Mission to Korea

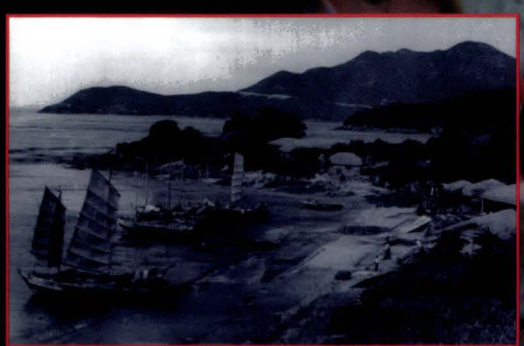
THIRTY-EIGHT YEARS
BELOW THE
THIRTY-EIGHTH

A Memoir by

Joe B. Hopper

BORN IN 1921 IN KWANGJU, KOREA, TO PIONEERING MISSIONARY parents, Joe Hopper's childhood was an adventure. Life for a missionary family was filled with the unexpected, and Hopper recalls his mother's encounter with a tiger, bustling markets, vacations in the mountains, and eighteen-hour train rides. Returning to the United States as a young man, Hopper pursued his education, and returned to Korea in 1948 as a evangelistic missionary for the Presbyterian Church (PCUS). During political upheaval, Hopper directed relief efforts, visited military camps, and worked in publication ministry. After the Korean War, concentrating on church planting, Hopper traveled the countryside, helping Korean Christians start new churches. In this memoir, he provided candid insight into the difficulties and triumphs of doing God's work in the mission field.

JOE B. HOPPER (1921–1992) served as a Presbyterian missionary in Korea for thirty-eight years. Born in Korea in 1921, Hopper followed in his parents' footsteps and chose mission work for his life's vocation. Hopper graduated from Davidson College in Davidson, North Carolina, and Union Seminary in Richmond, Virginia. He married Dot Longenecker, who put aside her own plans to be a Congo missionary. Together they served in Korea, raising four children there. After the Korean War, Hopper received his master's in theology from Union, and later an honorary doctor of divinity from Davidson. His service in Korea ended in 1986, when he and Dot returned to America. She resides in Black Mountain, North Carolina.



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Mission to Korea


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To the

Hopper children

and

grandchildren

Contents

Foreword

I first met Joe Hopper in the fall of 1937. The Sino-Japanese War had closed the Shanghai American School and necessitated my transfer to the Pyongyang Foreign School in North Korea. I arrived at the railroad station in the middle of the night and was introduced to my new roommate. There followed four more years as roommates at Davidson College. This led to a closer acquaintance with Joe's sister, Mardia, whom I was fortunate enough to marry. Later we served together as missionary colleagues in South Korea for twenty years.

So, it is only natural that I should take some delight in writing a foreword to these memoirs. They cover sixty-five years of family and mission history which began during the dark days of the Japanese occupation of Korea and end with an independent Korean nation and one of the fastest growing churches in the world. The story includes the missionary return after World War II, the North Korean invasion, evacuation, relief activities, military coups, church schisms, and most of all, the development of a strong, vital, and self-supporting Presbyterian church. Here is an honest, sometimes blunt account of one missionary's work across the changing years. It is a valuable primary source for missiologists and historians in that it covers the transition from a missionary-centered policy to that of the national church. Here one finds reasons for the rapidly growing Korean Church that has astounded the world.

Joe was a pioneer evangelist. This was his calling. The text that best describes his ministry is Romans 15:1, "It is my ambition to preach the gospel, not where Christ has already been named, lest I should build on another man's foundation . . . " His assignment was to plant churches in the rugged mountainous regions of North Chulla Province. This he did, not by sensational preaching but by:

The careful selection of places to start a new preaching point;
The oversight of churches assigned by presbytery;
Regular systematic visitation;
The examination and baptism of new members;
The appointment of deacons and election of elders;
The faithful preaching of the word and sacraments.

Pioneer evangelism was a team effort—Joe and Dot together. Dot worked with the women. There was home visitation in the country villages, visiting prisoners in the penitentiary, and patients in the hospital. After the children were older, Joe and Dot traveled together to the villages, pulling a little house trailer behind their jeep.

After Joe's death, I found among his files a small black book which contained the record of those years. The Korean War years were missing, but statistics for the 34 year period of 1952–1986 were carefully kept: 6,002 catechumens, 3,192 adult baptisms, 263 infant baptisms, and at least 100 new churches organized.

But it was not all work. Joe was a great hunter of the elusive Korean pheasant. In fact, some of us suspected that one reason why he was so attracted to the North Chulla field was that there was some of the best pheasant hunting in Korea! Joe's hunting exploits with his sons, Barron and David, were legendary. One of his tales was that once when he was traveling by jeep between several churches for Sunday services, scores of pheasants came out of the barley patches and rice paddies and lined up along the side of the road to mock him, knowing that Joe's gun would remain silent on the Sabbath day! Unfortunately, there was no one else present to verify the accuracy of the tale.

Joe was sometimes called "the bishop of North Korea." It was a term spoken sometimes in jest, sometimes out of respect, sometimes in awe. But a more appropriate description of Joe's role would be that of Presbyter. Joe believed fervently in the Presbyterian system. The Presbytery was central. It was the network that held together the churches that Joe started. The prebytery brought order, continuity, and permanence. Joe served his presbytery as troubleshooter, sometimes as gadfly, but always as a servant. In times of divi-

sion, Joe worked tirelessly as peacemaker and reconciler. The crowning moment in the planting of the church came when the prebytery would ordain the pastor that the congregation had chosen and Joe would move on.

Joe's work included a wide assortment of other activities. For years he was the editor of "Pok Twen Malsum" (Blessed Word), a monthly journal of Biblical study and preaching aids for the working evangelist and rural pastor. The careful administration of scholarship funds sent scores of promising young men to the seminary. After graduation, the young men served a year of apprenticeship with Joe and received practical experience. Joe served as Chairman of the Board of the Ho Name Theological Seminary—a school whose primary mission was the training of rural ministers.

By the early 1980s the church situation in North Chulla had dramatically changed from the time when Joe had first arrived. Prebyterian churches in the province now numbered at least six hundred. Well over two hundred pastors now served the churches of the province. Maybe Joe began to feel somewhat penned in, sharing the sentiments of the Apostle Paul when he wrote that since he no longer had any room for work in these regions he was thinking of striking out for Spain (Rom. 15:23–24). Joe and Dot began spending more time on the island of Cheju off the southern coast. The unevangelized isles were calling and Joe had made it his ambition to preach the Gospel where Christ had not been named. And then it was time to come home.

G. Thompson Brown

Preface and Acknowledgments

My husband, Joe B. Hopper, who was the author of this book, and I retired to Montreat, North Carolina, from Korea in 1986, after thirty-eight years of missionary service in South Korea (below the 38th parallel). Six years later, on April 27, 1992, the Lord called him home to heaven. Joe is the one to whom credit is due for this book.

After his retirement he spent many hours at his word processor writing this autobiography for his children and grandchildren. This was done in his tiny office, which looked out on a small stream, lined with often blooming rhodoendron. During his many years of ministry in Korea he faithfully wrote to his parents, who had retired to this same house in Montreat. His mother collected all of his letters, which give a fairly detailed history of his years of service. Using these letters to prompt his memory he put together a six-hundred page autobiography safely stored in his small computer.

For several years I could not hear of anyone tampering with my husband's book. However, I came to realize that its content of Korean church history, tales of church growth, and stories of Korean lives changed by repentance from sin, and belief in the life, death, and resurrection of God's only Son Jesus Christ needed to be shared. Two drawers full of cards, letters, and telegrams, and a Korean newspaper with an obituary about Joe in Korean strengthened my

resolve to share his life. After long contemplation, it was decided that an edited version of the manuscript, which could be enjoyed by a larger readership, would be best. I give many thanks to Providence House Publishers for their work in editing the manuscript to provide this for everyone.

Our life together was rich in contentment even in times of stress. May his experiences open for you a window of gratitude to the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. May it also encourage you in your walk with Him as you see how the Lord can use the life of one man to accomplish many things for His Kingdom.

My thanks are due especially to my children and their families, all of whom helped to encourage the printing of this book. To Barron Hopper, our older son, who has helped to manage my financial affairs in order to make this book possible. To Alice Dokter, our oldest child, who helped in proofreading. To David Hopper, our younger son, who negotiated with Providence House Publishers to work out the details of the editing and publishing. And to our youngest daughter Margaret's husband, Warren Faircloth, who formatted the first usable manuscript.

Also, I give my thanks to our brother-in-law G. Thompson Brown, for writing the introduction. I thank Mrs. Paul Crane for introducing me to Providence House Publishers.

My gratitude goes to the many people who made this work possible. It could not have been done without the many coworkers, both in Korea and America, who enabled Joe and me to do our work. Without them none of this would have been possible. Joe's entire manuscript was far more detailed than we are able to publish in this book, and contains much more detailed history of the mission and the Korean Church during these years. Our children have a full copy and anyone who would like the full manuscript can contact one of them.

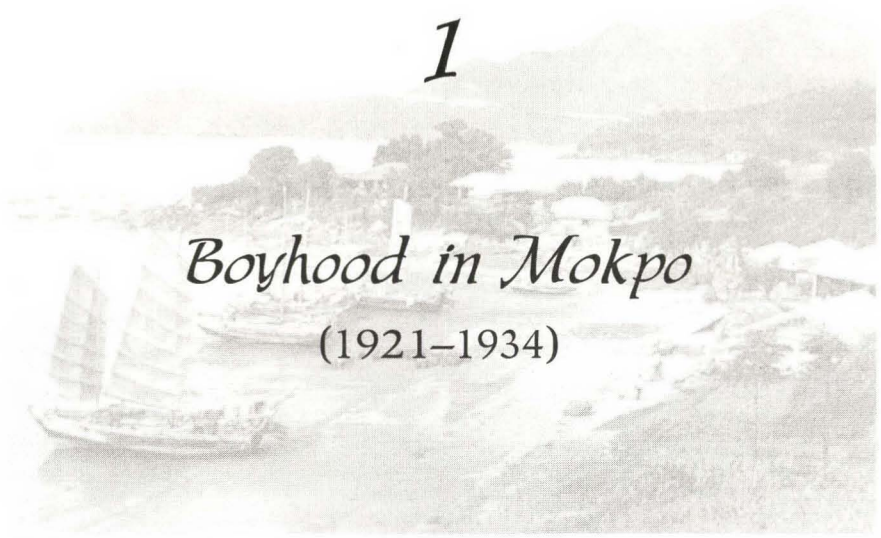
A Montreat friend made and framed in calligraphy an appropriate verse about Joe: "To me to live is Christ and to die is gain," (Phil. 1:21). It hangs in my sitting room below my favorite picture, a portrait of Joe.

Cordially,
Dot Hopper

Part One

(1921–1948)

1



Boyhood in Mokpo

(1921–1934)

A seven-hundred-foot-high spectacularly rugged spine of rock dominates the center of town. Anyone growing up in the shadow of Yew-dal-san as I did has its dragonlike shape indelibly stamped on his memory. Originally Mokpo was almost an island, connected to the mainland by a narrow neck of land. The mission compound faced this mountain from the inland side and at high tide the low land in between was flooded with sea water. Later this shallow area was gradually reclaimed and heavily built up. The harbor was on the other side of Yew-dal-san from the mission compound and invisible from our house, but we could sometimes hear the boat whistles and foghorns. When my parents arrived in 1919, the population of Mokpo was about 15,000 with houses and commercial buildings clustered around the base of the mountain and along the waterfront. Because of its mild climate (except for almost constant strong winds) and location beside the sea, the Japanese were rapidly taking over choice areas of the city and its commerce.

There was no missionary doctor stationed in Mokpo, so my parents went sixty miles inland to Kwangju where Dr. Robert Manford Wilson delivered their first son, Joseph Barron Hopper on May 17, 1921. Father immediately cabled the news of this blessed event to Mother's home in Rock Hill, South Carolina. Because that was on the other side of the international date line, it was reported in the Rock Hill *Evening Herald* on May 16 that I had been born in Korea on May 17. During the time of my birth in Kwangju, my parents were guests of Miss Anna McQueen whose sister was married to my mother's

brother, Will Barron. She and another missionary lady lived in a second floor apartment at the front of the Women's Bible School in Kwangju. This gray brick building is now a part of the Speer school for girls.

Apparently I was not too healthy as a baby and cried a great deal. Soon after my arrival, my parents were again in Kwangju attending the annual meeting of the mission and overheard the conversation of some children of missionaries playing outside. One of them asked, "Who is that baby that cries all the time?" "Oh, that's the new Hopper baby . . . He's going to die!" True, but delayed somewhat when my parents decided that I was hungry and gave me more to eat which has usually kept me from crying ever since. The Mokpo Station Report of May 1922 has this item:

> Mr. and Mrs. Hopper have been steadily working on the language and other duties as they were able, but Joseph Barron has been somewhat of a tyrant at times, and has demanded that they stay awake and take commands from him. We are glad to say that he is more lenient in his rule.

Mokpo was often a lonely place for the minuscule missionary community, but we children didn't know that, and in later years could look back upon a happy childhood. My sister, Mary (Mardia) Alexander (now Mrs. George Thompson Brown), was born November 22, 1922, in Kunsan, and my brother, George Dunlap, on April 24, 1926, in Mokpo. As we three grew, we were constant playmates because there were very few other missionary children in Mokpo most of the time . . . seldom more than three or four, and for long periods none at all.

Our house was of cut stone, which was extensively used in Mokpo where it was plentiful and cheap. In the early years we had no electricity and used oil lamps. I still remember the large and somewhat elaborate lamp suspended from the living room ceiling. There was no central heat and each room had a coal-burning stove. My job was to keep the buckets filled, and often to start and maintain the fires. Water was always a problem because the city supply was extremely limited and only now and then dribbled into a large cement tank in the basement. From there the man who worked for us pumped it by hand to a tank on an upstairs back porch to supply the bathroom with gravity flow. Water was used sparingly, and bath-night for us children meant taking turns using the same hot water. George and I shared a bedroom and Mardia had another room.

Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Hopper, Joe, Mardia, and George.

Of necessity we had servant help, as was true of most missionary households. If the man of house was to carry out his assigned work which often involved long periods of time away from home, and his wife was to be the schoolteacher for the children and participate in mission work outside the home at least part of the time, then help was needed to keep a healthy and happy functioning base of operations. This was especially true in the days when the utilities which modern Americans take for granted were nonexistent or limited, and household appliances had not yet been invented for the most part. In our home there was Chang-suh-bang, a man who served as cook, gardener, keeper of the cow, and general handyman. He had a violent temper and would sometimes blow up and threaten to leave, but these tantrums would soon subside and harmony would be restored. His wife did the laundry by hand. When we were very small Amah (the Korean word for nurse) took care of us. She loved to carry us on her back, Korean style, and

Yew-dal-san.

was greatly loved by all. Even after we ourselves returned as missionaries in 1948, we visited her and she would relate how she had cared for us so many years before.

We had quite a large yard and garden. As children do everywhere, we played quite normally in the yard and there were endless games of hide-and-seek and kick the can. Around Korean homes, trees were almost nonexistent, but over the years the missionaries had planted and allowed trees to grow. Some of them were quite large and we spent much time climbing them. As we grew bigger, croquet was a favorite yard game in which our parents sometimes joined us . . . even playing by flashlight when it grew dark before a game ended. There was a station tennis court which was kept in condition at least part of the time and we learned that game as well. In one corner of the backyard we kept chickens and rabbits. It was our responsibility to feed them and clean their pens.

One of the biggest events along this line was the acquisition of Princess. She was a little brown Mongolian pony such as Koreans use to pull carts, and was purchased from the R. M. Wilson family for 25 yen ($12.50), including the saddle and bridle. She had been broken in for riding purposes but the Wilson boys had all gone to boarding school in Pyeng-yang and let us have her. We were responsible for taking care of her. Naturally we spent many happy hours riding Princess, sometimes several of us at once. She was as stubborn and ornery as any mule. To get from our yard down to the road in front of the house required going down eight or ten stone steps, and Princess usually objected. It involved much persuasion and tugging with all my strength to get her down those steps and she seemed to grow more obstinate as she grew older. She also resented having a burden on her back, and had the bad habit of

rubbing up against a barbed wire fence running alongside the road and skinning our legs. Nevertheless, she was a great source of entertainment as we rode back and forth along the couple of hundred yards of the compound road.

Another amusement was playing games, which we did constantly. Our parents both enjoyed this too. In an era of no radio, no television, and virtually no outside activities in the evening, after supper was usually game time with Flinch, Chinese Checkers, Parcheesi, Caroms, Rook, or something similar. We read a lot and were read to. The *Christian Observer* came regularly and stories for children were eagerly devoured. Grandmothers and others in the States sent toys and books, and the arrival of such packages were times of tremendous excitement, particularly at birthdays or at Christmas. On rainy days we skated in a tight circle on the front porch which was about ten by twenty feet in size but paved with cement.

Mother was an avid gardener, partly by necessity and partly because she liked it. She was convinced that we should like it too, and expected us to do our share of weeding, hoeing, picking strawberries, or watering. The heavier part of the gardening such as raising potatoes or corn was done by Chang-suh-bang. The result was that we raised almost all our fresh produce ourselves. When it gave out, we depended on canned foods usually ordered once or twice a year in bulk from Steward & Company, a business operated by Chinese merchants in Seoul for the convenience of foreign residents. We kept a Holstein cow or two and always had an abundance of milk, cream, and butter. Fresh fruit was available all year round in the local market, and included apples, pears, peaches, bananas, tangerines, persimmons, and melons. Because of germs, all fruit was peeled before eating. Fresh pork, beef, fish, and chicken were plentiful but never as good as what we are accustomed to in America,

Joe and Amah, Mokpo.

Joe's mother, Annis Barron Hopper.

with the possible exception of the fish. Nevertheless we all ate well, and most of the credit goes to the careful and efficient management of my mother.

Downtown Mokpo fascinated us, although as I look back I realize that our city was nothing more than an oversized fishing village. From our home, walking into town was often through what Father nicknamed "Pig alley," a narrow, muddy, smelly, and crowded thoroughfare. This led into the city market, a large roofed area full of little stalls where merchants sold everything imaginable in the way of food, clothing, hardware, and household goods. It was always full of people so that one had to push his way through. Bicyclers raced along the narrow aisles at breakneck speeds, and men pulling little handcarts loudly demanded that everyone make way. Often these carts were actually mobile stores which assumed stationary positions right in the middle of the aisles between fixed places of business, and further complicated movement by the masses.

There was lots of noise, especially since some salesmen (or women) liked to invite business by loudly hawking their wares. If it happened to be market day (which was about every six days), or during the days approaching one of the traditional Korean holidays, the bedlam was compounded many times over. I suppose most intriguing were the pungent smells which ranged from the nauseating to the titillating. Of course, as is true in most Oriental markets, there was a great deal of haggling over prices when customers tried to bargain for the lowest figure. We Americans were always at a disadvantage because we were foreigners, and presumably capable of paying more, and besides we often did not know the true market price. As children we learned the system fairly well and our parents often sent us to the market to make purchases for them.

There were some stores in the more organized business section of town, often run by the Japanese. They also controlled the banks, the post office, telephone

and telegraph services, the railway, and the schools. We loved to go around Yew-dal-san to the waterfront which was always a scene of lively bustle. Because of the extremely high tides along this part of the Korean coast, good harbors were scarce, but Mokpo was the best. Scores of fishing boats were tied up to the waterfront along which ran a street with stores selling boating and fishing supplies on the inland side. Naturally there was a strong smell of fish and salt and humanity and the peculiar indescribable odor of the boats themselves. People seemed to be more than normally rowdy and rough and in a hurry. There were also a few small passenger ferries serving the great population inhabiting the peninsulas and islands off from Mokpo. Sometimes so many people would be aboard them that it looked like they would surely capsize, and unfortunately some of them did on occasion. Out in the harbor were larger freighters, usually from other Korean ports or Japan, but occasionally from other lands. Very rarely an American freighter pulled in, and her crew would come ashore and demonstrate behavior shocking to the populace whose only other knowledge of American ways came from missionaries.

We always knew when it was noon. A cannon mounted on the lower part of Yew-dal-san would be fired with a loud boom. Where it came from and who loaded and fired it I do not know, but it was always an object of curiosity when we took walks to see it. At noon and when the workday began and closed, a siren wailed at the rubber-shoe factory just below our mission property. Korean men, women, and children wore canoe-shaped rubber shoes which were cheap and excellent protection when it rained or was muddy. The factory had a tall chimney constantly belching black smoke and an unpleasant smell if the wind was in the wrong direction. Once the whole plant caught on fire. The Japanese fire department showed up, but before going to work, the firemen climbed to the flat roof of an adjoining building, put on colorful regalia, and performed some kind of shamanistic ceremony to drive away the evil spirits before belatedly trying to put out the fire. That time there really was a big stink!

Another interesting part of the city was the inland side of Yew-dal-san where we loved to hike. The upper part of the mountain was mostly sheer granite cliffs and in places the pathways were quite dangerous. Partway up the side was a large Buddhist temple, plus all kinds of weird carvings of various demons and deities on the vertical rock surfaces of the mountain. For certain religious festivals this area was lit up with paper lanterns at night. In recent years the whole mountain has been developed as a park with better paths, electric lights at night, and a pavilion.

Home school was not merely a choice but the only option for our family. We three siblings were the student body and Mother was the teacher. Each year she ordered the study course from the Calvert School in Baltimore. An instruction book of lesson plans for 160 lessons gave complete directions for each day, with a test every twenty days. All the textbooks and supplies were included in the course which was quite expensive but was paid for by the Executive Committee of Foreign Missions. Naturally we were secretly happy when it was time for school to start and the order of materials from Baltimore was late in arriving. It was an excellent course and Mother was a conscientious and very strict teacher. She insisted that we learn the arithmetical tables perfectly, and phonics and grammar were rigorously drummed into our heads.

The Calvert Course emphasized the history, mythology, and art of ancient Greece and Rome and medieval and modern Europe, giving us a foundation in this classical culture which not many grammar school students have. One important part of the course was writing compositions, and in the upper grades we were required to write one almost every day. This exercise, with Mother's evaluations, was priceless training for my future. Later, in high school, college, seminary, and in preparation of letters, sermons, reports, and other materials, writing was never a difficult chore for me.

One amusing part of my education came when Dr. and Mrs. Bruce Cumming and my parents decided that their son Jimmy and I would benefit by going to a Korean school to learn how to read and write the native language. I was only four days older than Jimmy and we were naturally constant playmates. Arrangements were made at the mission school for boys, and we were sent for one hour a day to the appropriate class. Since this was an over-and-above form of educational persecution so far as we were concerned, we resented it immensely, and decided to revolt. In the Korean classroom, we were as naughty as we could be . . . throwing spitballs, making noise, and otherwise creating a disturbance. Since our fellow students would never dream of doing such a thing in the presence of a respected teacher, I am sure all were horrified.

The teacher, Mr. Chu Hyung-oke, could not put up with this either, but was in an embarrassing position since he did not want to offend the missionaries by punishing us. Somehow he managed to get word to our parents and for the first and only time in my life I was expelled from school! After about thirty years had passed and this same Mr. Chu had been through seminary and been ordained as a minister, he came to Chonju as pastor of the Sung-ahm Presbyterian Church. I often kidded him about throwing me out of his

Demonic guards at the entrance of a Buddhist temple.

classroom, and I think he continued to be embarrassed by what had taken place so long before. Actually, our parents were absolutely correct in wanting us to learn the Korean language, and had we taken their plans seriously, I know I would have been far better fitted to use that language in my work as a missionary.

We always had daily prayers in our home. They were usually held at the breakfast table with the reading of a chapter of Hulbert's *Bible Story Book* and prayer. If Father was at home, he was the leader, but when he was away, Mother took his place. When the morning's school work began, we were required to memorize some verses of Scripture and the answers in the *Westminster Shorter Catechism*. I still have the diploma given by the *Christian Observer* for reciting the *Shorter Catechism* in April 1932 when I was less than eleven years old. As was the custom I wrote a letter to the editor which was printed, as follows:

> Dear Mr. Converse:
>
> I am a boy eleven years old. I have recited the *Shorter Catechism* to my mother. Please put my name on the Roll of Honor and send me a diploma. Father is a missionary in Korea. When he was a little boy he wrote a letter to you. He still has his letter which was printed in the *Christian Observer*. Father gets the *Christian Observer* and I enjoy reading the stories very much. Mother teaches my brother, sister, and me in school and in Sunday School. On Sunday morning we go with her to a small new Korean church. We now have a mother Korean church with four small churches in this city. After school hours we work in our

gardens and play with the other children. On rainy days I like to make things with my tools.

Your little friend, Joseph Barron Hopper

Another award was given for memorizing the same number of Bible chapters as we were years old, and I received that when I was twelve years old. In the summer of 1933, when we were on vacation at Chidi San, I was received to full membership in the church. Dr. W. D. Reynolds had baptized me as an infant, as the Mission Minutes of June 26, 1921, record:

4:00 P.M. Joseph Barron Hopper was dedicated to the Lord through the rite of baptism. The preaching service was conducted by Dr. Fulton.

My two-hour examination for church membership was held in the Reynolds' cabin which was next door to ours. The "session" was composed of Dr. W. D. Reynolds, Th.D, Dr. S. Dwight Winn, Th.D, Dr. Joseph Hopper, Th.D., and Rev. E. T. Boyer. I replied to many of the questions with the appropriate answer from the *Shorter Catechism*, which pleased these church fathers immensely. Afterwards Father remarked to me, "Joe, I have seen many a candidate for the ministry ordained with less examination than you received!" The Mission Minutes of July 17, 1932, record:

The Sunday School convened with Dr. R. M. Wilson acting as superintendent. Divine services were held at 11:00 A.M. At the request of the retiring moderator, Rev. E. T. Boyer preached the sermon. His text was Prov. 3:6. Following the sermon, Dr. W. D. Reynolds publicly received into the full membership of the church Joseph Barron Hopper and Mary Alexander Hopper, and conducted the Communion service.

As is customary in many mission stations, we always had a worship service in English on Sunday afternoons. Father and the other men took turns leading these, but if they were all away in the country with their work, one of the ladies (who would never have thought of preaching) would read a sermon, usually from the *Christian Observer*. Father always preached excellent expository sermons and I am sure contributed much to my spiritual growth although I don't remember many of them. One exception was when we three children were quarantined with scarlet fever at the same time, and were bedded down

Elderly Korean gentlemen in traditional garb.

in the same room. Sunday came, Father held the service in our room, and his text was, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool" (Isa. 1:18).

Music always played an important part in our lives. Father loved to sing and especially loved the hymns, so we spent many evenings around the piano. My father's only sister, Aunt Margaret Hopper, lived in a small brick house a stone's throw away from ours. She was principal of the girls' school, Chung-myung, whose campus bordered two sides of our yard and garden. It was always said that Father was her favorite brother and I was her favorite nephew. Whether this was true or not, she did give me a lot of attention. When I was quite small she began to teach me piano lessons which continued until I went away to boarding school. Among other things she taught Mardia and me to play duets together.

When I was in the fifth grade, Father was asked to teach at the Presbyterian Seminary in Pyeng-yang, and during the fall term he took our whole family with him. My parents had bought a violin for me, and Mr. Dwight Malsbury started me on my first lessons. He taught music at the Union Christian College and at the Foreign School and was a brilliant musician, able to teach almost any instrument. When we returned to Mokpo my teacher was Dr. Hong, member of a musical family of doctors at Severance Hospital in Seoul, and in charge of medical work at our small mission hospital in Mokpo. Thus, with Mardia at the piano, and me with a violin and the rest singing, we made great music together.

Christmas was always a special time. My earliest memory of Christmas is of standing shivering at the window at 4:00 A.M. holding a candle (there was no electricity) while listening as Korean choirs from the local church or mission institutions sang their favorite carol below the window: "Joy to the

world, the Lord is come!" More than any other, these words carried the message which could be sung with great joy by those to whom salvation in the name of Jesus was not only good news but new news! We always joined the Koreans at the Christmas morning church service, which was just about their only observance of the day.

Like all American children we were highly excited over the prospect of the visit of Santa Claus and stockings filled with goodies and could hardly wait for Christmas morning. By comparison with the mountains of gifts children receive these days, ours were quite meager, but I daresay gave us every bit as much pleasure. There would be a few toys and new clothes sent from America, a few cheap things from Japanese toy shops, and much fruit, nuts, and candy obtainable locally. Mother did the best she could for Christmas and Thanksgiving dinners, but turkeys were almost nonexistent. There was one time she managed to get a scrawny one and told our man to fatten it up for a few weeks, not specifying what kind of feed to use. The lordly bird was duly cooked, placed on the dinner table, carved, and served in the presence of invited guests. Imagine her dismay and disgust when the first bite indicated that it had been fed small fish, and had such a fishy taste it could not be eaten at all!

Father was a missionary evangelist, and this involved country itineration and Bible teaching, sometimes in combination. There were not as many rural churches in those days as later when I was involved in similar work. Nor were there many ordained Korean pastors to share the responsibility. He was in charge of a "field" as decided upon with fellow missionaries, and I remember that he worked in such regions as Kang-jin, Chang-heung, and Hai-nam. Transportation was difficult and all living conditions exceedingly primitive. Mother had to prepare his equipment for such "itinerating trips." He took along a man who prepared his meals, set up his folding cot, did his laundry, and helped carry his loads. His custom was to set up housekeeping for several days at each church, where he held Bible classes, preached, examined and received new members, visited in homes, and did all the necessary work involved in helping establish these churches.

It was necessary to take plenty of time in each place with the people, particularly the new Christians of whom there were many. When he returned after a week or ten days he would be very tired, dirty, and hungry. Often his man carried the honoraria he had received . . . usually live chickens or strings of eggs. It was a Korean custom to string ten eggs together by placing them end to end lengthwise in a small bundle of rice straw and then tying a piece of straw between each egg. This meant the ten eggs were completely encased in straw

and the whole was quite rigid and protected from breakage. Stacks of several dozen strings were often carried to market, or tied on the back of a bicycle.

Because he was an excellent Bible teacher, Father was sometimes invited elsewhere to teach for a week or more. The longest such trip was the year he taught at the seminary in Pyeng-yang, already referred to. In 1934, just before I went off to boarding school, Father took me with him on a weekend itinerating trip. We traveled by boat and foot to one of his rural churches, and I had the experience of sleeping, eating, and living in a small Korean home.

Discipline was also practiced in our home, and this included spanking, whipping, and other penalties for misbehavior. There was a tall poplar tree in our front yard and it produced a natural source of switches. Sometimes when it was deemed that I deserved such punishment, I was dispatched to that tree to bring in a switch. More than once I can recall bending it a bit more than necessary in breaking it off, so that after a couple of lashes it would go limp in the hands of my parent and naturally not hurt nearly so badly. I was even not above showing brotherly love by performing a similar act of mercy when ordered to get a switch when one of my siblings was to be punished.

Our home board in Nashville expected us to take a vacation in the summer and the mountains were regarded as best. This was especially important in days when there were no refrigerators, food was difficult to keep fresh, and many missionaries and their children had serious illnesses during the hot humid summer months. I dimly remember the one time our family spent a vacation on Moo-dung San ("Mountain Without Peer") just outside Kwangju City. This mountain dominates the whole region, but actually is only around 3,500 feet high. There were a couple of cottages there and we used one of them. One evening everyone went to the edge of a cliff to watch the sunset while Mother stayed to wash the supper dishes. Later, as she walked out alone to join us, she looked up and saw a tiger in the middle of the path. Petrified with terror, she froze still and stared (the best thing she could have done under the circumstances) and the tiger did the same. After a moment or two he turned and left! Some chickens had been missing, and presumably he was after another one that evening.

About this time, on orders from the medical advisors at headquarters in Nashville, the mission looked for a suitable site for a permanent vacation place. A team of six men, including my father, hiked up into the Chidi San mountain range and located a fine place on the side of Noh-goh-dan ("Grandmother's Altar"). The camp could be built in a spaciously wide and not-too-steep horseshoe-shaped valley facing a little west of south, and was beautifully wooded, with

Hopper family on the five-mile hike up Chidi San for summer vacation. There was no road.

excellent springs of water, and an area flat enough for tennis courts. Best of all it had magnificent views over large parts of the Chulla provinces. The exposure was generally toward the west, and we could enjoy gorgeous sunsets over Sunset Peak, directly opposite the camp, and views out over fifty or sixty miles of lower mountain ranges. It was situated above the Wha-ahm-saa Buddhist temple, and could be reached by hiking four or five hours.

Lots were laid out and my parents bought one of the highest up the mountainside. A large spring of nearly ice-cold water and an enormous balsam tree made it a very desirable location. They built a clapboard cabin with the chimney and fireplace in its center. Father and Mother had a bedroom downstairs, and in the attic loft George and I had space on one side of the chimney and Mardia on the other. This meant that we slept right under the corrugated tin roof, and often at night went to sleep with the sound of rain falling. The clouds would move in frequently and sometimes for several days in a row rest on our camp, but we never minded because this was always a fun time for all. There were clear mountain streams in which we played, waded, built dams, caught crawfish, and often got wet and muddy. There were plenty of places to hike, plus tennis, and other activities with the large number of other children. The latter came not only from our own mission stations, but from the Northern Presbyterian, Australian Presbyterian, and occasionally other missions. Of course we had Sunday School and worship service on Sunday morning, and vespers in the evening. If the weather permitted, vespers were held outdoors on a terraced mountainside above the "Inn."

Travel from Mokpo to Chidi San was always somewhat of a logistical maneuver, managed by Mother. We often hired a large tourist car with sufficient

seats for everyone, and long running boards on which to tie baggage. It was about a hundred miles from Mokpo to the temple at the base of the mountain. That was a long journey in those days, but by leaving at the crack of dawn we could get on up the mountain that afternoon. Otherwise we would spend the night at the temple or in the nearby town of Kurei and go up the mountain the next day. There were no bridges across the Sum-jin River so it was always necessary to ford on small wooden ferries at two places. It was tricky getting vehicles up the crude ramps of heavy planking, but somehow we managed without ever losing one into the water. Once during the rainy season we got as far as the town of Koke-sung and the river was too flooded to cross so we had to spend three days in a Japanese inn where we slept on the straw "tah-tam-mi" and entertained ourselves as best we could. It was clean and cool, and the sukiyaki was excellent.

Several times we took along the cow to provide milk during the summer. She had to be walked up the mountain by a more gradual and round about trail (known as the Milky Way) from the one we hiked, but the milk was a great asset to our diet. As for the rest of us, the trip up was quite an expedition. Word was sent ahead of time and several dozen coolies anxious to pick up some cash would be ready with their chiggies (wooden backpacks or A-frames) to carry burdens up the mountain. This included not only food, clothing, and other supplies, but also involved carrying some members of the missionary families. Mother usually rode in a sedan chair which was tied between two long bamboo poles with a man at either end. A relief crew of two more men took turns on the long hike. We children were put on a chiggy. When we were small this would be a pah-chiggy which was a half-moon shaped basket-like affair. Blankets lined this and we could lie down facing the sun . . . sometimes two of us end to end. It was considered a sign that we were

Reverend Hugh Linton, Hoppers, and guests from Seoul University on an inspection tour of the Chidi San facilities, circa 1955.

really grown up when we could hike the whole distance without being carried.

Saturday evening was stunt night in the auditorium when virtually everyone came for games, plays, and other entertainments. One famous evening a talent show was held. The master of ceremonies announced events with an imitation mike made of cardboard, with the call letters of station JOKE. In Japan and Korea, radio station call letters began with the letter "J." The very next day after that stunt night, a Japanese detective arrived and demanded to know about our secret radio transmitter (strictly illegal). The Japanese were always very suspicious of us foreigners, and considered possession of such a communications device detrimental to their empire. The cardboard mike for JOKE was found in the trash and was duly delivered to the detective who gravely took it down the mountain for investigation. This incident proved that someone among the Koreans in the camp was spying for them and immediately reporting our activities to the Japanese authorities.

One of my first paying jobs (other than working at home) was on this mountain. Some of the missionaries were golf players but had no place (or time) for it in their various stations. So they laid out a nine-hole course near the top of the ridge behind the camp. The Korean workmen who had to dig out the golf greens from that rough soil, full of stones and roots, probably thought these Americans had gone crazy, and anyone looking at the finished product would likely have formed the same opinion. It was probably the most up and down and difficult course ever devised. Every year workmen had to cut off the tall grass and all kinds of little shrubs that had grown up along the fairways. To make matters worse it often rained, or was so foggy the players could not see between the greens. A ball could not help but land often "in the rough" (which was everywhere). This challenge must have added to the players' sport.

Since caddies were necessary, we little missionary boys were hired at 10 sen (5 cents) an afternoon. In the absence of child labor laws or minimum wages this was great pay and we were happy to spend the afternoon running up and down between the greens. An additional incentive was the camp association promise of a bonus of 20 sen (10 cents) for every viper killed. These snakes were very poisonous but usually ran away from people. When we were lucky enough to kill one which had come out to sun itself on a rock and then collect that bonus, it was a highly successful day!

There was also some serious learning while on the mountain. For instance, after I began attending high school in Pyeng-yang, I borrowed a typing book

from a teacher and took a portable typewriter up the mountain where I taught myself how to type. This skill has, of course, been of use almost daily ever since. Another time a couple of ladies came and offered to teach us musical sight reading. I have no idea now who they were or where they came from, but they were excellent teachers who instructed us an hour a day for a week or so. As a little boy anxious to be out in the woods or playing in the streams, I was not too enthusiastic about participating. However, I did learn my "do, re, mi" and acquired knowledge for which I have always been grateful.

Our supplies on the mountain were taken care of through a little store, run as a summer business extension by Steward & Company from Seoul. The Chinese proprietor had groceries, candy, and so on and we children considered it the finest store in the universe. Next door was a bakery, operated by a volunteer from among the missionaries. Rev. E. T. Boyer was often the baker since he loved doing this sort of thing. Merchants would bring up fresh produce from the market in Kurei. In the same building Dr. J. C. Crane installed a couple of gasoline powered electric generators which supplied each house with a few watts of electricity from sunset until ten o'clock each evening. It always smelled and rumbled and gave us boys something to watch with keen interest.

Each weekday, mail was brought up by Mr. Yoon Seung-man who walked from the nearest county seat (Kurei) to the top of the mountain and back daily. He also lived with his family on the mountain where he served as the year-long caretaker, coming down to his home in Namwon only in the very bitterest cold part of the winter. Many years afterwards he was the fine elder with whom I worked in starting churches in the Namwon region. The Chidi

Chidi San mountain-spring-fed ice cold pool.

Our children in front of their Chidi San cabin—another generation of Hoppers enjoy this retreat.

San property was leased from the owner, the Imperial University of Japan, for the huge sum of 20 yen ($10.00) a year, and Mr. Yoon used to relate with great gusto how it had been his responsibility to take this to the officials in the county seat.

Another "amenity" on the mountain was the dental office. Dr. J. K. Levie of Kwangju was the mission dentist. While his main work was with Korean patients, he also had to care for the missionary community which was no small job in itself. As a convenience to missionaries who otherwise would have to travel to his office in Kwangju, he set up practice on the mountain where most of the missionaries were in the summer and checked everyone's teeth. Imagine hauling a dental chair and necessary equipment on the backs of workmen for about five hours up a steep rough mountain trail! He also needed electricity to run his equipment and this was supplied by turning on some of Dr. Crane's generating power. One day I was playing with one of my best friends, an Australian boy named Malcolm Cunningham. We had made little rubber slingshots and he happened to point his at my face. As I opened my mouth to tell him to aim elsewhere, he accidentally let go and the rock hit one of my teeth and knocked off a corner. This meant going to Dr. Levie who fixed it with a temporary piece and later in Kwangju put on some gold which is still there.

Sometimes when the clouds would lift and we had one of those glorious days of bright sunshine and clear views, one of the boys would carry a message and would go around the camp announcing a hike to Pahn-yak-bong. This was a somewhat higher peak (around 6,000 feet) and could be reached by an all-day round trip hike. Part of the trip was through what was known as the Flowery Trail because part of it was through woods and grassy meadows

carpeted with many kinds of colorful flowers. This hike was always a great event and as many as possible would go along. There were also numerous picnics in other spots such as Lion's Head Rock, Sunset Peak, or Grandmother's Altar and everywhere there were gorgeous views in every direction.

Little wonder then, that Chidi San vacations were the high spots of our childhood and always looked back upon with the fondest of memories. Those mountains are still one of the tourist attractions of Korea. In the fall of 1989 when we visited Korea, we took our first trip up Chidi San on the new paved tourist highway now traveled by thousands of sightseers in all kinds of buses and cars. On top of the mountain is a great TV relay station and remnants of the military area guarded by Korean troops. Quite a change from the "good old days!"

Childhood in Mokpo started us off well. We never felt deprived, neglected, or abused. All three of us children went on through the educational process, finishing college, graduate school, and entering successful careers. The most credit goes to loving and conscientious parents who gave us a normal and happy home and wise personal guidance under what some might consider adverse conditions. This is not to say that there were no adjustments to make and much to be learned when we left the home nest, but we were prepared for all of that. Much has been said and written about the problems of "mish-kids" but at least for those of us in Korea they were minimal. Our needs were the object of much prayer and care by the missionary community as a whole, and for all of this we who were the beneficiaries can forever be grateful.

2

The Pyeng-yang Years
(1934–1938)

Missionary children growing up in Korea anticipated "going to PYFS" with great excitement. After the elementary school years with almost no American playmates and very little activities outside the home and immediate family, we could look forward to "Pyeng-yang Foreign School" where there would be many classmates, different teachers, and a whole new way of life. Of course there was also speculation as to what dormitory life would be like, how we would get along with a strange roommate or two, and how a long separation from the protection and guidance of parents could be endured. From the viewpoint of a parent now, more than fifty years later, I realize that these questions were of far greater concern to my own parents than they were to a thirteen-year-old boy like myself.

This traumatic transition was made far easier because we children and our parents had known for years that it was coming, had often talked of it, and were thoroughly prepared to accept it. Because we had lived in Pyeng-yang for some months in the fall of 1931 while Father was teaching at the Presbyterian Seminary and I had been in the fifth grade, I had some general idea of what to expect at PYFS. Academically, Mother had done everything possible (especially in mathematics and English) to fit us for the curriculum in Pyeng-yang. She even ordered a Latin textbook and taught me my "amo, amas, amat" in advance so I would have a head start in that subject. We were instructed how to take care of our clothes, how to keep our room neat and clean, what to do if we got sick, and seemingly endless other matters. Mother

had ordered from America or had made locally all the clothes I would need and had gathered sheets and blankets and towels. My laundry number (I think it was No. 17) had been sewn with care on every item and my trunk and suitcase were packed with great care.

