prayers that bear
Your name nor ever will.

There was Gratitude. I had been counting my blessings over and over again – that Elam did not suffer, that he was vigorous to the very end, that he had not gone in an accident, that we had had such a happy last evening together, that – a hundred blessings. But much as I would count the blessings, waves of desolation that our days together were now gone forever, often swamped them in deep despair.

The first spring after Elam's going, our Maytime anniversary fell on a Sunday. Mother and Junior had gone on to pre-church choir practice. At first I thought I could not go to church alone, for a dark night of the soul had crept upon me. But habit was strong and I went. For some reason no friend came to sit near me as friends had been doing, and I sat in our pew alone, utterly alone. I followed the service, but little of it reached me, and a panic of despair grew large within. I felt sure I could not stay to the end. While ushers were walking up the aisle, I decided that I would slip out after the offering.

The next minute the minister was praying: "Among Thy many blessings, lord, grant us now this one thing more – the gift of gratitude."

Never had I heard a prayer so short. Seldom had I known a prayer so swiftly answered. With that prayer the tension within me broke and all the yesterdays that matched the day came tumbling about me. It was the first time since August that I had opened my heart wide to the Past and pressed it close, and it was the first time that I recognized Gratitude as a special gift from God. Quite spontaneously I offered then my own prayer of thankfulness for the day and all that it had meant through the years – and most especially now thankfulness for the gift of deepened gratitude.

Work proved a solace and an increasing undergirding to these Winter days. Among the notes of comfort sent by friends I found the poem by Mary Lee Hall:

If I should die and leave you here awhile
Be not like others, sore undone, who keep
Long vigil by the silent dust and weep.
For my sake turn again to life and smile,
Nerving thy heart and trembling hand to do
That which will comfort other souls than thine.
Complete these dear unfinished tasks of mine,
And I perchance may therein comfort you.

Elam's "unfinished tasks"? How could I pick up his tasks? Administration, I knew was not for me. But teaching – I loved it. And Elam had often said that when he retired from the presidency he would like to go back to teaching. In the years that stretched ahead would there be an opportunity to complete this unfinished plan? Not today, nor tomorrow, not even next week, but sometime, somewhere?

We were still settling ourselves into the house at 828 Campus when I was asked to take a

class in Freshman English at the University and at the same time there came a call to take a night class in English at the Camp for Italian Prisoners of War.

In late January a small notice tucked on a back sheet of our local paper announced the expansion of the Department of Oriental Studies at Claremont Graduate School to include the granting of the Doctor of philosophy degree. I applied – and was admitted.

The twenty-eighth of February, Elam's birthday, came shrouded in heavy fog. We were still at breakfast when a friend telephoned to ask Mother and me to come to lunch.

Dear Grace, I thought. She knows what day this is and is trying to make it easier for us. When we were leaving her in mid-afternoon, I said, "Thank you for asking us on this particular day."

"Particular day! What day is it?"

"Surely, you knew it was Elam's birthday."

"No. I didn't. All I knew was that in my quiet time this morning I was directed to ask you for lunch."

That same birthday day we came home to find a special delivery letter with a request from Dr. Dillin, president of Linfield college asking me to come home to Linfield in the fall to teach.

Here was an opportunity to teach that I had not dreamed would come. But how could I go this coming fall? We'd bought the house to keep the remnant of the family together until Junior would graduate and that would not be until the following summer. Besides, there was the program at Claremont. When I wrote, the answer came, "Then come for the fall of '46."

So now there were two goals – Claremont and Linfield. I was soon to find that there is no richer soil out of which new growth can push its way through snow than a good goal.

When the spring term was over, Dr. Ch'en, my advisor, encouraged me to apply for the Honnold Scholarship. In the same mail that brought notice that I had been awarded the $1000.00 scholarship came an acceptance note and check from Your Life for my article, "There's Magic in a Goal".

And so it was, and so it was to be. With Junior's graduation in 1946 from Redlands, we moved north and home again to Linfield for twelve more years of teaching. We returned to friends who knew Elam well, who shared our joy as each of the five grandchildren was born and grew in gaiety and grace. Among tasks and dreams of his still needing extra minds and hands and hearts, we lived again.

Chapter Four

Yet Speaketh

For all these solaces and the strength they gave, there remained the Silence. In all the depths of grief, the coldest current flows when the thought assails one's heart and faith: Never again to hear his voice!