While the payment of fees to the school were cared for by my parents, a system was worked out for my spending money. From the first, I was not given any specified amount as an allowance, but a sum of money to use as needed without any fixed limits. We students could deposit our money in the school office, where we were issued passbooks and little checkbooks to withdraw funds just like dealing with a bank . . . good training for all of us. The only condition my parents made was that I periodically send home a list of how the money was used, and for many years even nickels and dimes spent were duly recorded and reported once a month. I cannot recall a single time when such expenditures were questioned or rebuked in any way. Placing this trust in me was an excellent way to make me act responsibly in the use of what was then their money and is now mine. Possibly this is the reason why during our marriage of forty-five years (as of 1990) Dot and I have never lived on a fixed budget of so much for food, so much for clothes, etc., but have tried to use our resources wisely as needed, and we have never been in debt!

Travel to Pyeng-yang involved an eighteen-hour train trip. Pyeng-yang is the largest city in the northern part of Korea, and is currently the capital of Communist North Korea. As I recall, my mother accompanied me on the first trip and we stopped long enough in Seoul for me to have some dental work done. The trip from Mokpo to Seoul was approximately twelve hours and from Seoul to Pyeng-yang another six hours. This was such a long trip that during my years in school I never went home except at Christmas and summer vacation time. One night on the train was necessary, and we always rode in the third-class sleepers. Three sleeping bunks were stacked in a tier, one above the other. Two of these triple deckers faced each other in sections along one side of the aisle like ordinary train seats, and on the other side of the aisle (which was off-center) similar bunks were situated lengthwise of the coach. The bunks were just like ordinary train seats except about six feet long. All this was calculated for cramped discomfort with maximum togetherness in minimum space. The only Pullman serving our mission area left Mokpo in the evening and reached Seoul in midmorning the next day.

Missionary children going to Pyeng-yang from Kwangju had to ride a connecting train to "Sho-ter-ri" (now Song-jung-ni), and those from Soonchun, Chonju, and Kunsan rode other trains to "Ree-ree" (now Iri) to

join our train. There were no sleepers on their trains, but their day coaches were attached to our train from Mokpo. Since it was not permitted by the railway system for them to buy tickets for sleeper reservations in their own cities, and all the spaces would be taken up by other passengers when they reached these connecting points, it became the practice for them to write or telegraph asking us to buy advance reservations for them in Mokpo. Often I would be holding quite a large bundle of sleeper tickets when we met our friends at these points. Imagine the excitement when during in the night, perhaps at ten o'clock in Sho-ter-ri and at midnight in Ree-ree, large groups of American high school children moved themselves and their baggage to our sleeper from coaches which had just been hooked to our train. There were loud greetings with friends they had not seen for a while, as they settled themselves on their bunks. I am sure the other passengers were vastly entertained and perhaps displeased at all the disturbance created by these noisy foreign students, especially since it was late at night before the whole crowd quit talking and went to sleep.

Among other warnings given by our parents as we left home were orders to beware of detectives. Korea was now oppressively ruled by her Japanese imperialist conquerors who were in the process of making military moves into Manchuria and North China. Missionaries were regarded with suspicion by the authorities, and all of us Americans were regarded as spies. Possibly they were already planning war with the United States and it was clear that they had embarked on a policy aimed at control of all of East Asia. The Japanese were deeply afraid lest any report that smacked of criticism of their regime be sent abroad, and of course they were always on the alert lest we say or do anything to encourage anti-Japanese activities among the Koreans. Our mail was routinely censored and Japanese detectives were forever pestering missionaries, coming to our homes, asking all kinds of leading (or absurd) questions, and in general making a nuisance of themselves by attempting to trap us into saying something for which we could be accused.

Missionary children were not exempt from this treatment and we soon learned that wherever we went, even on the train going to school, we were under the watchful eye of detectives. We very soon learned to identify our particular personal sleuth among the other passengers because he would at once try to engage us in conversation with all kinds of questions such as, "What do you think of the Japanese government policies?" or, "Why are you Americans here?" We were trained either to pretend we did not understand, or to say we didn't know, or to make some other stupid remark. Some detectives liked to practice their

Potong gate, which still stands behind the area where PYFS stood.

English on us, in which case we kids often set them up with all kinds of ridiculous expressions about which we would laugh hilariously later on, mimicking the comical accent of our tormentors. One advantage in all of this was that our parents always knew that such a guardian angel would guarantee our safe arrival at our destination. We could not have stepped off the train at any stop, or missed a connection, or blundered into any kind of trouble without our private eye watching and reporting our whereabouts. There was a rather long wait between trains in Seoul, and some of the students would go into town briefly, but there was never any danger of them getting lost or failing to keep their travel schedule.

When we crossed the great iron bridge over the Tai-dong River we knew we had arrived in Pyeng-yang, the oldest city in Korea. It was the traditional capital established by Tan-goon, the legendary founder of Korea (2332 B.C.) and boasted an authentic history from the time of King Keui-ja (1122 B.C.). It was rich in the history of various dynasties and rulers, and there were innumerable ancient monuments, gates, pavilions, and temples. Immediately behind our school was a part of what was said to be the wall of Keui-ja and a short distance away an old gate erected a thousand years before . . . said to be the oldest structure in Korea.

Pyeng-yang was also noted as the point where Protestantism entered Korea when the Rev. Robert J. Thomas was martyred in 1866. This missionary to China had sailed up the Tai-dong River on the *General Sherman* which was attempting to open up Korea to diplomatic relations and commerce. It ran aground opposite the city, and in an incident of which we Americans cannot be proud, the crew antagonized the local populace so that their boat was set afire, and the crew and passengers were killed. Thomas gave out copies of Chinese Scriptures as he died, and through them the first converts to Christ were won. When we were in Pyeng-yang there was an old gate beside the river. I remember that the year Father taught in the seminary he took us there and found the caretaker who unlocked the upper part of the structure for us. We climbed to where we saw the great iron anchor chain of the *General Sherman* locked around one of the columns. Thus in all kinds of ways our education was in an environment of ancient history and culture which not many students are privileged to enjoy.

Our school was located in a suburban area and was a part of the greatest missionary complex in the whole world at that time, so we were told. There was a huge concentration of Northern Presbyterian and Methodist missionaries living within walking distance of the school. We were constantly exposed to this unique missionary community of outstanding men and women who laid the foundations of the Korean Church of today. Because of the cooperative work of the several Presbyterian Missions, there were also two Southern Presbyterian families. Dr. and Mrs. W. D. Reynolds lived here where he was a professor in the one and only Presbyterian Theological Seminary in the nation. Mr. and Mrs. William Parker lived here where he taught in the Union Christian College (Soong-sil College). There were also extensive medical, Bible institute, and high-school level mission institutions in the area, and all of them were a part of a comprehensive Christian movement. The missionaries took a keen interest in the students at PYFS, opening to us their homes, participating in school activities of every kind, and doing their best to be our parents away from home. Even in the midst of their busy lives, they saw as part of their calling a responsibility for helping to influence and mold our lives.

Arrival at school was always a great time for greeting old friends and making new ones. Students came from every part of Korea except Seoul where there was a large foreign school for local students but no boarding department. There were also quite a few from China, Manchuria, and Japan. These represented many denominations (although mostly Presbyterian and Methodist), and several countries besides the United States, such as Australia and Canada. The principal was Mr. Ralph O. Reiner (known by his affectionate students as "Roar") of the Northern Presbyterian mission. Teachers came from all parts of

the United States, representing various denominations. The school had grown from a small elementary school begun in 1899 to include a full-fledged high school of over a hundred students. The academic building provided classrooms, science laboratory, offices, chapel, and library. There was, of course, a boys' dormitory and a girls' dormitory. Kitchen and dining facilities for all of us were in the latter. Tennis courts were opposite these dormitories. While I was there, a gymnasium was built, adjacent to the athletic field.

Upon arrival, the immediate concern was: "Which room will I get in the dormitory, and who will be my roommate?" My first roommate was Norman Larsen, one of the few students whose parents were not missionaries. They came from Norway, and his father worked with a gold-mining company in the extreme northern part of Korea. We got along amicably but for some reason never developed a strong friendship. We shared a room with two steel cots, a couple of small desks and chairs, and a closet. There was a small toilet for the boys on our floor, and showers were in the basement. We were expected to take complete care of our rooms, making beds, keeping things straight, and cleaning. Every Saturday morning we underwent inspection by the dormitory matron, Miss Lois Blair. She was the daughter of missionaries and though pint-sized could keep under discipline a dormitory full of boys by exercising full authority and yet remaining a good friend of all of us.

On Sunday morning we were lined up in the "parlor" for her to inspect fingernails, shoe shines, haircuts, and proper attire for going to Sunday School. By late Sunday afternoon she checked to make sure each of us had written a letter home . . . under threat of no dessert at supper if we failed. This developed a habit which I maintained as long as my parents lived, although when I became a preacher in charge of leading worship services the letter sometimes had to be written the next day. Nevertheless all this discipline was excellent training and I have never regretted any of it.

Our meals were in the dining hall on the first floor of the girls' dormitory. About eighty boarding students ate together along with most of the faculty who also lived in the dormitories. Every week a new seating arrangement was posted on the bulletin board. At each table there were approximately an even number of boys and girls and usually one teacher. Of course there was either great satisfaction or groaning depending upon whether it was a good table or not (meaning our best friends or those we loathed). We stood for the blessing and then sat down. Boys and girls were seated alternately and the boys were expected to pull out the chair and seat the girl next to them.

Food was always good, wholesome, and plentiful . . . although it would not have been normal had we not complained at times. Once a week the breakfast

cereal was "Ladybugs and Beetles." It was perhaps the most popular, and consisted of boiled beans of two kinds, size, and colors. It was served in large Korean rice bowls and sprinkled with plenty of brown sugar and milk. From a distance of fifty years this dish sounds most unappetizing but in those days many of us boys could consume more than one bowl. Every Thursday night we had an oriental meal. There were several menus served in turn: sin-sul-lo (Korean), man-doos (Chinese), egg-foo-yong (Chinese), sukiyaki (Japanese), and sometimes there was Pool-koh-gi (also Korean) . . . and always mountains of rice. We ate with chopsticks and thoroughly enjoyed such meals. Otherwise, our meals were fairly conventional American style, although they were largely dependent for ingredients upon what was available in the Korean markets.

Every weekday night we were required to attend study hall at the school for a couple of hours. This was a supervised period either in classrooms or in the library which was well stocked with everything we needed. When we became seniors we were allowed to study in our own dormitory rooms and to stay up a half hour longer after the usual nine-thirty bedtime for other students . . . provided our grades were above a certain average. I had no trouble with this condition, and was even exempt from most of the final exams that year because of good grades. This room privilege did allow opportunity for some unapproved activities.

For instance, we discovered that on the one night each week when ice cream was our dessert for supper, the remnants left in the hand-turned ice cream freezers in the kitchen were feasted upon by the teachers after we went to bed. This was deemed a grossly unfair infringement on our rights. It happened that we had a pair of twins in our class (Gordon and Helen Kiehn from China) and they shared the use of a portable typewriter. At the appropriate time in the evening, when other students and teachers were at the study hall, Gordon would go to the kitchen in the girls' dorm and bring back a large bowl of ice cream which we would consume with great gusto. If challenged as to why he was making a nocturnal visit to the girls' dorm, he would reply: "I've come over to get the typewriter from Helen," which was understandable and permitted. This went on for quite a while until the faculty appeared to be getting suspicions and we ceased our criminal activity before getting caught!

Tommy Brown was an avid photographer and had flash equipment using magnesium powder set off by an electric spark from a small battery. One night he was playing with this, and devised a way to explode some by using part of a typewriter ribbon can tied below an electric light bulb with the glass broken off. A short piece of lead fuse wire between the two exposed poles sparked the

powder when the contraption was screwed into a light socket and the wall switch was snapped on. It worked so well that he fastened it into the overhead light of a small private bathroom used only by the teacher on our hall. When Mr. Crowder came in and prepared for bed, he stepped into that little room, snapped on the switch, and there was a tremendous flash. The glass shade broke around his head, and the whole place was filled with a cloud of white smoke. He probably knew perfectly well who was responsible, but never said a word to the culprit, now the Reverend Dr. G. Thompson Brown!

A short distance away was the school building where we spent most of our waking hours. The curriculum was the standard one which prepared us to enter college in the United States. Perhaps we did not have the variety of options provided to American students in those days, and certainly not what they can choose today. For instance, I took Latin and mathematics all four years and Miss Blair (our dormitory matron) was my teacher. The only science course I took was chemistry under Mr. Whang, a Korean who was also athletic director. He spoke English fairly well, but I fear we sometimes made fun of his quaint expressions and embarrassed him. Years later he was for a brief time a very high official when Syeng-man Rhee was president of Korea, and then became quite wealthy as a business man, heading a firm with tuna-fishing boats in distant waters and a canning factory in Korea. Our music teacher was Mr. Dwight Malsbury who had started me learning the violin when we were in Pyeng-yang when I was in the fifth grade. He was the music professor at the Union Christian College but gave all kinds of instrument lessons and led the band at PYFS. He was a brilliant pianist and also faithfully did street preaching on Sunday afternoons. After World War II he lived in Pusan as a missionary of the Independent Presbyterian Mission, and devoted himself full-time to evangelistic work. I felt that in so doing he neglected his greatest gift as a musician, although he did keep up some of it.

There was great excitement over one scandal in the faculty. A young man was teaching in the elementary school and became a good friend of a music teacher considerably older than he. One March day, a Japanese detective came to the principal's office asking about Mrs. Reck. Mr. Reiner replied that there was no Mrs. Reck in the school, but that there was a Mr. Reck. "Oh no!" insisted the detective, "there is a Mrs. Reck. Our records show that your Mr. Reck married this lady in Hong Kong during the Christmas season." Mr. Reiner was astounded and as furious as he could be! It was against the school regulations for faculty members to marry each other. He fired them both without hesitation and they left that day, sending a shock wave through the

school and the whole community. The couple went to the gold mines in the northern part of the country where Mr. Reck found work at once. Sometime later, while I was still at PYFS, word came that he had been killed in an ore-crushing machine. The school authorities had the grace to allow his body to be returned for burial in Pyeng-yang, and we all attended the funeral held in the school gymnasium. I never did learn how, in the days before there was any air travel, this couple managed to get all the way to Hong Kong and back by boat during the short Christmas vacation.

Perhaps the teacher who influenced us the most was Dr. Donald G. Miller. His first year in Pyeng-yang was during my sophomore year which I spent in America when our family was on furlough. But he was there in my junior year when I studied English and Bible under him. Although under a three-year contract, he was so anxious to return and marry the lady to whom he was engaged that he stayed only two years. He was a graduate of Biblical Seminary in New York and an excellent Bible teacher using the inductive methods taught in that institution. Because classes were small, some were combined, as was the case for junior and senior Bible. Ruth Bell (now Mrs. Billy Graham) from China was a senior and in the same Bible class with us. Dr. Miller was then a Free Methodist, but Ruth was a dyed-in-the-wool Presbyterian, and the two of them had great debates about predestination. She must have won the battle, because not many years later after returning to the States he became a Presbyterian. When I was in my second year at seminary (1943) it was with great enthusiasm that I could welcome Dr. Miller to Richmond as my English Bible professor and I was privileged to be his student for two more years.

Dr. Miller was not only influential in the classroom but in other ways too, especially as our Scout master. Most of the boys in the school were in the Boy Scout troop and he took his duties seriously, faithfully holding the meetings, helping us with our advancement, and taking us on hikes and camping trips. I reached the rank of Star Scout and at graduation exercises received the Bob Erwin Award as a distinguished Scout. (Bob came from China and his parents set up this award in his memory after he was killed one night on the railway tracks behind our dormitory under rather mysterious circumstances.) In Dr. Miller's first year at PYFS he somehow managed to acquire a nearby place in the woods where the troop built a small cabin and we could spend the night occasionally. I still remember how on several occasions he cooked oatmeal for breakfast in a five-gallon oil can, and then afterwards scrubbed out that messy can with his own hands.

Once Dr. Miller took us for a weekend to a distant mountain fortress, a great walled area constructed by some Korean warlord hundreds of years ago. Each spring it was traditional for the school to allow a day or so holiday for the Scout troop to go camping at Misty Point which was a bend in a river where we could swim safely. There was a Methodist missionary in Pyeng-yang, Dr. William Shaw, who had served as a chaplain in World War I and loved to be with our Boy Scout troop although he did not have time to serve as Scout master. Dr. Miller would invite him to join in some of these outings to lead our devotional services which were always most inspirational and challenging to us boys.

Every morning at the school we had a chapel service, attended by all the students and faculty. It was usually led by one of the teachers, and when the principal, Mr. Reiner, rose to make announcements, we all trembled, not knowing how or where he was going to lower the boom on us for some real or imagined misdemeanor. There were also outside speakers. I recall that once Bishop Arthur Moore (missionary bishop of the Methodist Church) spoke. Another time there was a little bald-headed man who talked about the healing of Naaman the leper. Every time he mentioned Naaman bathing in the River Jordan he ducked all seven times behind the pulpit leaving only his bald pate visible, much to our amusement. Students also took turns leading the service, and I recall doing so at least once. Of course we sang all the hymns, both the great classical numbers and the popular Gospel type.

Every Sunday morning we trooped over to the Presbyterian Seminary for Sunday School, usually taught by local missionaries rather than our school-teachers who were with us during the weekdays. After Sunday School it was customary for all children of Southern Presbyterian missionaries to walk over to the home of Dr. and Mrs. W. D. Reynolds. He was usually out preaching somewhere, but Grandma Reynolds always welcomed us. She knew all of our parents and families and took personal interest in each of us. The only refreshments she provided were roasted peanuts of which there seemed to be an unlimited supply.

Sunday afternoon we again went to the seminary chapel for the worship service in English attended by the entire missionary community, making quite a large congregation. Our preachers were usually local missionaries but sometimes guests from abroad such as Dr. Robert E. Speer or Bishop Arthur Moore. Occasionally Dr. Reynolds, professor of systematic theology, took his turn preaching. While absolutely orthodox and biblical in his messages, he tended to be rather dry and long-winded. When he prayed he would forget all about his surroundings while talking endlessly to the Lord and would never

have come to the "Amen" if Grandma had not been sitting in the front pew. When she thought that the conversation had gone on long enough, she would loudly clear her throat . . . and the prayer would end abruptly!

On Sunday evenings we had Christian Endeavor, and of course all the students were members and expected to attend the meetings. We were divided into groups which usually met in the homes of missionaries in the community. Here again we became friends with these great saints, heard tales of their remarkable experiences, and were exposed to their fine influence. It was also a superb way in which to learn how to be at ease leading in worship, praying in public, and so on. Occasionally I went to Korean church services. The largest church near our school had so many members that they had a service for the women in the morning and one for the men early in the afternoon. I recall attending one service when about one hundred men were baptized. It was necessary to have two ministers going along two lines performing the sacrament at the same time.

Not only in high school, but for the rest of my years in college and seminary, I was more of a student and bookworm than participant in extracurricular activities. We had a full athletic program (soccer, basketball, ice hockey, tennis) and I would faithfully take part during the physical education class times, but not much more than that. The only exception was tennis which I enjoyed and played whenever possible but I was never a champion. I was in the school choir, and for a while in the band. There were all kinds of entertainments, parties, athletic contests, and plays. I think I was only in one play and on the stage a moment or two with a one-line or two remark, but I never enjoyed that sort of thing at all.

Dating was allowed but strictly controlled and chaperoned, usually by one or more of our teachers. It was customary for the boys to take the girls to the various school functions, but there was very little of this off campus. In warmer seasons, our class occasionally rented a boat for a ride and picnic up the Taidong River, sailing past some of the beautiful hills and colorful pavilions commemorating ancient historical events. The boat had a flat bottom where we could sit, and was propelled by a Korean with a long sculling oar which he twisted from side to side over the stern. Only rarely was there an American movie worth seeing, but occasionally a large group of us would go together with some faculty member to see one of the classics of that era such as *Rose Marie*. With all these activities we never felt deprived of a full and happy life and formed friendships which last until this day. Because we were such a small self-contained community, with each other in the dining room, classroom, athletic field, and other times in between, we never really lacked satisfactory social life.

Because the winters are so cold in Pyeng-yang we did a lot of ice skating for three months or more. On my first Thanksgiving Day there, we had a holiday. A small river behind our dormitory was frozen solid and I spent almost the whole day learning to skate. The school had a regulation size hockey rink which was flooded regularly for our use in physical education class, for ice hockey, and for recreation. We had a good hockey team largely made up of boys whose families lived in these cold regions and who had skated almost all their lives. The rest of us would often skate after school in the afternoons and all day Saturday. Sometimes on Saturday night the whole school spent the evening in a skating party. There would be a big fire beside the rink, apples and chestnuts to roast, and everyone had a great good time. Once or twice we went at night across the city down to the Tai-dong River which was solidly frozen. An enormous area had been cleared of snow and a skating oval prepared for the people of the city, a great many of whom enjoyed this sport. Fires were built out on the ice for light, heat, and to roast food. We never seemed to mind the bitter cold temperatures which were often below zero.

During these years we were not unmindful of momentous events taking place all around us. The main double-track railroad connecting Japan and China through Korea ran right behind our dormitory, separated only by a low hill which may have been an ancient city wall. This was the main route for transporting invading Japanese troops and military equipment moving into Manchuria and China. Long troop trains and cars loaded with tanks, artillery, trucks, and so on were continually passing along this route. We were forbidden by the suspicious Japanese authorities to climb the hill and watch for fear that we spies might report to our own respective governments what was going on (but we did sneak a look now and then!). A major Japanese airfield was just across the Tai-dong River from the city. In those days planes could not easily fly the long distances from Japan to China but Pyeng-yang was a forward base and close enough for their purposes. We could watch constant dogfights as their single engine fighters practiced maneuvers overhead. Squadrons of multi-engined bombers would also thunder overhead. Little did we realize that all of this would eventually lead to a great world war!

THE TRIP AROUND BY "THE PORTS" (1935)

By far the most educational two months of my life took place in the summer of 1935. It was a furlough year for our family after seven years in

Korea. My parents had saved their money, researched travel plans, and prepared to take the long way back to America by sailing around by "the ports." This meant traveling by ship via Japan, as far south as Singapore, through the Suez Canal and Mediterranean Sea to England, and across the Atlantic to the United States. Two weeks in Palestine and two weeks in the British Isles were carefully scheduled, and we would be on shipboard fifty-six nights during the summer. My Aunt Margaret Hopper traveled with our family, making six in the party.

Before departure my parents encouraged me to keep a daily diary, so I bought a little book for that purpose and faithfully recorded events and sights along the way. It was a fascinating and quite detailed account written from the viewpoint of a fourteen-year-old boy and I would pay a good price to have it for reference now. Unfortunately it was one of the casualties of the Korean War. When we suddenly evacuated from Chonju in June of 1950 and could bring only one suitcase apiece along with us, it never occurred to me to pick up that little diary. Hence it was left behind, and very likely was used to start a fire or paper the walls of some little Korean house.

The first half of our furlough year was spent in Rock Hill, South Carolina, and the rest in Richmond, Virginia. Rock Hill was the home of my mother's family, the Barron clan. Oakland Avenue seemed to be lined with Barron residences. Mother was one of eight brothers and sisters, all of whom (except Mother) lived on that street except two who were living in places less than twenty-five miles away. One brother (Uncle Archie) was a doctor in Charlotte. Uncle John was a banker at the Peoples' National Bank and was highly admired and trusted because he was credited with saving that bank from going under during the Great Depression when almost all other banks failed. The other three brothers (Ed, Will, and Earl) ran the Rock Hill Hardware Company along with the three sons (Edwin, Billy, and Caldwell) of the oldest brother, making six "Mr. Barrons" in the store.

Aunt Lottie Barron was the only unmarried one. She taught history at the Winthrop Training School where I had the fall semester of my second year of high school. Student teachers from Winthrop College across the street were trained there, using us as guinea pigs. Aunt Lottie was a first-rate teacher, and an outspoken critic of Hoover, a dyed-in-the-wool Democrat, an ardent supporter of Roosevelt and the "New Deal," and was seldom lacking in a firm and incontrovertible opinion on nearly any subject. My other teachers were excellent too, and I remember the names of all of them: Miss Poag (English), Miss Rogers (mathematics), Miss Ingram (Latin), and Mr. Blakely (physical education.) Miss Rogers once told her student teacher before class that there was one boy who would figure out a shorter way to work a problem in algebra

than the illustration in the textbook. Sure enough, when I raised my hand to point this out, there was a knowing wink between the teachers and I learned of the prediction afterwards by the grapevine.

I tried going out for football practice a few times, but besides having no knowledge whatever of the game, I was too lightweight and quit after a day or so. I continued in scouting in the local troop and once I walked with another boy to Fort Mill and back to complete the fourteen-mile hiking requirement. Father was away most of the fall working on his Th.D. at Union Theological Seminary in Richmond. Meanwhile we lived in a rented house right behind the Oakland Avenue Presbyterian Church and only a block or so from Winthrop College. Now and then we attended that church but we usually went to the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church downtown. All the Barrons belonged there and as a rule every one of them was present. The session and deaconate were liberally sprinkled with their names. We sang the metrical version of the Psalms, as was the practice in that denomination. The pastor, Dr. Rogers, had served there more than fifty years and frequently repeated his soaring cadenzas of flowery oratory which the younger Barrons knew by heart and could imitate much to our amusement. Irene Barron (daughter of my Uncle Will, and now Mrs. Robert Lee Scarborough) was only a year or so older than I, so my sister Mardia and I especially enjoyed her company.

We made several visits to Sharon, some twenty-five miles away, where my Aunt Ola Hunter lived. Her husband, the Reverend Ebenezer Hunter, was pastor of the little rural A.R.P. church there all his life. The church could not give him full support, so he farmed on the side. Aunt Ola kept chickens, raised a garden, did a lot of canning, and sumptuously fed us country style. Uncle Eb was chairman of the board of Erskine College for many years, and from all reports ruled that institution with an iron hand. He also headed a committee to edit a new Psalm book for the A.R.P. denomination and used to practice some of these musical versions of the Psalms on us in the evenings. Although loyal to his church, he also liked to sing hymns with us ordinary Presbyterians. He chewed tobacco and we sat for hours in the rockers on the front porch, feet on the rail, watching him accurately hit any target he wanted in the yard. Thereby hangs another tale, too.

In the village of Sharon was a wealthy man who was the politician type and very well known by everyone in the vicinity. One day his wife was shot to death. The man was not a member of Uncle Eb's church, but since they knew each other, naturally Uncle Eb went to call on him. It was a hot August day, and while there offering his condolences, Uncle Eb happened to aim a spit of tobacco juice into the fireplace, where it sizzled on the grate although there

was no fire. Later, when he returned home, Uncle Eb began to wonder why on such a hot day there had been a fire in the fireplace. This seemed suspicious so he reported it to the sheriff who investigated and found remnants of the man's bloody charred clothing which led to the arrest and conviction of the bereaved husband who had killed his wife!

We also visited my Uncle Archie and Aunt Alice in Charlotte. Some years before, just after their marriage when they were getting started in that city, they were staying temporarily in an apartment on the tenth floor of the Charlotte Hotel, probably the tallest building there. One afternoon she was preparing to go out to a party and reached out to an outside window box to pluck a flower to pin on her dress. The rug slipped under her feet and she tumbled out the window. She bounced on two parallel flag staffs, went through the glass awning over the sidewalk and landed with no major injuries. In fact she was able to tell people at once to notify her hostess at the party that she would not be there!

The last half of our furlough was spent in Richmond, Virginia. We lived in an apartment at Mission Court, the furlough home for foreign missionaries. Father was completing his work on his doctorate while running around making missionary addresses. As I recall, the Shive family, missionaries to the Belgian Congo, had the apartment just below us. We attended the Ginter Park Presbyterian Church and I was a member of the young peoples' group there. I went to the Thomas Jefferson High School which was new and quite a distance from Mission Court, so I somehow acquired a bicycle to ride back and forth. In those days traffic was not nearly as dangerous as today. That school was an enormous square building, three stories high. It seemed to me that each side of the square and all three floors were exactly alike, and with twelve possibilities to confuse me, I was completely lost the first day and late for all classes.

The Latin teacher is the only one I remember because she was literally a "holy terror." The work in her class was about a semester ahead of my previous lessons, and she used to bless me out in rather strong language for being so stupid that I could not recite properly in class. Grades were given out at the end of each of the four months, and they were successively D, C, B, and A so that by the end of the semester she publicly commended me on making such improvement . . . but I nearly died trying to memorize Julius Caesar in the process. My only extracurricular activity in the school was playing the violin in the orchestra. Once we accompanied the school choral group putting on the *Mikado* in the Mosque civic auditorium in downtown Richmond.

Furlough over, the Hopper family returned to Korea, taking the train across the continent and a ship across the ocean. Such train trips were long,

three or four days, but we enjoyed the scenery, eating in the diner, and sleeping on the Pullman. Among the fellow passengers on the ship were Dr. and Mrs. P. Frank Price, veteran missionaries to China, and well known all over our church. He had just been moderator of the 1936 General Assembly meeting of the Presbyterian Church (U.S.A.) and now at the age of seventy-two was returning to China. It was a rare privilege to be exposed to this great man and learn of his forty-six years of experience in China. Mrs. Price was about the same age as he and both were healthy and active. As is often the case on passenger steamers, there was a day of shipboard contests with deck games of various kinds. Both Mrs. Price and I were the finalists in a tournament of throwing rubber suction cup darts at a target on a bulkhead. With a fifteen year old pitted against this grandmother there was enormous interest on shipboard and a great many rooters on hand for the final contest. Both of us made high scores, but youth won out . . . and I can assure you there never was a better loser than Mrs. Price!

BACK TO PYFS

What a year that had been! How many high school students have ever had such exposure to travel, interesting people, and events as we had that year? Now we were back in Korea and I began my junior year in high school at Pyeng-yang. That year I roomed with Hamilton (Ham) Talbot, a senior from China, and Walter Levie, a classmate and the son of our mission dentist in Kwangju. We were great friends. Because seniors could choose their roommates, Walter and I agreed to be together our last year. But the year had hardly started when the matron asked me to room with a new boy from China and put Walter elsewhere, much to our displeasure.

A few days later George Thompson Brown, known as Tommy, arrived. His parents were Dr. and Mrs. Frank A. Brown, missionaries to China, and he was born in Kuling. He grew up in Suchowfu and had attended Shanghai American School until then. But because the Japanese military action in China made it impossible for him to get to Shanghai, he had taken the long train trip via Manchuria to our school. When Christmas vacation time came, he could not make the trip home so I invited him to come to Mokpo with me and my sister Mardia who was a year behind us in school. Later he and I roomed together for four years at Davidson College, and he married my sister Mardia in Gaither Chapel in Montreat in 1943. At the time he was a lieutenant in the army, and

after the war he attended Union Theological Seminary in Richmond, was a pastor in Gastonia for several years, and came to Korea as a fellow missionary.

Superior teachers, distinguished missionaries, exposure to other cultures, and the advantages of travel were all parts of the exceptionally wonderful guidance and training we had during these formative years. Since almost all the students came from homes where both parents were professionally trained as ministers, doctors, nurses, or professors (many with advanced degrees), it is not surprising that the level of education at PYFS was higher than average and that almost all the graduates went on to college and graduate school. If my memory is correct, a survey taken at the time the school was closed just before World War II, showed that there was a higher percentage of the alumni elected to Phi Beta Kappa than that of any high school in the United States. Naturally the number entering Christian work was also very high. Four members of my class of 1938 became career missionaries of the Presbyterian Church: Virginia Montgomery (Mrs. Don McCall, in Japan and Taiwan), Catherine McLauchlin (Mrs. Lyle Peterson, in Japan), and Tommy Brown and I (in Korea). Several other members of our class belonging to other denominations were also in similar work.

Commencement exercises were (I believe) on June 7, 1938. Father preached the baccalaureate sermon on the subject "A Son's Graduation" based on Hebrews 5:8–9. Virginia Montgomery was the class salutatorian, and I was valedictorian. Both of us had to make short speeches. Mine had been written, reviewed by the principal, and memorized. Right in the middle of my oration a large formation of Japanese bombing planes flew low overhead. The roar was so deafening I had to stop speaking, and nearly lost my place as a result! Somehow I don't remember too much about it, probably because I was so relieved when it was over.

My sister Mardia graduated from PYFS the following year. My brother George's education there was cut short in the fall of 1940 when almost all of the missionaries were forced to evacuate a year before the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor.

During the first winter of the Korean War, a few missionaries were able to enter Pyeng-yang briefly. They found that most of the mission property, including our school, had become the headquarters of the Communist regime of dictator Kim Il-seung, and that is very likely still the case today. But the impact of that school on scores of missionary children, and subsequently through them upon the work of our Lord in many lands around the world, can never be measured!

3

The Davidson Years

(1938–1942)

After graduating from high school in Pyeng-yang in June 1938, I returned home to Mokpo and then went with our family to the Chidi San camp for our summer vacation. I left directly from there to go to the States to enter Davidson College. Father accompanied me all the way to Kobe, Japan, to take the ship across the Pacific. At the foot of Chidi San the Japanese police called us into the police station in Kurei and thoroughly examined my small trunk, completely messing up the beautiful packing job Mother had done on all my things. We took the train down to Yosu, and a night ferry to Pusan, crossed the straits on another ferry to Japan, and went on to Kobe by train along the inland Sea of Japan. In Kobe I boarded the *Empress of Canada* alone and sailed to Vancouver. There was one missionary family from China and several young people from missionary homes in China on board so I had some congenial company. This was my first major venture all by myself.

After we landed in Vancouver I had my trunk moved to the railway depot and bought a ticket across the continent. Because there was an interval of about four hours to wait before the train departed and knowing that Vancouver is a beautiful city, I went out in front of the depot and discovered streetcars moving along the street. I asked a policeman if there was any car that would take me for a good sightsee of the city and come right back there to the depot within a few hours so I wouldn't get lost. He was glad to give me the number of just such a streetcar. Presently when one came by, I got on, paid the eight-cent fare, and sat right behind the conductor.

As the other passengers thinned out, I began talking to the conductor and told him who I was and what I was doing. He was a very obliging and talkative fellow who proceeded to give me a guided tour, pointing out places of interest and relating the history and anecdotes about them. The tour took us around the city, by many beautiful parks and buildings, and I had a magnificent time. After about two hours we came back to the railway depot and I got off having had a great sightsee of the city of Vancouver—all for eight cents!

My cross-continent train took me through the magnificent Canadian Rockies with a brief glimpse of Banff as we passed. At Winnipeg, my first destination, I was met by my Uncle George Hopper, then consul general in that city. Following a brief visit with him, I went on to Louisville, Kentucky. The train to Minneapolis was late and I missed the connection to Chicago. This put me in that vast and wicked city late at night and necessitated a taxi ride across town to another depot. Chicago was notorious for Dillinger and other gangsters and I was terrified but managed to make the trip between depots in the dark. In Louisville I visited with my Uncle William Hopper and his family for several days.

Continuing my journey toward the east, I spent several days in Montreat at the Collegiate Home. I will later describe this home more, but at the time of this visit a large number of college students, sons and daughters of missionaries, were there and I knew many of them from the Asian countries. Most significant of all was the fact that here for the first time I met Dorothy Anne Longenecker, daughter of missionaries in the Belgian Congo, and her older sister Alice. She has reminded me that we were introduced when hiking with a group up Greybeard Trail. She was a rising sophomore at Queens College in Charlotte and since I would be twenty miles away at Davidson College we knew that likely we would be seeing each other from time to time. We were reminded that our fathers had known each other when they were both attending Louisville Presbyterian Seminary, but so far as I know the two families had had no other contact since then.

Tuition at Davidson College for the year was six hundred dollars which is only a fraction of the cost today. Yet knowing now what a small salary my parents received, I realize how they must have sacrificed financially to supply this and later the cost of educating my sister and brother. The only help from the Mission Board was three hundred dollars a year which took care of feeding me, but no more. I always tried to be as frugal as possible with the spending money supplied from home, but even so the cost of books, clothing, etc. must have been considerable.

Reaching Davidson I found myself again rooming with Tommy Brown, the only fellow student I knew except several older students from our Korea Mission. We roomed in South Barracks. The college dormitories were variously priced, but the North and South Barracks were cheapest . . . I believe fifty dollars a semester. Constructed for men training for the army during World War I, these were long parallel one-story wooden frame buildings each with four halls entered from the side, and each hall had four rooms and a toilet. Below the far end of the two barracks in a grove of trees was the shower house, and sometimes we had to walk through the snow to reach it. The rooms were plain and bare, with two steel cots, two desks and two chairs, and nothing else. Tommy and I moved into a room on the third hall and lived together in that same room all four years!

One of the first major decisions at college was what boarding house to patronize. There was no college dining hall. Members of fraternities ate meals in their own fraternity houses, while all others had the choice of several places just off the campus in the town. The system required a student to sign up each month and agree to eat at that boarding place for the entire month. But after that he was free to choose another place. This set up competition so that whoever offered the best food kept their patrons, but if the fare was not satisfactory the establishment lost business. The rate was probably the same everywhere, twenty-five dollars a month, exactly the amount of the stipend sent to me each month from the Mission Board in Nashville. Each boarding house had a student "manager" who probably got his board free for drumming up patrons for his place. I never had that kind of position but at times did wait tables or wash dishes for all or part of my board.

Dr. Walter L. Lingle was president of the college. He was a highly respected and widely known Presbyterian minister, and very likely my parents sent me to this college because of their great regard for him. He was known among the students as "Sloppy Lingle" due to his attire on the golf course and also because his pants were not always pressed nor his shoes shined. He retired midway during our time at Davidson, and Dr. John Rood Cunningham, also a minister, became president. He and Father had been friends at Louisville Seminary which gave me a personal tie to him. His nickname was "Slick John the Divine" because he was always impeccably dressed, hair combed, etc. Of course later I slowly became acquainted with many of the faculty and came to know many fine men in that way. Dr. Lewis Schenk was my "faculty advisor," and I took two years of Bible study under him. He was always most friendly and helpful in every way.

My four years of study were routine, and I stuck to my books pretty closely. In those days very few students owned cars, and even if they did, it was against the college rules to have one on campus. This meant that we did not run around all over the country as students do today. Knowing that I planned to enter the ministry, I took four years of Greek and Bible (or religion) courses. One year I had New Testament Greek under old "Dickie" Harding, then in his seventies and quite a traditional fixture on campus. He was a quaint little old man with a goatee who drove an ancient automobile, and there were many tales (probably apocalyptic) about his driving. In math, my grades were exceptionally high until I hit calculus which I could never grasp and nearly failed.

Under Dr. Kenneth Foreman Sr., I had ethics and aesthetics. To do research for a term paper in the latter course, I rode the streetcars and buses in Atlanta during a spring vacation and jotted down the number of different types of Greek columns used on the fronts of houses, and produced statistical evidence of the relative popularity of the Doric, Corinthian, or Ionic capitals used. The professor thought that was quite original and gave me a good grade.

Dr. Sentelle taught philosophy. He was very old and difficult to follow but I figured out that to pass an exam, all one had to do was use certain of his favorite words or phrases in answering a question while the rest might be a lot of nonsense. I worked out a list of these in a brief one-page outline which I memorized and thus made an A. All this added up to a good record so that I was elected to Phi Beta Kappa, graduated magna cum laude, and received the Bible Medal.

For a couple of years I worked in the college library. The government National Youth Administration (NYA) had a program of helping students at forty cents an hour which I was glad to get. Usually I sat at the desk giving out and receiving books under the watchful eye of Miss Julia Passmore, who had been librarian forever. She was constantly wandering around the reading rooms exhorting students to quit talking, but using a whisper louder than most of their conversation. A new library was completed on the other side of the campus shortly after Dr. Cunningham became president. In order to get the books moved from the old to the new building, he declared a holiday from classes, had the student body form human chains across the campus, and pass the books along like a conveyer belt. Cold drinks were served periodically, loudspeakers in the trees broadcast the World Series baseball games, and a great time was had by all. The new library was much larger and in many ways a better building. The only trouble was that the architect was so intent on

conforming to the style of other campus buildings, that he forgot to leave enough wall space for bookshelves.

Another job I had for a few months was helping the little son of Dr. and Mrs. Cunningham practice the violin. His parents thought it would be a great idea for him to learn this instrument, but he had no such ambition at all. Practice was a farce as he simply refused to cooperate in any way. The only other paying job I had at Davidson was making posters for concerts, plays, and other events. This also helped with expenses when I attended the young peoples' conferences held on the campus after commencement in the spring. My skills and equipment were limited, but there was no one else doing this sort of thing so I was able to make a little money on the side.

My extracurricular activities mostly involved music. For a year or so I took pipe organ lessons from Professor James Christian Pfohl. The chapel had a beautiful three-manual Skinner organ. I enjoyed the organ but never did become really proficient at it. For the four years of college, I was in the orchestra as first chair second violin. This involved regular practice and we gave concerts now and then on the campus or were taken on trips to play elsewhere, usually at other colleges or in churches. Near the end of my college days, our orchestra was combined with that of Queens College, and Lenore McCall (Saunders) became second chair, second violin. Once she had to write a paper for her philosophy of religion course and asked me for an outline. I had one (probably copied from my own professor) with which she wrote her paper and made an A.

The most memorable trip as a member of the orchestra was to Winston-Salem one Easter weekend. Mr. Pfohl's father was the Moravian bishop there, and on that occasion some of us were asked to help play the accompaniment for "The Seven Last Words of Christ" program at the Moravian mother church on Good Friday evening. This was interesting, but I also had the privilege of being a house guest of Dr. and Mrs. Cunningham. He was then pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Winston-Salem. On Easter morning he took me to the Moravian sunrise service in which he had a part leading a prayer. This meant I could go with him to the front of the ceremony, held in their cemetery. Here I had a good view of the whole proceedings, and could best enjoy the music for which those people are justly famous . . . especially their brass band.

There were two literary societies on campus which were mostly made of boys who did not belong to fraternities. I was a member of the Philanthropic Literary Society which met in one of the oldest historical buildings on the

campus. Most of the meetings were pretty much of a farce, but were conducted according to the proper *Robert's Book of Order* parliamentary rules which was excellent preparation for the many times afterwards when I had to preside at church and mission meetings, committees, or boards. Programs were supposedly quite erudite, and occasionally we had social functions . . . often with groups of girls from Queens College.

We had daily required chapel services and Sunday evening vespers. At the latter, local ministers and numerous well-known ones from elsewhere were invited to preach. Perhaps most popular were Dr. Redhead from Charlotte, Dr. Crosley Morgan from Concord, and Dr. Foreman of the Davidson faculty. Once Dr. Peter Marshall held meetings on the campus, and made a practice of visiting around in the dormitories which made quite an impression. I also attended the Davidson Presbyterian Church, right on the corner of the campus on Sunday mornings.

During all four years I taught a Sunday School class about four miles out of town at the Shearer Chapel, a small country meeting place where services were held in the afternoon. Most of the time I walked both ways, which took about an hour. One Sunday a month, Rev. J. Kenton Parker would preach there and on those occasions he would drive us both ways. He had been a missionary in Korea a couple of years so we had this experience in common. The people at the chapel were farmers, rather poor and uneducated, but it was a good contact and experience for me. Many years later when we were on furlough from Korea, we visited this area again. It had been heavily built up, and now the former chapel has become Shearer Church.

During my college days, traveling for most students was by hitchhiking. There was little fear of having trouble with criminals or drug addicts and people were usually quite generous about picking up those who were obviously college students. Hence we traveled widely at no expense at all, except when we got stuck without a ride late at night and were forced to take a bus. Charlotte was only twenty miles away and we hitchhiked there most frequently. Quite often I went to Rock Hill, where Uncle Will and Aunt Irene Barron were most generous in letting me use their guest room on weekends, vacations, and so on. Irene Jr. was often at home too, and we were good company for each other. When Mardia came from Korea in the fall of 1939, I went to Louisville to meet her, and then made several trips to Atlanta when she was at Agnes Scott. Once or twice Tommy Brown and I went together to see her, along with Anne Paisley (now Mrs. Bill Boyd, from Korea), Page Lancaster (now Mrs. Herbert Codington, from China), and others whom we

knew. We stayed at the YMCA in Atlanta for fifty cents a night, rode local buses and streetcars, and ate as cheaply as possible. Virtually all this travel was on our thumbs.

Once, Tommy I hitchhiked to Washington, D.C., and back in the late summer before college opened. We slept in some kind of boarding place in beds under a stairway, and ate bananas to keep alive. We visited all the usual sightseeing places, but walked between them. Those long distances left us with sore feet for quite a while. There was an advertisement in the paper announcing ten-minute airplane rides at the Washington airport for three dollars. After much soul-searching about this exorbitant price, we decided to splurge, went to the airport, and enjoyed a sightsee of our nation's capital from a small plane just big enough for the pilot and us. This was our introduction to air travel which in subsequent years has covered thousands of miles, literally all over the world—particularly in Tommy's case.

In the fall of 1939 I was received under the care of Concord Presbytery as a candidate for the ministry. Dr. C. M. Richards, a Bible professor at the college, was my sponsor in this and guided me through all the preparation and proceedings. Presbytery met in the First Presbyterian Church of Concord, North Carolina, and he was gracious enough to take me over in his car and introduce me for questioning in front of the Presbytery. I do not remember anything about the details of that, but presumably I was acceptable to the Presbytery.

With friends such as Tommy Brown, Jimmy Kerr, and others, I went on a couple of camping trips. One spring break we went to Montreat, spent the night at the home of Dr. and Mrs. W. D. Reynolds, and hiked to Mt. Mitchell. The first night we camped on the trail about halfway, putting up little pup tents we had brought along. In the night there was a rustling sound among our groceries, and our flashlights revealed a small skunk. We chased him off several times, but he always came back to our margarine. Finally we managed to persuade him to leave . . . without any unpleasant consequences!

Another time we went to Lake James, near Marion, North Carolina. We rented a little boat for two dollars a day and bought a can of gasoline for the outboard motor. For several days we sailed around the lake enjoying the views and the sunny weather. The final night a terrific thunderstorm came up with heavy downpours lasting for hours. We had bought sleeping bags advertised as waterproof, but it was not long before we discovered otherwise. All night we were up, heaping enough dead wood on the fire to keep it going, but otherwise getting ourselves and everything we had soaking wet. The next day as we

tried to hitchhike, we looked like such bums no one would pick us up for rides. I rode the bus to Charlotte and went to the home of my Uncle Archie and Aunt Alice Barron. Here I got cleaned up and had some good meals and rest, but I was so terribly sunburned, they had to treat me for that. Aunt Alice used to laugh about how much peeled-off skin she found in my bed afterwards.

One weekend after visiting Uncle Eb and Aunt Ola in Sharon, South Carolina, I hitchhiked back to the college early Monday morning. This required two or three different rides, and each time the driver could talk of nothing else but a radio program heard the night before which had terrified them. It was Orson Welles's famous radio drama "War of the Worlds" featuring an imaginary invasion of the United States by a massive force of men from Mars. It had been performed so realistically with frequent news breaks by excited reporters all over the country that it upset literally the entire nation. On campus, everyone was talking about it. Students had been terrified, thinking that the end of our civilization or of the whole world had come. It was said that even burly football players were on their knees repenting of their sins!

Late in the fall of 1940, the relationship of the United States and Japan deteriorated very badly. The State Department insisted that American citizens in Korea return home, and sent a ship to Inchon for them. My parents and brother George had to pack up and sail on the *Mariposa* to the States. Actually, for some time work by missionaries had been virtually impossible, not because they themselves were persecuted, but because any Koreans with whom they associated were subject to all kinds of mistreatment by their Japanese oppressors. This increasingly hostile and dangerous situation made the missionaries realize that matters were getting worse and that it was time to leave. My parents came back to Rock Hill and I was with them at Christmastime that year.

Soon afterwards they went to Decatur, Georgia, where they lived temporarily in a small apartment at Columbia Theological Seminary and Father did some teaching there. He was then asked to be the organizing pastor of the Emory Presbyterian Church. A small group was already meeting in a clubhouse near the Emory University campus, and they were able to rent a house. During my last year at Davidson, I made several visits with my family in Atlanta, but they were of necessity very brief. After about a year, during which World War II got underway, they were asked to go to Brazil to work, possibly among Koreans, and packed up to go. However, Mother's doctor

found her blood pressure too high to travel by air. In those days planes were not pressurized, and ship travel was forbidden because of German submarine warfare. Those plans to go to Brazil had to be cancelled at the last minute and Father then became pastor of the Royal Oak Presbyterian Church in Marion, Virginia, in 1943, until he was able to return to Korea in 1946.

Each of my four years I stayed on campus after commencement to be a part of the Synod of North Carolina Young People's Conference. For many teenagers this was the highlight of the year, and there were always more applicants than could be accepted. Every Presbytery and most churches had active groups of young people, and sent representatives to this conference which used all the facilities on the campus. It helped me personally in providing a place to stay during the interlude until the Collegiate Home opened for the summer in Montreat. The conference lasted a week and featured some of the finest Bible teachers available. People such as Dr. Manford Gutzke, Dr. Crosley Morgan, Rev. James Appleby, Dr. Gene Witherspoon, Dr. Jim Witherspoon, Dr. Harold Dudley, Miss Lucy Steele, Miss Zoulean Anderson, and many others gave us rich inspiration and solid Bible teaching.

Meals were served in the large room beneath the auditorium of the college and here good fellowship was enjoyed by all. Of course there was plenty of recreation in the afternoons too. Something like six hundred boys and girls representing the cream of the crop of North Carolina Presbyterian youth were there. A very large number of them became leaders at all levels of the church in later years, and some of them were outstanding in responsible positions. During the past few decades the whole denomination has been richly blessed by the strong leadership of those who attended the Davidson conferences and similar ones elsewhere. It is a pity that movements of this kind in the church today are not raising a new generation of such people. Somehow I managed to get jobs during these conferences which provided a scholarship for my expenses but still allowed me to participate in most of the activities.

During our college years the most unforgettable weekend took place on Pearl Harbor Day. It was Sunday, and as usual I walked four miles each way to teach Sunday School at Shearer Chapel in the afternoon. No one was in our room when I returned and I flopped down on my bed to rest. Not long before this, Tommy and I were so concerned about the historic developments taking place in Europe with Hitler's Nazis on the rampage, and the war in China where Japanese troops were winning, that we had purchased a small second-hand radio for seven dollars (lots of money for us in those days). I flipped on the switch for some symphony music which was usually broadcast on Sunday

afternoons, and heard the announcer say, "It is feared that there has been great loss of life at Pearl Harbor." I didn't even know where that was, but soon found out, when President Franklin Roosevelt came on the air, and the whole story of that terrible dawn attack began to come through.

A few hours later was the time of the regular vesper service for the student body. Everyone was excited and talking of volunteering at once for one of the armed services. Many were already in the R.O.T.C. (I was not) and had thus been taking military training. It was the night for Dr. Richards to lead the service. He was not too popular as a speaker, but that evening he did something extremely wise. He put aside his prepared sermon, and simply talked earnestly to the boys, telling them that the best service they could render to our country was to continue their college preparation until the War Department called them up in an orderly fashion. This calmed things considerably although some students did enlist immediately. Of course, following our commencement at the end of the college year, a great many were called into service and of them some gave their lives. Because I had already been taken under care of Concord Presbytery as a candidate for the ministry over two years before this, the draft board gave me a classification excusing me from military service and instructing me to continue with my college and seminary education.

During our college years the Collegiate Home in Montreat was a lifesaver for me each summer. Without it there would always have been a problem as to where to go and live and find some kind of work. There were relatives who would have welcomed me, but this would have been an imposition upon them for such a long time. During those days not long after the Great Depression, jobs were not easy to find. Missionary children who were raised abroad were at a distinct disadvantage in making the necessary contacts to find employment because they had not grown up in a community where they were known and where family friends would have helped provide places to work. The Collegiate Home was the answer to all the uncertainty that otherwise would have surrounded summer vacation time.

Several years before I began college, some extremely thoughtful and kind ladies in Montreat had seen this need. Miss Lidell, Mrs. Wardlaw, Mrs. Pack, and others had worked through the Montreat Women's Club and raised money to secure the Hickory Lodge property. This was without question a considerable undertaking, and contributors must have been very generous. It was a large three-story former boarding house. Downstairs was a spacious living room, dining room, kitchen, and a bedroom for the ladies who took care

of the home. On my first visit, the girls slept on the second floor and the boys on the third floor. Although there were numerous bedrooms, every one of them was filled, sometimes with more occupants than actual bed space. Very shortly afterwards, more money was raised, and just to the right of this building an "annex" was built. It was a long wooden frame structure with twelve rooms holding two beds each, a small vestibule serving as a lounge, and a bathroom. The interior walls were not finished up, but it was adequate for summer use by us boys. There was plenty of space around the whole project to provide a good yard.

During my four years, Mrs. Mizell was hostess and Mrs. Vaughan managed the kitchen and dining facilities. We paid the colossal sum of four dollars per week for room, board, and laundry and also helped in serving tables, doing dishes, cleaning up, and so forth. With numbers ranging up to fifty and more young people at once, we naturally had a whopping good time. All of us had similar backgrounds from missionary homes in Korea, China, Japan, Mexico, Brazil, or Belgian Congo. We could speak the languages of the countries where we had been raised, and tell innumerable tales of life and experiences in those lands. It was easy to find others with similar interests who were congenial, and many became lifelong friends . . . some married each other, as was the case with Dot and me. Of course, a large number of these collegians later became missionaries like their parents, and still others assumed active and prominent places in the life of the church as ministers, church workers, and laypeople.

We had no problems amusing ourselves with games such as Rook or Monopoly, and outings such as hikes to Lookout or up Greybeard Mountain. Swimming was in Lake Susan in those days, and, cold though it was, it provided daily recreation for some of us. One summer Dr. Peter Marshall was one of the speakers in the auditorium, and after observing the lack of recreational facilities for young people in the community he challenged the people of Montreat to build a center for youth activities. This resulted in the construction of a large building for recreation, mainly roller skating, which we enjoyed to the fullest on many evenings.

In addition to all of this, there were splendid conferences in those days, featuring some of the greatest preachers of our denomination and many from outside our church. Robert E. Speer, James Stewart of Scotland, George Truitt of the Southern Baptist Church, and Peter Marshall and Crossley Morgan of our own denomination were some of them. Of course we were free to attend any of these we desired. Another distinctive plus was the privilege of knowing and befriending church leaders and devoted Christians from all over the

Southland. These connections were helpful in future years as we scattered out into careers of our own. Perhaps, too, we had a part in generating greater interest among these good people in the work our parents were doing in the foreign mission fields of our church.

Nearly all of us were anxious to get some kind of job in Montreat, but they were exceedingly scarce and none of them paid very well. Some of us waited tables in various establishments, helped with the club program for children, mowed lawns, and did various other things. All of Montreat seemed to be under the rather harsh control of Dr. R. C. Anderson and his sidekick, a Mr. Bowman. They were difficult to contact, ruled everything with an iron hand, and seemed to delight in not answering letters or in turning down applications. Whenever there was a vacancy, there was a rush to apply for it. After much effort Tommy Brown and I succeeded in landing a job together. There were two shifts running the elevator at Assembly Inn. Each meant working seven days a week, eight hours each day, for a "salary" of eight dollars for the fifty-six hours . . . and no meals or extras. Since Tommy and I got one shift, we each worked four hours a day, giving us four dollars a week, exactly what it cost to live at Collegiate Home. Occasionally some kind person would give us a quarter or two tip, but that seldom came to more than a dollar or so a week.

The elevator came down to the basement level where many people entered, and rose to the lobby and two other floors where there were bedrooms. Since so many of our riders attended conferences at the auditorium, there were often many hours when most of the guests were gone and we had little to do. We had some chairs at the basement door and would sit there reading or chatting with the bellhops, very fine black men who became firm friends. One was named Roy, and even after I retired as a missionary we would sometimes meet in the grocery stores in Black Mountain and greet each other. The other was Dr. J. Truman Peterson, who during the rest of the year was superintendent of schools in the eastern part of the state (either Red Springs or Maxton, I think.) He was a brilliant man, well versed in English literature and other subjects . . . even to the point of quoting Shakespeare to us now and then.

Somehow I managed to find a card table which I set up near the elevator door in the basement and placed my portable typewriter on it. Now and then some guest in the Inn needed to have a letter typed, which I would do for ten cents a page and considered it wonderful income. A few yards from that position was a door leading into a large area under the dining room which housed the entire Presbyterian Historical Foundation. Dr. Thomas H. Spence was the

curator of this and we became good friends from then until his death after we retired and began living in Montreat. When Dr. James Stewart of Scotland checked in, I took him up to his floor. A few hours later I was browsing around in the Presbyterian Book Store, then situated at the upper end of Lake Susan. The manager, Mr. John Hill, stayed at the Inn and had become a good friend, too. Dr. Stewart came in the bookstore while I was there and his eyes fell on an immense stack of his latest book of sermons for sale. He took one look and gasped, "Oh my! I didn't think these would be sold here. . . . I've got work to do!" He rushed back to the hotel—the sermons he had planned to preach during his week in Montreat were printed in that book!

The elevator was small and antiquated. It did not have an automatic leveling device, so we had to try to manage the controls to hit the floors properly. If overloaded with too many people going up it stopped well below the floor; and going down it would keep right on past the proper place. If we forgot to stop at the top floor it would get stuck because it had gone beyond the electrical connections. When this happened we had to go up on the roof, into a little shed over the top of the elevator shaft, and push a large wheel by hand until the elevator had gone down to where we could again control it. During the Women's Conference when the lobby would be filled with hundreds of ladies, all of them talking, we liked to run up a floor or so above and laugh at the roar of voices coming up the elevator shaft!

That job kept me occupied for two summers, and then I secured the position of general handyman at the Foreign Mission Building on the other side of the lake. It had been built by the Richardson family of Greensboro, North Carolina, which was well known as the owner of the Vicks company. One of the Richardsons was a relative of Dr. Egbert Watson Smith who was a prominent leader of our denomination and had been executive secretary and field secretary of the Mission Board for many years. The building where I worked included a private bedroom and bathroom for Dr. Smith and one of my duties was to keep it ready for his use, though he rarely came.

There were a number of rooms where books were sold. There were also displays of the work of missionaries, cases to display artifacts from each country served by our missionaries, and offices for the staff of the Board who came to Montreat each summer. My boss was Miss Isabel Arnold, an elderly lady from DeLand, Florida, who somehow for many years controlled that building every summer. She is best described as the kind who always wore an old-fashioned little hat and had her petticoat showing. She complained continually about the previous college boy who worked there because he had suddenly left her

employ when she needed him badly (which suited me all right because it left an opening for me).

My salary was fifteen dollars a week, almost twice what I had been getting, and the hours were far better. Almost all people in church work from across our whole Assembly would visit and often spend many hours here. Also the mission executives and secretaries using the offices became good friends so that later when I applied for appointment as a missionary, I was already a well-known entity which helped tremendously in all our relationships. Among them were Dr. C. Darby Fulton, Dr. H. Kerr Taylor, Dr. Richard Gillespie, Dr. Lewis Lancaster, Mr. Curry B. Hearn, Miss Ellen Hastings, and others. In some ways this period was a high point of interest in the worldwide mission of the church, and I could profit by being at the very heart of where the summer promotional work was carried on . . . all of it enjoyable, educational, and profitable.

For several summers I also had a little volunteer work. At the request of Mrs. C. C. Anderson, I helped with some work with the local black residents. This little white-haired lady was much concerned about these people who worked in homes and institutions around Montreat, but were segregated from all the conferences and worship activities. She arranged for them to have the use of a large frame building, said to be the oldest in Montreat (and which now houses the post office). On one night a week she wanted to have some Bible classes so I helped with an hour teaching on Bible geography, biblical characters, and so on.

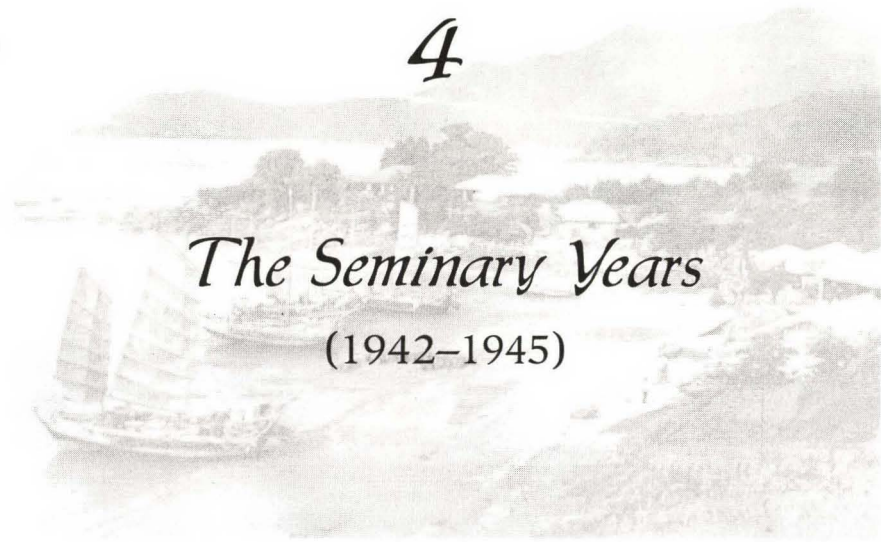
During my last summer working in Montreat (1942) our Korea Mission was celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of work in that land. Near the end of the conference season it had been decided that we should put on a pageant commemorating this occasion. Dr. J. C. Crane of Korea had been appointed to write the script, which turned out to be far longer and more elaborate than it should have been. I am not sure who was the official director, but in the end it appeared that everyone who had ever served as a missionary in Korea thought he or she was!

Somehow I got roped into making a lot of the props for the stage. I cut rhododendron and vines in the woods, used a lot of crepe paper, and managed to create such things as Korean chiggies and a covered sedan chair for a bride and groom. This work was in addition to my job at the Foreign Mission Building and had to be done at nights, so that I very much overworked myself. The night before our production was to go on stage in Anderson Auditorium, there was a dress rehearsal which was a total disaster. We all knew that the next night would be a disgrace but were determined that the show must go on. In

the next twenty-four hours the script was drastically revised, the actors briefed on the changes, and scores of adults and children decked out in Korean costumes. I don't know how many took part, but all the "Korea-ites" and their families were included so that the stage was full of them. Somehow, though all was really vast confusion (actually quite typical of life in Korea), the evening was deemed a huge success, and the auditorium full of people were duly impressed.

However, the overwork on my part resulted in my getting extremely ill with some kind of flu and complications. For quite a number of days I had a high fever. Fortunately my parents were also in Montreat and could help care for me. By the time I could get up, the season was over. Miss Isabel had to go back to Florida, but it was arranged that I could close up the Foreign Mission Building by working briefly each day as my strength allowed.

Then something unusual happened for which I have always been grateful. An unknown benefactor who has never been identified, sent me word that for a couple of weeks early in September until the seminary opened, my board and room were paid for at the Glen Rock Inn where a Mrs. McCutcheon was proprietor. I was told to go there and rest and recuperate. Mrs. McCutcheon felt it was her immediate aim in life to feed me well and fatten me up. The place has a long front porch where I could sit and read or talk with the other people staying there. There was one man who was virtually a professional checkers player and he wanted me to play with him although he beat me consistently. This did teach me many tricks about the game. The weather was perfect too, so I had a pleasant relaxing time which I am sure not only fitted me for starting my seminary work in Richmond, but left me with the very best of memories of four happy summers spent in Montreat.



4

The Seminary Years

(1942–1945)

By the fall of 1942, my parents and brother George were in Marion, Virginia, where Father was pastor of the Royal Oak Presbyterian Church. Mardia was a senior at Agnes Scott College in Decatur, Georgia; World War II was at its height and our whole country was gearing up for the coming invasions of North Africa and the European mainland. Most of my college classmates and friends of the same age were in the armed forces, but the draft board had instructed me to continue with my preparation for the ministry. Because of all these conditions, our entering class at Union Seminary in Richmond, Virginia, was small . . . about twenty-one or twenty-two.

Richmond was somewhat familiar to me already because our family had spent some furloughs near the seminary at the Mission Court apartments. At that time we had attended the Ginter Park Presbyterian Church which was a part of the seminary. I now found myself in a single room on the third floor of Richmond Hall and remained on that floor for the three years of seminary. R. K. Robinson, Kenneth Foreman, Art Fields, and others shared the same floor. The dining hall was on the first floor of this building so we did not have to go far for meals.

We had an interesting class whose lives took various courses. Eight graduates became missionaries: R. K. Robinson and I to Korea; Kenneth Foreman to China and then Korea; Irvin Mitchell and Jim Cogswell and Bill Boyle to Japan; Paul Coblentz to Brazil; and Ray Spivey to Alaska. Ralph Pennick, a high-strung little fellow from somewhere in Pennsylvania, left after his first

year. Monroe Bush, from a wealthy family in Louisville, never really entered the ministry and was divested of office without censure in 1953. Ralph Ritchie was a pastor for a few years, and died in 1952. Connolly Gamble was a chaplain, pastor, and later, for many years, librarian at Union Theological Seminary. Albert Winn was our most distinguished graduate and after serving in the chaplaincy and a pastorate, taught at Stillman College and Louisville Theological Seminary (of which he was also president), and was moderator of our General Assembly. As far as I know all the others were pastors and in other ways useful servants of our church.

The faculty of the seminary was not large, but they were excellent teachers. Dr. Ben Lacy was president and taught homiletics. The first year, English Bible was taught by Dr. Howard Kuist and afterwards by Dr. Donald G. Miller (who had taught me in high school in Pyeng-yang). These two used the inductive method of study which was emphasized at the Biblical Seminary in New York, and which prepared us for an expository type of preaching. Other professors were: Dr. E. T. Thompson (church history); Dr. W. T. (Tolly) Thompson (religious education); Dr. John Bright, and later Dr. Balmer Kelly (Hebrew); Dr. John Newton Thomas (systematic theology); Dr. James E. Bear (Greek); Dr. J. Gray McAllister (Bible geography); and Dr. Donald W. Richardson (New Testament).

There were chapel services every morning, and one day a week the middleclassmen preached before the faculty in the morning and a senior that evening. Afterwards the faculty sat in chairs at the front of the chapel facing us, with the preachers of the day seated on the front bench. They then took turns criticizing their victims . . . everything from the way we were dressed to the content of our sermons. Sometimes this was pretty rough treatment and we could not help but feel sorry for the "preachers." Yet it was excellent training for all of us who were listening and could learn from both the mistakes and the good points of these prospective pulpiteers.

Near the end of my first year, Dr. Lacy recommended me to the Tabb Street Presbyterian Church of Petersburg, Virginia, for summer work. That congregation had many of the prominent people of the city in it, and the church building was one of the conspicuous sights in the middle of town. Dr. Eugene Witherspoon was an experienced pastor who could give me good training, and it was agreed that I would go there for the summer. It was only about twenty miles from Richmond, and working in this large and historic church would be excellent experience for me. My duties included helping with the young people's program and preaching on one of the Sundays when

Dr. Witherspoon was on vacation, which represented considerable trust in me on his part. My main assignment was to be the regular preacher and pastor of two outpost chapels in Chesterfield County, Hollywood, and Evergreen. They were about ten and fifteen miles out the same county road, and the Tabb Street Church would provide me with a car and gas—it turned out to be a very ancient one but gave me reasonably good service.

For a week or so I stayed with the Dunbar family on Sycamore Street. Mr. Dunbar was an elder in the church who had come down from Maine and still kept many of his Yankee ways, such as enjoying pickled oysters which usually seemed to be on the table. They had several children who were in our young people's group. I was paid one hundred dollars a month out of which I had to take care of my own room and board so I set out at once to find such places. With Fort Lee just out of town and crammed with tens of thousands of soldiers training for service in Europe, finding a place to stay was not easy. Many wives of these soldiers had rented the available rooms, and eating places were always crowded, too. On weekends, the narrow streets of old Petersburg were literally wall-to-wall people with little to do and no place to go for entertainment. I had a small bedroom in a boarding house where there was no breeze on those hot nights, and all was noisy and anything but restful. I ate in another boarding house with perhaps two dozen people of all kinds . . . office girls, mechanics, store clerks, etc. The Witherspoons were most gracious and I was in their home often, but, of course, could not stay there all the time.

The membership of each of the two chapels was composed of distinctly rural people. Especially at Hollywood, the level of education was very low as most of the people had come from Czechoslovakia and were tobacco farmers. They all had large families of children, lived in rather shabby houses, and had to work extremely hard for long hours. However, they were faithful in attending church and always welcomed me in their homes. I found the food of Czechoslovakian origin rather difficult to eat. Conditions in the community around Evergreen were a bit better, but still close to the poverty level. One Sunday after church there, an old man named L. C. Smith (same as the brand name of a typewriter company at that time), who seldom came to worship service, took me aside and asked if I could perform a wedding ceremony for him. I told him that as a student pastor I could hold the services but was not licensed to marry people. He shrugged his shoulders saying, "That's all right. I just thought I would ask, but I don't think her divorce is going through anyway!"

I preached at both places every Sunday and this gave me my first opportunity to gain experience as a pastor. I usually studied in the mornings in a

small room at the Tabb Street Church allotted to me for a study and then visited in those rural congregations in the afternoons. Often no one would be at home. I would find the whole family, including the children, stripping the tobacco out in the fields. This involved pulling the leaves off the stalks and piling them on wagons or trucks. It was a filthy business leaving hands and clothes covered with a black sticky gummy juice off the tobacco. Every farmhouse had one or more large tobacco barns where these leaves were hung to be cured.

Following that first summer, I was asked to continue work with the two chapels two Sundays a month. This was all the seminary permitted, but during my middle year I carried on this work, usually riding down with John Anderson who did similar work at the Second Presbyterian Church and who had a car. Then the second summer I also worked with the same job. During that winter year, the Tabb Street Church had a big anniversary celebration . . . I think its two hundredth . . . with all sorts of special meetings. At one midweek night affair, Dr. Ben Lacy, president of the seminary, gave the historical address. Since I had to study, I had not planned to attend, but Dr. Lacy called me to say that he had not had time to prepare and would I please drive him down to Petersburg so he could prepare on the way. He was a great Civil War buff and as soon as we got out of Richmond, he began describing all the military action that had taken place along the way and never did get around to any preparation for his address. It showed too . . . he rambled around about all sorts of history without too much order to his remarks, but everyone thought it was great!

The first summer we had a Daily Vacation Bible School (DVBS) for both chapels at the Hollywood Chapel, with young people from the Tabb Street Church as teachers. That was my first experience running such a program but it seemed to go off very nicely. The next year we tried a joint DVBS with the Tabb Street Church in town but that did not work very well at all. Any time we tried joint meetings of the city and rural congregations, there seemed to be little interest on either side in attending the other's church.

During that second summer there was a week of extreme tension in the city while the D-day invasion was going on in Europe. Men who had been trained right there at Fort Lee were involved in that risky invasion of Normandy, and many of their friends and family members living in and around Petersburg were deeply concerned about their loved ones. The crowds filling the streets were silent or hovering about radios in the stores. There were special prayer services in the churches. All felt as though they were personally

involved, and many knew that soon word of casualties would be reaching them. The next spring when Germany surrendered, I was not working in Petersburg, but I could well imagine their great relief and joy in knowing that part of the conflict was over.

The seminary gave me a work scholarship and I was assigned to the library. Dr. Henry Brimm was the lifelong librarian, and with him was Mr. Earnest White who later became librarian at the Louisville Presbyterian Seminary. The task assigned to me was to print the call numbers on the backs of books. This was done by placing a white tape on the back of the book. When I pressed the numbers and letters on the rear edge, the white tape left an imprint. It required a steady hand and accuracy, but my work must have been satisfactory because that was what I did almost all the time in the library.

I did not take a regular preaching place my senior year and was free to go when invited to a number of different churches, either traveling on Saturday afternoon or early Sunday morning. In those war days, it was often difficult to get a seat on buses or trains which were always very crowded.

As was true during my previous student days, I stuck to my books rather closely in seminary. Occasionally I played a little tennis and often took long walks around the Ginter Park area where the seminary was located. For a while I was in the choir which was combined with that of the Assembly's Training School (ATS) just across the street from the seminary. Mr. James Sydnor was the conductor. Often on Sunday nights we went to the First Baptist Church downtown where Dr. Ted Adams was a very popular preacher. Having hardly any spare cash, this was the time I would occasionally take one of the girls at ATS as a date (which only involved the expense of carfare!).

During my first year, Dot Longenecker was at ATS, but after that she went to Blackstone, Virginia, as the Director of Christian Education (DCE) in the Presbyterian church there. That church could not have afforded to pay a DCE, but her salary was partly supplied by the Defense Service Council of our denomination. Because Camp Pickett near Blackstone was the training center for hundreds of thousands of troops, the Blackstone church was doing all it could to minister to servicemen, and Dot was assisting in that program. On one occasion she was instrumental in arranging an invitation for me to speak in that church on the mission work in Korea. Another year, Irene Barron, my cousin from Rock Hill, was also at ATS. Once I took her to Williamsburg for the day to see the restored colonial sights there.

The annual Sprunt Lectures were a big occasion, when many visitors from far and near came to hear invited speakers. Most of the lectures were so heavy

on the scholarly side as to be rather boring. The one I remember most was Bishop Arthur J. Moore of the Methodist Church, whom I had heard as a boy in Pyeng-yang. As the principal lecturer, he was supposed to prepare a learned series of addresses which could be printed as a book, and he had the manuscript on the pulpit when he began. After reading a paragraph or two, he laid it to the side saying, "Boys, I can't speak this way! All this will be in the book and you can read it for yourselves." . . . and proceeded to preach in his usual way which was far more effective.

Father was in Richmond during the Sprunt Lectures my first year. While he was there we heard that Tommy Brown had become engaged to my sister Mardia, then a senior at Agnes Scott College. He had been in the ROTC at Davidson and commissioned as a lieutenant. They announced plans to be married that summer in Montreat. I was working in Petersburg but took time off to attend the wedding where I was to be best man. The wedding was in Gaither Chapel and was a beautiful affair, well attended by members of both families and many other friends. After returning to Petersburg, I got in touch with Dot Longenecker at Blackstone (about thirty miles away) and arranged to visit her on my day off and tell her about the wedding. We rode bicycles out to a lake not far out of town and had our lunch there and enjoyed a relaxed day, discussing not only that wedding, but the various aspects of the work in the two churches in which we were involved. Very likely such a visit aroused some gossip among her churchfolks!

During the last half of my senior year I was invited to several places to preach "with a view to a call." One was to Hancock, Maryland, where a narrow neck of that state lies between Virginia and Pennsylvania. It was a three-church field, with one church in each of those three states, and the one in Pennsylvania was the northernmost in the Southern Presbyterian Church. Another time I was invited to look over a field in Tazewell, Virginia. I took the train from Petersburg (there was no direct way from Richmond) and arrived in Bluefield early the next morning where I was picked up by the pastor, Rev. Thomas Freeman. Somehow by the time I arrived I was having terrible diarrhea because of some kind of stomach bug.

Mr. Freeman took me to the home of Judge Buchanan where I was to stay. There was an enormous country-style breakfast with lots of delicious fried ham and other goodies, and I had to pretend to eat and enjoy this while trying to conceal my inward torture. An elaborate schedule had been laid out for me to visit the four outpost chapels of which Mr. Freeman was anxious for me to take charge as his assistant. I think he had me preach morning, afternoon, and evening.

The afternoon meeting was some miles away at Burkes Garden, a beautiful area reached by a steep winding pass over a mountain. Mr. Freeman drove like Jehu around those sharp curves and I thought my stomach would turn inside out each time. I enjoyed the weekend and would have accepted their call, except that the idea of being an assistant did not appeal to me. Still another time I went to Pageland, South Carolina, to preach, but that place did not suit me either.

It remained for Rev. Leslie Patterson of Rocky Mount, Virginia, to show me a place which I accepted. He was the executive secretary of Montgomery Presbytery which was centered around Roanoke, Virginia, and as such was responsible for securing pastors for various home mission fields. He took me to Callaway, about fifteen miles west of Rocky Mount to a field of five preaching points, which I will describe later. Mr. Patterson was a persuasive talker and convinced me that this was just the place the Lord wanted me. He even promised me the enormous salary of eighteen hundred dollars a year . . . or two thousand dollars if I got married (which was beginning to have an appeal to me by then) . . . with no extras of any kind. When the call came from this field, I accepted and began to make my plans to go there. This location also had the advantage of not being too far away from where my parents were living in Marion, Virginia.

Early in 1945, both my parents and I realized that when I finished seminary and took church work I would need a car. The war was winding down but no cars had been manufactured for several years. Not only were there no new cars to buy, but even good used ones were difficult to find and very expensive. However, Mother suggested that I write Aunt Ola (Mrs. Eb. Hunter) and ask to buy her car. Uncle Eb, the pastor of the ARP church in Sharon, South Carolina, had died, and Aunt Ola was living in Rock Hill. We knew that their car was in a garage back of where she was living (with Uncle Earle) but that she had never learned to drive. Because of his income from orange groves in Florida, Uncle Eb had been quite well off financially before his death, and always kept a nice car. This one was one of the very last ones manufactured before Pearl Harbor—a 1940 or 1941 Dodge coupe. Three people could sit comfortably on the only seat, and it had an enormous (almost oversize) trunk. Because he had only used it a time or two to drive to Florida and for very little else, it had extremely low mileage. When I wrote to Aunt Ola, she was more than happy to let me have it, knowing how badly a minister needed a good vehicle. She even offered to give it to me, but we insisted on paying the book price of $875.00, which was far less than it would have sold for on the market. My parents paid for it as a present to get me started. I went

down to Rock Hill and drove it back to Richmond, and wound up with by far the best car on the campus! Because gas was severely rationed, I could not use it much while a student, but naturally I was very proud to own it.

At the end of March 1945, Dot Longenecker left her work at the Blackstone Church and came to Mission Court in Richmond to prepare to return to the Belgian Congo. She had earned her teacher's certificate at Queens College and now her application to go to the Congo to teach in a school for missionary children had been accepted by our Mission Board. Her parents, Rev. and Mrs. J. Hershey Longenecker, were on furlough and living in one of the apartments which provided a convenient place for her to stay while she prepared to leave. It also happened to be conveniently close to the seminary, and since we had been friends for a long time, it was not long before I was dropping over to their apartment rather frequently. Her parents were always most cordial and occasionally invited me to a meal.

Pretty soon we were seeing each other regularly, as often as I could tear myself away from my studies. With my new car we could enjoy riding out to Bryant Park and other places close by (lack of gas preventing any long excursions). As I began to realize that this was more than a simple friendship and that I was falling in love, it became apparent that a certain amount of haste was in order. Dot was applying for a passport, arranging ship passage, buying outfits and so on, and was about to take off. A long courtship would not be possible and a decision had to be made without delay!

To make a short story shorter, I proposed and she accepted. Being very conscientious about her contract with the Mission Board, she suggested that she go to the Congo and that we get married three years later when she returned. That did not suit me at all, and knowing that the big manse on the hilltop in Callaway would be quite lonely all by myself did not help matters. So Dot agreed to break her contract, provided I wrote to Dr. C. Darby Fulton, Executive Secretary of Foreign Missions, and explain the situation and ask to be excused from her commitment.

I wrote Dr. Fulton, who was most gracious about the whole business, and quite accurately predicted that Congo's loss would be Korea's gain, as it turned out a few years later. There were other situations to clear up. Dot had left Blackstone in a blaze of glory, and the church had given her a generous gift of money which she had used to buy luggage for her Congo venture. Now, it was necessary to backtrack on all of that. Tom Fry was still pastor there, and we let him in on our secret. He invited us to return to Blackstone for a Sunday morning service, at which he announced our engagement from the pulpit

with a suitable explanation. The congregation (particularly all the old ladies) were highly pleased and immediately insisted that we be married in their church. Another matter also had to be attended to; Dot had applied for her passport and sent the fee, but when she requested cancellation her money was returned which forever made her (and me) think kindly of the passport division of the State Department in Washington.

Meanwhile, study had to go on at the seminary until my graduation in May. My memory is a complete blank about those ceremonies, perhaps because I was thinking of other matters. I do know that sometime prior to the end of seminary the fellowships awarded to seniors were announced and I was made the "Laurus Fellow." Besides the honor, it carried a cash gift to be used whenever I took graduate work, but it did not have to be used immediately.

I went at once to Callaway to begin my pastoral responsibilities. For a couple of months until Dot and I were married I boarded with Mr. and Mrs. Barnhart. They were an elderly couple and he was the proprietor of one of the two stores in the village. It was a typical old-fashioned country store—a plain frame building painted white with nothing at all attractive about it. He carried all kinds of groceries, hardware, farm implements, seed, fertilizer, and almost anything else one would need. The Barnharts were staunch members of the Piedmont Presbyterian Church where he had been an elder and treasurer for many decades and she had played the organ for Sunday services. They had no children of their own, but had raised a number of them in their home. At the time I stayed there, Connie Green and Randolph Prillaman were living with them. Of course the food was excellent and I enjoyed this interlude. It was a busy time, because I was getting acquainted with the people of five different congregations, preparing preaching services for all of them, trying to see what I could do to get the manse ready for setting up housekeeping, keeping up with Dot by mail (and one visit), and making arrangements for our wedding and honeymoon.

During that period I attended my first meeting of Montgomery Presbytery, at Fincastle, just north of Roanoke. This was on July 12, 1945. The questioning by Presbytery was not too difficult, but two other candidates and I had to preach brief sermons. The others were classmates Tom Clay and Ira Watson. At this meeting we were licensed to preach and arrangements were made for our ordinations. It was agreed that I would be ordained on August 12 at the Piedmont Church in Callaway, with my father invited to preach the ordination sermon. In the four weeks between the Presbytery meeting and ordination service, I could anticipate our wedding and honeymoon and getting settled in the manse!

5

Callaway to Korea

(1945–1948)

Home life in Callaway could not begin until Dot and I were married and settled in the manse. We had set our wedding date for July 19, in Blackstone, Virginia. It was hot and humid in that little town, and in those days there was nothing so advanced as air conditioning. Nevertheless, our thoughts were not on such discomforts. All members of our families were present except Mardia. The year before she had her first child (Mary) and had borne the second (George) and it was necessary for her to remain in Marion where she was staying with our parents while Tommy was in the army. Members of the Blackstone Church opened their homes to take in all the guests, besides making all the preparations for the wedding which normally would have been our responsibility. Decorating the church, putting on the rehearsal dinner and wedding reception, and all the other correct things were beautifully taken care of by the ladies in the church, and about all we had to do was to be present.

Tom Fry performed the ceremony on that warm summer evening. Because of Dot's work in the church for two years, there were many of her local friends present as well as members of our immediate families. But because of the difficulties of travel in those wartime days there were no relatives or friends from other places, with the exception of several carloads of young people from the Tabb Street Church of Petersburg, about thirty miles away. They were the ones I had worked and played with while serving in their church a year or so before. Dot's sister Alice was maid of honor, and Graham McChesney (a seminary classmate) was the best man. I am sure Tom performed his part properly, but

about the only thing I now remember took place as we, the bride and groom, went out of the church by a side door. It was one of those swinging doors, and somehow hit me squarely in the face and nearly knocked me down.

The following is copied from a Richmond, Virginia, newspaper:

Longenecker Wedding Takes Place

The wedding of Miss Dorothy Longenecker and Mr. Joseph Barron Hopper took place Thursday, July 19 at 7:30 o'clock in the Presbyterian Church, Blackstone. The ceremony was performed by the bridegroom's father, assisted by the Rev. Thomas A. Fry, pastor of the church.

The bride's parents, the Rev. and Mrs. J. Hershey Longenecker, who were formerly of Mt. Joy, Pa., and St. Louis, Mo., respectively, are Presbyterian missionaries to the Belgian Congo, temporarily residing at Mission Court, this city. The Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Hopper, parents of the bridegroom, served as missionaries to Korea. Dr. Hopper is now pastor of the Royal Oak Presbyterian Church, Marion.

The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, wore a gown of white satin fashioned with a white marquisette yoke, fitted bodice and long tight sleeves. The full skirt ended in a wide circular train. Her fingertip veil of illusion fell from a Juliet cap of matching satin. She carried a shower bouquet of white gladioli and swainsona.

Miss Alice Longenecker, sister of the bride, was the maid of honor. She wore a dress of dusty blue marquisette, made with an eyelet embroidered bodice and elbow sleeves. She carried a bouquet of mixed flowers and wore a matching coronet in her hair.

Little Miss Gloria Jane Pritchett, of Blackstone, served as flower girl. She wore an old-fashioned dress of pale pink and carried a nosegay of summer flowers.

The bridegroom had as his best man, Mr. Graham McChesney of Asheville, North Carolina and Suffolk. The ushers were Apprentice Seaman George Hopper, of the University of Virginia, and Mr. James Longenecker.

> After the ceremony, a reception was given by the ladies of the church. Following a short trip, Mr. and Mrs. Hopper will make their home at Callaway, where he is pastor of the Presbyterian Church.