The awful silence after death! It spreads
Around me like a wintry steppe. She
Is brave indeed who never fears or dreads
That lonely place where mortal eye can see
No sign of life; where nothing is that breathes
Save self; where even long-familiar stars
Recede and in the coldness funeral wreaths
Again are heaped against the bolted bars.
Yes, brave indeed who neither dreads nor fears
The silence after death. I am not brave.
The times of hollow emptiness bring tears,
And life ends there beside your distant grave.

But deep down in my heart I knew that to let life end there was a sin against God and against Elam. And so even in the loneliest of times I added a prayer:

But, God, let not my heart to doubt be bound
Let Silence be my faith's last proving ground.

And God has let my faith have its proof, for often there are other times when, though no sound breaks the silence, there is communication. Then can I say

At times you speak to me, not word by word,
As once you spoke, but thought by thought. I feel
Ideas flashing by like chimney bird
That on a sickle wing takes evening meal –
The same sure, sudden flight through air,
The silent streak of swiftly moving life
Scarce felt before it is no longer there.
As keen and instant as a surgeon's knife,
As healing too, so come your thoughts complete
When, flashing through some hour of day or night,
Whole volumes that you never once repeat
Impinge upon my mind with speed of light.

Your speech is now a new and different thing,
And yet as real as is the knife, the swallow's wing.

The first clear communication came that first Sunday when the decision to sell the bonds and buy a house was pressed upon my mind and will, On Tuesday, the day of both the Family Service and the Memorial Service, less than a week after he had gone, I woke to dread and fear and abysmal blackness. My first conscious thought was "How can I ever –" but before I finished with " – go through this day?" Elam's message flashed to me: " I'll be with you. This whole day I'll be at your side; never once will I leave you." And it was even so; all day I felt him close.

A fortnight later, after the long funeral journey across the continent to the quiet hillside graveyard in Orchard Park, New York, I stood beside the open grave and felt the wintry breath of the silent years that reached ahead.

The day for the service had dawned in storm. Rain fell continuously up to the very hour of the service. Then just as the friend from China days began that last service, through the lowering clouds, a broad beam of sunlight fell upon the casket. Unseen hands turned my head upward from the raw earth to a place beyond the source of that beam of light, where clouds had been ripped apart to reveal the clear deep azure of infinity. I heard anew the Latvian hymn Elam loved, "My God and I we walk the fields together..."

Two years later, on the way north to make our home again at Linfield, we stopped in the Redwoods, as so often we had stayed our trip when Elam drove us north to the cabin, or south to our Redlands home. Mother, Elam, Junior, and Frances, who had come West to share the moving, were with me, but after our picnic lunch I announced "I'm going away awhile. Please don't anyone come with me. I want a little time alone."

I needed time alone, and prayer alone. For all the fulfilling of a goal that had brought us firmly through these first two years I still feared the emotions that would break about me when we came back home to Oregon, where Elam and I and our growing family shared six happy years. I would be overcome by memories and weep, I knew. Why it seemed so important that I not weep I cannot say except to feel it would forever mark with a sign of grief, not faith, whatever future years the House of An was now again beginning there.

I had gone only a short distance when I felt someone following me. Turning, I was about to say, "Why did you come? I asked to go alone." But there was no one to say it to. Mother, Frances, and Junior were back at the log where I had left them. Mystified, I went my way deeper into the wood, Then a promise came, and I recognized Elam as the messenger: "There'll be no tears" And there were none.

A few years later came the time for a reunion at Cornell. Could I go back to the place where Elam and I had met with all its memories? Of course, I could. Hadn't I gone back to Linfield with "no tears"?

But when I was on my way to the stone bench behind the library, my confidence was shaken. On the slope below the library, one of the reunioning fraternities had set up its tent and now, close to the noon hour, the men were gathered together, clinking their glasses and singing off key and shouting above the raucous noise of a jazz record.

"Let's go back," I said to young Elam who had come with me. "I can't take that carousal."

And so we turned, but at that moment the chimes in the tower began to play the old familiar Carol of the Bells, and in their joyous song all other sounds were lost. We went on then and all through the playing of the chimes we rested on the "Sympathy and Greeting" bench.

There were three of us, for true to his promise made years ago, "Whenever you sit here, I am at your side," Elam was there with us. I felt his presence. I all but heard him say, "See, I'm here, I told you I would be."