My own preparations for the occasion had of necessity been meager. I had driven to Blackstone, and due to the wartime rationing system, had carefully saved up enough gas coupons to cover the trip. I had calculated the route and estimated mileage and gas consumption for the honeymoon but (as I realized later) had cut my budget a little too close (actually another matter of necessity). Aside from having paid in advance for a hotel room in nearby Farmville, I had fifty dollars cash in my wallet.

Suspecting the usual harassment of bridal couples, during the day of the wedding I parked the car in what I thought was a sufficiently hidden vacant lot somewhere in town and arranged for someone else to take us to it after the wedding reception. This was an underestimate of the abilities of the Tabb Street young people who somehow located it and when we reached our car it was appropriately covered with toothpaste and lipstick remarks designed to advertise to the world that Joe and Dot were now bride and groom!

We spent our first night in the Farmville Hotel (no air-conditioning), and the next day drove to Natural Bridge,Virginia, and found some kind of reasonably priced hotel. Here we enjoyed the sights of the Natural Bridge and surrounding park, and a swimming pool which felt good in that hot weather. The next day we went further west with the objective of visiting Mountain Lake. I had seen advertisements of this resort and written to find out the cost

Joe and Dot's wedding, Blackstone, Virginia, with the Longeneckers (from Congo) and Hoppers (from Korea) who all happened to be in the United States at the same time.

of a hotel room. Learning that it would be the unheard of price of $17.50 per night, I knew we could not afford to actually stay there overnight but would have to stay in some town below the resort.

Sure enough, we found the little town of Pembroke and on the side of the main street a Tourist Home sign in front of a fine looking home. There were no motels in those days, but many people rented a room or two for the night to tourists at a modest price. I stopped, went to the door, and a lady answered my knock. When I asked if she had a vacant room, she hesitated and said, "We had meant to take down the sign because we are not providing rooms now . . . but, wait a minute, let me ask the others . . . " She returned and said, "You look all right, you may have a room." The price would be two dollars a night. She took us to her guest room, which was about the nicest room one would ever want and probably far better furnished and more comfortable than any $17.50 per night room at Mountain Lake!

For a couple of days we drove up to the lake in the daytime. It was cool and the scenery magnificent. The lake is literally in the top of a mountain at about 4,000 feet elevation. We saw the fine cars of wealthy people who could stay at the hotel, but actually our car did not look too much out of place alongside those of the millionaires! We rented a little rowboat and went out on the lake, strolled around in the woods, and enjoyed picnic lunches which we had brought along. On Sunday we visited the Presbyterian church at Blacksburg where an elderly minister, Dr. John Grey of Bedford, happened to be preaching that day. By that time our hosts in the home where we were staying had figured out that I was a minister and that we were bride and groom (probably from the grains of rice we dropped everywhere) and were most cordial and friendly . . . even inviting us to share a watermelon with the family. When we left on Monday, the lady did not even want to take our money, but we insisted and paid her.

The last day of our honeymoon we drove on to Marion, but when we reached Wytheville some twenty-five miles from our destination, I realized that we were almost out of gas and that I was completely out of cash. Since I had a small bank account, I wanted to write a check but did not think a service station would accept it from a stranger. So I went to a small store and bought a pair of socks for fifty cents, and gave the clerk a check for one dollar which was accepted and provided enough change for about two gallons of gas on which we drove to Marion to stay a few days with my parents, before going on to Callaway and our new home.

Had the bride not been born and raised in a missionary home in the Belgian Congo and thus accustomed to living under somewhat primitive

On honeymoon at Mountain Lake, Virginia, 1945.

conditions without many of the usual conveniences to which most Americans are accustomed, she would have been appalled at what she found in the manse of the Piedmont Presbyterian Church of Callaway. From the road below, it was a rather imposing house in appearance, resting on top of a low hill overlooking the rolling rural countryside with the long line of the Blue Ridge Mountains a few miles to the west. But when we entered the house, it was evident that housekeeping was going to demand considerable ingenuity and much hard work. Fortunately we were young and energetic and anxious to begin life together in our first home. It was summertime so we had no immediate concern about keeping warm, but could enjoy the cool breezes on the front porch.

When I had come to Callaway nearly two months before, the only furniture in the house was a single bed, a wood-burning kitchen stove of uncertain vintage, an old rusty icebox, and a rough table here and there. Neither Dot nor I had any furniture to contribute except perhaps a small bookcase or two. But

in preparation for the arrival of the new mistress of the manse, the good folks of our churches had purchased and installed a new bedroom suite, and furnished the living room with a sofa and an easy chair. While the house looked large, a considerable part of the space was taken up with a hall which we later realized complicated the heating arrangements in the winter. Downstairs was a living room, study, dining room, and kitchen. Upstairs were two bedrooms and the only bathroom. There was no central heating system. Water was supplied by an automatic-pressure pump over a well in the backyard. Hot water was supposed to be furnished by a jacket in the wood-burning cook stove and stored in a noninsulated tank. There were no electrical appliances of any kind whatsoever. None could be bought in those days due to wartime conditions, and we did not have the money to afford them anyhow.

Somehow we quickly made the place quite comfortable and livable. Not too long afterwards, my parents broke up housekeeping in Marion in anticipation of returning to Korea. They sent us some things, and Mardia (who had been living with them) had some furniture which she needed to have stored and wanted to send to us to use. I bought an axe and chopped wood for the stove. Dot had to cook on that miserable stove and wash our laundry by hand. I set up bookcases and a table with my typewriter in the study. We had one or two little tin trash-burners in some of the rooms, and also purchased a large warm morning heater which burned wood or coal and would hold a fire for many hours.

We found that by using the dining room as our bedroom downstairs and setting up our big heater there, we could do most of our living in that room and the adjacent kitchen (where we also ate). We kept a portable kerosene stove in the upstairs bathroom . . . but it gave us a lot of trouble and several times turned the room black with soot which was a mess to clean up. In the winter that bathroom would sometimes be so cold that water on the floor would freeze. That was true in the kitchen too. We had placed our name on the waiting list for an electric refrigerator, and finally were able to buy one only a few months before we left. (Fortunately the church bought it and took it off our hands for the manse.) With this organization of housekeeping, we fell into our own routine of activities.

Our first Christmas was spent in Callaway with Dot's brother "Chick" (Jim Longenecker) as our guest. Their parents had gone on back to the Belgian Congo, and he was a boarding student at the McCallie Prep School in Chattanooga. I wanted to give Dot a cedar chest for Christmas. There was an old man living a few miles out of Callaway who was reputed to make beautiful ones, but was said to be very selective about the customers for whom he

made them. If he did not take a liking to the would-be purchaser, he simply refused to cooperate. But if he felt someone would treat his "boxes" (as he always called them) with tender loving care, he would handcraft one for twenty-five dollars. When I went to see him, I apparently passed inspection and he agreed to make a box for that price on condition that I would provide the hardware. In wartime the special kind of hinges, latches, etc. that he required were next to unobtainable. I wrote my cousins who ran the Rock Hill Hardware Company, and to my Uncle Earl who managed a hardware place in Greenwood, South Carolina, and between them managed to get what the old man wanted.

Several days before Christmas, I took Chick out and we picked up the chest and put it in that huge trunk of our car. When I knew Dot would not see us, the two of us carried it into the parlor and placed it in the middle of the floor. It was so cold in those December days that we never went into that room at all, but lived around the warm morning heater in our combination bedroom and living room. Meanwhile, Dot was dying of curiosity aroused by these mysterious orders of hardware. On Christmas morning when she was taken into the parlor she could not have been more surprised, both by the gift itself and the fact that it had been sitting there in plain sight for several days. It really was a beautiful box, made of solid cedar, expertly put together, and with an excellent finish. When we went to Korea several years later I made a crate for it, and the only damage it incurred on the long trip was a small crack on one corner which a Korean carpenter carefully glued back together again. But alas . . . when we evacuated at the beginning of the Korean War in 1950 it was left behind and we never saw it again. Perhaps it is decorating the room of some general or other high official in Pyeng-yang, North Korea!

The manse was on a hill covered with tall grass. While we tried to keep trimmed a small lawn right around the house, there was nothing we could do about the rest of the hill without a large mowing machine. One day we decided to burn it off, foolishly thinking we could easily control the fire. We were astonished when it suddenly blazed up at such speed that it was rapidly approaching the house. Dot ran and called Mr. Barnhart's store. Fortunately quite a number of men were gathered around talking as was often the case. They jumped into trucks grabbing shovels and other tools they had in the store and rushed to put out the fire in no time. But we learned our lesson and never tried that method of clearing off the hill again.

Occasionally we went into the county seat, Rocky Mount, to visit the supermarket or other stores, as there was really only a very limited selection

available right in Callaway. Besides it was fun to shop without the whole congregation knowing how we spent our money in riotous living! Also this gave us a chance just to get away from the people with whom we worked all the time. One of the most interesting events in the town was court day which was celebrated once a month. After we reached Korea, we found that the custom was quite similar to the market days observed every five or six days in central towns in that land. On court day it was customary for everybody in the county (or so it seemed) to go to town. The streets and stores and eating places were packed with people. They met friends, talked business, swapped produce, made land deals, and generally had a good time. Whether or not anything went on in the courthouse was beside the point. Sometimes a pig would get loose and run about the street with everyone trying to chase it down. We realized that this special day must have meant much to some of the lonely folks who lived on distant farms or up in the mountain valleys where they seldom saw others.

My practice was to study in the mornings and visit our church people in the afternoons. I tried to make at least one visit to each area of the five congregations every week and this involved considerable mileage. None of the roads except the one into Callaway were paved. Often they were very muddy and I could not get up a steep hill. Toward Pippin Hills there were a number of places where the creek had to be forded. I tried to visit in all the houses, whether members of our churches or not to get acquainted and invite the unchurched to join us. Some of the homes were desperately poor, with large families living in one room where they ate and slept and lived. Usually these visits seemed to be appreciated, but it was often difficult to carry on any kind of conversation with people who were shy and only ventured a "yes" or "no" occasionally.

The first major event in our church life was my ordination on August 12, 1945, only a couple of weeks after returning from our honeymoon. My parents would be our first house guests since Father was to preach the sermon. Father had teased Dot by saying he wanted a pecan pie which she promised to bake for him. Unfortunately the oven had a crack in it so the pie turned out burned on one side and half done on the other which made her weep. I solved that problem by cutting out what could not be eaten and pushing it over the back fence for the cows in the adjoining pasture to consume and we served up the balance. The ordination and installation service was of course well attended, and conducted by the commission of Presbytery appointed for the task. I was now a Reverend and fully authorized to carry on all the work of a Presbyterian pastor.

Perhaps by the standards of 1990 it could be said that we lived below the poverty level but we managed somehow. Our salary of $2,000 a year included no extras whatever for use of the car (in our work), for health care, vacation, or anything else. We even had to pay our share of the retirement fund dues out of our $166.67 per month. When we were married, some people gave us money gifts for purchasing table silver which was almost impossible to obtain during and just after the war. Naturally in setting up housekeeping from scratch, that money quickly disappeared. We had placed orders for knives, forks, and spoons at various department stores which occasionally would send us one or two by C.O.D. parcel post. Miss Allie lived in a little frame building right at the center of Callaway where she managed the post office. She would properly notify us that a C.O.D. parcel had come but we never seemed to have the money to redeem it, so it would stay in the post office. Sometime later she would say to me, "Mr. Hopper, the law says I can only hold a C.O.D. parcel two months and then I have to return it to the sender," and this would force me to scrape up some money and get the package. That set of silver is still with us and in use every day.

Our five preaching points were as follows: The Piedmont Presbyterian Church in Callaway plus its three outpost chapels (Algoma, Pippin Hills, and Midway), and the Blackwater Presbyterian Church. On the first and third Sundays of each month we went to two of these, one in the morning and one in the afternoon, and on the second and fourth Sundays to the other three places which necessitated holding one night service (at Blackwater). Each place had its own Sunday School every Sunday whether or not there was a preaching service. On "fifth" Sundays we had no responsibilities and were free to go anywhere we pleased. Sometimes we went to the First Presbyterian Church of Roanoke where we could listen to a "real preacher" (Dr. Robert Lapsley). Or we could take a trip somewhere else.

I always felt sorry for the men who had to attend the afternoon services (at Algoma and Midway). They were farmers, lumbermen, and others who worked long hard hours outdoors all week long. Just before church time their wives had always served up a generous country-style Sunday dinner with several kinds of meat, vegetables, pies, and other goodies. By three o'clock in the afternoon they were all sleepy, and I couldn't blame some of them for falling fast asleep while the preacher droned on with his sermon. As a youngster just starting out, my sermons probably were quite immature, but the congregations were always helpful by encouraging me in every way with expressions of appreciation.

Each place had its own character. Piedmont was largest, with a session of about a half dozen plus a diaconate. The elders were all very fine men, faithful and dedicated to the church, although not highly educated. Mr. Barnhart was clerk of session and treasurer, and Mrs. Barnhart played the pump organ for worship services. Like most congregations, certain family names predominated such as Prillaman, Guerrant, Milliron, Jamison, and Renick. One very fine elder was named Maurice Robertson. He was a rural route mail carrier, had a small farm, and raised some cattle on the side. Every year just before Thanksgiving Day it was the custom of the Robertsons to butcher one of their beef cattle and present the pastors of the Methodist and Presbyterian churches with a huge roast. In those days when meat was still rationed that was no small treat.

Although regular in church attendance all his life, Mr. Robertson had never made a profession of faith or joined the church, but a few years before our arrival when our church had some revival meetings he did so and became a Presbyterian. His wife was a lifelong staunch member of the small Methodist church in Callaway. Its pastor had as many or more preaching points than I did, so their preaching service was on alternate Sundays from ours. Like many in the community, the Robertsons attended preaching every Sunday in whichever church a service was held. While we were there, he was elected as an elder. Before his ordination, Mrs. Robertson came to see me. She said, "Mr. Hopper, you know I have always been a Methodist . . . and inside I will be one until I die. But if my husband is going to be ordained as an elder in the Presbyterian Church, I think I should move my membership and join him!" I would never have asked her to do this, but by voluntarily taking this step it was certainly a beautiful expression of her solidarity with him.

Algoma was five miles away in a valley just where the mountains of the Blue Ridge begin to rise. Virtually the whole valley had been the estate of a Dr. Guerrant who developed extensive apple orchards so that most of the people living in the area lived on his land and worked in his orchards. He was the brother of Dr. E. O. Guerrant who was famous for his great work in the home mission fields of eastern Kentucky. Though a medical doctor, our Dr. Guerrant was also a missionary at heart and developed a mission school on his estate at Algoma and also the Pippin Hills Chapel another five miles up Green's Creek just under the top of the Blue Ridge. He had died before we went to Callaway, but Mrs. Guerrant was still the matriarch of the estate and two of his sons, Peter and Bill, continued the orchard business.

Dr. Guerrant had married three times. He went to Canada and married a lady there. When she died, he returned to Canada and married her sister. When

she too died, he went again and married a cousin of his first two wives . . . and by that time the Canadian neighbors were asking what he was doing with their ladies! The present Mrs. Guerrant was most generous in support of the church, and while we were there gave the manse a new electric water heater and electric range. She once confessed to me that she did not want to give as liberally to our church as she was able to for fear the congregation would become dependent upon her. I know she helped support many young students and other causes as well as the church. We enjoyed many sumptuous dinners in her home and the stories of her interesting life with her husband in that valley.

The chapel of the Algoma Mission School was one of our Sunday-afternoon preaching points. Miss Harriet Childrey was in charge of the school, acting as the only teacher for all the primary grades, as well as matron or housemother of the dormitory which took care of a number of children. She was also manager of all the activities of the whole institution. Some of the children who lived with her came from up in the mountains, too far to get to school otherwise, or from homes too poor (or irregular) to send them. She had been there for quite a few years and took pride in the youngsters she had trained and who had now taken useful places elsewhere in society and church. There were other children who came to school daily . . . about thirty or forty as I recall. Many of them were named either Bowles or Green . . . the predominant names in the valley.

At Christmas or at the end of the school year, Miss Childrey and her children put on special programs of recitations and music and skits which were exceptionally well done and enjoyed by most of the adults in the community. She continued this work for some years after we left, until it became obvious that such a school was no longer needed now that better roads and school buses could take care of the children. Thus the Presbytery found it necessary to close out the work at Algoma. It was never a large work, but the effort of Dr. Guerrant and the Presbytery to maintain Algoma School paid off in the lives of scores of fine young people.

Pippin Hills, up under where the Blue Ridge Parkway is now, was strictly a community of mountaineers. Mr. Dewey Holt was the only elder there (as a member of the Piedmont Church session). He had a large family of about eight children. Mr. Dewey Williams was the deacon and he too had a large family. One day while I had on old clothes and was splitting firewood in our backyard, an ancient old truck came rattling up the driveway, bearing Mr. Holt, one of his daughters, and a young man. He had brought the couple to be married without giving us any previous warning . . . so I quickly changed clothes while Dot opened the rarely used "parlor" with the good furniture and

I held my first wedding ceremony . . . in fact the only one I had in Callaway.

A year or so after our retirement Dot and I visited Callaway, and on our way home drove out by Pippin Hills on what is now a paved road. Just above the old chapel we saw a mailbox with the name Holt, and stopped. When I knocked on the door, Dewey appeared, and instantly exclaimed, "Why, it's, Preacher Hopper!" It had been about forty years since we had seen each other, but it was good to be remembered.

Mr. Williams had been the adult Sunday School class teacher at Pippin Hills. Mrs. Guerrant (who usually went there as well as to Algoma) told me about one time when he was teaching his class and spoke rather contemptuously of how lazy city people were: "Why some of those folks lays in bed until nearly six in the morning before they gets up!" While we were there a new baby boy was born into the Williams family. The tribe of older sisters adored him, but after a few months he died. The funeral was not held in our chapel (probably because it was too small and rather hard to get to) but in a Brethren church on top of the ridge. My function on this occasion was a bit foggy because, although the family belonged to my church, the pastor of that church seemed to take over this ceremony . . . which under the circumstances suited me fine, especially since the unexpectedly large crowd seemed to anticipate more of a spectacle than I was prepared to provide. Perhaps they got what they came for when the service ended and everyone was invited to view the remains in the open casket in front of the pulpit. All went fairly well until the family came forward for their last look, and those older sisters got so worked up with loud wails and carrying on that one of them actually passed out in the aisle and had to be carried out!

About the time we were in Callaway, the *Saturday Evening Post* printed an article about our county with a title reading something like: "Franklin County—Moonshine Capital of America." A considerable part of this dubious honor could be attributed to the upper part of Green's Creek, and I was forewarned that in visiting homes around the Pippin Hills Chapel it would be wise to stick to the roads and not take shortcuts through the woods. I never actually saw any of this activity, but while I returned from a night meeting, I sometimes would see abnormal activity on the part of pickup trucks running around and had my suspicions. Some of the men used to make fun of our Dodge coupe with its huge trunk. "All you need is some good strong overload springs, preacher, and that car of yours would be just right for hauling bootleg!"

One fall when visiting far up in the Pippin Hills community, I went from house to house and could find no one at home. Finally as I got out of the car and walked up a little way towards one home, I could see a large gathering of people. Sure enough, the whole neighborhood was there butchering hogs . . . huge ones strung up on poles between the trees. As I was welcomed, one mother informed me that my arrival had been well announced ahead of time. Her little boy had spotted me coming and called out: "Preacher's coming!" She asked him how he knew it was the preacher and got the answer: "Because he is so clean!" Compared to those who had been involved in all the mess of the work of that day, I suppose I was, too.

The Midway Chapel was also about five miles from Callaway in another direction. Most of the people there were farmers and extremely poor. The homes were poor, and the children looked unhealthy and were not clothed well. It was an area where the influence of the Hardshell or Primitive Baptist Church was very strong. These people carried predestination to the ultimate extreme, believing firmly that "what is to be, will be." Nothing could shake them from this position. Because of this, they felt that it was unnecessary to have Sunday School, or to make a profession of faith. That is, not until the Lord struck one down in an experience such as Paul had on the Damascus Road. Some of these people attended church all their lives but never joined a church. Midway Sunday School was an attempt to teach the children of the community and provide regular worship services. This chapel was the especial interest of Miss Bernice Jamison who for many years faithfully attended every Sunday afternoon, led and taught the Sunday School, and held the summer Daily Vacation Bible Schools.

Bernice was in many ways the most active and influential person in the life of the church and community, and yet had been severely handicapped all her life. She had been partially paralyzed, walked with difficulty, was clumsy in the use of her hands, could not speak clearly, and must have suffered in other less visible ways. She lived in a little house a few yards from the fork in the road around which the village was centered, and took care of herself. No one was better known and loved than Bernice, who, like her Savior, always went about doing good by helping neighbors and strangers . . . and especially children. She loved the church and was never missing from its worship services or in any of its programs (at either Piedmont or Midway).

She loved the Midway Chapel and was the unofficial leader in all its activities. She knew all the families and could name their children, and by visiting in the community constantly encouraged everyone to attend. In spite of her

On furlough visit to first pastorate Piedmont Presbyterian Church. Miss Bernice Jamison, marvelous Christian saint! She taught any age group the Bible and catechism at three churches a five-mile walk apart, she was often janitor, and she held all positions in women's work.

speech difficulty she taught the adult Sunday School class and was always well prepared with the lesson and its practical applications for those country folks. Even the men came and listened attentively, and I am sure she had a tremendous influence upon them. In fact it appeared they would gladly do anything she asked them to. When we visited Callaway more than forty years later, we were privileged to be present when she was honored at a church affair with high tributes by the people she had served in the Callaway and Midway communities . . . and though now old and racked with all kinds of ailments, she was still active in helping others as best she could. After a long illness, she died in September 1990.

The fifth and last of our churches was Blackwater. It was about ten miles away on a small creek in a separate valley, but the people were very similar to those around Callaway. The elder was a Mr. Hoy who was faithful in every way but did not have too much leadership ability or "get up and go." The congregation was quite small, perhaps because it was greatly overshadowed by a large Brethren church nearby which most of the people attended. Actually if all Presbyterians living close by had attended this church it would have been quite strong. The Manford Cannady family and the Milliron clan were not far away, but for some reason were members of the church in Callaway. The Cannadys ran a small store and were very devout but could not get along with people. Manford was at his best with his guitar, singing mountain ballads and gospel songs. The Millirons ran a sawmill and were quite industrious with considerable wealth as a result. Evidently they did not get along with Mr. Hoy, so they traveled to the Piedmont Church although it meant a ten-mile trip. All of this probably reflected some sort of disagreement that had occurred before we were on the scene, and unfortunately had contributed to the stunted growth of the congregation . . . so much so that some years later the Presbytery was forced to close it.

Two of the three summers we were in Callaway were occupied with holding Daily Vacation Bible Schools in all five places. We had a schedule of one school in the morning and one in the afternoon for two weeks, then a one-week morning school at Pippin Hills, and then again one in the morning and one in the afternoon for two weeks. Naturally after holding nine weeks of school in five weeks time we were completely exhausted. Bernice Jamison and Harriet Childrey were our main assistants, along with whatever other teachers we could pick up. I drove our car to pick up many of the children who lived at a distance, packing them into the seat with me and also into the trunk. Years later, one of the leading men of the Piedmont Church delighted

in recounting how it was his job to hold the broom handle to prop up the lid of the trunk on those trips. I suppose it was a dangerous way of transporting children, but in those days there was not the fear of a massive lawsuit in case of accidents as there is today. We had good Bible Schools with plenty of Bible teaching, Scripture memorization, and simple choruses . . . I thought I would never get through with "The B-I-B-L-E, yes, that's the Book for me!"

Previous pastors had big families and of necessity kept a large vegetable garden. Some of the farmers in the church, as was their custom, plowed up the extensive garden for Preacher Hopper and his wife to plant. We worked up the soil in a small part of it and planted the seed. Then came the summer rain and sunshine, and especially all those Daily Vacation Bible Schools . . . and the weeds began to grow. We had no time to tend the garden and pretty soon what we had planted could not be seen because of the weeds, and we became the laughing stock of the whole community. But after kidding us about this, then those farmers would turn serious and comment, "You can't grow a garden, but you have given our children and young people more training and attention during the summer than they have had before . . . don't worry, we will keep you supplied with vegetables!" And they did too, and felt they got their money's worth in the development of their children. We can be happy too, that although the vegetable crop was a dismal failure, many of those young people became fine Christians and leaders in their churches. Today the Piedmont Church session, diaconate, Sunday School, choir, and women's organization are dotted with some of those who were in our Daily Vacation Bible Schools.

Late in our first fall (1945) we were happy to learn that Dot was pregnant, and began taking her to a Dr. Dorsey in Roanoke. He was a member of the First Presbyterian Church (I think a deacon) and was always very kind and generous. But not too long afterwards it became apparent one evening that Dot had suffered a miscarriage. Bernice and Mrs. Guerrant were helpful and the doctor took good care of her, but we were terribly disappointed . . . and also very ignorant, not realizing how common such an occurrence can be.

The following spring Dot became pregnant again, and this time things went better so that our Alice Ruth was born January 14, 1947, in the Lewis Gale Hospital in Roanoke. It so happened that Montgomery Presbytery was also meeting at the First Church so my interests were divided. The baby was safely delivered and made us and all four grandparents most happy. The hospital nurse rather thoughtlessly upset Dot terribly by abruptly telling her soon after the birth that Alice had jaundice. Again, we were so uninformed that we did not realize that this is not an unusual problem which the doctors can easily

Joe and Dot at manse in Callaway, 1947.

take care of in a few days, but it did give us both great concern for a day or so. When I tried to pay Dr. Dorsey, he refused to accept anything saying something like, "You are doing your job, and I am doing mine!" He very likely knew that we were living on a home missionary's salary with little or no margin. We had taken out Blue Cross insurance which took care of everything at the hospital for which we were most grateful. The arrival of Alice did change things around considerably in our way of living as happens in all families, but we managed to keep her alive and warm during the winter.

The baby was about a month old when I went to Greenville, South Carolina, by invitation of Dr. S. Dwight Winn to speak on missionary work in Korea at a number of churches. I arranged for a country girl to stay with Dot during that time and they managed to survive, although it must have been a rough time in that cold weather with all the inconveniences of our house.

Dr. Winn, or "Cousin Dwight" as he insisted that I call him, had been a missionary in Korea and I had known him all my life. He was a bachelor and lived with his spinster sister, Cousin Emily. However, I stayed in the home of an elderly retired missionary to China whose heating system did not work very well. One night I was to speak to students at Erskine College at Due West, about twenty miles away. Cousin Dwight drove me. I knew he was a poor driver and offered to drive, but so far as he was concerned I was still "little Joe Barron" and not able to drive. It was dark, and the road was only one lane each way with lots of traffic. I could see that the white dividing line in the road was usually directly under the middle of the car, and that oncoming vehicles had to hit the shoulder on the side of the road in order to avoid hitting us. A gentle hint to the driver did no good at all.

Finally there was a "ping" as we passed a car, and I said, "Cousin Dwight, I'm afraid you hit that car!" He had not even noticed it but exclaimed, "I did?" and immediately stopped (on the highway). While he walked back to the other car which had stopped, I drove his car off the pavement. He returned to say that the corner of his front bumper had evidently blown out the front tire of the other car, but since that driver had been drinking he just wanted us to leave. We did . . . continuing right in the middle of the highway the rest of the way! Cousin Dwight did ask me not to say anything to Cousin Emily, as it might worry her. He was to drive me to Spartanburg for a meeting the next morning but then asked me to take my own car . . . his was in the garage getting the frame straightened slightly!

In the summer of 1946, after holding the Bible Schools, we went to Montreat for the missionary candidate school. During the previous year we had applied to our Mission Board and were appointed to Korea as missionaries. We told our congregations from the start that we expected to do this, so it was no surprise to them. As I recall we filled out the application forms but otherwise were not interviewed by the staff of the Executive Committee of Foreign Missions because both of us were already so well known by them. (In fact, when Dot had been under appointment to go to Africa only a few months before, she had undergone her physical examination.) I did have to go to Nashville, Tennessee, for a physical examination by Dr. Brush who handled such matters.

The candidate school was about a month long and we were exposed to linguistic classes taught by a Miss Esther Cummings, and to various other types of orientation lectures. The candidates were housed in Geneva Hall, which was a shabby firetrap and very uncomfortable. We were used to hardships, but Dot

On steps of manse at pastorate in Callaway, Virginia, where Joe pastored five small churches. First child, Alice, is on his lap.

was pregnant with Alice and had difficulties. For one thing we were sent for an hour a day to learn the Korean language from old Dr. W. D. Reynolds, pioneer missionary veteran. He may have been a great missionary, but he was a poor teacher and droned along with his explanations of Korean grammar at a speed no one could possibly follow.

Dot had to drop out of this very soon, and about the time of our first wedding anniversary (July 19) she became sick with some kind of intestinal trouble. Life at Geneva Hall, eating in the cafeteria and attending classes, was simply too much for her in that condition. Fortunately Father had been able to return to Korea some months before, so my parents had concluded their ministry in Marion, Virginia, and Mother was renting a small basement apartment in the home of Miss Lidell. She took Dot into her rather limited quarters and cared for her a few days while I continued with the orientation courses.

At the conclusion of the candidate school, we, along with the other appointees, were commissioned at the Anderson Auditorium in a great ceremony attended by thousands of people who packed into the place.

One weekend during that time, I returned to preach in my churches in Virginia. My brother, George, and I drove up the Blue Ridge Parkway on Saturday night and arrived in Callaway in the wee early hours of Sunday morning. I was to preach in two places that day, but was informed early in the morning that it would also be necessary to hold a funeral in the afternoon. A man who had lived near Callaway in the Midway area, but who was not a member of our church or of any other, had been killed in an automobile accident up north somewhere. I had never met him, but was told that he was a very bad character with a terrible reputation. Apparently no other minister was available, and I was appointed to do the job.

Early that afternoon, we went past the Midway Chapel up the mountainside to an old weathered house where an enormous crowd was waiting. Funerals were big affairs in that neighborhood, and especially on Sunday afternoon when everybody could attend. The body of the deceased had been shipped down by rail, but was so mangled in the accident that the crate in which it was sent was not opened. Upon arrival I was told that the only ceremony desired was at the grave side, which relieved me considerably as I did not know what in the world I could say or do for a man of this character. The whole crowd started walking up the mountainside with the body in that big box. It was a long walk and very hot on that August afternoon, but as we walked a thick black cloud began to form overhead.

By the time we got to the cemetery, a tremendous thunderstorm started and torrents of rain began to fall. Many in the crowd had to run for some sort of shelter, and by the time all was ready for the service, very few mourners were left. All I could do was read a Psalm or two and pray briefly and it was over with—all my anxieties about what I could say in a longer ceremony were literally drowned out. But as that box was lowered into the open grave, I could not help but see the large red Railway Express sticker on top with the words, "Freight Pre-paid." I have always wondered just how significant those words were in view of the type of life this man had led.

Montgomery Presbytery decided to ask ministers to take assignments holding revivals in other churches. Rev. Jim Gregory from Blacksburg held the meetings at the Piedmont Church and was our houseguest . . . doubtless suffering considerable hardship from our poor accommodations. I, in turn, was asked to go to the Cannaday School Chapel in Floyd County which was just

over the Blue Ridge from our village. This mission school was founded with somewhat the same purpose as the Algoma School in our territory, but the only teacher was an elderly lady who must have been a good person but was not particularly attractive in her personality. The building was old, in poor repair, gloomy, dingy, and downright spooky. The whole time we were there the weather was rainy and foggy so we never saw anything and could go out very little. The building was so cold that we spent most of our time huddled under the blankets in bed. The attendance was small, probably because there simply were not many people in that neighborhood, and of those who did, most went to Baptist churches. Anyhow, it was not a particularly enjoyable week.

R. K. Robinson and I had been good friends in seminary, and his wife, Tottie, had gone to the Assembly's Training School with Dot. We asked him to come and hold a revival at Blackwater Church. We had a very successful meeting as R. K. was gifted in this type of preaching. That congregation was small too, but by the end of the week quite a large number of people in the Blackwater Creek valley came. Our church folks were most hospitable in inviting the Robinsons and us to meals. Since each of those feasts were sumptuous affairs, we probably put on plenty of weight as a result.

Later, R. K. invited us to come to his churches in West Virginia and give talks on missions, which we could do, representing both Korea and the Belgian Congo. He was the pastor of five or six little churches and lived in Helvetia. This was a Swiss community, and R. K. delighted in mimicking their accented speech which he could do to perfection. The church had belonged to a Swiss Reformed denomination but there were no similar churches anywhere near. By common consent with the Presbytery, R. K. was invited to lead that congregation into our Presbyterian Church (U.S.A). Many years later (in 1989) shortly after R. K. died, Tottie presented me with a beautiful Communion service set, handmade of cherry wood by one of the Swiss members of that Helvetia Church . . . a thoughtful memento of our friendship and of our visit during those days.

The Robinsons also lived under strictly rural conditions in a small manse with an outside toilet. We had a great time together for several days. Most memorable was the morning Tottie announced at the breakfast table that if she had an egg she would make a pie. It so happened that just before we left Callaway, some of our church people had given us several hens which we had been feeding. Not knowing what to do with them while we took this trip, I made a box to hold them, put them in the spacious trunk of the car, and took them along to West

Virginia. So when Tottie expressed this need, we said . . . "Maybe our hens could oblige!" and we held a cheering session for them (the hens) right there in the dining room. I went out to the car, and sure enough, the hens had produced not one, but two eggs, and Tottie had to fulfill her obligations!

My only participation in local civic activities was with the Boy Scout troop and the Ruritan Club. Somehow I was roped into helping with the Boy Scouts although I had only attained the rank of Star Scout myself. I tried to hold the meetings, help the boys with the tests, etc. Most of these country boys were exposed to the things emphasized in the scouting program anyhow, and it really did not excite them much. Furthermore they were scattered out at considerable distances, making it difficult to get to meetings at night, especially with gas rationing in effect.

The Ruritan Club was the equivalent of Rotary or Kiwanis in cities, except that it was oriented largely toward agricultural affairs. Each member had to represent a different profession or type of work, but that was usually solved so that most of the prominent men in the community could join. Since the Methodist pastor was a member as a minister, I gained membership as the Scout Master. The meetings were held alternately in our church and the large Antioch Brethren Church, both of which had facilities for serving the monthly dinners. I enjoyed these meetings and learned all sorts of things about various aspects of farming, the county agricultural agent's work, and so on. It gave me an excellent contact with very fine men who belonged to churches other than our own. Some of the men from the Brethren churches had the most beautiful dairy herds and barns to be seen anywhere. It was said that their barns were kept cleaner than their kitchens!

Because the United States army of occupation in Korea would not allow ladies to enter the country, Mother had not been able to go with Father to Korea in 1946, a year after the end of World War II. But during the winter early in 1947, permission came for her and Mrs. W. A. Linton to go. Father had sent word that his greatest need was for transportation, and asked that a vehicle be sent. I had looked over the prospects and figured that the Jeep station wagon (which was just being produced for the first time) would be an ideal vehicle. But there were none available. I went to the Jeep dealer in Roanoke and had our name put on his waiting list of applications. Sure enough, just before Mother was to leave, he received the first Jeep station wagon to be seen in that part of the country. Knowing that the ship on which Mother had reservations was about to sail, I went over and begged and pleaded and twisted his arm until he agreed to give it to me on the basis of her urgent need. Paying

him on the spot with a check for the total cost helped to persuade him to consent with great reluctance to part with his only demonstration model.

A phone call brought my brother, George, to Callaway. He drove off in the new vehicle and picked up Mother, then the two of them met Mrs. Linton and Hugh Linton in Nashville. They all drove across the continent to Seattle where the Jeep and the two ladies went aboard the ship for Korea. That vehicle was most useful for my parents in Mokpo because they had to go all the way to Kwangju for their supplies and mail, as well as use it for their work in the Mokpo area. When the Korean War began it was used in the evacuation and was taken on board the freighter with us and served the missionaries in Japan until it was sold.

Not long before we left Callaway, Tommy and Mardia Brown and their two children, Mary (age three) and George (age two), paid us a visit. It was summertime and warm. While we were eating lunch downstairs, Mardia put them in the little baby bed in a bedroom upstairs for their afternoon naps. While we were eating, someone observed that they must have gone right to sleep very quickly because it was so quiet upstairs. Mardia went up to check on them and gave a shout of anguish as her worst suspicions were verified. We all rushed up to see what was the matter. Somehow the bed had been close enough to a dresser for one of the children to reach over and grab Mardia's lipstick. They had managed to paint each other, their clothes, the bed, the wall, and everything else in sight a bright red. No wonder they had been so quiet with such great entertainment as that!

At the end of August 1947, we concluded our work in Callaway. The Mission Board in Nashville had hoped we could go to Korea immediately, but the U.S. Army command was not yet permitting missionary families with children to enter the country. Hence it was decided that we would be sent to the Far Eastern Language Institute at Yale University in New Haven, Connecticut, to study the Korean language for a year. Packing up was no big job since we owned so little. Someone in Rocky Mount agreed to buy our car for slightly more than I had paid for it because good cars were still difficult to obtain and used car prices were high. We packed all our belongings in the trunk and I drove Dot and baby Alice to the railroad depot in Rocky Mount, left them while I took the car to its new owner who drove me to the bank to deposit his check, and brought me back to catch the train.

Our pastorate in Callaway was an exceedingly happy one. We learned to love the people there and had the satisfaction of knowing it had been a good experience in every respect. That pastorate was excellent preparation for the life and work we would have as missionaries in Korea. In many respects the

people with whom we worked were similar to those we would find in Korea, and our standard of living was not so high as to make adjustments to surroundings in a foreign land too difficult. In the years that have passed since, we have kept in touch, particularly through Bernice Jamison, who, in spite of handicaps, has been a good correspondent.

At a farewell affair when we left, someone composed the following ditty which was sung by the Sunday School children (spelling not changed):

Our pastor is going away,
And we are awfully sad
Good By, Good By,
Remember us in prayer.

Teach the little children
Of Jesus and his love
Good By, Good By,
From the heavenly father above.

Tell them that he loves them,
And will until the end,
Good By, Good By,
He's faithfully then a friend

When you are in Korea
I hope you'll make friends there
Good By, Good By
For Jesus is every where.

Many years after we left Callaway, the Piedmont Church became one of our supporting churches by making a yearly contribution to our salary as missionaries. We returned on several furloughs to report on our work and to meet our old friends, and were always heartily welcomed. With improvement in roads and transportation, the three chapels (Algoma, Pippin Hills, and Midway) were discontinued as places of worship and those who had been members there came to the Piedmont Church. It was always cause of great satisfaction and pleasure to see how many of those with whom we had worked when they were boys and girls are now taking active places of leadership in that church and community, and now to meet new generations of children and young people there.

We arrived by train in New Haven having spent a few days in Richmond on the way . . . probably with Tommy and Mardia Brown at Mission Court. We were certainly babes in the woods when it came to knowing anything about how to get along in Yankee-land. All we knew about where we were to live was a street address in some place called Woodmont. By asking our way we found a bus, and struggled aboard with several heavy suitcases and nine-month-old Alice. We should have taken a taxi, but the thought of the exorbitant cost of that frightened us when we were living on a shoestring. I asked the bus driver to let us off at Beach Avenue in Woodmont and he spouted some kind of reply which we could not understand. I asked him again, and again could not make out what he was saying because of his rapid words with an Italian accent. Fortunately the lady sitting right in front of us realized that this passenger with an obvious Southern accent was clearly up against a foreign language, so she turned and offered to let us off at the right place in Woodmont for which we were grateful. It was about a half hour ride, but we reached our address.

We found ourselves in a beach house literally a stone's throw from the edge of Long Island Sound. Art Fields, who had been a year ahead of me at seminary, had been at Yale for a semester already, and had found this place for three missionary appointee couples to live. The real estate agent had assured him that this was a Christian neighborhood, which intrigued Art until he discovered that in that society all this meant was that it was Gentile (non-Jewish). The house was supposed to have been insulated for winter use, but there was little evidence of this and we could see through cracks in the wall to the outdoors. That was all right until winter came, but then the house was perpetually cold and drafty. It was furnished with the kind of used furniture and equipment people are likely to put in seldom used summer houses, so there was nothing very fancy (or comfortable, for that matter). The Mission Board paid for the utilities, but what the oil bill came to must have been horrendous, especially in view of the unusually cold and bitter winter that year.

The other two families were Art and Ruth Fields and baby, and Arch and Margaret (Hopper) Taylor and baby. We had known both of the Fields at the seminary and at ATS in Richmond. They were under appointment to go to China and were learning Chinese. So were the Taylors. Arch had been a classmate at Davidson College, and Marg was my first cousin (daughter of Dr. and Mrs. William H. Hopper). Each of us had a bedroom upstairs, but there was only one bathroom. The walls were thin, and the hot air vents conducted as much sound as heat. Downstairs was a large living room, dining room, and kitchen.

Dot and Alice near the beach house which three missions-bound couples shared while attending language school at Yale, 1947.

There was also a small utility room with the one and only washing machine. This was before automatic machines were produced, and was the standard roller-wringer type, so all laundry had to be hung outside to dry or inside somewhere when the weather was wet (or freezing cold). Of course with three families (and three babies), it was in perpetual use and had to be scheduled carefully.

Communal living required organization and we made the best of it. Perhaps this too was good training for living closely with other missionaries in mission stations abroad, although by the end of the year we vowed never to try this way of doing it again! It was necessary to do all our housekeeping together and various jobs were parceled out and scheduled. Once a week each family put ten dollars into the "pot." With this thirty dollars one couple was expected to purchase all groceries, prepare, and serve the meals for one week. The milk bill was extra, but everything else for feeding six adults and three children was taken care of from the "pot." We developed a system of visiting the nearby supermarket on Saturday to purchase the week's groceries, and Arch Taylor even mapped the aisles of the store so that our shopping could be accomplished at record speeds and we could get back to our housekeeping and studies. Of course the tastes of nine people varied and it was not always possible to please everyone. Once I bought a rutabaga, which lasted a week not only because it was so large, but because nobody liked it.

Living on the edge of the ocean gave us the advantage of its scenery which we could enjoy as we walked along the beach. But when winter came and ice formed as far out as we could see, it was not so pleasant. It seemed that for weeks on end we would get about a foot of snow twice a week, so that it piled up everywhere. Many of the streets of New Haven are narrow and became almost impassable. Snow was banked high on the sidewalks. Arch Taylor had

an old car he had brought with him and we usually rode with him back and forth to our language school. Once on the way home with him driving along a slick street he turned all the way around 180 degrees, but fortunately there was no other traffic and no damage was done. We were told that it was one of the coldest and most miserable winters on record in Connecticut.

The Yale University Institute of Far Eastern Languages had been started primarily to take care of military and State Department people who would be working in the Orient, but many of the students were those expecting to go out as missionaries. Chinese and Japanese had been taught for some time, but we were the guinea pigs in starting the first course of Korean studies. Our teacher was a Dr. Eleanor Clark, who was no doubt an expert linguist, but her knowledge of Korean was as a carefully diagnosed and dissected subject where she knew all the rules but not as a spoken language. From our point of view her greatest mistake was in trying to reduce Korean writing to a romanization using the Roman alphabet with appropriate symbols for Korean sounds. This was terribly confusing, and totally unnecessary since Korean has a beautiful, scientifically arranged phonetic alphabet which was invented by order of King Sejong about five hundred years ago and is a wonderful vehicle to convey all the peculiar sounds of that language. For purposes of learning to pronounce Korean, our professor had arranged to have a Korean lady, Mrs. Yoon, present. She was a very fine person, wife of the pastor of the Methodist church in New York who commuted to New Haven every day. As a Christian she had a sense of participating in our missionary calling (which Miss Clark did not).

Our class was composed initially of Janet and Mariella Talmage, Eugene Daniel, Nancy Hayter, two Hoppers, and an archaeologist with a difficult name. Three of us (the Talmages and I) had been born and raised in Korea. The archaeologist soon dropped out, whether because the Korean language was too difficult or the missionaries too antediluvian, I don't know. Gene was the nephew of Miss Willie Bernice Greene, a missionary in Korea. He had applied earlier to go out as a missionary but was rejected for health reasons. After serving as a chaplain in World War II, enduring capture in North Africa and many months as a POW in Germany, he applied again and was deemed fit physically. Nancy was under appointment to go to Brazil, which made her presence in the Korean class rather ridiculous . . . but we all knew that she and Gene had other plans for her, and sure enough they were married during the Christmas vacation. We were all good friends and enjoyed being together.

The system of study at the language institute made extensive use of an instrument called a sound scriber. It was a small recording machine that used

little green disks about six inches in diameter. Our lessons were recorded on it, with an English-speaking person reading sentences or phrases followed by the same spoken in Korean by Mrs. Yoon. Then there was a pause during which we were supposed to repeat this after her. The machine could be stopped and started, run backward or forward with the pressing of small buttons. We were instructed to listen to these machines for many hours a day. Each couple was provided with one, and we soon grew to hate them after having to listen to them so much. Between keeping house, looking after children, spending time going to and from the school (about a half hour each way), and listening to the sound scriber we had precious little time for relaxation.

We had very little direct contact with Yale University or any of its faculty and students. Our school was housed in a former fraternity house on the edge of the campus, and our only class on the campus was a weekly lecture by Dr. Edwin O. Reischauer, one of the foremost authorities on Asia. He was in government service in the Far East at times, wrote books and lectured, and with Dr. George Shannon McCune invented the McCune-Reischauer system for spelling Korean words with the English alphabet. This was an area course where the history, geography, culture, and politics of China, Japan, and Korea were covered by a scholar who knew what he was talking about and could give us an excellent orientation in these matters.

The other professor whom we met only once was also a noted authority in his field. This was Dr. Kenneth Scott Latourette, professor of Missions and Oriental History at Yale University, who wrote many books such as *A History of Christianity* and a monumental seven-volume *History of the Expansion of Christianity*. We were in a secular institution, but since so many of the students were preparing for missionary service abroad, we did hold a chapel service periodically. One day Dr. Latourette came to be the speaker. We were much impressed when this great scholar did not choose some erudite presentation, but instead read the first verse of Mark, "The beginning of the gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God," and then gave a simple message on what that Gospel means to all the world.

We tried going to church in New Haven but it was too far, so we usually went to a small community nondenominational church in Woodmont where we liked the young preacher. Once we went to the Presbyterian church in New Haven, but it was rather cold and formal, and did not appeal to us. Several times we visited some kind of Scandinavian Evangelical church in New Haven in the evening and enjoyed their good music and fine biblical preaching and warm hospitality.

Life was not easy for the little children. They had to be bundled up every morning to go with us into New Haven where they were left at a nursery in the basement of a small church. Often they would be unhappy with this arrangement and were not reluctant to let this be known, which gave the parents considerable pain too. It was a good nursery and the attendants did a commendable job, but that did not keep the children from catching each others' colds and other ailments. At home they got along with each other fairly well, although Bill Taylor, who was a year older than our Alice and little Ann Fields, sometimes gave them rather rough treatment. In mid-year, the Fields left to prepare to go to China, and Carlton and Betty White took their place. He was a medical doctor, and she was a nurse (daughter of the Yates family who had been longtime missionaries in China). They were also planning to go to China, and had no children.

History was being made in Korea during those days and the country was in turmoil with Russian troops occupying the north, United States troops in the south, and the Koreans unhappy with both while conducting whopping squabbles among their own numerous political parties. There were hot debates between the United States and Russia over what kind of government Korea should have and all the international relationships involved.

At that time, the Korean question was to be brought up at the United Nations General Assembly, and presumably some kind of settlement was in the offing. Our professor, Eleanor Clark, knew of our keen interest in the future of Korea and took us on a field trip to New York that day. The UN was then at Flushing Meadows on Long Island, and we arrived early in the day to have a personal sightsee of what was happening. Mrs. Yoon was with us and met up with Miss Louise Yim who was the personal representative of Dr. Syeng-man Rhee, future president of Korea. Miss Yim arranged passes for us to sit in the press gallery where we were provided with earphones which could be tuned to translations of the main languages used in the UN deliberations. As it turned out, when things got underway, the Russian representative took the podium and droned on hour after hour, obviously stalling the discussions by making it impossible for anyone else to speak. He kept on so long that the assembly never did arrive at the business of the day, at least before we had to leave to return to New Haven!

At one vacation time we had planned to take a trip to Boston with the Fieldses but Alice was sick so we had to cancel that. We also went to one football game where Yale played Harvard (I think) but it poured down rain making it rather miserable. About the middle of the spring Dot became pregnant

again, and this began to complicate matters. Not only was care for her health at the moment important, but also it created more uncertainty about our chances for getting to Korea as hoped. To make matters worse, Alice was perpetually sick, could not go to the nursery, and cried all night keeping us awake. Since this was clearly not going to be conducive to much study, especially on Dot's part, we contacted the candidate secretary of the Mission Board (Dr. Richard Gillespie) who agreed to our suggestion that we send Dot and Alice to Missouri to stay with relatives on a farm, while I continued my studies.

I took them to New York, put them in a small Pullman compartment, and sent them by train to St. Louis. There they were taken in by Cousin Ruth Engler and her mother who lived some miles out of the city in a rural community called Manchester where Dot's mother had been raised as a child. Here, with plenty of good food and warm sunshine (with no sound scriber) and a relaxed atmosphere in the company of loving relatives, both of them thrived and returned to normal good health. Dot's Aunts Julia and Mary and Uncle Peter (all unmarried) lived nearby and all were happy to have Dot and Alice. We have always been grateful for the excellent care they provided during this time of need.

Meanwhile I finished up the term of study in New Haven. I was asked to go to help with some young peoples' conferences near Tallahassee, Florida, right after school ended. This delayed rejoining the family in Missouri, but I agreed, partly because I felt under some obligation to repay the favor received when Dot was permitted to drop out of school. That finished, I took a long bus trip all the way to St. Louis. It was a very hot and tiresome trip, but then in Missouri I, too, enjoyed a rest for a little while. Plans were underway for us to go to Korea, and this meant getting passports, arranging travel, and all the other kinds of preparation involved. We were hampered by not really having any place of our own which we could call home base, and from which we could make our preparations to depart. My memory is rather hazy now on just exactly how we did manage all of this, but somehow we wound up at Mission Court in Richmond before taking the transcontinental train to San Francisco.

Looking back on the Yale experience, I realize now that we must have learned many things which were of considerable value in our future work. However, as a language school, it was no great success and not to be compared with the excellent training new missionaries can now receive when they arrive on the field. The Mission Board was doing its best to prepare us, and cannot be faulted in any way because there were really no alternatives by which to

equip a crop of new missionaries to join the few former (and now aging) ones who were in a position to start up the work in Korea after the war years. Nevertheless, in the case of our family, we were all glad the Yale episode was over and we could look forward to an interesting and challenging future.

The staff of the Executive Committee of Foreign Missions in Nashville, Tennessee, were all deeply dedicated to the cause they served and strongly supported each of us missionaries personally. Mr. Curry B. Hearn, the treasurer, was sometimes rather frugal with the finances, but he, too, was anxious to stretch as far as possible the dollars of sacrificial givers throughout the church so as to get as much work done for Christ as possible. Probably the one who helped most in making arrangements for us as we departed was Miss Ellen Hastings who saw to it that all the details were worked out, and was the one to whom we could appeal for help whenever we got into a tight spot.

As directed by these friends in Nashville, upon arrival in San Francisco we went to the St. Francis Hotel where reservations had been made for us. We found the three Hoppers in the usual type of hotel room surrounded by such suitcases as we could bring with us on the train, and faced with waiting an uncertain length of time until our ship sailed, during which time we were to prepare every conceivable kind of equipment for our living abroad for the next five years. This was a downtown hotel, a rather plush one at that, and not exactly a suitable place in which twenty-month-old Alice could run and play. Walking the crowded sidewalk around the block outdoors meant passing about twenty bars and liquor stores.

We had been directed to arrange for Church World Service (CWS) to handle our freight shipment, and our trunks and boxes from the East Coast had been shipped to the warehouse of that organization. CWS was the relief arm of the National Council of Churches, and was heavily involved with sending aid to the Far East where there was so much need following World War II. We had already compiled long lists of supplies which CWS promised to purchase (often at a discount) and pack for crossing the Pacific. Through various channels we had ordered a few large items sent to the CWS warehouse, such as a kerosene burning refrigerator, a gasoline engine powered washing machine, a kerosene cook stove, and beds. Since very little in the way of staple food supplies would be available in Korea, we ordered large quantities of flour, sugar, powdered milk, soap, toilet paper, and cases of canned foods. We had no reserves of cash, but our Nashville office advanced something like two thousand dollars to cover all these expenses which we repaid out of our salary in the next few years. (This was the only time in our lives when we were in debt.)

As soon after arrival as possible I ventured forth to find the CWS offices. There seemed to be considerable confusion (and inefficiency) from the very start and I was not too favorably impressed with how things were being managed. Perhaps that was due to the difficulties growing out of the war and the breakdown of the usual channels of communication and commerce with the Orient, but it also seemed to be partially the fault of irresponsible and careless management in the CWS organization itself. It appeared that our freight could not go on the ship with us. I do not know whether that was because we were going on a military transport ship, or because our things had not been assembled and crated in time.

While at the CWS office, I happened to meet Rev. Dick Baird who had grown up in Pyeng-yang and was now associated with the Northern Presbyterian mission office in San Francisco. In later years he was in Korea as their field secretary. Perhaps I should say that this meeting was providential as it was the Lord's way of taking care of us when we needed some guidance. He asked where we were staying, and when I told him the complications of being cooped up in a hotel room, he said, "Why don't you try staying at the Home of Peace?" "What's that?" I asked. He told me that over in Oakland, across the bay, there was a place where missionaries could stay at very reasonable rates and highly recommended it.

At once I called the Home to ask if they could take care of us and they responded that they would be happy to do so. When I inquired as to how to reach their address, they said, "Oh, we will send a car for you!" Nobody at the St. Francis Hotel had treated us like that! About an hour later a lady came driving a station wagon and the three of us piled in to cross the Bay Bridge to 4700 Daisy Street, in Oakland. The home was a very large white frame three-story building with a spacious yard in a quiet neighborhood off from the main street. There was nothing fancy about the accommodations, but they were clean and comfortable with a homelike atmosphere. We could stay there for two dollars per adult and one dollar per child per day, a fraction of hotel prices. Furthermore there was a little building just outside equipped with laundry machines to take care of that problem which was difficult and expensive at the hotel (especially with a little child). Of course at those prices, the food was nothing lavish but it was sufficient and nourishing. We were expected to help with the work, such as washing dishes and helping to clean up.

As far as I know we were the first missionaries of our denomination to stay at the Home of Peace. Of course we reported this arrangement with our home

board, so that thereafter, virtually all of our missionaries headed for the Far East found this place most convenient, and I am sure our parsimonious treasurer in Nashville was happy not to have to set them up to the fancy prices at the St. Francis Hotel! Just as a base camp supports the efforts of those climbing Mt. Everest, this home was not only a place to sleep and eat but provided a convenient and reliable source of advice and logistical support for many years. According to its own statement:

> This home is maintained for one purpose only and that is to help the outgoing and incoming missionaries with their many problems. Here they find a friendly, restful haven in a quiet and beautiful residential section of the city of Oakland. The home was built in 1893 to provide a place of fellowship for all without distinction of race or creed, and it is with this in mind that the Home of Peace doors remain open to foreign missionaries and friends of the home to help them with such things as meeting trains and ships, banking, forwarding of funds, purchasing, exporting, and many other services which face one before leaving as a missionary or upon his return.

There were other missionaries staying there, most of them in various stages of preparation to go abroad. They represented all kinds of sending organizations and were going to places all over the Pacific regions and even South America. Many of them were associated with the Christian and Missionary Alliance denomination, and so did the owners of the Home—but all other groups were also welcomed. It was an eye opener for us to meet with missionaries of various denominations and societies, some of which we had never heard of before. Yet the object of all these people was the same—to take the Gospel to the distant lands of the world. Here we met people who had spent their lives on the border of Tibet, or fighting their way over ten-thousand-foot mountain ranges into the jungle valleys of New Guinea, or in other out-of-the-way corners of the Pacific.

The owner of the Home, Mr. Berry, had a sawmill in the redwood forests north of San Francisco. While that was the source of his income, he felt that the mission in life to which the Lord had called him was to further the proclamation of the Gospel around the world by assisting missionaries in this way. He was a devout Christian and often led the daily devotions at the Home himself. His sawmill provided all the lumber necessary for making boxes and crates. It may not have been the very best grade lumber, but it was actually quite good,

and when we reached Korea it could be used to make shelves and furniture for our house. We still had some of those redwood boxes when we retired several decades later, and used them to bring our library home to the States.

On later visits to the Home, we found that a large new warehouse-type building had been constructed as a more spacious place for packing missionary supplies. It had mechanical tools, a fork lift, steel-strapping machines, and voluntary laborers from the local community who helped with the necessary work. The manager of the home on the spot was Ray Herrstrom, son-in-law of Mr. Berry. Not only on this first visit, but in the years following, he was always a tremendous help and one to whom we could write to order various supplies and ask him to ship them to us in Korea. Several young ladies also helped to take care of the housekeeping and cooking responsibilities in the Home.

Most of our shopping was done in downtown Oakland, particularly at the large Montgomery Ward store. Between looking after Alice, Dot's pregnancy, and our lack of money, we did not do much purchasing or take any sightseeing trips. We were at the Home for a week or so waiting for the ship to leave and grew to love the place and its people. We did not particularly like the nearby Presbyterian church but we did take the bus to the Berkeley Presbyterian Church which we liked very much.

On some of our stops in Oakland we visited an unusual nondenominational community church which reflected the flashy flamboyant style often found in California. Sunday night services were well attended by large crowds and there was a dramatic flair to everything about the place from the crimson carpets to the white suits with red carnations worn by ushers and preachers. Instead of the usual pulpit furniture there were soft easy chairs with telephones on stands beside them. At the rear of the pulpit platform hung a drape which turned out to be a stage curtain which could be opened to reveal a tableau with live actors illustrating points in the sermon. A good conductor led the congregational singing at a lively pace.

Once during the song service a part of the choir dressed like children in their night clothes and carrying lighted candles came prancing onto the platform carrying lighted candles while they sang "This little light of mine." Sometimes that stage with its curtain would seem to drop out of sight to reveal the choir "coming down out of heaven," evidently riding on some kind of hydraulic lift platform. Or a baptismal pool would be lowered into view, complete with glass sides and lights making all the proceedings entirely visible to the witnessing congregation. Naturally this made for quite a show, but along with that aspect was good evangelical preaching and there was no denying that

in contrast to a rather dead Presbyterian church not far away, this one was quite alive and growing.

For the three Hoppers making their initial voyage together across the Pacific there is no question but that the Home of Peace was exactly what its name implies and was truly a haven of rest as we made our preparations for leaving. Mr. Herrstrom and all the staff were most helpful in every respect and sent us on our way with their prayers and support which will always be appreciated.

Departure for Korea was not at one of the usual piers for passenger ships in San Francisco. A West Coast shipping strike made all other travel by ship impossible, and also created much uncertainty as to how our freight could be sent. Our orders read that we should report to the Presidio of which we had never heard. This turned out to be the headquarters of the U.S. Sixth Army and is on the historic location of a Spanish army post located in beautiful parklike surroundings just at the south end of the Golden Gate Bridge. Little did we dream that for the next thirty-eight years we would be living under the umbrella of protection of the U.S. Army in Korea!

Since no other means of transportation to Korea was available, our Nashville office had arranged passage for us on an army transport named the *General Blatchford*. Securing permission for civilian missionaries had been difficult for those in our Nashville office to arrange, since the U.S. Army authorities assumed that without military logistical supply no one could survive in that land. Had we known more fully the very shaky nature of the military and political situation in Korea, we might have understood their caution a bit better.

Another cause for us to give a sigh of relief was that by the barest Dot was under the deadline imposed by her pregnancy—no one was allowed to sail on an army transport after the seventh month. However we were processed without any problems after winding our way somehow through all the proper military red tape and put aboard the *General Blatchford* along with several hundred officers and men plus a horde of army dependent wives and children.

We discovered that Dot and Alice were assigned a very nice cabin on the upper deck which was otherwise completely filled with dependent families. There were two bunks and plenty of space. However, I was assigned to a cabin on the deck below with three army officers. I noticed that an enormous supply of baby beds were available for the asking, which would be far better for Alice than an adult sized bunk where she would be tossed around when the ship began to roll in rough seas. I saw no reason why I should not use one of the bunks and be able to help Dot while Alice had a baby bed. We discovered that such arrangements were under the control of the Ship's Commander

so I went to his office, explained the situation, especially emphasizing that with Dot's pregnancy she would need help. He was very understanding, but asked me to wait until after we had left port to make this request, which I did. He explained that since there were a few officers whose families were aboard, he had to be careful not to get into trouble with them. But on the basis of the fact that we were the only civilian family (except army families) aboard he felt he could allow me to share the cabin provided I went to the deck below to use the men's bathroom. That suited me fine so we secured a baby bed and enjoyed the privacy of our own family cabin.

The voyage was uneventful and fairly smooth although it didn't take much motion for Dot to be seasick. Since Dot was often not feeling well either because of her pregnancy or seasickness (or both) I spent a good part of my time looking after Alice who by now was big enough to run around and needed to be watched constantly. We spent considerable time on the deck in a special area for little children of whom there were many, and I was usually the only man among many ladies looking after them, which may have been a cause of some envy for those wives whose husbands were not allowed in that civilian area. The army people had access to a source of chewing gum, which Alice coveted, and would look so eager for some that the army ladies had to let her have some too.

The ship was loaded with soldiers who thought they were going to Japan. That was bad enough, but shortly before we had crossed the Pacific it was announced that instead of Japan, several hundred were to go to Korea. You could almost hear the groan that went up all over the ship, because Korea had the reputation of being the worst assignment on earth and that was probably true. Most of the men had never heard of Korea and certainly knew nothing about her, except that she was poor and that duty there was monotonous.

There was a young lieutenant on board named Glenn Davis. He had been one of the greatest football players West Point had ever known, and there had been a lot of publicity not only about his football career but also his affair with at least one Hollywood star. Apparently all of this was the cause of much heckling by his fellow officers which he resented and his popularity had faded somewhat. One day he came to me saying that he had heard that I had been in Korea and would I please give his men an orientation on that land and what they could expect. I replied that I would be happy to oblige, but there was another passenger who was better equipped to do so. That was Rev. Chris Jensen, a Methodist missionary. I said that he had been in Korea since the end of the war, gone to the States, and was now returning. He would have a fresh

insight into current conditions whereas my experience was now ten years old. Chris did speak to the men, and we profited from his remarks as much as did the soldiers. Later, on June 25, 1950, he was one of the missionaries trapped in Kaesong when the North Koreans invaded and was held prisoner by them several years before he was released.

We docked at Yokohama, Japan, for a day or so. Before anyone landed from the ship we witnessed an unusual ceremony on the dock. An army band in full dress uniform, with several very highly ranked officers, including two or three chaplains, drew up in formation beside the ship. A boom on the ship lifted from the hold a flag-draped coffin which was lowered to the dock while the band played solemn music. The officers saluted, the casket was placed in a hearse, and the procession marched off. We learned that this was the body of an American army captain who was a Nisei, that is an American-born Japanese. After the Pearl Harbor attack, many such Japanese had been interned in the United States because of fears that they were a "fifth column" disloyal to America, but this decorated captain had served heroically in our army and had been killed in the invasion of Italy. With that kind of background, it was a moving tribute to see his body returned to a nation so recently our enemy and accorded full military honors.

Yokohama and Tokyo had been leveled by American bombers just three years before, so everything was still mostly in ruins. We were not in a position to do much in the way of sight-seeing anyhow, but we decided to go along when it was announced that we could take what was to be a short trip by army bus to Kamakura to see the giant Daibutsu (Great Buddha). It turned out that the route was over an unpaved and exceedingly rough potholed road which the driver negotiated at breakneck speed. We were terribly afraid for Dot, but there was nothing we could do now that we were aboard and there was no way to turn back. Someone remarked to Dot that she was worried lest the baby arrive before that trip was over! We saw the great image which is one of the popular sightseeing places in Japan. After seeing it, Alice made one comment which was perhaps far more perceptive than she realized: "Buddha asleep!"

We sailed again and finally reached Inchon, the port city just west of Seoul. Because of the extremely high tides and extensive mud flats for which the west coast of Korea is famous, the ship could not dock but passengers had to be off-loaded into smaller boats in order to land. This is always tricky as two ships keep bobbing up and down in the waves as they try to approach each other. Adults had to take a long step or make a little jump from the gangway, but

with baby Alice this was difficult. One of the men standing near took her and literally threw her across a few feet of open water to another man on the smaller boat while our hearts stopped.

Pulling in to the harbor we could see a rather dismal and shabby port, with a few beat-up warehouses along the waterfront. One of them had painted on its side in huge letters several feet high: "Best Damn Port in the Orient." That must have reflected the attitude of our servicemen who viewed the prospect as they arrived. But for us, it was a land of challenge and opportunity, and we were more than happy to set foot on land and be welcomed by my parents who had come from Mokpo to meet us, and who were eager to see little Alice for the very first time.

Part Two

(1948–1986)

6

Chonju Beginnings

(1948–1950)

The Korean word for "arrive" is "toh-chak," and over the years this expression has come to have a happy ring to it as it has announced that anticipated friends and guests have finally made it! It was with great relief that we "toh-chak-het-ta" and set foot on Korean soil and found my parents not only waiting to greet us with hugs and kisses but also able to introduce us to the intricacies of Korean red tape and travel. They immediately took us by train the short trip inland to Seoul where we spent a couple of nights at the "Grey House," a Methodist Mission house which at that time was taking care of transient guests like us. Father saw to it that we registered properly with the U.S. Consul and took care of other arrival procedures in Seoul.

The following day we traveled by train from Seoul to Iri. The rail system in Korea had been built by the Japanese who ran it with clockwork precision, but now that they were gone the equipment was dilapidated and the schedules in disarray. As always the coaches were very crowded, noisy, heavy with tobacco smoke (and other smells), and filthy dirty. Since many Koreans had never seen an American child, they were curious to see Alice with her fair hair and skin so unlike their own and wanted to reach out and touch her.

When we arrived at Iri, the station platforms were packed solidly with hundreds of school boys and girls waiting to ride home on commuter trains. Iri was not a large town, but as a railroad junction many large schools were located there, and students could ride trains north, south, east, and west. We looked out at a sea of uniformed students, all with 100 percent black hair and

faces looking exactly alike to us. The whole excited mob was clamoring and pushing for a glimpse of these Americans, especially Alice. It was our first experience with this sort of curiosity with which we had to become accustomed as a normal part of a foreigner's life in Korea (sometimes rather uncomfortable).

Our train ran from Seoul via Iri to Mokpo, but there was no connecting train to take us from Iri to Chonju. We were met by Dr. S. Dwight Winn who had driven over from Chonju in some kind of ancient vehicle. I had not forgotten the wild ride with him from Greenville to Erskine, South Carolina, several years before, so I knew what to expect, and he fully lived up to his driving expertise again. It is only about eighteen miles from Iri to Chonju, but that road was in even worse shape than the one we had experienced a few days before in Japan, and Cousin Dwight managed to hit the bottom of every pothole with sure accuracy. Again we trembled for Dot, but she stood it well and Barron became accustomed to hard knocks forevermore.

Finally we reached Chonju where Margaret Pritchard was prepared to welcome us. She was the nurse at the mission hospital which had just opened up. I had known her since boyhood when she was a nurse at the Kwangju hospital, and had at least once come to nurse my mother when she was ill. She lived with Rev. and Mrs. W.A. Linton, but they had gone to the States where he underwent an emergency operation. We were given their large upstairs bedroom which was without doubt the most comfortable quarters in all of Chonju (and the whole surrounding region).

Membership of the station when we arrived included the above named plus Dr. and Miss Winn and Dr. and Mrs. Paul Crane. Dr. Winn was in his late sixties and his sister (Miss Emily) a year or so younger. Paul was raised in Korea, and was about a year older than I, and his wife (Sophie) had been raised in China. After more than five years' absence, the first missionaries to return to Korea had found our property in wretched condition. Houses had been used and abused by all kinds of people and were in need of complete renovation. Fences and gates were torn down and the general appearance of everything was nothing like the beautiful yards and gardens the missionaries had left prior to the war.

The following houses were still there: Swicord house (occupied by Lintons and Margaret Pritchard), Winn house (occupied by Dr. and Miss Winn), and four unoccupied houses (former McCutchen, former Boyer, former Linton and Single Ladies). The Boyer and Linton houses were Korean style with tiled roofs. They were located across the street and behind Shin-heung Boys' School. After World War II they were never repaired for use and were torn

Taken in 1963 on the steps of First Presbyterian Church in Namwon, a memorial to the evangelistic work of Dwight Winn. Joe Hopper is seventh from the left on the front row.

down. This is where the Hospital Nurses' dormitory and the Nurses' School were later built. Paul and Sophie Crane lived in a second floor apartment at the western end of the hospital.

The Chonju mission compound lay across a small river or stream on the west side of the city. The first missionaries had bought some property on a small hill in the city, but were forced to move when the local populace rose up in protest saying that this hill was a dragon who would become very angry and bring great trouble upon the city if these foreigners lived there. The missionaries were offered our present property in exchange, apparently as some sort of grant from the royal family in Seoul. The latter must not have had a very accurate surveyor, because years later when (as a member of the mission Juridical Person) I had to check on land boundaries, we found everything off by six feet toward the south. When the missionaries first occupied this hill, it was without trees, bare, and sightless. No doubt it was considered absolutely worthless and good for nothing except as a place well outside the city walls suitable for strange foreigners. Very few citizens of Chonju today realize that

Old city gate of Chonju, which was formerly a walled city. The first missionaries in the late 1800s had to live outside the city gates.

what has now become a beautiful park-like area with trees and flowers well inside a heavily populated suburb has undergone this change because missionaries carefully cultivated and protected their hill.

Margaret was not only an unusually energetic, efficient, and enterprising nurse, but also an excellent manager and housekeeper and she took wonderful care of our needs upon arrival and during subsequent days while it was necessary to board with her. Mrs. Linton was always a genius at creating comfortable and attractive homes wherever she lived and had already fixed up the house with all its necessities, organized the house supplies, and arranged for servant help, especially that of Deacon Yoon Seung-gil who was an A-1 cook.

After our first night of sleep in Chonju, and before breakfast, I was told that a guest had come to see me. At the front door I met an elderly Korean gentleman in a long white robe as was customarily won by such patriarchs in those days. My use of the language was still far from fluent but he managed to inform me that he was Elder Chai, former cook for the Boyer family. He said, "Our pastor, Rev. Koh Sung-mo, has decided to leave and go to another church. Will you come and be our 'tang-whey-jang' (moderator of session)?" I doubt that he had any authorization to make this request, but because he had known my father and worked with Mr. Boyer, he assumed that on my very first day in Chonju I was ready to take over his church of several hundred members. Since Mr. Boyer had founded that church (the Tong-boo Church), old Mr. Chai probably felt some right and responsibility to see that it was properly supplied. I thanked him but said that as yet I had not been received as a member of the local Presbytery and hence was not authorized for this kind of work, and besides my language was not up to it yet. But, I said that since he was my very first caller, I would attend his church the next Sunday.

This seemed to please him . . . perhaps he figured that his church could thereby hook me into attending there regularly. It turned out that this was the case, because I was promptly asked to direct the choir. With limited Korean speaking ability, but the ease with which I could already read the Korean hymnal, this was a job I could perform immediately. The choir was composed

almost entirely of young people and I enjoyed working with them. In those days boys and girls were never allowed to be in company with each other socially. There was no such thing as dating. I soon observed that it was apparent (and amusing) to note how well attended choir practice was . . . because this was virtually the only place where the boys and girls could meet on a fairly informal basis. Attending this church regularly during my first months also allowed me to make many fine friends. Anyhow, it was good to know on my first day that somebody wanted me to help!

Naturally we were eager to see at once what kind of house we were to live in. We were shown the large brick house just across the road from where we were staying. It had been built by Dr. McCutchen just before the missionaries had to evacuate Korea in 1940, a little over a year before the Pearl Harbor attack. He had lived in a house on a small ridge just beyond and above the Shin-heung School where there was a commanding view out over the entire city. In those years just before the war, the Japanese were intent upon forcing Shinto Shrine worship upon all the Koreans, and built their temples in prominent places wherever possible. They chose the property immediately adjacent to the McCutchen house for their most prestigious shrine in Chonju. Possibly in addition to the ease with which it could be seen from everywhere in the city, they also wanted a site which looked down upon the West Gate Presbyterian Church, just below, especially since it was the mother church of all the others in the entire region. They blasted off the rock sides of a valley to fill it in and created a spacious and imposing place for their shrine. We had owned the side of the little valley next to the McCutchen house, but not the other side.

One problem was that the McCutchen house overlooked the shrine area, and that would never do, so the Japanese ordered the missionaries to move and demolished their house. The mission did not want Dr. McCutchen to build a new house, both because of his age (sixty-five) and his well-known lack of architectural skills as was abundantly evident in some of the churches he had built. But he insisted and the house we were to live in was the result. He used the tin roofing from his former house which was far better than could be purchased after the war and never leaked while we lived there. However, he also used doors, windows, and other fixtures wherever possible and they were old and not in very good shape.

I can imagine that he simply drew a square on a piece of paper, with two parallel lines down the middle to form hallways straight through the house on both floors. On each side of the hall were two large rooms making eight in all.

To the left downstairs was the living room and dining room, and on the right a study and the kitchen. Upstairs were four bedrooms with the bathroom just at the head of the stairs in the rear (with a straight unobstructed view up the stairs from the front door). Each corner room, except the kitchen, had two full length windows on each side, making four in all. There were fireplaces in the living room and the bedroom over it (with the same chimney serving them) and a furnace which had been in the basement. Closets were so arranged that between their doors and the four windows and flues for three chimneys there was no space to put furniture against a wall.

The house had been completely stripped of all plumbing, wiring, furnace, and radiators, very likely to supply iron for the Japanese war machine. The walls and ceilings had been covered with a lime plaster over wooden lathes and much of it had cracked off so that what was left was a dirty mess. The floors were black with a gummy grime composed of all kinds of filth left by who knows how many refugees and squatters. Because they were accustomed to removing their shoes in their own houses where the floor was covered with a heavy oiled paper and heated from below, these occupants had treated wooden floors as though it was the outdoors. Next to the separate outside door into the study, a Japanese-style toilet had been erected in a prominent position, and besides being unsightly, provided an all-pervasive aroma of its own.

Dot wept when she saw the prospects of keeping house in such a place, but we were assured that with cleaning, painting, and all kinds of refurbishing, it could be restored for suitable living. I was fresh and eager and ready to call in the carpenters that day, but ran into an unexpected roadblock. Dr. Winn was the senior missionary and a fine man, but he still looked on me as little Joe Barron and I could not persuade him to turn me loose to get our house in order. The Board in Nashville had provided rehabilitation funds; Mr. Boyer had managed to have sent from the Home of Peace a large supply of paint, electrical and plumbing supplies, hardware, and so on for this purpose. All of this was safely stored in the attic of the Ada Hamilton Clark Bible School under the control of Dr. Winn, but he simply kept putting me off when I suggested we go to work. I knew no carpenters or other repair men, had no money, and no materials. But we were desperate to get started. Dot's baby was due, we were living in the bedroom of the Lintons who would return from the States shortly, and winter was coming. About a week went by with nothing accomplished.

In desperation, one day I started on my own by advancing my own money. With some inquiries I found people who could start the initial cleaning and

removal of mountains of debris which had to be done before actual repairs began. Seeing that it would be impossible to renovate the whole house before winter, I decided we could make the upstairs livable during that first winter. Besides, our freight from the States had not come (another story) and we could barely scrape up enough furniture for the upstairs anyhow. Dr. Winn was somewhat miffed that we had proceeded without his wisdom and resources, but he soon got over that and loosened up the flow of money and supplies. Naturally I was extremely busy for those first few weeks, directing workmen, scrounging supplies of all kinds, and figuring out how we could manage. The bedroom over the kitchen was our temporary kitchen. Since it was adjacent to the bathroom, it was near the source of water. This meant that washing vegetables and doing the laundry, as well as bathing, had to be done in the bathtub. The Lintons had somehow obtained some U.S. Army oil stoves and other odds and ends which were set in place.

There was no electricity except an occasional supply from the generator at the hospital, and we often had to depend on kerosene lamps. Water was scarce too, but somehow we received some through an old piping system hooked to the hospital. Oil for the stoves and gasoline for our mission vehicles was bought in fifty-five gallon drums and was always difficult to obtain (usually from the U.S. Army). When we could buy fuel we would get as much as possible, which meant we sometimes had to store piles of drums in garages and basements. It took considerable ingenuity to find food. The mission had been able to obtain some through the U.S. Army directly, and other missionaries were generous in sharing their supplies with us new people. Some of the gardens on the compound had been planted with seed brought from America which helped considerably. The Korean market provided very little except rice, eggs, chickens, and fruit, but very few vegetables, flour, sugar, and so on.

I developed the habit of wandering around town and in the city market with my eyes open for supplies. This resulted in noticing that occasionally in some of the little food stands were tin cans of army rations. They were mostly the small cans provided for individual soldiers to open and eat when in the field fighting. Some of them were quite tasty, but very small . . . only a couple of bites of cheese in a little can, for instance. But one day as I was picking around among these things, the salesman asked, "Do you like the stuff in these cans?" (Koreans did not care to eat any of it, and the only value attached was that of the tin can itself . . . used for all kinds of purposes including roofing houses.) When I told him we did, he took me to an upstairs room filled with the larger "number 10" cans of food supplied to mess halls. The reason they

were kept there was not because of the value of the food, but because those large cans with so much tin in them represented excellent material for all kinds of uses.

In that room were piles of cans (each about a gallon size) of beef, processed cheese, butter, shortening, mince meat, all kinds of vegetables and jams . . . everything Uncle Sam used to keep his men well fed. I tried to conceal my glee and not cause him to raise the prices. All he wanted was something like fifty cents a can! I emptied my pocket book and went home with as many goodies as possible. Not only I but missionaries both in Chonju and elsewhere learned to come and dig in my gold mine. Where it had come from we never knew. The army sometimes simply threw it away, or abandoned it because of military action, or bartered this stuff for something they needed. It very likely was not what could be called black market since in those days there was little government control and the laws of supply and demand were ruling.

With all the difficulties of survival, it was necessary to have servant help. We learned that just over the little hill behind our house was a garden used by the McCutchens which went with the house we inherited from them. Living on that was a Korean family which had worked for the McCutchens and lived in the servant house ever since. We came to know the man as Pai Seng-won, and his wife as Pong Soonie. Dr. McCutchen had brought them from a rural area in distant Namwon County when they were very young and had taught them how to work for him. They now knew something of American living customs, they needed the employment, and they were already living on mission property (from which it would have been tricky, if not unthinkable, to ask them to move out in favor of anyone else).

So we hired him to do the outside work, help with cleaning, fire building, guarding, gardening, etc. His wife agreed to do the washing and look after little Alice which was especially important with Dot expecting a baby soon. Miss Winn recommended Whang Chi-Soon as cook. The latter was a very fine woman, but considerably older than we, slow and sloppy, and not particularly good at cooking. It turned out that her allegiance was more to Miss Winn than to Dot, and this caused problems when she would run to her with complaints about how our home was operated. Once Miss Winn called Dot to her living room and prayed over her to convict her of her sins in displeasing this good and faithful servant (which failed to induce any visible repentance and stirred up considerable ire on Dot's part!).

We were so busy during these days that we were blissfully unaware of what went on elsewhere, and not nearly so alarmed as we should have been

at the dangers all around us. The new government of President Rhee was as weak and shaky as water. All kinds of tensions were mounting between the Russians and their following in the north and the Americans with their following in the south. Various politicians and factions were warring all over the land. Just about the time we arrived, Communist elements in the Yosu area south of Soonchun revolted and for a time appeared to be about to take over that region unopposed.

Paul Crane made a dash into Soonchun city by going around through Kwangju and bringing out his parents, Miss Miller, and Mrs. Boyer who were trapped there. Mr. Boyer stayed behind and even had to bury some who were killed in the fighting right around his house. The Daniels had arrived from the States some weeks after we did, but could not go to their assignment in Soonchun due to the insurrection. Because Gene's aunt, Miss Willie Bernice Greene, had been moved from Kunsan to Chonju and was living with Miss Fontaine in the newly refurbished Single Ladies' house in Chonju, he and Nancy stayed with her for several weeks before the situation in Soonchun was brought under control. Miss Greene had managed to scrounge some used furniture from somewhere for the Daniels, and when they were able to move, we hired a whole railroad boxcar for them. Their baggage and furniture was loaded on, including an old sofa where Gene and Nancy sat as they were sent on their way!

As I look back I marvel that within a month or so we were able to accomplish so much and move into our new home and get settled before the coldest weather came. It is amazing what lots of soap and water, paint, and hard work could do to what had looked like a hopeless place when we arrived. Actually even the experiences of those weeks were good training for what lay ahead. We were learning to work with Koreans, we were getting some on-the-spot day-to-day language not often found in the textbooks, and we were learning to make-do with whatever materials and supplies were available. During this time I even acquired a language teacher and spent some time working with him. Also I regularly attended the Tong-boo Church and participated in the work of that church by directing the choir and incidentally making some life-long friends from among its members. Maybe all this was God's way of making us satisfied and grateful for all the comforts we came to enjoy later on.

One of my first jobs in Korea was to close Kunsan Station, located forty miles due west of Chonju where the Kum River empties into the Yellow Sea. A few days after we arrived in Korea two events made that necessary. First, there was an attempted insurrection (mentioned above) on the part of the

Jeep transportation—Korean style.

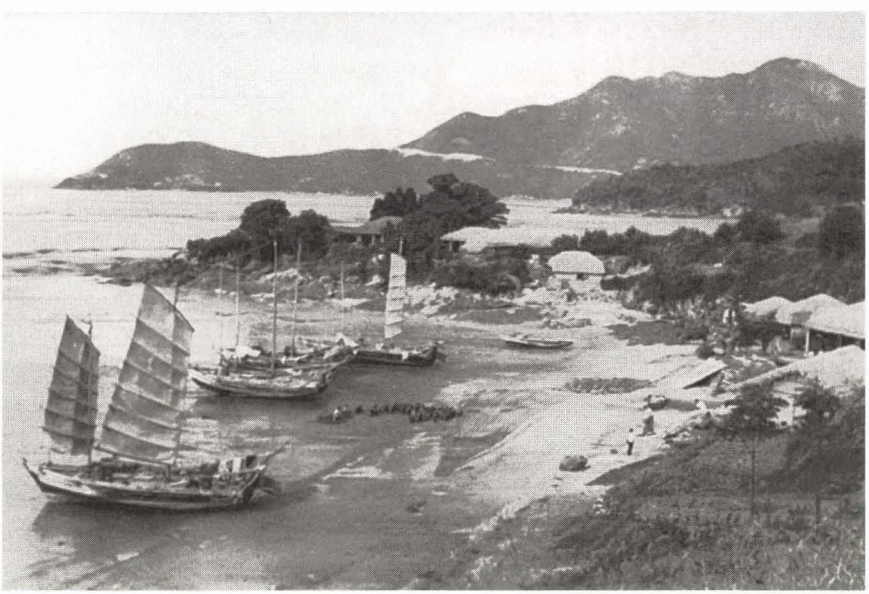
Korean constabulary, as the infant Korean army was called. This unit was stationed about a hundred miles away in the Yosu area south of Soonchun. Communist elements controlled these soldiers and it was evidently their hope to overthrow the new South Korean government of Syngman Rhee. They had taken Soonchun City, were moving northward, and now threatened the stability of the whole nation, all of which is another story. Secondly, Dr. and Mrs. James I. Paisley, who were stationed in Kunsan, were forced to make an emergency trip back to America because Dr. Paisley had a stroke. This left Miss Lena Fontaine and Miss Willie Bernice (Bill) Greene in Kunsan alone.

The mission felt it was unwise to leave two ladies alone in such a threatening situation with the government so unstable, and decided to move them to Chonju, thus closing Kunsan Station. The other missionaries in Chonju were older and deeply involved in their work, whereas I was young, able to drive, and as yet not assigned any work other than language study. Thus, it fell to me to help the two ladies move. The jeep assigned to the Kunsan missionaries became my vehicle since the ladies could not drive. It was one of several surplus World War II U.S. Army jeeps the mission had purchased. It had a canvas top but no sides which meant we got wet when it rained and generously dusted when it was dry. With this jeep we used a small baggage trailer, also army surplus.

For most of a week I made a daily trip to Kunsan and back, hauling furniture, supplies, and personal belongings. Miss Bill even had her firewood tied up in neat little bundles to be brought to Chonju. Forty miles does not seem far to most Americans, but that highway was unpaved and full of enormous potholes, rocks, and mud so the trip took nearly three hours each way. On the last trip we boarded up the doors and windows of the missionary residences in Kunsan and brought the two ladies to Chonju.

So far as I personally was concerned, there was one enormous reward. With the Kunsan jeep now in Chonju, our station had two jeeps. Mr. Linton had his own car, Dr. Winn seldom drove anywhere, so I jumped at the chance to be assigned the Kunsan jeep. Feeling that it should be properly identified, I named it Lena-Bill after the two ladies from Kunsan, and painted this name in yellow letters on the front just below the windshield. The ladies (particularly Miss Bill) pretended to be scandalized, but I think were secretly highly flattered and pleased.