In the days and years that followed, over and over again, I was aware of this "new and different" speech. Sometimes it came to comfort; sometimes to advise; sometimes to warn; sometimes to remind me that we were still the House of Peace.

For all the changes in the pattern of our lives after Elam's going, one part of our lives together remained unchanged. We kept our cabin in the woods, Andifan. And when we came home to Oregon, we came home to Our Place of Peace.

For all the theft of furniture and petty vandalism, the dear, beloved cabin stood among trees the taller for the years we were apart. We began a pilgrimage that first reunion trip, visited the chapel and the still growing ferns, climbed the hill to the Sentinel Pine, stopped for the view of the valley, followed the blazes still visible that marked a path now overgrown, but easily cleared, and down on the far hillside stopped beside The Oldest. I leaned against its rough bark and breathed gratitude for the things that did remain, that stayed unchanged, the greatest of which was Peace.

Not long after that a friend said, "why don't you sell your timber? Stumpage is bringing higher prices now."

Sell! How can I? Why should I? I want to keep the trees just as they are, just as they were when Elam –"

"Trees can never be kept just as they are. Trees grow like all other crops. Some of your firs are already ripe. Come along a hard winter and you'll have the place strewn with windfalls. If you want to save certain trees, have selective cutting done."

For several years, occasionally I weighed the question: to cut or not to cut. Then one spring, after seeing what the winter storms and heavy snow had done, and remembering how close that fall forest fire had come, I made a contract with a logger. Fifteen acres around the cabin were not to be touched at all. within this area were the Sentinel, the bank of ferns, the chapel, and The Oldest. I took it for granted that there would be no skidway in that area. Selective cutting – just ripe trees and windfalls – in the balance of the 40 acres but nothing within the fifteen acres around the cabin.

The logging was done while all of us were away for the summer. Through the months at Claremont finishing my doctorate, I had full confidence in the contract. What I wanted to remain unchanged would so remain.

How ill-founded was that coufidence. When we returned we found that, though the log seats and the altar in the chapel were still there, the arched doorway of vine maple and the roof of spreading dogwood were no more. Nor was there a bank of sword ferns; instead, that hillside was one wide scar. The stream was filled with broken alders and cedars and fir slashings so that its clear water was no longer visible, scarcely was its flowing audible. The trail that the children had made was lost in the skidway.

But most grievous of all, where The Oldest once had reared its star crown against the sky now stood only a fresh, raw, pitch-stained stump, the delicate maidenhair fern at its base buried deep beneath old bark and dead branches.

Hot tears sprang to my eyes. Anger surged in my heart. Rising like a tidal wave, bitterness threatened to engulf me.

Then came a thought from outside myself. It impinged upon my mind with the speed of

light: "This is Andifan, our Place of Peace. Here is no room for bitterness and wrath. What is gone is gone. If things were shaken here, it was only to signify that those things which cannot be shaken may remain. The stump remains. Make of it another altar for Andifan."

Years have passed since then. Each summer a few or all of the House of An spend some time at Andifan. The other day, when the children and grandchildren were here on vacation, we all went to the chapel. Once again maples arch to form the doorway and overhead the spreading branches of a dogwood make a roof. On the high altar Fran's ferns continue to grow and at the base of the altar other ferns, planted through the years by the grandchildren have taken sturdy root. Down the slope, beyond the high altar, stands the other altar surrounded by salal and Oregon grape.

After our vesper service, I lingered while the rest of the House went down to the cabin. Sitting alone on the log bench, again as often before, I felt peace flowing over the place – "peace like a river."

Into that moment, there flashed lines, swift as a swallow's wing, from an old Chinese poem that Elam once read to me, a poem written a century before our Lord, by a husband to his wife.

> With all your might; enjoy the spring flowers,
> But do not forget the time of our love and pride.
> Know that if I live, I will come back again,
> And if I die, we will go on thinking of each other.

DWIGHT — STANLEY

1931 1934

DELIGHT (1904–1983)

CARL ERIKSON (1901–1978)

CARL VICTOR FAST — JOHANNA SANDBURG

1857 – 1940

~~(1861–1935)~~ 1864–1919

31/7

ANDERS FASTH (1822–1877)

SVEN SANDBERG (1817–1885)

ELAM (1890–1944) — LOLENA (1890)

28/2 17/4 gift 30/5

VICTOR (1922) — ANN (1924)

20/3 29/7

JUDY (1947) — JOHN MYERS (1949)

13/7