Lena-Bill served me faithfully our first two years, taking me out to rural church work. When we evacuated at the beginning of the Korean War, I drove her with part of our family as passengers to Pusan. When we boarded a freighter to Japan, Lena-Bill stayed behind as a vehicle for Drs. Paul Crane and Ovid Bush whose services had been commandeered by the U.S. Army. When they were ordered northward to help care for wounded in the fighting area, Lena-Bill was loaded on a flatcar, presumably to provide them with transportation . . . and was never seen again. No doubt in some way she contributed to the historically famous "holding action" between Seoul and Taejon during the early days of the war . . . the kind of behavior of which I know from experience she was highly capable.



Fishing village of Wang po Li on Puan coast.

One of our first problems upon reaching Chonju in the fall of 1948 was how to get fresh milk for the children. We had brought cases of dried milk from America, but we would need more. There was no such thing as a dairy or a milk cow in the whole region. Koreans did not like to drink milk. But Pai Seng-won, who was our gardener and general handyman, had lived on the mission property since before World War II when he had cared for Dr. L. O. McCutchen's cow. Thus, if we could find a cow, he knew how to feed and milk her. There was even an old barn we could repair and use.

I remembered that my parents had good Holstein cows in Mokpo prior to World War II. Upon inquiry I learned that when they had to evacuate in 1940, they had left their cow with Chang suh-bang who had worked for them, and that he had increased the herd to five or six milk cows. So I went to Mokpo and persuaded Mr. Chang to sell me one of his cows. Knowing that cotton-seed meal and hulls (considered good cow feed) were available there too, I bought a winter's supply and then rented a whole railroad boxcar to ship the cow and feed. I had arranged for Mr. Pai to come to Mokpo and ride as care-taker and guard on the boxcar as it went to Chonju, about 120 miles. As I recall, the total cost of cow, feed, and boxcar rental came to about $115.00.

We soon had plenty of milk for our family. A small hand churn and a two-gallon electric pasteurizer were ordered from America. We made our own butter and enjoyed the rich cream which we could afford to use in those precholesterol days. When strawberries ripened in the spring we could enjoy delicious homemade ice cream. The cow also provided manure for the garden, and every now and then a calf to be sold. Often there was milk to sell to other missionaries, or to give to the hospital for small babies.

We had a friend named Joe Moore, an engineer located in Seoul where he was employed by the United States government to advise in the development of electric power. He drove down to Chonju every few weeks in his red jeep to check on the construction of a hydroelectric dam in Imsil (the Oo-nam Lake dam.) There was already one dam, but the Japanese had begun another higher one just below it with the object of creating a larger lake. Joe was a good Presbyterian from near Richmond, Virginia, and usually spent a night or so with the Lintons in Chonju when he came for this work. His wife and baby were in Seoul where there was also no fresh milk available. Learning of our dairy he began bringing a gallon thermos jug each time he came and took back some of our milk. Then he repaid us generously with a grocery bag of small cans of baby food which he was authorized to buy in the U.S. Army commissary in Seoul.

Dot by a waterwheel.

Joe Moore had to evacuate from Seoul with his family when the Korean War began but returned as a civilian to help the U.S. Army. One night when our army was withdrawing in the face of the Chinese entry into the conflict, he was engaged in removing key parts to electric power plants so the Communists could not use them. The enemy was pressing on our forces so heavily that the speeding truck he was riding crashed and he was seriously injured. About a year later when Margaret Pritchard, Pete Mitchell, and I went to Washington in an attempt to get permission to go to Korea, we visited Joe in Walter Reed Hospital. He later recovered and spent the rest of his life in Taiwan under some kind of contract with the government advising in its power supply. Each year about Christmastime he would write telling of his work and of conditions in Taiwan, and enclose a check for a couple of hundred dollars to use in our work. He also inquired about similar conditions in Korea and I

would try to fill him in on this as much as I could. He raised a fine family, is retired, and lives in Colorado, but makes frequent trips back to Taiwan.

When the Korean War began and we evacuated, our man Pai was left with the cow. In October 1951, I returned and learned that somehow our cow had been killed, presumably by the invading North Koreans (probably eaten), but a small heifer had survived. About the time our family was able to return to Korea in 1954, that heifer was old enough to produce milk. But somehow she never seemed just right . . . perhaps her personality was affected by the war-time events. One day when I was away in Seoul, she just died, and Dot had the job of seeing that she was properly disposed of.

Again we were without a cow. About this time, I learned that Church World Service (CWS) was sending pregnant Holstein cows to Korea as a relief project to help feed Koreans. But Koreans did not like milk, did not feel the need of milk, nor could farmers afford the feed for cows. Since CWS was having trouble disposing of them, I offered to take one, claiming our own dairy as a war casualty. We promised to use milk to help infants in our mission hospital (many of them abandoned babies), and to return the first heifer calf to CWS. They were happy to let us have one, and from then until all our children went away to school we usually had a good supply of milk.

Every year our cow faithfully produced a little bull, which could be sold. At the very last came a little heifer and CWS sent a wounded war veteran to take it away for his own use. Thus, we fulfilled our obligation. Finally this cow developed some problems with boils and it seemed advisable to get rid of her, especially since the children were no longer at home, and we parents really had no business drinking all that rich milk. But the Lord made provision for this need at just the right period when we were raising our four children.

Highest on the Hopper agenda as new missionaries was to prepare for the safe arrival of the baby. Our living quarters were at least adequate for our expanding family. Dr. Paul Crane, surgeon, and Miss Margaret Pritchard, nurse, would officiate and both were not only highly skilled and experienced, but had also been friends of ours for many years. My parents arranged to come up from Mokpo in time for helping out during the time of the blessed event, and look after little Alice. As it turned out they were in Chonju quite a while ahead of time because the baby decided to ignore the predicted date and kept us all waiting day after day, while the schedules of all these busy people were kept in suspense as Christmas Day approached.

Finally, on December 22 Paul could wait no longer. He had been an avid hunter ever since boyhood in Soonchun where he had grown up with the

Wilson family whose members were all famous for love of this sport. Paul had hesitated to leave the city for fear that Dot's time would come and he would be needed. But Christmas was almost upon us and (he reasoned) it was necessary to shoot some game for our Christmas dinner. Although I had never hunted before, I had started going out several times with him because he and I were the only young missionary men and there really was no other kind of sport and exercise. He had managed to find a double-barreled twelve-gauge shotgun I could buy rather cheaply although actually it was a very fine gun. He had a good supply of shells to share with me. I think my first hunt with him was a day or so before Thanksgiving when before dawn we went out into the fog by some lakes about ten miles from Chonju and he bagged a couple of geese that went honking overhead.

Now, on December 22 we decided to take a chance on an all-day hunt. He and Sophie drove an old station wagon they had acquired somewhere and we went out into a wild hilly region I have never been able to locate since that day, but I think it was in the region between Kwan-chon (Im-sil County) and the Chin-nan county seat. Sophie drove back to Chonju taking a pistol Paul gave her with instructions to come back and fire several times as a signal for us to return should Dot go into labor.

We tramped out into a maze of rugged hills and valleys, covered with scrubby pine, and as far as I was concerned were completely lost. Paul with his usual self-confidence was not at all worried about this and seemed to know where we were. He rounded up some men to serve as "beaters" and we stationed ourselves at spots the deer or wild pigs would surely run right toward us when they were driven by the beaters. I held several different stands during the day but never saw even a rabbit, much less anything larger. Paul shot a pheasant or two, but otherwise our sole accomplishment was to get tired and

Awaiting time for worship service, gathered in the courtyard in En-chon.

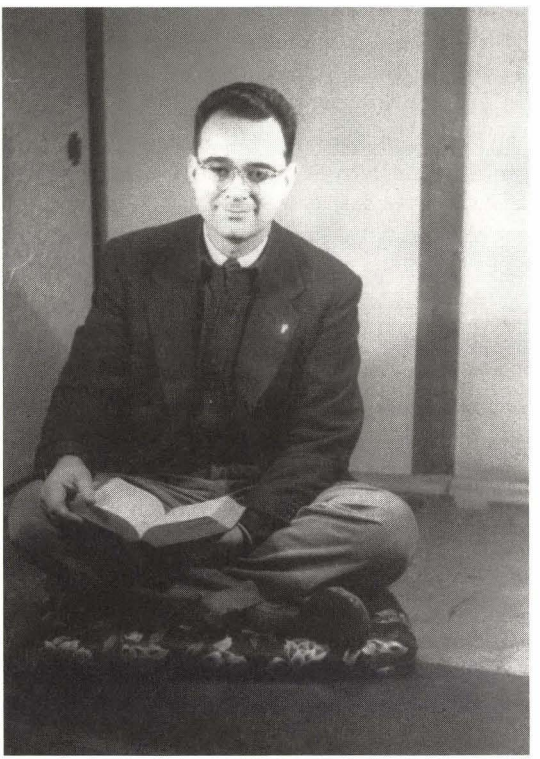
cold. At dusk Sophie returned to pick us up, but had she tried to use that little pistol to summon us in an emergency it would have been absolutely impossible for us to have heard from out in that wilderness.

Fortunately we were not needed during that day, but while eating my supper about eight in the evening, Dot gave the word that the time had come. We took her to the hospital, where Paul, tired as he was from our long day in the hills, had to stay up until about two the next morning to deliver the baby. The hospital had only been in service for a few months, but everything was in readiness, and Joseph Barron Hopper Jr. made his arrival safely in the wee small hours of December 23, 1948. He thus had the distinction of being the first missionary child born in Korea after World War II. Naturally Dot and I were happy to have a little boy since we already had Alice.

Perhaps my father was most delighted, not only for the usual family reasons, but also because he knew that to our Korean friends, our status was immensely improved now that we had a "first son." While the non-Christian Koreans with their Confucian heritage regard sons as absolutely essential to carry on the all-important ancestor worship, even Christians who do not indulge in that practice regard sons as of supreme importance. In days not so long ago, a woman was little more than a nonperson until she bore a son, but now, as Father liked to say to Dot, "Your stock has risen!"

As was usually customary among the missionaries of Chonju, Christmas was properly celebrated on a rather simple scale in our home and we enjoyed a station dinner party and participation in Korean church services. There was little to buy locally in the way of Christmas presents, and besides we had already "shot our wad" in making all those purchases in the States in order to outfit ourselves for the next five years. Furthermore that huge shipment had not yet caught up with us.

During the winter I began to try to do some study with my language teacher, but was often distracted by other duties. That mountain of ocean freight we had arranged for Church World Service to send from San Francisco finally arrived at Inchon in the dead of winter. Gene Daniel and I went to Seoul to try to work it through customs. Fortunately we were able to stay in Seoul with the Otto DeCamps (United Presbyterian missionaries) but they must have become very tired of our extremely long visit. Between our ignorance of the procedures and the obstructionism and perversities of the customs officials, it took about ten days of going from office to office and meeting all kinds of blind alleys and frustrations. No doubt some discreet "palm greasing" would have expedited all this immensely, but we would have none of that. We



Joe early on in his time in Korea.

were completely exasperated, and I fear harbored many unkind and unmissionary thoughts before it was over. Somehow we managed to get all the mountains of paperwork properly "chopped" with innumerable "toh-jangs" (seals), and loaded on a boxcar and sent south. Then, of course, it all had to be opened up and stored . . . much of it in the attic of our house . . . until it would be needed.

Another interruption to study came when it warmed up a bit and we could begin the repair of the downstairs of our house. Having now acquired a bit more language and considerable knowledge of who could do this work and where materials could be found, it went off very nicely. There was an immense amount of thieving going on in those days, and some missionaries had lost much valuable equipment as a result. With all those big windows on the ground floor, which could be easily broken into, I decided to put iron bars on them. We found some reinforcing rods about 5/8ths of an inch thick, and worked out a way with

a carpenter to install them. It was a job well done, because no one ever afterwards broke through them in either direction . . . even when that house was used as a prison by the Communists during their occupation of Chonju.

But Dr. Winn was scandalized . . . "What! Bars on your windows . . . makes the place look like a prison!" But some months later, thieves broke into his house and made off with some of their precious hi-fi set and other valuables, and within a few days he installed bars on his windows, too. The next summer while we were away at a mission meeting in Kwangju, thieves shinnied up the gutter pipes onto the roof of the front porch, broke in through the upstairs windows, and took some bedding, but nothing of great value. We had two Korean high school boys sleeping in the study downstairs in order to give some protection to Dot when I was out in the country churches at night and to guard the house when we were away overnight, but they slept soundly while the thieves were at work. This theft necessitated putting bars on the upstairs windows also. In order to be able to get out in case of fire, the bars on the window of the upstairs bathroom were made like a gate which was locked from the inside but could be opened for escape to the roof of the back porch.

Another type of interruption came when I was called upon to do various tasks because I had the strength and energy the older missionaries did not have. Besides, language study could be more easily put off, while work in which they were involved seemed more urgent and important. For instance, word came one day that a small group of American soldiers in Chonju were leaving. The United States government was pulling out as many men as possible and these men were living in three or four small cottages near the silk mill beside the landing strip used for light army courier planes. They sent word that they were ordered to abandon the furnishings in their houses and we could take what we wanted before they were looted.

An offer like that is not to be ignored—at least not by missionaries. I was delegated to take over this first of many scrounging jobs. With a small truck and a couple of workmen, we effectively cleaned out every movable (and removable) item in those cottages: living room, dining room, and bedroom furniture of all kinds as well as small items like curtain rods. This stuff was not high grade to begin with and some of it was damaged, but all of it could be repaired and used to help fill out the needs of the rather sparsely furnished missionary homes. Some of it even survived the Communist occupation several years later and was still in use when we retired in 1986.

Some relationships with individuals or churches were extended over many years, and perhaps the longest was with the Soh-seng-won Church. Only about

two months after our first arrival in Chonju, two guests appeared in our front yard. I could tell at a glance that they had leprosy (more properly called Hansen's disease). They identified themselves as Elder Lee and Deacon Kim. Mr. Lee was born in a comfortable, well-to-do home and could have spent a lazy life as an Oriental gentleman. But one day he fell in with a group of young friends who were discussing a person named Jesus. Soon Lee gave his heart to his Savior, but when his pagan, old-fashioned father, heard about it, he threw him out of his home. With his good mind and fine education he was able to establish a profitable business, a happy home, and be active in his church.

Then one day he saw in his body the signs of leprosy. At that time his only course was to leave family and friends and become an outcast for the second time. Fortunately he did not have to live in squalor and beg for a living but found his way to our mission colony for those with leprosy near Soonchun. Here was medical care, comfortable living quarters, food and clothing, and a church of over a thousand members all with the same disease. He was ordained as an elder. Then, for the third time he became an outcast, this time of his own volition. Concerned over the spiritual welfare of thousands of lepers outside this Christian colony, he gave up its comforts to go out and preach Christ in other leper villages and found himself in this one near Chonju. Here our paths crossed.

Mr. Lee was the oldest and did most of the speaking. "We have come from a settlement of people with this disease who live several miles outside the city. We have been teaching the people about Jesus and now have some converts ready to be examined for church membership. We have heard that you have come as a missionary and we want you to come hold the examinations and sacraments for us." I replied, "I have not been here long enough to know the language necessary for this work, and besides I am not yet a member of this Presbytery and authorized to do this. Why don't you ask one of the Korean pastors here in the city?" "We already have, but they are all busy and say they cannot help us." I suspected they were also very much afraid of the disease, but a more charitable reason may have been that they really had no good means of transportation except to walk. So I said, "I cannot do the actual work involved, but I can drive a jeep, so I will find some pastors and take them out to your place." This suited them fine and we agreed on a date along in December.

A couple of pastors agreed to help, and on the appointed day we went out and found four or five hundred living in the most pitiful of circumstances along the sides of a dry river bottom. They had picked up the sticks and stones and put

Joe with rural family one snowy day.

together little eight- or ten-foot square shacks in scooped out holes in the ground. There was no floor, no way of heating, no medical care, no sanitation, very little food, scanty clothing . . . men, women, and children were living together like animals. It was bitter cold, with snow blowing about in a raw wind. How such people all afflicted with a terrible disease could survive I could not see. But they seemed to be enduring all this quite well, and a large group gathered to worship. The Korean pastors examined about seventy-five new believers and held a simple worship service and the sacraments. From that day on until we retired in 1986 I always had a close relationship with this church.

About a year later the government allowed this band of several hundred people to settle on some low hills about twelve miles north of Chonju. The soil was red clay, a terrible mess of sticky mud when it rained, but excellent for making dirt blocks for construction purposes. Soon they had built small mud, stick, and straw huts to live in, and a larger building of the same materials for a church. These industrious people tilled and cultivated the land carefully. Over the years they built up an enormous industry of raising chickens and pigs so that they supplied a large portion of the eggs and pork for the city of Chonju. By the time we retired they had become quite prosperous and were living in comfortable homes with many modern conveniences. At the time they settled there, they planted trees which vastly improved the appearance of what had

been bare hills. When the military government took over in the early sixties, by edict from above, the villagers were all declared to be free of leprosy, which was probably largely true by that time, although the visible effects of the disease remain among the older people to this day.

During the early years of the church, the Presbytery left me in charge as moderator, and I made regular visits in the fall and spring to hold examinations and sacraments, while their own officers, particularly Elder Lee, carried on the work locally. It was almost routine on each visit to examine fifty people for the catechumen class and fifty to be baptized. This was so many that I usually took a Korean pastor or two with me on Saturday to hold the examinations. It was always a great experience to baptize fifty people all at once on the following Sunday morning.

Such a service was held late in the spring of 1950, just before the beginning of the Korean War. One Saturday morning along with two Korean ministers we examined nearly a hundred people who professed their faith in Christ. About half took the catechumen examination, and the rest the examination for baptism. Seldom did I ever see people so well prepared. They could recite whole passages from the Bible and testify to what Christ meant to their own hearts and lives, and how they were witnessing to others.

I remember one old man in particular. He was about as far gone as any leper I ever saw. His hands and feet were eaten away. He was lame and blind and deaf. His mouth was so diseased he mumbled his answers with difficulty. When I saw him, I thought, "I'll go easy on his examination." But I soon saw that he had a depth of spiritual understanding that one seldom finds anywhere. At the end of the examination I asked him: "What is going to happen to you when you die?" "I'll go to be with Jesus," was the answer. "And what kind of a body will you have?" With tears of joy streaming down his face, the old man replied, "Not a miserable body like this one, but a risen, gloried body like that of Jesus."

The next morning we had an inspiring two-hour long service outside in the warm sunlight. Three hundred lepers, all either members of the church or having decided to become "believers" gathered. Their own choir sang. Poor as they were, they took up the offering while singing, "I surrender all!" I had the privilege of baptizing forty-six of these people, walking between the rows, baptizing as I went. On one side was my language teacher to make sure I read the names correctly. On the other side was old Elder Lee who, from the human viewpoint, deserved all the credit for all of this, carrying the bowl of water.

Dot worshiping in a village where they did not yet have a church.

In a letter dated January 24, 1954, I have this account of the "outreach" of the Soh-seng-won Church:

> On last Tuesday I spent most of the day at a new leper village on the road to Iri, just off an airstrip that the Japanese were planning and partially completed. There are about 150 people in the village, and some hundreds more are expected when houses are built for them. The Roman Catholics had promised to do something for these people, but had done nothing so the few Protestants among them started having service.
>
> Having no leader, they got in touch with our other leper church (the Soh-seng-won Church) and their "women of the church" are paying the travel expenses for one of their young men to go over and hold services at this new place.
>
> They have no church building whatsoever, and there is no other place in which to meet so we met outdoors. Fortunately the weather was not bitter cold, but after two or three hours outdoors even that got us pretty chilly. We examined and received five as catechumens and accepted two out of three for baptism and held a service attended by about forty. There is one woman there from So-roke-do (a large leper community on the south coast) who has been a Christian for many years and seems to be taking the leadership. The community carpenters and builders have offered their services free, if we will buy the materials for some sort of church so we expect to put up something soon.

> On the way back to Chonju we visited the new orphanage which is being started for the clean (non-diseased) children of lepers. About forty children were there and there will be about sixty when it is completed. Buildings and grounds were about the nicest I have seen of the orphanages around here. All these children were from the Son-seng-won Church and had attended Sunday School there. I had baptized the oldest girl. Our station truck goes out to a city orphanage nearby to take Sunday School teachers on Sunday afternoon, so I think we will arrange to send teachers to this new place, too.

As the congregation grew it was necessary to build a church, and I have told elsewhere how we scrounged cement and other materials, and the church was built. Over the years it was enlarged several times and will now seat five or six hundred. On their own they have built a couple of additional educational buildings, a manse, and purchased a van. In the mid-fifties they were able to call a pastor. I recall once taking a visitor from America out there on a weekday. As we looked in the church we found a large circle of people sitting on the floor. Asking what was going on we learned that they were all blind, and were sitting listening to a person who could see and therefore could read aloud so that they could memorize the Scriptures. Some of them had memorized whole books—even the entire New Testament.

When the General Assembly had that terrible split in 1961, there were those in this church with loyalties on each side. This was particularly true

The man to the left was a deacon and a barber. This church was begun in his barbershop.

Joe and an evangelist in front of the church.

because many of the people, including some elders, had come from the very strong Presbyterian Church in the government leprosy colony on Soh-lok-do Island which was with the faction which later separated from the Presbyterian Church of Korea. Shortly after the General Assembly meeting I went to the Soh-seng Church and spoke to the leaders. "You are all one community here and must not separate into two churches. If you go to either side, you will still be my friends and I will continue to work with you, but you must not split up!" They took me at my word, and instead of joining either faction decided to take a "neutral" position, actually remaining independent. That was all right with me and this continued for some years.

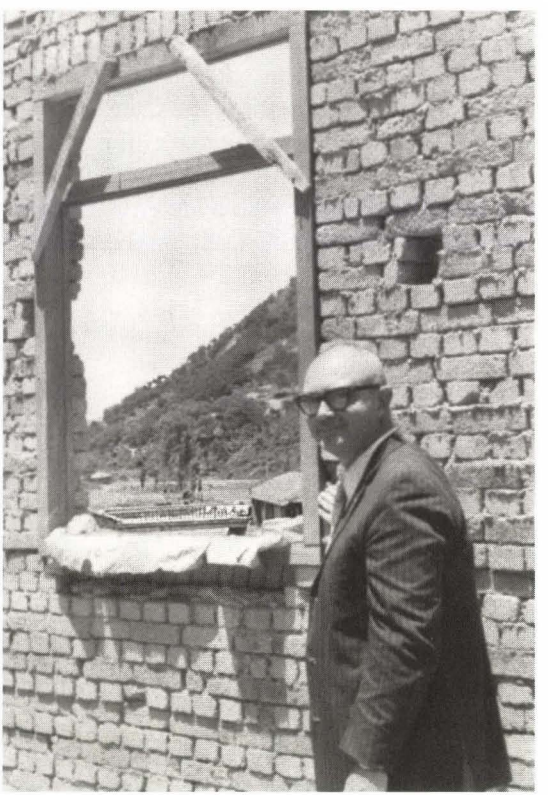
Then some of the elders died, and new ones were needed, causing agitation to elect more. Under the Presbyterian system in Korea, it is necessary to secure Presbytery permission to elect elders, Presbytery must examine them, and a commission of Presbytery must ordain and install them. Since they did not belong to a Presbytery but were neutral how could this be done? Their pastor came to me with this question. Again, I had to make up my own rules in the murky atmosphere of a confused ecclesiastical situation. I said, "Well, since you are neutral you really can do as you please. In America, it is not necessary to have Presbytery permission for this sort of thing. If you so desire, I will use the American system and you can elect elders."

He went back and discussed this with his session, and their decision was: "That is what we will do, but you must come and hold the election and the ordination ceremony." This was tricky, since I was a member of the local Presbytery and therefore subject to its rule and authority. So I went to the leaders of my Presbytery, explained the situation, and they wholeheartedly agreed to this solution. Very likely they felt that a church full of people with

leprosy was too delicate a situation anyhow and didn't want to get involved. Also, the alternative might have been for the church to move into the "other" denomination, and political motives were involved too. So we went ahead and created the new elders!

After a few more years, a large group in the church suddenly decided to join the so-called "Hap-tong" faction which had separated from the Presbyterian Church of Korea. A contributing factor to leaving our denomination may have been that their pastor at the time was not particularly popular and may have been the root of their dissatisfaction. After this happened the remaining congregation decided to rejoin our Presbytery, and have remained in it ever since. As usually happens in Korea, it was not long before both churches were almost as large as the undivided congregation.

For many years up until we retired, it was our practice to visit the Soh-seng Church on Christmas morning for their worship service. As far as I know, all



In a rural church under construction.

churches in Korea celebrate Christmas with a midmorning service . . . and for many of them this has been just about the only way the day was remembered. I was usually asked to preach at this service, but it also featured not only carol singing but also special numbers by the choir. The church was always lavishly decorated (some might say overdecorated) and piled in front of the pulpit were stacks of notebooks, kitchen utensils, and other presents which were given out to Sunday School teachers, choir members, and various others who had helped with the church program during the year. My honorarium was always an enormous package of eggs! A day or so before Christmas, representatives of the session invariably called on me with a present of eggs, and the sum total would often be three or four hundred. We gave away many of them, but set the rest in our basement which seems to have been just the right temperature and we kept eating them until April!

The last Sunday before we retired, I preached at this church, and the first Sunday when we had our return visit in 1989 we again worshiped there and were royally welcomed. It was always heartwarming as many of the people would come to greet us with the words, "You baptized me back when . . . !" While this was the largest of the churches of people with this disease, we also worked in various degrees with six others in our province. Most of these people in Korea are now Christians, largely as a result of the medical attention of Christian missionaries who ministered to them in times when they were social outcasts and almost completely uncared for. We have always remembered that Jesus was particularly compassionate toward them, and have been thankful for their response and devotion to Him.

PIONEER EVANGELISM

The pace of my involvement with the work for which we had come to Korea stepped up with the coming of Spring 1949. As already described, on our first day in Chonju I had been invited to the Tong-boo Church and had continued to help with the choir there. I also tried to teach hymns to the women students at the Ada Hamilton Clark Bible School. I also took a number of trips on Sundays with Mr. Linton or Dr. Winn to visit rural churches and become acquainted with conditions in them. Now it was time to officially start my own work.

When the regular spring meeting (1949) of Chon-puk Presbytery was held, I was formally accepted as a member. By agreement between our church in

Joe and Dot on porch of typical rural evangelist's house.

America and the Korean Church, ordained missionaries were allowed to have membership in Presbyteries on both continents. Hence, since 1949 I held membership in Chon-puk Presbytery in Korea. This Presbytery had originally included all of North Chulla (Chun-puk) Province, and even though Kunsan and Kimje Presbyteries had been set apart, it still covered three-fourths of the province along with the city of Chonju. The presbyters were all most gracious and hospitable to this rookie missionary embarking on his work with them even though he was years younger than any of them. Since for many years no young men had been coming out of seminary and been ordained as ministers, I was by far the baby among them. After thirty-eight years as a missionary I found myself not only the oldest minister (except those who were retired), but also the longest member in terms of years of service of any minister in the whole province.

At this meeting it was announced that I was assigned to work in Chung-Ko-Pu Si-chal. What this meant was a mystery to me, but I soon learned that the Presbytery was divided into districts, and each was called a Si-chal. Mine was composed of three large counties (Chung-oop, Ko-chang, and Puan), shortened to the above name. I did not even know where they were, but soon learned they covered the southwestern quarter of the province along the Yellow Sea and had a population of about three quarters of a million people. My assignment was rather vague, but it appeared that I was to do anything I could in any way I liked to help with new and weak churches in that area, somewhat like giving me broad powers as an evangelist. Actually that was the way I continued to operate until my retirement, with the exception that very soon I was made actual "tang-whey-jang" (moderator) of large numbers of specific churches in various parts of the province.

Korean child.

When I went home for lunch after this assignment was announced in the Presbytery meeting, a guest was waiting for me. He introduced himself as Deacon Kim Yong Un from Tu-am in Chung-oop County. "Presbytery has asked you to work in our area, so you must come to our village." He went on to tell how he became a Christian and had started an orphanage for homeless children after the end of World War II. But when his father died and he returned to his home village to look after the family farm, he found no church in the area and was moved to start one. He built a home with an extra large room where his neighbors began to meet every Sunday to hear the Gospel under his leadership. Now, in order to prepare himself for greater usefulness, he had decided to enter the seminary, but this meant finding someone to continue to lead some forty or more enthusiastic new believers meeting in his house. "You must help," said he. I wondered how. My language was not up to doing much as yet; I knew no native evangelists to recommend; and had no funds to

help support the project. But here was my first real contact with the rural evangelistic work for which I had come to this land, so I rashly agreed to go visit there the next Sunday. Here is an account written about that first visit:

> Sunday was a bright crisp day. "Lenabill," the jeep, was in fine form for the three-hour, forty mile trip. The last few miles into Tu-am had obviously never been intended for anything larger than an oxcart, but this type of situation is precisely where a jeep excels.
>
> A half mile from the village the children of Tu-am saw us coming. They swarmed across the fields, shouting and pointing. Although Lenabill was used to such ventures, it was apparent that this was the first car and the first missionary to visit Tu-am. Never have I received such a big welcome. It was worth all the trouble of coming to Korea. The whole village seemed to be trailing behind as I walked with Deacon Kim to his house. Here were scores ready to receive the Gospel. I trembled lest I disappoint their expectations. As I waited in a nearby room, I could hear the assembled congregation practicing the hymns they would sing at the service—these people were such new believers that they only knew a few songs and had to brush up on these ahead of time.
>
> Our service was short and simple, yet not a word of it escaped the crowd packed into every available inch inside and even more crowded at the doors and windows outside. Kim Yong Un led the service. To help the singing I opened my folding organ, gift of a small group of young people of Virginia. Having no hymn-books, the congregation followed the words written on large sheets of paper on a rack by the pulpit. Before he led in prayer, Kim explained that all should bow their heads while we talked to God—there were many present who did not know what prayer was. When the offering was received, he again explained its purpose and how giving was not compulsory. Later I made my first attempt at making a talk in Korean, after which Deacon Kim "rehashed" my message in what, I am sure, were more intelligible terms for the listeners. All through the service I could not help but think: "How attentive and earnest these people are despite their almost total lack of understanding as to what it is all about."
>
> While we waited for dinner, the Deacon proposed that we climb the little hill back of the village. Passing the burial plot where he said his ancestors lay, we reached the top in a few minutes. "Look!" said he.

> Gazing out over the plain we could see dozens of villages dotting the fertile rice lands. Six or eight villages were within ten or fifteen minutes walking distance of Tu-am. Perhaps twenty more lay within an hour's walking distance (no great ordeal for a Korean who wants to go to church). "In all this section there is no church as far as you can see." said Mr. Kim. "We must have a church in Tu-am, perhaps on this hilltop where its cross can be seen and its bell heard from afar!"

We found a young seminary graduate to continue Mr. Kim's work, and I made return trips to examine, baptize, and receive new members in my pioneer evangelism project. A little over a year later when the Korean War began we had to evacuate and return to the States. That winter (January 1951) while we were in Richmond, I received the following (roughly translated) letter from Kim:

> I pray that you have peace in the grace of the Lord, that your wife also is in peace, that your children are growing well, and that your whole family is well. After telling you good-bye, I waited here for news from the meeting of Presbytery. On July 20th (1950) the Communists came to our county while I was away and later I went back to my home village and stayed there until September 28th when the UN forces arrived. In my family, my younger brother and his wife and three sons, my mother, and my son (altogether seven people) were killed by the Communists. My three houses were completely burned, my clothes taken away, ten people who came to church were killed, five nonbelievers were killed. In all, twenty-two people in our village were killed and six houses burned. The materials we had prepared for building the church were all burned. Now I am existing without any strength.
>
> Then, in the Chun-wun Church [about 3 miles away] the old man, elder Pak, and Evangelist Kang Teh-ju [plus a list of about ten other leaders of nearby churches] were all martyred. At present I am alive. Nearly all the servants [church leaders] of the Lord are gone [dead]. Although I am left poverty-stricken, even yet I think I am in the midst of unspeakable sadness; and although I have shed many tears on behalf of the pioneer church at Tu-am, I am terribly sorry that there is nothing left of the church which you helped greatly.
>
> So, having lost seven members of my family and three houses, with my wife and children and younger brother and five others in the family

> homeless . . . I wanted to know news of you and was fearful in my mind, so on December 15th I came to Chonju to see you. Now I would like to enter patriotic work, but various ministers urge me to do something else in the line of church work so I am deciding what to do . . . Please offer me your guidance in the future. Please be careful for yourself and I know God will permit you to return here. I know there is a day when we will meet again and in heaven or on earth we will have news of each other again. With this I close. December 18, 1950.

When I went back to Korea in the fall of 1952, Mr. Kim came to see me and related more of what was just a fraction of the suffering and martyrdom of thousands during that period. When he tried to continue his seminary education, the tragic political division in the Presbytery, now under control of the "liberals" who would give permission for him to attend only their seminary, resulted in his attending the Holiness (now Evangelical) Seminary and eventually entering the ministry of that denomination. We continued our friendship while he began a new church in Kunsan City where I preached for him a time or two, and he would call on me when he came to Chonju. A younger brother (whom I had baptized in Tu-am) became pastor of what is now a large Evangelical church in Chonju. After many years Mr. Kim came to see me saying that he wanted to see the church restarted in Tu-am, and since all churches in that area were Presbyterian, he would help start one there. However, we were having difficulty with keeping up with all of our own churches then, so I insisted that he start one of his denomination which he did and which now carries on that ministry begun so long before.

The next major event on our calendar was the first mission meeting we attended. Our mission had yearly meetings at which the policies of our work, new projects, assignments of work, division of budget funds, relationships with the Korean Church and with the church at home, and innumerable other problems were handled. There were committees for every type of work, and usually their recommendations were followed . . . but not always! Members of the mission were all personal friends, but often had strong differences of opinion and did not hesitate to promote them vigorously. There were eight of us young missionaries (two Cranes, two Daniels, two Talmages, and two Hoppers). We were dubbed the "juvenile delinquents" and by the end of the meeting there were at least some who felt we were aptly nicknamed.

Dot and I and the two children stayed at the J. V. N. Talmage home on property which had been acquired from the Y.M.C.A. mission after World War II and where Gordon Avison had lived previously. There were rather extensive

grounds because he had some demonstration agricultural projects. Two events were of personal importance to us. One was taking our first-year language examinations. Mission rules required that such examinations be held for three years, and we could not vote until after passing the third-year test. I passed, but Dot flunked, which was the cause for many tears. At the Sunday afternoon service, baby Barron was baptized by my father and the service was duly witnessed by all his other numerous aunts and uncles.

Mission meetings usually went for a week or more, and included devotionals and Bible studies and recreation as well as business sessions. A rotating system of meals in various homes allowed us to visit each other informally. Various delegations of Koreans representing the presbyteries of the area where our mission worked came to report on the progress of the churches and also to make impassioned pleas for help in terms of missionary personnel and financial aid. No self-respecting petitioner ever came alone, but always with about three men to present every request. Some of them had come a long way, and this was of earthshaking importance, so required long-winded greetings, congratulations to the mission, explanations of their dire needs, etc.

This was really the first full-fledged meeting the mission had had since before World War II so there were many complicated matters to be worked out. One of the hottest issues was Bible School Policy. There were four stations with resident missionaries (Chonju, Kwangju, Mokpo, and Soonchun) plus the now vacant Kunsan Station. The missionaries, under strong pressure from local Koreans, all had the best of incontrovertible reasons why Bible Schools should be funded and operated in their particular places. Representatives from Cheju Island also came with requests. All these institutions required missionary time, money to provide buildings, operating budgets, standards of admission, curriculum, administrative problems, and cooperation with presbyteries.

Obviously not all the demands could be met, but as the factions lined up to defend their stronghold a major battle erupted and lasted for days with seemingly no truce or victory in sight for anybody. Finally my father who was chairman and usually very conservative and sane, made the rashest proposal of his life. Noting that the eight new missionaries had been sitting in silence as was expected of the as yet nonvoting members of the body but had been able to assess the problem without the prejudices of tradition, he proposed that a committee of the juvenile delinquents be asked to study Bible School Policy and bring in a recommendation. They were not bound by all the allegiances of the rest who were senior missionaries who were directly involved in these projects. In a gesture of hopeless surrender, the mission moved, seconded, and passed Father's suggestion.

We took our assignment seriously, met and studied the situation without any personal stakes or prejudices, and at the proper time delivered our report on the floor of the full meeting. The essence of it was: "We recommend that there be one coeducational Bible Institute in each of the two provincial capitals (Kwangju and Chonju)." There was a dead silence for a moment or two while everyone absorbed this wildly radical notion, and then Dr. Winn exploded (and these are his exact words): "This is preposterous!" That ended the matter, closed the discussion, and virtually decapitated the juvenile delinquents. For him coeducation could not be tolerated under any circumstances in Korea, and for his sister's beloved Ada Hamilton Bible School (for women only) to admit male students was unthinkable. So the mission kept arguing the matter for years, aided and abetted by various local Presbytery interests. The trouble was we youngsters were several decades ahead of the times. Today, time has finally caught up with us so that the Bible Schools in Chonju and Kwangju have each now evolved into coeducational seminaries with a total of almost one thousand students. Our concept in 1949 may have been "preposterous" but our instincts were basically correct for the future!

No suitable vacation spots for our family were available in the summer of 1949. We did go to Mokpo to visit my family for some days. This was an enjoyable occasion when I could explore the haunts of my childhood. One afternoon we hired a little boat and cruised out of the harbor around some nearby islands; later to become very familiar to us when we took our regular trips to work on Cheju Island. Late in the summer I volunteered to meet R. K. and Tottie Robinson when they arrived by freighter in Pusan. They were friends from school days and we had encouraged them to volunteer for service in Korea where they were assigned to Mokpo Station. When I reached Pusan I found that the ship was to anchor in the harbor and then dock very early the next morning. As I waited at dawn in the dim light I could see the ship moving in slowly through a light mist and a couple standing at the rail. Naturally I assumed it was the Robinsons and waved vigorously. As it neared, I saw that it was a strange couple. Later the Robinsons appeared too, and I learned that the others were the Rev. and Mrs. "Pete" Spitzkeit of the Methodist Mission and from that day on we remained good friends for the rest of our lives.

By the fall of 1949 life had settled into a more normal routine. Our home was organized and running smoothly. I was able to do more language study, sometimes by escaping from home and isolating myself with my teacher in a room of the former Boyer house on top of the hill behind the Shin-heung School where we had only a card table and a couple of chairs. If callers came

Dot and friends on a porch of a typical Korean home.

looking for me at home, everyone there was instructed to reply vaguely that "the Mok-sa has gone somewhere!" in order to protect my privacy. Sometime early in 1950 we realized that another little Hopper was on the way and due to arrive in September, but under the expert care of our local medical missionaries Dot was getting along fine.

There were many callers who stopped to see me in my study in our home, and it frequently appeared that more time was spent with interruptions than with study. However, these were all opportunities to help people and churches. Students came asking for help. Elders and deacons from country churches would come telling of their problems and plans for work in their villages. My colporteurs, men who sold Bibles and hymnbooks for me, would come to settle their accounts and take a new stock of books. I tried selling books myself as I visited in the rural areas, but being a traveling salesman and preacher at the same time was too complicated so I turned the bookselling over to these agents. People were eager for these books, often sacrificing the price of food for two weeks to buy a Bible or hymnbook. One young man came to the study one day and bought a Bible. The next day he was back saying, "Cho Mok-sa [my Korean name] will you swap this Bible for a new one?" I replied, "Why certainly, but what's wrong with the one you are bringing back?" "Oh," said he, "there are eight or ten pages missing from Isaiah!" How many of us would discover eight pages missing from anywhere in the Bible—particularly from Isaiah!

Especially on weekends, I was more and more busy with visiting churches in the region assigned to me and becoming involved in helping them. Since my records of that period were lost when we evacuated in 1950, I have no clear memory of the places where I worked except that they were mostly in the Chung-oop region at places such as Aeng-sung, Kobu, Chil-bo, Tae-in, and Chun-won. Sometimes these visits were with my language teacher accompanying me, and sometimes with one of the very few ordained ministers serving in the region. Often this was in the interest of starting a brand new church in a place where there had never been one.

For instance, one night with a minister from Shin-tae-in (who later was martyred by the Communists), we visited a village with the musical name of Pang-ah-tah-li in Kam-goke Myun and had a meeting in the elementary school. A Christian had just moved there as principal of the school and was taking the leadership in evangelizing the community. Years later I was associated with him in several other churches he started in places where he was sent as school principal, particularly at Oon-ho in Puan County. This night service was well attended by a crowd curious to find out what these Christians were up to. With us was Evangelist Lee Kill-Soon who was reputed to be able to sing like a swan and sang a solo for us but sounded more like a frog to me. A North Korean refugee who had fled from the Communists in his homeland was later secured as evangelist. He was an ordinary layman, with little education or ability or personality to speak of, but, like thousands of other Christian refugees, loved his Lord and was anxious to serve a church. I later helped him buy an old house in a good location beside the main street which he converted into a place of worship and a place for his family to live. The price was nine bags of rice (worth about ten dollars each) with payments on the installment plan of one bag a

Joe giving out scriptures in Oombong area.

month for nine months. About six months later I returned to receive his first dozen converts—one of them a cultured and well-to-do old gentleman whose false teeth were too small for him so that they rattled when he talked. But for one of the respected village fathers to become a Christian was a tremendous boost to the prestige of the little church.

At a village near Chung-oop one Saturday afternoon we held an outdoor meeting on a little island in a pond at the center of a small park. There had never been a Christian service there except that young people from a city church not far away had been holding a Sunday School. The whole village seemed to gather, and I began one of my first feeble attempts at preaching in Korean by pointing to the little boys who had climbed trees about us to see and hear this strange American. I said: "Just as many of you boys have climbed the trees on this small island to see this strange looking foreigner with his long nose and big feet, with just this sort of curiosity many years ago a man named Zacchaeus climbed a tree to see Jesus passing by, and took Him home to dinner with him and heard the words of the Gospel which I now bring to you, 'For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.'"

Another time, I helped with an evangelistic service which met in a tent on a terribly rainy night at Yong-san in Kimje County. The minister who preached that night was also later killed by the Communists, but the little group of Christians survived and later became a good church. Again, in San-wei Myun (Chung-oop County) we had placed a splendid evangelist to start a new church. His Korean name was exactly the same as mine (Cho Yoh-sup) which was of interest to us both. He had a strong clear preaching voice and I predicted he would become an outstanding minister someday . . . but he, too, along with about twenty of his recent converts, was killed by Communist soldiers.

I visited another Yong-san church, this one in Ko-chang County, in the summer of 1949. It was a hard four-hour jeep ride of about forty-five miles. The little church was about sixteen by thirty feet in size with two small rooms at the rear where Evangelist Lee and his family lived. He was an interesting elderly gentleman. The Japanese had forced him to go with a labor gang down to the Pacific island of Saipan during World War II. When the Americans conquered that island, he worked for them and picked up some GI English which he liked to practice on me. He had been greatly helped by American army chaplain Willard Lampe, who had grown up in Korea where his parents were Presbyterian missionaries. The chaplain ordained him as an elder and helped him build a church for the Koreans on that island.

This evangelist was a Buddhist teacher prior to her conversion to Jesus, due to reading Matthew 2: 18–23. The prediction of the birth of a male child prior to his birth and the meaning of the two names won her heart.

Now he was back in Korea rendering this humble service to his Lord.

A frequent visitor in Mr. Lee's home that weekend was one of the village headmen, a typical old Korean gentleman with his hair cued up on top, his long white robe, and his fingernails grown long to show that he never had worked (undignified in Korea!). He was a scholar in the Chinese classics, fairly well-to-do and highly respected in the village. When Mr. Lee had been on Saipan, the GIs called him "Pop" which he assumed was the proper title for an old man. Hence Mr. Lee always called this visitor "Pop." Well, Pop was keenly interested in me and asked all sorts of questions about America. However, he was not a Christian and refused to discuss this matter at all. Nevertheless when I returned the next spring, Pop invited me to stay in his home which was just across the creek from the church and the nicest in the village. He also fed me excellent Korean food, far better than we usually received in these poor homes. In spite of his own hearty welcome of me and in spite of the fact that he was now attending church regularly, Pop did not give any evidence of wanting to become a Christian.

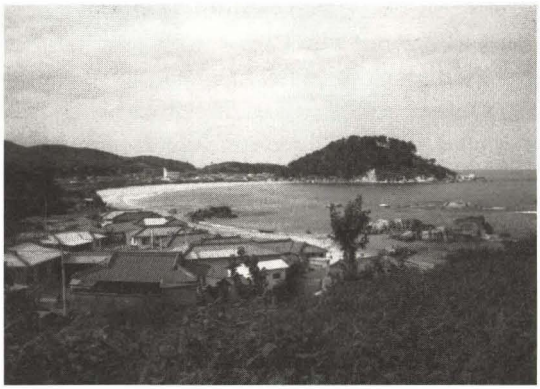
A few weeks later I took Miss Willie Bernice Greene to Yong-san where she stayed a week holding classes and working with the women of the church. Pop entertained her too, but true to the Oriental way of not treating women as well as men, he didn't give her the best guest room as he had done for me, but put her in a little room in the backyard. She held Bible classes for the women and children in the morning, visited in the homes in the afternoon, and held inspirational meetings at night. Men were not invited, but so many came she had to divide the crowd and hold two meetings every night. Pop was there every night and sat in his favorite corner. The last night he stood up before the congregation and said:

> You people know that I have never been a Christian. But from this day on I am determined to follow Christ. The other day I was up in Chon-ju where these missionaries live. I saw where Miss Greene lives. She has a fine house . . . much nicer than anything in our village . . . and I saw where Cho Mok-sa lives . . . he has a fine house, too. Now if these people can leave their homes in Chon-ju, and even finer things that they have over in America, and can come down here to a little village like ours with its dust and disease and flies and mosquitoes, and eat our food, and sit on the floor, and do all these things simply to tell us about Jesus who means so much to them . . . then I want to know and follow Him too!

Pop kept his promise, became a Christian, and lived for many years longer. We dropped in to see him on several occasions. The last time we saw him he was lying paralyzed in his room, but he still welcomed us, and not too long before we retired went on to his heavenly reward.

An elder friend of Joe's who built a church three times. First, it was destroyed by guerillas, then it burned down. This man had eight daughters who sang at his funeral.

I did considerable study trying to locate where existing churches were, and plotting on maps the areas where there were no churches. My research at the time may not have been entirely accurate, but as far as I could learn there were about two hundred Protestant churches in North Chulla Province, nearly all of them Presbyterian. (When we retired there must have been about two thousand churches.) Within the Chonju City limits there were five Presbyterian churches (West Gate, Central, Wansan, South Gate, and Tong-boo), one Holiness (Evangelical), one Methodist, one Seventh Day Adventist, and one Roman Catholic. When we left Chonju in 1986 there were at least three hundred churches . . . so many that I could not keep count of them all. Usually each county seat church was large enough to have an ordained



An east coast village.

pastor, but aside from these and the city pastors in Chonju, Iri, and Kunsan there were virtually none.

Often the Christian leaders needed no encouragement to start churches, but I tried to do my part in pointing out places of greatest need and opportunity. Although it was sad to learn later of the deaths of many Christian leaders during the Korean War, this period prior to its beginning did acquaint me with the type of people we would work with, and perhaps most significantly with the young men who later became fellow workers as evangelists and ordained ministers during the rest of our time in Korea. Names of geographical areas and political divisions were becoming familiar. I learned that each of the nine provinces is divided into "koon" which we usually called counties, although they are much larger in population that those in the States. Each "koon" is divided into "myun" or districts, with around ten thousand population (plus or minus). Each "myun" is divided into "ni" which are separate villages or wards. There were civil magistrates on each of these levels plus a stratified police establishment which was almost like a parallel government and often had more authority.

Not all these relationships with my Korean brethren were as entirely cordial and friendly as I would have liked. Although I was not aware of what was going on in those days, there was a great division into two major factions shaping up (see my discussion of the division with the ROK Presbyterian Church). An incident shortly before the beginning of the Korean War alerted me to some of the problems we were up against. My friends with leprosy in the Soh-seng-won Church were desperately poor, and we had put in a special application to Church World Service leaders in Seoul for an allocation of relief clothing to help them. This was approved and we were told that ten bales would be sent.

CWS collected this used clothing in America and it was compressed into large bales, somewhat like cotton is in our Southland. Each bale weighed several hundred pounds and held an enormous amount of clothing.

One day representatives from that leper church came asking: "When will we get our relief clothing?" I replied that it had not yet come, but would be distributed as soon as it came. "Oh no!" they said, "It has already come!" "Where is it?" I asked. "In the basement of the West Gate Church," was the reply. Somehow these friends of mine had smoked out the fact that this shipment had arrived but had wound up in that place although it was consigned to me! I went to the railway freight office and asked to see the paperwork. The men there were frightened when I pointed out that although it was consigned to my name, the papers were stamped with a CWS seal and released to others without my knowledge or consent.

With inquiry I figured out who had perpetrated this outright larceny. They were leading pastors in the city, and it was necessary to confront them in person. The pastors of the West Gate, South Gate Central, and North Churches were responsible and I faced them all at the same time. They had all sorts of lame excuses, but actually were greatly embarrassed . . . as they should have been. What had happened was that they had an inside informer at CWS headquarters, knew when the goods were shipped, put a seminary student of their persuasion on the boxcar as guard, and when he arrived used a CWS seal he had brought along to claim the whole lot. I demanded that they immediately bring the bales to me, which they did, and I temporarily stored them in the basement of our house.

Only a day or two later the North Koreans invaded the south and the war began on Sunday, June 25. One of the few useful things accomplished the next

Joe pronouncing benediction following Christmas service at leprosy colony church at Samnye on Christmas morning.

day was to send word to the Soh-seng-won so that their men could come and take the ten bales to where I am sure they were properly distributed among their needy people. But what was behind this escapade was this. In all innocence I had tackled the three pastors who were ringleaders in the faction which several years later separated from our denomination (one of them its first moderator). A large shipment of relief goods such as this one was to them a powerful instrument if used to persuade others to follow their faction in the political struggles going on in the church. Not a very pretty picture, but it was a prelude to the type of thing we had to deal with on a larger scale a couple of years later.

The coming of June 1950, our station was busy preparing to hold the annual meeting of the mission. By that time there were six households of missionaries, the property had been cleaned up and repaired, gardens were producing, and it promised to be a good time of fellowship and work while we entertained missionaries from all the other stations. Although she was about six months pregnant, Dot had our home all fixed up and food prepared to take care of our share of houseguests during the meeting. One of my assignments was to get the tennis court in order. It had been used by missionaries in former years but never since World War II. I had it worked over and wire put up around it, but was not able to roll it since we had no roller. To make one, we dug a round hole in the ground, stuck an iron bar in the ground as an axle, and filled the hole with cement. It was to be removed on June 26 and the court rolled . . . but with the interruption of the war, it remained in the ground for three or four years before being put into use. Unfortunately I had overestimated and the roller had a one-foot radius which meant two feet in diameter. When it was dug up to put it to use, it was so heavy that forever after it took two very strong men to roll that court!

Very early in 1950 we were spending a quiet evening in our living room when there was a knock at the door. I went out the front door and greeted a stranger on the front porch. He asked for the station driver, and I told him that he was not at our home and I did not know where he lived. He kept asking rather strange questions about the driver. After a bit his coat fell open at the front and I saw he was carrying a pistol. I wondered if our driver was guilty of some kind of traffic violation. When the man pulled the gun and ordered me indoors, I knew differently! As we went in, he spoke to someone over his shoulder so I realized his accomplice must be hiding in the dark.

I took him into the study, across the hall from the living room where Dot was sitting. She, of course, assumed that some Korean friend had come to see me as frequently happened. The stranger held the gun on me and continued

to ask questions which I later realized were an attempt to find out if anyone else was in the house. I, too, started asking him questions as to who he was, and he claimed he was a Communist guerilla from out in the mountains. Then he asked for ten thousand won (about ten dollars). I told him my money was upstairs and I would have to get it, but that he would have to accept a little book with it. As I went into the hall and started upstairs Dot called, "Don't you want to bring your guest in here where it is warm?" I replied gruffly, "No, just stay where you are!" She sensed something was wrong and did as she was told.

I knew my shotgun and shells were upstairs but was afraid to get them because I knew that at least one other person was outside who could easily see into the living room where Dot was since there were no curtains on the windows at that time. So I got the money and came down the steps. By that time my guest had come out of the study into the hall right at the front of the door. I gave him the money and, since he was that close to the door, decided to forget the little book. But he demanded, "Where is the book?" So we went back into the study where I got a Korean New Testament and handed it to him. This time he noticed the rolled up blankets I used when out for the night visiting Korean churches, and asked for one, taking the best of the lot. Going out the door, he waved the gun at me and threatened, "If you tell the police, I will come and kill you!"

Of course I did report this to the Korean police and to the local U.S. Army police advisor but they were unable to do anything about it from my description of my assailant. About three months later I attended a revival meeting at a rural church some twenty miles from Chonju and returned around ten o'clock. Leaving the jeep in the garage I started into the house. Just as I reached the screen door on the porch, a man holding a pistol jumped me from behind. When he ordered me to go indoors, I recognized him as my previous friend. I pulled on the screen door and found it was latched so called to Dot to come open it. She did as told, and seeing the situation immediately started back into the house. Just before entering, she heard a voice from in the bushes say in English, "Don't be afraid, it's just us!"

While the man kept urging me to go into the house, I noticed that when Dot had come out of the front door she had opened only one side of the inner door. The top half of the front door originally only had glass panes so I had installed two half doors of solid one-inch thick lumber which opened inward and were latched at top and bottom with sliding bolts. I figured that she had left the other side bolted which meant that only an eighteen-inch space was

open. Giving Dot a strong push ahead of me I stepped into that gap, filling it completely (I had on a heavy parka) and then moved so quickly that I could slam shut the open half-door and push in one bolt before the man knew what I was doing. He made a violent attempt to push the door open, but with one hand holding a gun and while I quickly slid in all the bolts, he failed. Within easy reach just inside the study door was a master electric switch which I pulled and instantly threw the whole house into darkness, while our attacker took off for parts unknown. Needless to say, after this we were extremely careful about going and coming after dark. When it was necessary to go to some kind of station meeting at night, one of the other men would usually walk back to the house with us.

After another three months the Korean War began and we were evacuated to the States. In the fall of 1951 when I returned to Korea alone, I made inquiries and picked up the story (never fully confirmed) that when the North Korean Communists took Chonju, a guard at the local penitentiary who must have sided with the Communists (if he was not a real one himself) had openly boasted that he had held up a missionary in his home. Very likely he used the gun which was issued to him as a guard. I suspect that he had been following this system to extort money from various wealthy Koreans as well. According to an unconfirmed report, when the UN forces retook the city, this man was killed. But for many years, every now and then as I looked into the faces of men who passed me on the downtown streets, I sometimes thought I recognized him and wondered!

7

The Yu-ki-oh

(1950–1951)

Sunday morning dawned warm and clear and promised to be a relatively relaxed time following several days when we had been busy attending mission meetings, making sure that all forty-six adult missionaries and their fifteen children were properly housed and fed, and that all the machinery of such a week kept running smoothly. Sunday School at 9:15 was conducted by Dr. Ovid Bush and Dr. Paul Crane. Many of us attended morning services in various local Korean churches and some of the men from other stations were invited to preach in them. After Sunday dinner nearly everyone enjoyed an afternoon nap. There was no such thing as television, and only with difficulty could radio news in English be picked up in the daytime so nobody even tried. Hence we were completely unaware of momentous events taking place in the north.

At 5:00 in the afternoon, the whole group gathered for a worship service in English according to longstanding custom. Rev. R. K. Robinson preached, using the text from Acts 17:6, "These that have turned the world upside down are come hither also," little realizing that an hour later those words would take on a meaning quite different from what he intended. John (Jr.) and Bobby Talmage were received into membership in the church. R.K. and Dr. Bruce Cumming conducted the communion service. All had gone quite normally.

As soon as the benediction was pronounced, Paul Crane stood up saying he had an announcement. I had noticed that as an elder serving Communion, he had handled things somewhat less smoothly than usual. His announcement in effect was this (not his exact words):

> Just before our service, the U.S. Army captain commanding the local Korea Military Advisory Group, came to inform us that "at dawn the North Korean army had crossed the 38th parallel and were rapidly advancing on Seoul. South Korean forces cannot hold them so are retreating and all is in confusion. There is a rumor that North Korean elements are landing at various points on the coast of South Korea. We do not know whether the Communist guerrillas known to infest the mountains will take advantage of the situation. I have been ordered north with the Korean 'constabulary' unit which I advise. I am leaving a drum of gasoline with you, and this pistol, but you must now take care of your own security!"

Our group immediately went into a business session, which Dr. Winn as chairman, moderated. Obviously full-scale war had begun and it would be necessary to prepare to evacuate because the South Korean forces could never repel such invaders. Realizing that in this kind of situation Dr. Winn could not function decisively, some of us younger members of the mission quickly instigated the election of Mr. Linton as "general" with powers to make decisions and issue orders without calling the mission into session to vote on them which would create delay and confusion. Paul Crane (who knew the geography and people of the country so well) and Eugene Daniel (who had been an army chaplain and was acquainted with various military procedures) were appointed to help him.

Individuals or committees were appointed to manage various needs, everyone was instructed to prepare one suitcase to take along, medical people were asked to prepare equipment that might be needed, a system of guards for the approaching night was set up, and so on. A musical performance of Ruth by the Kijun Girls' School students, composed and directed by Mr. Kim Hong-juni, was scheduled for that evening, but postponed until the next day (Monday) when it was rendered with about twenty-five members of the mission present.

My responsibility was transportation, which meant getting our fleet of broken-down ancient vehicles ready to move. At once I sent word to the Chonju Station mechanic and another one who had come with vehicles from Kwangju to report to our garage where I set them to work filling gas tanks, repairing punctures, fixing anything that was not working properly, and collecting tools for whatever trip might be taken. They were astonished at being put to work on Sunday evening, and when told the reason, laughed and assured

Joe leading prayer after a choir of Kijun School students sang at a home for the elderly.

us that their own forces would make quick work of the invaders. As yet news of what was going on had not leaked out among their own people, and their remarks showed a childlike confidence based on widespread ignorance of the appalling weakness of their own government.

That night the younger men of the mission were divided into two-man teams to stand watch, carrying such hunting shotguns as were available. We had no intention of shooting anyone, but firing into the air might frighten off any local Communists or hoodlums or looters. All was quiet, however, except the whistles of steam engines as they pulled trains through the city bound toward the north with such pitiful armed forces and equipment as could be found to the south of us.

All day Monday we waited. It would have been dangerous to move without instructions, since we could have walked right into trouble. The North Koreans had timed their invasion for dawn Sunday morning, knowing that American army and embassy people would likely be sleeping off whatever they had been doing (or drinking) on Saturday night. (Perhaps they had learned from the success of the Japanese who attacked Pearl Harbor at dawn on Sunday also.) Mr. Linton and Paul Crane knew the local provincial officials but could get no word from them as to how matters were, nor could they get

in touch with our ambassador in Seoul because phone connections were almost nonexistent, and it would have been foolhardy for anyone to try to go to Seoul and find out.

Following the mission docket which had been set up, I somehow managed to collect my thoughts to lead the 6:45 A.M. prayer service on Monday morning. The mission convened at 9:00 in regular session, but it soon became obvious that with many members absent arranging for the evacuation and the general confusion, no business could be carried on. We recessed until called together by the chairman. During the day we were busy trying to put into our one suitcase each what we wanted to take. Dot had promised herself never to travel again while pregnant as was the case when she was carrying Barron, but here again she faced an even rougher trip. Of course she had the major responsibility in this preparation and had to think not only in terms of herself and the two small children but also what might be needed should the new baby arrive while we were in some unknown place.

Lunches and plenty of drinking water had to be prepared. My mother advised Dot to remove all photographs from albums and put them in the bottom of a suitcase thus preserving that much memory of our past. She also told her to take all our table silverware out of its chest, wrap it in a towel and pack it in her suitcase. In this way these wedding presents survived. I did take out a few sermons and put them in my suitcase, but now regret that other papers were left behind.

We gave instructions to the servants to do their best to guard the house and authorized them to use for themselves the gardens and property the best they could. What money we had (except some to use on our trip to Pusan) was given to various employees. In a situation like this it is strange how one's sense of values changes drastically. A refrigerator is no longer worth anything at all whereas some small cans of food may be priceless. Actually we all seemed to be in a sort of daze, as though everything that was going on was entirely unreal.

Somehow in the wee small hours of Tuesday, June 27, Mr. Linton received word from the United States Embassy that we were to proceed to Pusan for evacuation. Plans were made to depart at 9:00 Tuesday morning. Dr. Herbert Codington chose to return to Mokpo by train after our convoy left. One vehicle traveled by Kwangju taking some of the missionaries by their homes with the understanding they would take this round about way and meet us in Pusan. However, of that group, Miss Florence Root chose to remain in Kwangju (as she had done at the beginning of World War II). As a result she had a harrowing time during nearly three months of the Communist occupation of the city. Mr. and Mrs. Linton remained in Chonju where his contacts with the local government, involvement with mission institutions, and prestige in the

Korean community would be needed as long as possible. My parents had been staying with us during the mission meeting and correctly decided to travel directly to Pusan with the rest of us rather than attempt a return to Mokpo.

The line of six pathetic looking vehicles assembled on the road right in front of our house (the only level spot on the compound). Since seats in the jeeps and a truck or two were very uncomfortable, we pulled out from our house as many blankets and quilts as possible in order to make them more comfortable (and thus wound up in Japan with a huge supply of bedding). Because Dot and Sophie (Crane) were both pregnant, they were given front seats in the old sedan driven by Paul who led the caravan because he was most familiar with the routes. I drove my jeep (Lena-Bill) with my parents and (I think) the two small children as passengers. A direct trip through the mountains to Pusan was deemed unwise due to the possibility of guerilla activity, and we headed for Soonchun to spend a night there. Gene Daniel had an old Plymouth and he and the Boyers went ahead to get their homes open and ready to care for this huge influx of overnight guests.

The caravan did not get started until around 10:00 and in view of the bad roads and condition of our vehicles did not reach Soonchun (ninety miles away) until after dark. Years later Dot and I used to laugh and point out the spot between Imsil and Namwon where we made our first rest stop—men to the woods on one side and women to the other. Paul chose not to take the easier but longer route along the Sum-jin River to Kurei, and instead went over the high mountain pass from Choo-chun myun in Namwon to San-dong myun in Kurei. The road was steep and winding and dangerous in places. (When we returned for our visit to Korea in 1989, we were amazed to find a paved highway from Namwon to Kurei which passed through a long tunnel straight through that mountain.)

As we neared the top of that pass, we heard a plane flying low overhead. After an anxious moment wondering which side it was on, we saw American markings and guessed it was evacuating people from Seoul. We arrived in Soonchun in a pouring down rain and had to unload everyone and their bags. The Hoppers were put up with the Daniels for the night. Nancy had been raised in southwest Virginia and had used her knowledge gained in childhood to cure some hams. Normally they would have been thinly sliced and carefully rationed . . . but that night she whacked up the whole ham and fried it for us—after all, she couldn't take it with her!

Rising long before dawn the next morning, we loaded up again in a downpour of rain. We could see that the yearly "rainy season" had begun, and

knew that rivers could be flooded and bridges washed out unless we hurried. Sometime during the morning while we stopped near Masan, Gene Daniel managed to tune his car radio to an English news broadcast from Japan (to which we were now much nearer) announcing that President Truman had ordered the U.S. Air Force to support the South Koreans. At once we thought that this would now quickly bring an end to the conflict and we could return home . . . after all we could hear the fleets of bombers roaring over us in the clouds right then. Little did we realize how wrong we were!

Early in the afternoon we reached Pusan and reported to the United States Consul's office as ordered. Along with several other missionary men, I soon found myself in a small upstairs office where an extremely excited army sergeant was working over a large map of the Pusan harbor area. He had just received orders from General MacArthur's headquarters in Tokyo to clear the harbor for the arrival of the first American troops who were being sent for police action. Whether President Truman had already authorized the use of American ground forces or not, I do not know, but MacArthur knew preparations should be made. Apparently this sergeant was the highest ranking military person available. Now, almost singlehandedly, he was faced with the enormous, and well-nigh impossible, task of clearing away the clutter of Korean ships and fishing boats for American vessels to land.

We were instructed to proceed to the docks and board a freighter named the *Letitia Lykes*. On the dock various decisions had to be made in haste. When the American authorities realized that we had two doctors (Paul Crane and Ovid Bush) in our group, they asked them to remain to help with casualties among the American soldiers. Paul and Ovid decided to do this but sent their families with us on the ship. In addition to the missionaries there were a few people from the United States Embassy in Seoul also on board. The ship had only two cabins for passengers. Since we had two small children and Dot was pregnant we were given one of them. My parents shared it with us.

As nightfall approached, some of us were concerned that lights on the ship and along the dock were shining brilliantly even though there were rumors that Russia might join North Korea in the war, raising the possibility of air attacks. I was so tired after three nights of very little sleep plus all the work and stress of the evacuation that I lay down on the hard, cold, and uncarpeted steel floor of the cabin and slept soundly all night.

The next day (Thursday, June 29) we had a calm crossing of the straits between Korea and Fukuoka, the nearest port in Japan. Arriving at about nightfall, we were taken into a large dockside warehouse and became the

recipients of Red Cross aid for the first (and only) time in our lives. Everything was set up for our convenience including free toothpaste and soap! With a U.S. Army base nearby, there were plenty of servicemen and their wives ready to take care of us in every way, and we have always thought kindly of the Red Cross ever since. We were loaded into army buses to be taken to Camp Hakata. There was an air raid alert in progress because of rumors of Russia entering the war, so the streets were completely blacked out. However, the bus driver drove at breakneck speed without headlights and we more afraid of an accident on the way than of being hit by a bomb!

At Camp Hakata we found ourselves in the middle of an army division which had been ordered to Korea. There were no guest apartments but only long barracks with many beds. This necessitated putting women and children in one Quonset and the men in another. For our family this was difficult, because it meant that Dot in her condition had all the children with her whereas I was alone. The care and feeding, entertainment, and laundry for three-year-old Alice and one-year-old Barron were no small tasks. Of course Mother and other missionaries were a big help. It was very hot, and those barracks built of tin with no air-conditioning did not help matters. To make matters worse, we were very much in the way of the army. Everything was in grand confusion as officers and men scurried about feverishly preparing supplies and equipment to depart for Korea. In his report of those days, Father wrote this colossal understatement: "Life in an army camp is somewhat different from that of a Presbyterian Mission station!"

The Sunday we were in this camp we attended the worship services conducted by an army chaplain. As we walked to the post chapel, we passed soldiers manning antiaircraft batteries hastily placed around the camp. Loaded trucks and jeeps rumbled by. Overhead passed a stream of great transports and bombers and roaring jet fighters headed for the Korean battlefront. The chaplain was not a Presbyterian and his form of serving the Communion found some Presbyterian missionaries with stiff knees, but we had the privilege of taking part in this service along with some of our fighting men. At vespers, the group composed mostly of missionaries and some American soldiers headed for Korea, had a hymn sing together.

Every day we longed to move out of that camp. We knew that we had missionaries of our own church in Japan (particularly in Kobe) who would welcome us. They also knew that we had been evacuated from Korea but had no idea where we were. The army wanted to get rid of us but was either too busy with its own preparations or too stupid to figure out how to send us

elsewhere. Worst of all, since our "general" (Mr. Linton) had remained in Korea, the chairman of the mission, Dr. Winn, was now technically in charge. Of all our people, he should have known best where our fellow missionaries were and how to get in touch with them (through the United States Embassy, if by no other means). But for some reason he did not seem able to secure that information, and we sat in that camp from June 29 (Thursday) until July 3 (Monday) when at last we happily boarded a train for Kobe.

July 4 was a real independence day as we arrived in Kobe and were welcomed by the McIlwaines, McLauchlins, Petersons, Boyles, and Irvin Mitchell. Bill Boyle and Irvine Mitchell were my seminary classmates, and Catherine Peterson a high-school classmate. We were housed with the McIlwaines. Our hostess (Orene Wilkins McIlwaine) had been a missionary in Korea before her marriage to Will McIlwaine, so we knew her already. They had a large house but now it was filled with guests, most of them elderly. While this was far more convenient and comfortable than Camp Hakata, it was also a difficult arrangement for our family. Space was cramped, and to keep the children quiet, when sometimes they were noisy or fussed and cried, was almost impossible. Dot was uncomfortable and naturally did not feel well, and we knew this situation could not continue indefinitely.

Meanwhile, we kept hoping for good news from Korea. But within days the North Koreans took Seoul, overpowered the slim Korean and American forces who valiantly conducted a delaying operation between there and Taejon, seized Taejon, and then crossed the Kum River at Nonsan between Taejon and Chonju. When the Lintons heard of this crossing, they knew that there was no hope for defending southwest Korea and drove to Pusan, taking the Mitchells who had also stayed behind. Herb Codington left Mokpo at the last minute in a pickup truck, carrying some Korean friends and hoping to pick up Miss Root in Kwangju. She refused to leave, and Herb barely made it ahead of the Communists as he drove out to Pusan. It was now apparent that the Honam region of southwest Korea where all our mission work was would not be defended at all and we feared for the lives of our Korean Christian friends.

It so happened that there was a veteran missionary doctor from China in Kobe who had evacuated because of wars and rebellions some seven times during his lifetime. He seemed to be serving as medical advisor for our group, and sensing our situation he recommended that we return to the States. I was reluctant, hoping to return to Korea, but Dot quite properly felt strongly we should go. Her parents were on furlough from the Belgian Congo and living in Mission

Court in Richmond and would welcome us. So our return was approved through cable messages with our office in Nashville.

With our pile of bundles and suitcases which had somehow expanded in recent weeks, we took the train to Tokyo on July 24, spent the night in a hotel, and flew out on July 25, exactly one month after the war in Korea had begun. It was our first trip by passenger airplane. This was before there were jet transports and we traveled by a much slower prop plane. We left Tokyo at 12:30 P.M. and reached Seattle at midnight of the same day (having crossed the international date line). En route we stopped at Asawa in northern Japan (3:30 P.M.), Shemya in the Aleutian Islands (4:00 A.M.), and Anchorage (12:00 noon). It was a great relief at Asawa when the wife of a U.S. Army officer took our family to her home for a brief rest, allowing Dot to change the children and relax. My only memory of Shemya in the middle of the night was that it was cold, foggy, and felt like another world.

By the time we had landed, phoned for a room at a hotel, and taken a taxi into Seattle, it was several hours after midnight. The desk clerk informed me that all transcontinental trains left at noon. We went to sleep planning to get up and take the train the next day. When I finally awoke, I called the desk to ask the time. "Two o'clock!" was the reply. I was shocked, but realized that we had been so tired that all of us had slept the clock around for twelve straight hours. This meant making train reservations for the next day but we had a day to walk around nearby streets and breathe the clean fresh air of that beautiful city. Why we did not fly all the way, I don't know, except that air travel in those days was very expensive, we had a financially conservative board treasurer, and we wanted to save the budgets of the church as much as possible.

Of course Dot's parents were more than happy to welcome us with open arms and take us into their apartment at Mission Court in Richmond. We had not seen them for nearly five years since our wedding, and they had never seen their only two grandchildren and now could help prepare for their third, due to arrive in a couple of months. Here again, we realized we were in temporary quarters and would have to find something suitable soon. Our status was an enforced furlough, but the future uncertain. Since we were stuck and had to live somewhere, Richmond was as was as good a place as any. The situation in Korea was looking increasingly dark as the UN forces were compressed into the Pusan perimeter and struggled to hold it against overwhelming North Korean forces along the bloody Naktong riverfront.

Remembering that I had not used the fellowship awarded by my seminary when I graduated in 1945, I went over to the seminary and discussed this with

R.K. Robinson, Joe Hopper, Petrie Mitchel in Richmond, Virginia, 1951, following evacuation in June 1950, after war had broken out on the Korean peninsula.

Dr. James Bear who was in charge of such matters. He assured me that I could begin work on a Master of Theology study program immediately. Not only would I receive the $450.00 fellowship grant, but as a fellowship student I would automatically move to the head of the waiting list for student apartments of which there were very few. That was really good news. It turned out that Mr. Duke Norfleet, business manager of the seminary, and his family had been using two upstairs apartments in a seminary building on Mission Court. He was to move out to his own home in October and we could have one of the apartments! Surely the Lord had provided exactly what we needed at the right time!

Late in the afternoon of September 14 (Thursday) our family visited Margaret Pritchard who had arrived in Richmond where she had a sister. Shortly after returning to Mission Court, Dot went into labor and we took her to the hospital where David Hershey Hopper was born at 10:20 P.M., weighing eight pounds and seven ounces. Of course we were happy with the safe delivery, and the Longeneckers pleased that his name included that of his grandfather. Friends were helpful in taking care of all our needs during this time for which we were most grateful. Thanks to the North Korean invasion which necessitated our evacuation, David is a day older than he would be if he had he been born in Korea as planned!

While Dot was in the hospital waiting for David's arrival, my attention was strongly divided between her and the exciting events taking place in Korea during those very moments. The Marines had hit the beach at 6:30 A.M. (Korea time), and were moving into the city of Inchon during the very hours while David was being born. Knowing that these events were transpiring, I had taken a small transistor radio with me to the hospital and listened to that with one ear and to Dot's moans with the other!

My clippings from the morning and evening newspapers during those days bear these headlines:

> September 14 A.M. ALLIES COUNTERATTACK; SHIPS SHELL SEOUL PORT; EARLY OFFENSIVE SEEN
>
> September 14 P.M. WARSHIPS, CARRIER PLANES BELT KOREA'S WEST COAST
>
> September 15 A.M. UN FORCES OPEN BIG PUSH FROM BEACHHEAD IN SOUTH; MARINES CAPTURE INCHON, DRIVE AHEAD TOWARD SEOUL
>
> September 16 A.M. ALLIES TAKE SEOUL SUBURB, FIGHT INTO CITY

Both Dot and David got along fine and we were soon back at Mission Court. A few weeks after David's birth, we were able to move into the seminary apartment. It was sparse with barely sufficient furnishings in the kitchen, dinette, and bedroom, but the living room had absolutely nothing in it except the one light in the ceiling. I made a trip down to the C. & O. Salvage Depot where damaged freight goods were sold off cheaply. There I bought a platform rocker for a dollar, a card table for fifty cents, and an upright lamp. At Montgomery Ward I bought four folding chairs for about ten dollars. That was our living room furniture for the year. I think somebody loaned us baby beds and chairs for the children. A seminary student in the building popped his head in the door and seeing our living room furniture exclaimed: "How smart of you to just set this up until your furniture arrives!" We had to reply: "This is it!"

Amazingly we did eat with real table silver, brought in a towel from Korea! Not only did we not want to load up with a lot of equipment we would have to move elsewhere, but also we were in bad financial shape.

Before the evacuation we had just about finished paying off what we owed the Nashville office for what it had advanced for our purchases when we went to Korea. Now we had no cash reserves, and only what we had brought from Korea in one suitcase apiece. The Clothes Closet at the seminary helped, and people gave us things, but still we needed just about everything for normal living. Our salary was very low, and for some reason the Nashville office did not make any settlement on our losses in Korea until late the next spring. Presumably they needed to know the extent of that loss, although it was clear that it was virtually everything. Apparently they really had no fixed policy in this regard, so we had to wait. Somehow I did scrape up enough to buy a used Plymouth sedan . . . probably using the seminary fellowship grant.

Late in the fall our plans for the future continued in limbo as the news of the rapid advance of UN forces into far North Korea raised hopes of a quick return to Chonju. But with the entrance of the Chinese Red army and the retreat of UN forces from North Korea, these dreams also vanished. Later in the fall, messages came from the Robinsons and then from the Mitchells, each asking me to find housing for them in Richmond. It was extremely difficult to find anything suitable for them, but we did make arrangements for their arrival.

The best use of my time was to concentrate as much as possible on my studies at the seminary. My major work was a study of the "Holy Spirit and five New Testament Doctrines," and my two minors were studies of the parables and of some of the Reformation leaders. Every day I would go to the seminary library where a carrel was assigned to me and I could keep my books and typewriter. I was able to work without the children bothering me as would certainly have happened at home. This was good discipline for me, and whether or not the written work I prepared had any merit, it kept me reading and studying in matters that were of great help to me afterwards . . . particularly the study of the parables.

In February (1951) Dot had to go into the hospital for thyroid surgery. Paul Crane had discovered the need for this while we were in Korea. Now we were in America where it could be performed under the best circumstances, but the operation had been postponed until she was completely recovered after David's birth and could leave him while in the hospital. This meant that for a few weeks I had to combine looking after three children (ages four, two, and five months), housekeeping, visiting Dot at the hospital, and studying for a master's degree.

Later in the spring Dot's parents moved to Quitman, Georgia. Her father had been diagnosed with diabetes. Knowing how difficult receiving adequate

treatment would be in the Belgian Congo (Zaire), he accepted the call to become pastor of the Presbyterian church there.

On April 10, the six members of our mission then in Korea met in a called meeting and took the following action:

> The 8th Army in Korea will approve the return of only male missionaries and women medical personnel at this time. Mr. Linton has already written the Board, and now our Mission reiterated his request for the early return of Miss Margaret Pritchard, Rev. Joseph Hopper, Rev. J. K. Unger, Rev. E. L. Daniel, Rev. Joe B. Hopper, Rev. R. K. Robinson, and Mr. H. P. Mitchell.

Along with this call came approval by our Board in Nashville. They offered to send those of us with families out for no more than eighteen months, with house rent and support for family in the States and half-salary for me on the field. It was not an easy decision for a family such as ours to make, but we decided this was a definite call of the Lord which could not be ignored.

Pete Mitchell, Margaret Pritchard, and I were the first to agree to this proposition, but there was continued delay through the spring and early summer because we could not get the proper clearance from the military authorities. We were all in Richmond so we made a trip to Washington together and invaded the State Department Passport Division and the Pentagon itself. Even so, no clearance came to return to Korea and all we could do was wait.

Having somehow finished my studies at the seminary amid all the confusion and interruptions, on May 22 I received my Master of Theology degree at the commencement exercises. The diploma hangs on my wall, and is the only academic one I have since all others were lost when we evacuated from Korea.

Now it was time to move again, and we decided that it would be best for Dot and the children to live in Quitman near her parents while I went to Korea. Somehow we packed our family of five into the Plymouth and wound our way south, making brief visits along the way in Callaway (where we had our pastorate 1945–1947); Montreat, North Carolina, (where my parents had bought a home after leaving Japan in the summer of 1950); Gastonia, North Carolina, (where Tommy and Mardia Brown had taken a pastorate since they could not go as hoped to China); and Eastover, South Carolina, (where my cousin Irene, Mrs. Robert Lee Scarborough, lived). Fortunately we did not

Alice, Barron, and David at a stream near the Montreat house.

possess much in the way of household goods which had to be moved, but still as I look back on that summer, I marvel that we were able to survive as well as we did. With arrival in Quitman another new phase in unfamiliar surroundings began.

Quitman, Georgia, is a small town about fifteen miles north of the Florida state line and about equidistant from the Atlantic Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico. It is flat, hot, and uninspiring so far as scenery is concerned. Pecans, peanuts, and watermelon thrive in that climate as do the camellia flowers in which the local people take great pride. Along the highways there were frequently long stretches of marshland, with a tangle of trees and underbrush standing in water. It was very much a deep-South culture and at that time segregation of the races was a way of life. It was not the kind of place we would have chosen to live, except that Dot's parents were already there and hence it was suitable for our family while I was away in Korea.

While looking for a house our tribe stayed in the manse with the Longeneckers. It was not easy to find a place that we could afford on the small housing allowance provided by the Mission Board. There seemed to be none available in the best part of town near the manse, and the place we finally located was definitely in the poorer eastern section. It was owned by a widow who lived in one side of a divided house and we had the other. Somehow we managed to get enough furniture to make the place habitable. Heat would not be a serious problem at all, but I did buy a couple of oil stoves to be used when winter came. To the delight of the children, the home next door possessed a large number of cats.

People in the community were most hospitable and generous. This was especially true of the members of the Presbyterian church. The previous

pastor, Frank H. McElroy, had resigned in order to give full time to establishing the Presbyterian (retirement) Home there in Quitman, and he and his large family of nine children became our good friends. Because it was a small place where people all seemed to know each other, we also became acquainted with some of the Baptist and Methodist people who were most kind. All were interested in my plans to return to Korea which, of course, was very much in the news every day. For instance, one Methodist, a furniture dealer, gave me one hundred dollars to take to Korea for church work. The session of the Presbyterian church also gave me one hundred dollars to use personally, and with that I bought a camera in San Francisco, which pleased Dot's father who had always been quite a photographer. A Mr. Hardesty of the Hardesty Candy Company in Richmond had heard me speak at the Trinity Methodist Church where a seminary classmate was pastor. He sent me twenty-two hundred suckers (fifty pounds) to take and give away to Korean children.

As the summer dragged on, we became more and more impatient for news about permission to enter Korea. It was embarrassing to be sitting around

Birthday party in Quitman, Georgia, while Joe was in Korea for nineteen months and Dot had moved to be with her parents.

doing almost nothing and having to answer questions as to why I didn't leave for Korea. The weather was hot and humid and our house had no air-conditioning though we did buy a little electric fan. We often took rides around the countryside, which had many marshlands interspersed with fields of peanuts and watermelon. As the Fourth of July holiday approached, the watermelon crop was harvested and there were mountains of them everywhere. About eleven hundred railway boxcars were shipped out plus hundreds of truck loads. Some would roll off the trucks and smash open along the highways, a rather gruesome spectacle. We were given several huge ones. The local ice house would keep them without charge and cool them for us. We were also given plenty of pecans. We discovered that Lester and Martha Youngblood were in Valdosta, about twenty miles away. Martha had been a classmate and friend of Dot's at Queens College, and Lester was now manager of the local Belk Department Store. We made several trips over to visit them, and later while I was in Korea they were friendly and helpful to Dot.

As September approached, I began to wonder if getting to Korea was ever going to be permitted, and started thinking of looking for a call to some church to serve during the interim. Finally, early in September my passport and permit to enter Korea arrived, and it was time to leave. There was much to do in the way of packing and in making arrangements for Dot to manage the family. I was to be gone for eighteen months, and she was left with the care of three little ones at that time ages four, two, and one. Most of her life during those months revolved entirely around keeping them fed, clothed, healthy, and entertained. All this represented great bravery and sacrifice on her part, and for this she is due just as much, or more, credit than I for willingness to be separated for this long period.

8

Pioneer Evangelism in Wartime

(1951–1954)

Travel by train across the continent from Quitman, Georgia, to Oakland, California, was a long tiresome trip which began Thursday night, September 27, and ended Monday morning, October 1. On October 5 we boarded a freighter named the *Flying Scud.*

The seas were rough in the straits between Japan and Korea. We reached Pusan Monday afternoon, October 22, and after a few hours docked. Waiting were John Talmage and Bruce Cumming of our mission, Harry Hill and Jim Phillips of the UP mission, Drs. Scott and Fraser of the Canadian Mission, and Mr. Bob Sauer and Dr. Bill Shaw of the Methodist Mission.

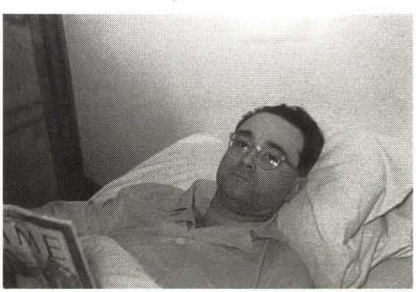
It was necessary to spend a couple of days in Pusan taking care of baggage and freight and other details. Before leaving for Chonju, I had my first exposure to U.S. Army life and customs in that port city which was very much an army staging area. With several other missionaries I visited the army Ration Breakdown where we were allowed to purchase groceries otherwise unobtainable in Korea. Then I had a needed haircut for twenty-five cents at the PX barbershop. Such purchases required the use of Military Script (U.S. Army play money) issued to servicemen and which missionaries were also authorized to handle. It reminded us of playing a Monopoly game, especially since the bills were small and did not have a real money look at all.

By Tuesday night two trucks were loaded for Chonju and early the next morning Margaret, Pete, and John (Talmage) left. Thursday morning Ovid Bush (who had come for some kind of business in Pusan) and I took off in a

jeep pulling a fully-loaded trailer. But at about 1:00 in the afternoon we caught up with the others because their trucks had been having numerous troubles with bad fuel lines and so on and they had made slow progress. We transferred Margaret into the jeep with Ovid and they went on ahead while the rest of us continued in the trucks without any trouble. We stopped briefly at the Presbyterian compound in Taegu which was then also the headquarters of the Fifth Air Force, and again in Taejon where John had to see old Mr. Lee Cha-ik, moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Korea. The towns between Taegu and Taejon showed the terribly devastating effects of the intensive fighting that had gone on there during the previous summer, and the roadsides were littered with vehicles which had been destroyed. The central part of Taejon itself was completely in ruins with gutted buildings lining the main street which deadends at the railway station.

After a long hard day of riding extremely rough roads we reached Chonju at seven in the evening (October 26) with aching backs. We were welcomed by a supper with the whole station, put on (of course) by Mrs. Linton. It had been arranged that I was to live with Ovid Bush where I was given a large upstairs bedroom. He took care of running the household, and I shared in the expenses. He had two people working for him, a cook (who had worked for the Cranes) and a man for various other jobs. Breakfast didn't take any planning and we only ate one other meal here and supper at Margaret Pritchard's establishment. We had a furnace in the basement which kept us almost too hot on the days we used it. We used the fireplace a good part of the time. The water heater didn't work so we only had hot water when the furnace was running.

As soon as I could, I inspected our compound which really looked much the same as when we had evacuated. Some of the children's playground equipment in our yard was still there. Flowers and shrubs were all doing nicely. An air-raid shelter had been dug in the bank of the hill rising from our backyard. Some of our household items had also been found and put into the house, such as our warm morning heater, kerosene refrigerator, kitchen stove, and some banged up furniture. The only book found was Dot's 1941 Queens College annual. Personnel of the United Nations Civil Assistance



During 1952 when alone in Korea, reading a magazine in bed.

Command Korea (UNCACK) were using our house. One of these was Lt. John Belk of the Charlotte department store clan. For some reason he never seemed to want to associate with the missionaries, never came to our English language church services, and did not seem to share his father's great interest in the work of the Presbyterian Church.

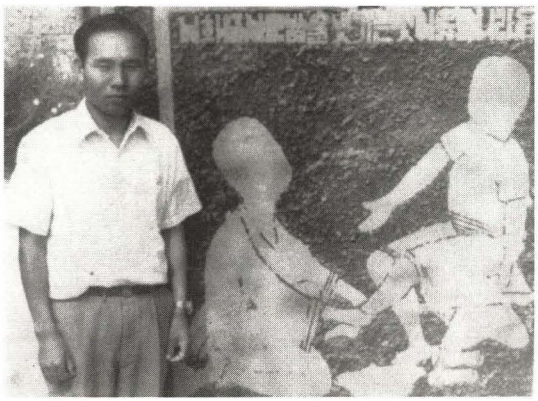
It seemed that the North Korean Communist soldiers had used all of our property as their local headquarters. Just prior to the war, construction of an enlargement of the hospital had begun, and the Communists turned that into a prison by putting heavy iron bars in the widows and pouring a concrete slab over the walls of the first floor so thick that for years it caused problems. They used the nurses' school as their police headquarters. When that school was built, just before the war, a small cross had been formed over the front entrance by setting a few bricks in relief against the rest of the wall. Those atheist occupants tried to destroy this Christian symbol by chipping off the protruding bricks, but the result was to draw more attention to the still visible, though marred, cross! It was a perfect illustration of the family hymn phrase,

> In the cross of Christ I glory,
> Towering o'er the wrecks of time.

We were told that General William Dean was held a prisoner in our house, where those bars I had installed several years earlier effectively kept him from escaping. He had been in command of our forces at the start of the war, and after personally participating in the defense of Taejon, was captured when betrayed by a Korean "friend" while attempting to escape through Kum-san County east of the city. Later he was taken north and after several years released in a prisoner exchange.

The house the Hopper family lived in, 1950s. Early missionaries in the first part of the century had constructed houses to the design they were accustomed to in the southeastern United States.

There was no visible war damage in the city, except several squares in the section just across the river from our hospital where our air force bombs had fallen. The worst atrocity occurred when the Communists fled from southwest Korea after the Inchon landing. At the local penitentiary, where they had



Evangelist beside wall mural of Jesus washing Peter's feet.

rounded up thousands of their political captives including many Christians, about two thousand were killed by shooting them into a trench. We heard accounts in many places of how the Communists had compiled long lists of Christians scheduled for execution if the UN forces had been a day or so later in arriving. As time went on we were to hear numerous accounts of the sufferings of our Korean friends both in Chonju City and out in the rural areas.

One of my first actions upon arrival was to visit the pastors of our local churches, and they received me cordially. However, it was immediately apparent that the tensions between the supporters of the two seminaries (the General Assembly Seminary and the Han-gook Seminary which were also labeled conservative and liberal respectively) were growing. This had been going on during our first two years in Chonju but I was not much aware of it, except in the incident of the pirated CWS relief shipment a day or so before the Korean War began. This was the beginning of many woes.

Almost at once I was invited to lead chapel at the hospital, boys' and girls' schools, and Bible School. Since refugees occupied the Ada Hamilton Clark Bible School for women (now Hanil Seminary), the only Bible School was in the McCutchen Memorial Building . . . and, amazingly, it was coed, despite Dr. Winn's explosion of only a couple of years before to the effect that such an arrangement was preposterous! With the exception of the hospital, Mr. and Mrs. Linton were now actually responsible for the operation of all the institutions, the evangelistic work throughout the entire province, and the immense relief work resulting from the war. Since Mr. Linton was to leave shortly for an operation in the States, it was evident that all these duties would devolve upon me, a rather terrifying prospect. When word got out of my arrival,

View of Jesus Hospital and Chonju, mid 1950s. The Hoppers' house was just left of this photo.

Korean visitors began to come and greet me. Many of these had gruesome accounts of what had happened during the Communist occupation and I could see that virtually everyone was in some kind of need.

On my first Sunday, Mr. Linton asked me to go along with him to a village named Yong-san, about twenty-five miles north in Wan-ju County. On the way he told how an elder living by that highway had seen 150 American prisoners being led north by the Communists. He had heard that they had been killed, but Mr. Linton waited to check out the story, taking the elder with him. Along the highway which we traveled that Sunday he discovered that nearly every house had seen them. Then we met another elder who related how those prisoners had spent a night and a day in his church while the Christians and other villagers fed them three meals. They had even killed and roasted a precious pig and bought peaches for them.

Mr. Linton and I finally rounded a bend in the road, and saw that the village and church where we intended to worship had been burned to the ground. Communist guerrillas had attacked the night before, and we could hear some small arms fire in the distant hills as government forces chased them off. Smoke was still rising and the place was deserted. After calling out for any villagers, we discovered an old man who had hidden somewhere in the rubble. He told us what had happened, and said that the villagers had fled down the road toward Chonju to a place called Kyung-chon. We retraced our route and found a small group of Christians huddled at one house, still frightened by what had happened. Mr. Linton had prayer with them and gave out some

powdered milk for their undernourished children. Somewhat later, with both the Lintons, we returned with more clothing and food to help these people. They settled in that village and shortly thereafter began a church which still exists even though their original church was reestablished back in Yong-san. That evening I led the English worship service, attended only by the missionaries, and discovered that unfortunately none of the American army officers (now using three of our missionary residences) saw fit to attend.

The following day I drove south to visit the Yong-san Church in Kimje County where we had helped start a church shortly before the war began. As I drove through the rice paddies where the crop was being harvested, the Christians recognized the jeep and ran to the church to greet me. This was the place I had visited shortly before the war and where I parked the jeep on a flat place on the hill just above the church. It was an old army jeep with no sides, so we had a chain welded to the floor which was padlocked to the steering wheel. Just as I finished my sermon that day, I looked through the door of the church and saw the jeep rolling down the hill with a little boy at the wheel. The field had been plowed with horizontal furrows around the side of the hill so the jeep bobbed up and down, but the locked wheel meant it kept heading straight down. Obviously the children had somehow released the brake and pushed it off the top of the hill. There was a village just below where a rolling jeep could easily knock down mud and stick houses. Realizing the danger, I quickly pronounced the benediction and we ran out to discover that the jeep

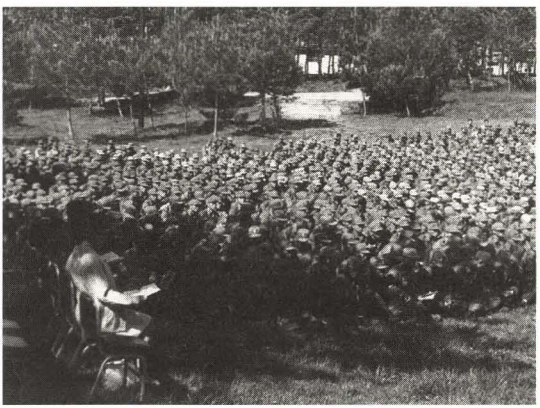
Portrait of Joe's father is unveiled during a 1951 visit to Korea.

had taken a nosedive into a narrow road just behind the village. It had done no harm, its "driver" had vanished, and there was no damage to the jeep. Shortly before we retired I discovered that this same boy who took his first vehicle ride that day in my jeep is now a deacon in the Yong-san Church.

On that trip we also learned that the guerrillas had just attacked the town of Wun-phung, about five miles away, and burned out the center of the town including the church. The evangelist had been carried off by the guerrillas and kept for about three weeks up in the mountains of Imsil County to the east. He was then brought before the captain of the band who discovered that he was a Christian evangelist. It so happened that this captain had attended Sunday School as a child in far North Korea, and memories of that still lingered in his mind although he was not now a Christian. So he rebuked his men saying, "Why did you bring in this man . . . don't you know we teach freedom of religion?" He sent some of his men secretly into Wun-phung to verify the evangelist's story. They reported that he had not been involved in any kind of political activity but had merely served the church. In the middle of the night, under guard of his men, the guerrilla chief sent the evangelist back to his church and turned him loose. Here he remained to serve his congregation and rebuild his church with some help from us.

Thus ended my first week after returning to Korea, and this account does not begin to tell all that I was learning of conditions there. Already I had become aware of several important conditions with which I would have to live for the next year and a half:

1. Regular association with American and Korean military units.
2. The vast need for relief work in local refugee camps and rural areas affected by guerilla action.
3. The almost overwhelming demands of individuals and Church congregations for help in a great variety of ways.
4. The dissension between two factions in the Presbyterian Church.
5. The responsibility for keeping various mission institutions running properly.
6. Limitations on travel for rural relief and church work because of guerilla activity.
7. The constant threat of the war itself as it moved back and forth, sometimes scarcely seventy-five miles away.



Joe was invited to preach to this gathering of Korean troops.

8. The paucity of the missionary force to do the work normally performed by many times as many personnel.
9. And (of course) the long separation from Dot and the children.

I had arrived in Chonju on October 26 and Mr. and Mrs. Linton left for America on November 10. This necessitated spending as much time as possible with them during those two weeks in order to know how to assume their numerous duties and responsibilities. There were many farewell ceremonies for the Lintons at churches, the mission schools, and at the provincial offices. At the latter Mr. Linton was presented an official testimonial and a medal from the governor for his wide services "in establishing the Republic of Korea." The entire city felt grateful to him, especially because of what happened during the previous winter when the Chinese Communist army was threatening all of Korea. As they came closer to Chonju, Mr. Linton did not dare leave the city for any reason—not for fear of the enemy—but because if he had left, everyone in the city would also flee, reasoning that he had reliable information that the Chinese would soon take Chonju. It was said that everyone watched each night to see if the lights were on in the Linton house (which could be seen on the hillside from all over the city). Because the Lintons stayed through the crisis, the city people were grateful, knowing that, had they fled, they would have lost all their possessions to looters.

I could bask in the reflected glory of the Lintons while they were there, but as soon as they left, this nobody had to take over! I was thirty years old, much

younger than almost everyone I would have to work with, yet in some measure would be responsible for directing their work because of their relationship with the mission. In Korea this matter of relative age is immensely important. Mr. Linton had been a missionary since 1912, was an expert in the Korean language and customs, and was wise in all their ways. Very few missionaries were ever held in such high regard and admiration. He had directed the pioneer evangelism program, and had been involved in complex church relationships over the entire province. Along with Mrs. Linton he was in charge of all the mission relief work in the area, the mission schools for boys and girls, the Bible Institute, publication work, maintenance of the entire mission property both in Chonju and in Kunsan, and innumerable small and large matters involving people who came in droves seeking all kinds of advice and help. Mrs. Linton was equally active in carrying a full share in much of these responsibilities while I had no wife to assist. Who was I to try to fill their shoes?

The first major test came over how this sprawling complex of duties could be organized. Almost at once requests came to me for various things, often with the remark, "Mr. Linton did it this way!" or "Mr. Linton promised to do this for us!" There was no way of knowing whether or not people were trying to take advantage of my youth and inexperience. It would have been impossible for Mr. Linton to anticipate all these situations and fully brief me in advance. I kept wondering how much people were "pulling my leg." For several days I rushed here and there trying to do everything that was expected of me in the right way.

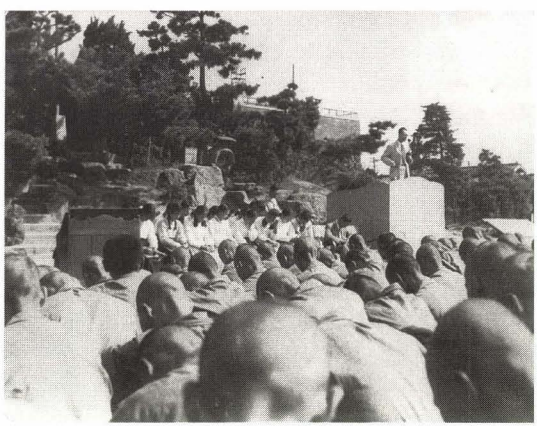
I believe it was John Talmage who helped by telling me that in Mokpo (where he was assigned) he found it best to have a key person in charge of each type of work or project who would act at his direction and report to him. So I decided that Mr. Chang Pyung-wha would take care of the Shin-heung Boys' School which he had been running anyway (although technically Mr. Linton was principal and now I was his stand-in).

It was some time before the relief work could be brought into some kind of system. Of all forms of Christian service, the administration of relief may well be the most complicated and difficult. Even the early church as described in the book of Acts had problems in this field. The situation in Korea was compounded by many factors during the early 1950s. The natural poverty of the people for many centuries, the plundering of the country during the decades of Japanese occupation, the Korean War itself, and the flooding of South Korea by millions of destitute refugees from the north all contributed to the immensity of trying to meet human need. In the southwestern corner

of the country where our mission worked, there was almost no major fighting. But the area was naturally backward and poor, crops were very poor during this period, there was considerable unrest because of the operation of Communist guerrillas, and we received the backwash of the war in the form of destitute refugees who seemed to be everywhere.

During those months I learned some of the major problems connected with this type of service. Here are some of them:

1. There are never enough relief supplies to meet the enormous needs of thousands of people.
2. The logistical problems of securing relief supplies, and again of distributing them when communication and transportation are often disrupted and unreliable, complicate this work.
3. Deciding which of many appeals for help should be met and others declined when everyone actually is needy, requires that arbitrary decisions must be made and this easily causes complaints and resentment.
4. Considerable greed is generated on all sides when everyone knows something is being given away, thus making it difficult to determine the real from the fake needy.
5. Those charged with distribution of relief are often tempted to abuse their position, either for personal gain, or to enhance their own prestige, or to promote the position of their political or religious faction.



Preaching to Korean military recruits.

Rural evangelistic work in the mid 1950s.

The same need for some kind of system was true of the pioneer evangelism work, except to note here that since this was my own personal calling as an evangelist, I was most anxious to get into it. We had a budget for this work and it involved providing small subsidies to evangelists working in newly organized churches all over the province.

In the case of both relief and pioneer evangelism work, numerous trips out into rural areas were necessary. My assistant and I often sneaked out as early as possible in the mornings before the usual procession of visitors arrived. Had we waited until later we could never get away from home. In those days communication was almost impossible. Visitors could not call us by phone (there were none) and the mail service was undependable. It was not possible for representatives from rural churches to find out in advance if we were at home, nor could we notify them of our plans—it was hit-or-miss to make a connection. Often we returned home to learn that prospective visitors had waited a day or more just to see us, but there was no way of avoiding this inconvenience.

All the other missionaries in Chonju worked with the hospital. During the Korean War at various times these were: Dr. Paul Crane, Dr. Ovid Bush, Miss Margaret Pritchard, Miss Mariella Talmage, Miss Gene Lindler, Miss Astrid Krakenes (from Norway), Miss Florence Piper (Methodist), and Miss Beulah Bournes (Methodist). It became my lifelong policy never to become involved in hospital affairs, even to the point of refusing to be on its board when it was organized years later. The doctors and nurses were fellow missionaries with whom I lived as neighbors, and the best way to remain good friends was not to get crossed up with their assignment. The only exception to this was in the

evangelism program in the hospital in which I occasionally made suggestions but never meddled.

Three of the missionary homes were used by the UNCACK. Their dining hall was in the Single Ladies house atop the hill, their bar (horrors!) in the Winn residence, and bedrooms in our former house and bedrooms in the other house were sleeping quarters. My position relative to the UNCACK personnel was that of landlord, and at times this demanded some delicate diplomacy. Mr. Linton was older than any of these people, had been the one to invite them to use our property, and hence could keep control with fewer problems. On the other hand, I was younger than the senior officers, and a newcomer on the scene. In time I learned that they were rotated in and out rather rapidly so that very soon I had earned some seniority simply by being there longer than any of them. Also, when I discovered that they were not quite sure where I (as a civilian) fit into their military system of ranks, I decided I would commission myself as a general and seldom had any problems thereafter. When the compound roads washed out, my hint suggesting help usually resulted in a fleet of UNCACK trucks hauling in rock and gravel to make repairs.

One night they got rather rowdy holding some kind of party in their bar. The next morning when I showed up in the colonel's office, it was apparent by the look on his face that he had anticipated my call. I said, "Things got a little noisy last night, didn't they!" He replied rather sheepishly, "It won't happen again!" I said no more and he kept his promise. There were times when I had to take up matters of business, particularly in relief distribution and the problems in the refugee camps which the UNCACK was supposed to handle. I found that the best way to get results was to talk on the side with the colonel's executive officer, who could present requests higher up in the best fashion without anyone losing face.

Another responsibility which devolved on me by default was holding an English worship service every Sunday. To give myself time for visits to country churches during the day, we arranged to have these in the evening at the Linton house where Margaret Pritchard and several medical ladies lived. The UNCACK people were always invited, but very few ever came. There was one Canadian doctor with the UNCACK who was very faithful. Since often the total number present was only five or six in all, he once asked me, "Why do you go to so much work to prepare a sermon and hold a full service for such a small group?" I replied, "Well, it keeps me in practice of study and preaching,

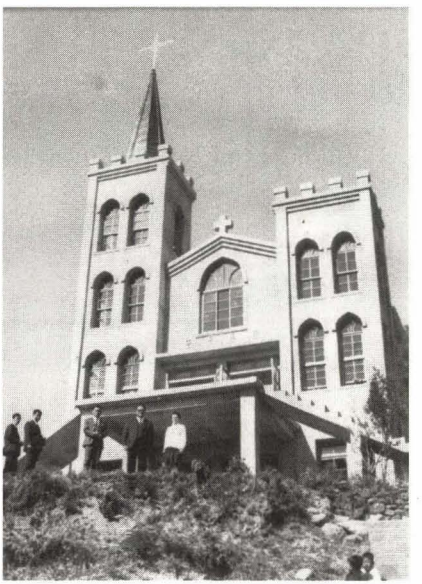
if nothing else!" Actually I did have to scramble around to prepare messages because it often seemed that almost every hour of the week was crammed full of other responsibilities.

Property matters were often a headache too. At that time our station land was quite extensive. In addition to missionary homes, there were homes for various kinds of employees—servants, mechanics, guards, evangelistic assistants, and so on. These had to be kept in repair, usually with extremely limited funds, so that we could never fulfill the numerous requests for work to be done. Fences and roads had to be maintained and the jungles of underbrush cut down. One of the worst problems was squatters, some of them refugees, who moved in without permission. Knowing their pitiful condition, it was hard to know what to do about them. Often the only solution was to give them enough cash to move elsewhere and then try to secure what they left for its proper use.

Another big deal involved the spot on which the Kijun Girls' School is now located. It had been a valley with the mission owning one side (the south). The Japanese had commandeered the whole valley, blasted out the hillside rock to fill it in, and built their Shinto Shrine in that prominent spot overlooking the entire city of Chonju at that time. Mr. Linton had reoccupied the whole area, torn down the shrine, and then applied legally to purchase the other (north) side of the valley realizing that as a single developed site it was now an extremely valuable location. He had not been able to complete the transaction before he left, and it was necessary for me to make numerous trips to the provincial capitol building to make the final payments and work out the legal arrangements. I had no experience or knowledge in such matters, but with the aid of interested Korean friends we somehow managed to bungle our way through successfully.

More than anything else, we were involved with a constant stream of callers. They came from all over the province. Most of them were from the two hundred or so Presbyterian churches in the area, but some were non-Christians seeking help. Often they had travelled four hours or more by bus, train, or riding on top of the freight on trucks . . . and many had walked for miles. Some came seeking relief goods of food or clothing; some wanted help to build a church or secure an evangelist; some wanted aid for children in school (which was not free); some wanted me to visit their churches to receive new members and hold the sacraments because the few local ordained Korean ministers had

no way of reaching them; and some had brought in sick people and wanted me to intercede with our missionary doctors to treat them (at no cost, of course). Somehow everybody seemed to think that a note with my signature would gain admittance to a school or hospital, find a job, produce some money, or allow them to present their requests to the province or the UNCACK for some kind of help.



Newly completed Muju Church.

All of this was complicated by the question of gift-giving. Often a desperately poor caller would come with a present of a chicken, or strings of eggs, or chestnuts, or fruit. He would insist that I accept the gift, and then after a suitably lengthy round-about chit-chat, let it be known what his need was. I did not want to accept bribes, yet here was an age-old custom built into the Oriental culture. To refuse was often impossible, or would be regarded as discourteous. Often I accepted and then gave the gifts to someone who needed them more than I. This problem actually plagued me almost the entire time we were in Korea.

Most tedious too, was the habit of callers who would not depart, even long after every avenue of conversation had been exhausted. If I could get out of the office, there were innumerable pressing matters I could attend to in helping other people, but how could I be discourteous by running away from these friends? Often while one delegation was present, a second, and then a third would come in. There was no thought of trying to keep separate conferences confidential, even by putting some of the visitors in another room. Mealtime meant nothing . . . they came before breakfast, they remained during dinner or supper time, they came every day.

Now and then out of sheer exhaustion I would declare a holiday and retreat to my upstairs bedroom, where I would be busily working on financial accounts, writing letters, preparing lessons or sermons. Ovid and I had a "man

Checking on the construction of a new church in Kimje.

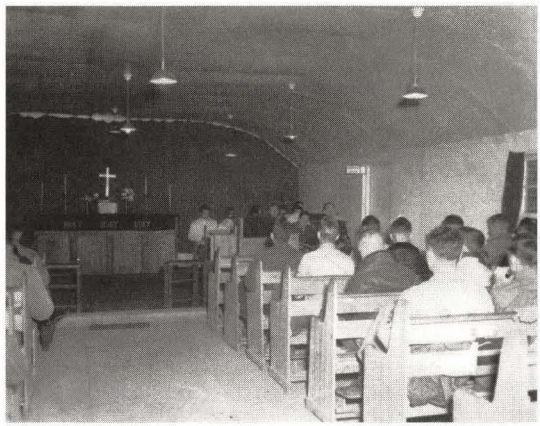
Friday" working for us who cleaned the house, did the laundry, and took care of other jobs around the place. Sometimes on such days when I had the typewriter going at a furious pace, I would hear a knock at the door. Our man would answer and faithfully proclaim that the Moksa was away, or was sick, or had gone to a meeting, or some other outrageous lie. I never corrected him and hope he will be forgiven in consideration of his faithfulness in protecting me when I needed a rest!

Another project to which I fell heir, was keeping an enormous stock of Korean Bibles, Testaments, Scripture portions, and hymnals. All of these publications were in extremely short supply. Due to war conditions most publications in Korea was very limited or at a complete standstill. Some of these books were printed in other lands and shipped to Korea. Christians in the south had lost their Bibles and hymnals during the invasion, and the thousands of refugees from the north had been deprived of theirs by the Communists for years. Mr. Linton had begun to keep a large supply of books and had them farmed out to evangelists who would sell them, but this required record keeping and collecting the payments as they came in. Many individuals would come to our office to buy them. All this was complicated, but I was able to have my assistant, Mr. Lee Yong Kim, take care of most of the work. He was very faithful, accurate, and honest, but I am sure it gave him many headaches. We would receive shipments of books, usually from Pusan—sometimes a whole truckload—and they had to be stored. In addition to this kind of literature, we received quantities of gospel tracts which were distributed free. The Scripture Gift Mission in London sent big quantities, and agencies in America also sent supplies.

Besides whatever actual help I could render through all of these contacts and projects, there was another very positive advantage to me personally. People came from every part of the province and from most of the churches to see me about all kinds of matters. By asking questions I could learn the condition of those churches, how they were growing, what evangelist was serving them, and so on. I inquired how much the Communist guerrillas were operating in those areas, how the crops were faring, what relief was being provided, what roads were passable, and all sorts of other things. It wasn't long before I was better informed about outlying parts of the province, perhaps, than the Korean governor or the UNCACK command. It was all part of my education, and became a lifelong habit in trying to have as much knowledge of all developments in the area as possible.

Amid all of this, there was, of course, constant concern about how Dot and the children were faring in Quitman. I tried to write to her every day or so (and to my parents once a week), usually late in the evening, and as a result my letters were often hastily typed and poorly worded with lots of mistakes. But they did show fairly accurately what went on each day, plus comments and suggestions to help matters at home. Dot wrote faithfully, too, but mail both ways was not always too reliable. Usually our mail came through the APO (U.S. Army postal service) which we were authorized to use. The UNCACK had trucks taking the mail in and out, usually through the Kunsan airbase, but even so it would sometimes get hung up somewhere and we would receive a whole batch at once. Naturally we always lived for the mail delivery, and often went down to the UNCACK headquarters to see if it had arrived. Once when I was in Pusan (December 19), I managed to get a telephone call through to Dot. It was supposed to be at one o'clock in the afternoon but it was about three when they finally made the connection and

Joe's faithful assistant Elder Lee Yong Kim.



At Kunsan Airbase chapel with American airmen, 1952.

even then was not too easy to hear. It was good to know that she was near her parents who, along with other good people in the town and church, were always standing ready to help her.

WAR EXPERIENCES

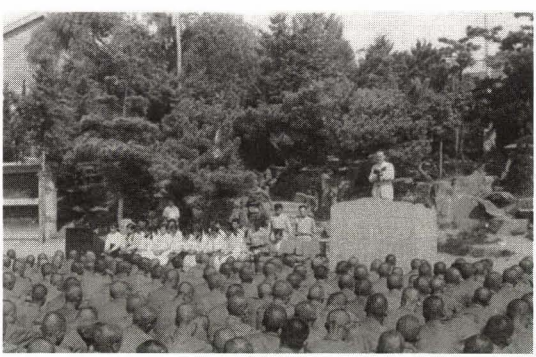
Although a terrible war was constantly raging about 150 miles north of us (and sometimes much closer), I never saw any fighting in my nineteen months in Korea. During the entire time we never went to Seoul, which was either occupied by the North Koreans or closed to civilians like myself. In southwestern Korea where our mission worked, there was little destruction because the North Koreans had swept through unopposed in July of 1950 and fled in confusion two months later when the United Nations forces landed at Inchon. The railway station in Iri, about twenty miles from Chonju, was a wreck having been accidentally bombed, resulting in the deaths of about two hundred people in the summer of 1950 (before the North Koreans ever got there). Presumably an Australian plane mistook Iri for Young-dung-po outside Seoul where the river and railways have a slightly similar pattern.

Only a few bombs dropped on Chonju. For several years in the downtown city park there were five huge American tanks which must have been abandoned for lack of fuel or mechanical failure. Children played on them, and as time passed managed to unscrew and remove every possible part until tank retrievers

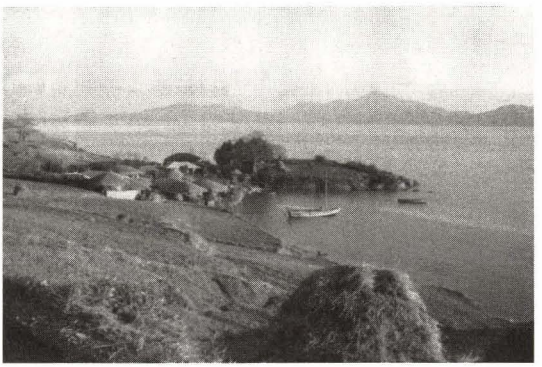
finally came to haul them away. On the pass over a mountain between Imsil and Osu a tank was stuck in a ditch, and for years we saw Black Bart whenever we traveled that way. The town of Kwan-chon about fifteen miles southeast of Chonju was bombed and burned by American planes in an attempt to slow down the invaders as they went through that narrow defile using the only highway and railway available. One of my evangelists told me how he had run to the top of a nearby hill and watched that destruction.

However, there was constant guerilla activity throughout our province. These units were made up of: remnants of those participating in the Yosu uprising in 1948 who had fled to the mountains; those who had collaborated with the North Korean invaders during their occupation of our area at the beginning of the Korean War; and the North Korean soldiers who had not managed to escape north when the UN forces closed the trap on them after the Inchon invasion. Occasionally Communist agents from the north came in along the coasts and apparently joined forces with the guerrillas. Their favorite points of entry were on the Puan peninsula and along the coasts of Ko-chang. Some of those areas were rugged and mountainous, and they came ashore in small rubber boats, possibly launched from submarines. They would then move inland through the mountains of Chung-oop, Soonchang, Imsil, Chang-soo, and Namwon. This then put them into position to move into almost any direction, especially in the southern part of the country.

The guerrilla bands usually seemed to be more concerned with their own survival than with inflicting any damage in a military sense. They swooped down on villages, particularly in the mountain valleys, and took rice, livestock, and other



Joe preaching to Korean troops.



Puan.

food. Sometimes they burned down buildings. Our church people would often say that during the day their area was controlled by the Korean government, but that at night it became Communist territory. Often guerrillas had firefights with the local policemen. As a rule the police built stockades around their stations—stone walls with a tall observation tower where they holed up at night and could defend themselves (if not the villagers). It reminded us of the frontier days of fighting Indian raids in the western United States. Usually the police stations had a siren in the tower, and this would wail to warn all in the vicinity of the danger.

There were never any raids on the city of Chonju, but often in the night the siren at the fire station would sound, signaling that guerrillas were attacking villages a few miles out of town. Because of this, we were warned never to travel outside the city after dark. In the daytime, we usually checked with the Korea Military Advisory Group (KMAG) police advisor (an American Army officer) before taking a trip through the country to Kwangju or Soonchun. They would always advise us which route was safest. For many months the usual route over a high pass below Chung-oop on the highway to Kwangju was not considered safe, and we were routed through Namwon or Soon-chang. Whatever route we took, when we went through mountains there were usually police or soldiers on prominent hillsides with white flags to signify that the way was clear. It always seemed to me that they could have been easily captured by a guerilla who could wave us into a trap, but that never happened. Why the guerrillas did not blow up bridges or trains or other significant targets more often I never knew.

Of course during all these days we were constantly keeping an ear open for news of developments in the war. The negotiations at Pan-moon-jom

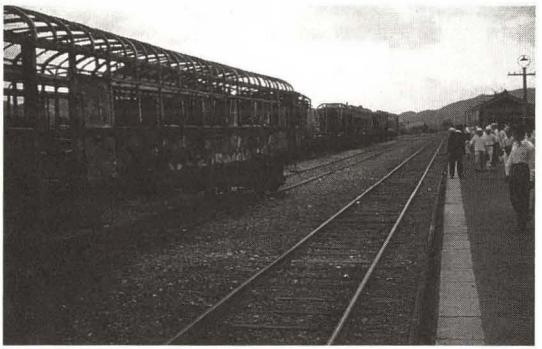
seemed endless as the two sides bickered back and forth. One of the biggest issues was the matter of the North Korean prisoners of war (POW), held in the south. A large portion of them did not want to return to North Korea, but of course their rulers in the north kept insisting that they do so. In some of the POW camps there was much tension and sometimes open violence between the pro and anti Communist factions among the prisoners. Fighting along the lines continued, and the casualties mounted on both sides during these months. It was not until after I returned to the States in the spring of 1953 that an armistice was agreed upon at Pan-moon-jom, bringing an end to the shooting but not bringing a peace agreement.

RESTARTING FROM MONTREAT

I traveled home on the *Flying Scud*, the freighter on which Pete and I had come to Korea together only eighteen months before. We docked in San Francisco on April 15, 1953, too late to catch the transcontinental train east. After spending a night in a cheap hotel, I took the train across the continent and was met one morning by Dot and the three children who had been brought to the depot by her parents. Everyone was excited, of course, and the children had grown like weeds so it was a happy reunion and a great occasion for all concerned.

On the day of my arrival one incident has often been recalled. After lunch the children were put to bed for their naps, but we heard Barron in the next

An outing to the old gardens in Namwon.



Results of a guerilla ambush at the train station.

room explaining certain facts to younger brother David in these words: "Mama is the boss of we, but Daddy is the boss of she!" It appeared that in only a few hours my parental authority had been established and duly recognized and the pecking order in our domestic hierarchy properly fixed.

We decided to take a family honeymoon at once, and packed up the family in our car and took off for Florida to Daytona Beach for about three days. It was a great event for all of us and hugely enjoyed. The weather, sand, and water were fine and it was good for us to get away by ourselves and be a family again. The only mishap on the trip was when I drove the car on the beach into soft sand when it was damp and therefore supported the car. But it dried out while we were on the beach and when we tried to move the wheels sank deeper and deeper without any forward movement. Only after much shoveling, putting towels under wheels, etc. did we get out, but compared with other traveling difficulties in our experience, that was only a minor adventure.

During the next six weeks we were busily planning our next moves. I did speak in several small churches. We visited the Lester Youngbloods in Valdosta. There had been problems in the First Presbyterian Church there (a classic case of the old guard refusing to allow the younger set to participate in constructive decisions), and they had taken part in starting a new church. Since the Presbytery refused to recognize it, they had joined the Orthodox Presbyterian Church. Dot's father had strongly opposed this Presbytery decision, but to no avail.

I made a trip to Atlanta where I had my physical examination, visited Columbia Seminary, saw various missionary friends, and was invited to lunch by Mr. Milton Scott who had been so generous with relief funds. It seemed to

me at that time that he was quite elderly, but he was still active in 1991, and helping support Dr. Herbert Codington's work in Bangladesh.

After returning borrowed furniture and packing all our belongings in a rented one-ton trailer, we took off for Montreat on June 2, spending one night on the way. I recall that on the car radio that day we heard the direct broadcast from London of the coronation of Queen Elizabeth in Westminster Abbey in London. This was long before there were any Interstate highways, and our little Plymouth pulling that trailer was slow going and very hot. It was summer and cars were not air-conditioned in those days. The final pull up from Greenville to Hendersonville was along the old steep winding highway and we were fearful that the radiator would boil over or the car would just give out, but we finally made it to Montreat where we were welcomed by our parents at their home at 191 Mississippi Road.

My parents had made arrangements for us to rent half of the house owned by Miss Claudia Edwards just across the road from their home. The house was divided into two sections and we had the part next to the street. (This house was later bought and completely remodeled by Bluford and Lucy Hestir who came from Texas when they retired shortly after we did.) We were crowded but reasonably comfortable, and it was good to be so close to my parents.

At train station when Joe got back from Korea in May 1953.

There were good neighbors about us, including the Gammons, the Nelson Bells, and the Billy Grahams. Billy was just beginning his career as an evangelist but even then was attracting considerable attention . . . so much so that often Mississippi Road by their house was blocked by cars and buses filled with people who wanted to see where he lived. I recall being at a party at the Bells where Billy was introduced and I remarked to my family, "At the rate this young fellow is going, he will burn himself out in five years or so!" Little did I realize how wrong my prediction would be.

Our Alice was six years old that summer and often went up the road several doors to the Billy Graham home to play with their daughter GiGi who was slightly older. After she had been there one morning, the following conversation took place at lunch.

Joe: "Alice, where have you been playing this morning?"
Alice: "I played at GiGi's house."
Joe: "That's nice; what did you do?"
Alice: "Oh, we played in the doghouse."

The Grahams had a huge St. Bernard named Belshazzar, almost the size of a small pony, and of course it was necessary to have a very large doghouse to accommodate him. The conversation continued.

Joe: "Well, what's it like in the doghouse?"
Alice: "It's real nice; it's got pictures on the wall."
Joe: "Oh, whose pictures are on the wall of the doghouse?"
Alice: "GiGi's daddy's picture!"
Joe: "Who put GiGi's daddy's pictures on the wall of the doghouse?"
Alice: "GiGi's mommy!"

The only confirmation of this honor conferred on the young evangelist comes from the lips of a little six year old and as yet I have never asked Ruth or Billy Graham to confirm it. The *Reader's Digest* would certainly have paid generously for this story (whether true or not) but I hesitated to trade on a contact with personal friends in this way. However, if I ever get really hard up for cash, I just might submit this tale!

A major event in the summer was my bout with kidney stones. We had celebrated the Fourth of July with watermelon, etc., but during that night I woke

up with an awful pain in my side. For a while I thought perhaps it was caused by too much watermelon and hotdogs, but when it persisted I first called Herb Codington who was sympathetic but offered no explanation beyond taking some soda water. At 6:00 A.M. I called Dr. Nelson Bell who told me to go on to Memorial Mission Hospital in Asheville (the old hospital building near Beaucatcher Tunnel) for a blood count and he would be there shortly.

Dot's father happened to be in Montreat and he drove me over. Dr. Bell decided the problem was appendicitis and operated at once. But when I came out from under the anaesthesia I felt worse than ever with excruciating pain. Dr. Bell looked somewhat embarrassed and called in the urologist and it was determined that the problem was kidney stones. For about seventeen painful days I was punctured by several needles every few hours and sent to the operating room twice. Finally the stones were removed and I walked out of the hospital.

One lasting bonus from that kidney trouble came just as I was being released from the hospital. My cousin, Irene Barron Scarborough, sent me about three dollars saying she had not heard of my problem in time to send flowers but please to get myself a good book. I had just read a copy of *Time* magazine which had a picture of a Scrabble board on the front and an article about this fascinating new game. So after leaving the hospital I went to a bookstore that also sold games and looked for it, but it was nowhere to be seen. I asked the clerk: "There is a new word game whose name I have forgotten, but it was written up in *Time* magazine. Do you have it?" She reached under the counter and produced a Scrabble game. I said, "Why don't you have it out here so people will see and buy it?" She replied, "Oh, there is so much demand for

Joe and Margaret playing Scrabble, a Hopper family tradition which has continued over the years.

it, we keep it just for people who really want it!" Well, I certainly did, and paid my three dollars. At home we quickly fell in love with Scrabble, and it has been the major game in our family every since with innumerable games played whenever we get together. All our children became expert players, and it was played at home, on vacation, and as we traveled. We have had great tournaments, and always the greatest victories were when "we beat Daddy!"

There was much interest during the summer in events in Korea, where the Pan-moon-jom peace talks continued slowly and finally produced the armistice signed on July 27. Not everyone was happy with a settlement which left the country divided, as continues to be the situation to the present day.

Naturally we were excited at the prospect of returning to our work in Chonju, and kept hoping that between the Board in Nashville and the UN Command in Tokyo it would be worked out for us to do so. All summer there was considerable uncertainty about what we would be allowed to do. Eventually it turned out that, although I could return alone, families would not be permitted to enter Korea. We decided to accept the option provided by the Board for us to go to Japan and get Dot and the children established in Tokyo, while I went on to Korea. By this time quite a number of families of our mission were in Tokyo. The newer ones were in full-time language study there, and in addition several families who had evacuated in 1950 would also be there with the same status as ours.

This decision meant embarking on some complicated planning. All our household furniture and equipment had been lost when the Korean War began. We would need to reequip ourselves fully. But because Dot and the children would be in Japan, this necessitated sending our freight to Japan, using what was needed there while storing the rest, and then eventually packing it all over again for shipment to Korea. Actually we knew more about living conditions in Korea and what was needed there than we did about Tokyo. What kind of house would we have? Would it be furnished at all? We wound up placing a huge order through the Home of Peace in Oakland, California, for all our household furniture, appliances, etc. and a mountain of assorted equipment.

Meanwhile I learned that the old telephone system in Montreat was being replaced by automatic dial phones. This was an opportunity to solve a problem which was a nuisance on our mission stations—quick communication between homes and places of work. I went to Dr. J. Rupert McGregor, who then

Joe receiving the gift of the out-of-date Montreat, North Carolina, crank telephone system, which was later installed on the Presbyterian Mission Stations in Korea, about 1953.

managed most of the affairs of Montreat. I told him that those old phones would be an immense help to us in Korea where the few phones we had previously were lost in the war. "How many do you want?" he asked. "Twenty-five," I replied. "All right, you may have them." He told me where some were already stored and how to go into houses and get the rest. When Ruth Graham (Mrs. Billy Graham) heard about this, she sent word for me to come and get two at their house. Thus I wound up with twenty-seven units which the *Asheville Citizen Times* in an article on October 25, 1953; described as "antediluvian contraptions" (with a picture of Dr. McGregor, Mr. F. O. Wyly, Father, and me.)

I then built a large box on the porch of Miss Edward's house and packed all twenty-seven phones in it. The result weighed about 625 pounds and was impossible for me to move by myself. How I ever got it loaded on a truck and shipped to Korea, or how it managed to get there without breaking open, I'll never know. On February 25, 1954, I wrote home to Montreat that the box of telephones had arrived in Chonju despite my mother's dire predictions that it would burst open.

The phones were divided up and used in Mokpo, Soonchun, Kwangju, Taejon, and Chonju. Fortunately there were plenty of partly used (and sometimes

new) batteries and field wire for U.S. Army telephones available in Korean markets. With a little tinkering and stringing of wires between houses and work places, we were in local communication with each other. Each phone had a separate signal ring, such as "long short," or "short and two longs." One long ring summoned everyone to hear of special news for everyone, such as the birth of a baby, some general announcement, or emergency. Often when we heard someone else's ring we could figure out who was talking to whom . . . but if anyone tried to listen in, a "click" would give such behavior away! Of course for long distance calling we still had to go to where an "outside" phone in the Korean system was available . . . in our case to the hospital in Chonju. As the Asheville paper concluded "There's a place for everything in the work of the missions."

I managed to sell our Plymouth, purchased two years before in Richmond, to Mr. Swink, owner of the house to the right of my parents in Montreat. We had made good use of it during all that time with very little repair work. He didn't want the radio, so I took it out to Korea and installed it in my jeep so that I was the only driver in North Chulla Province with such an extra to listen to—when it worked, which was seldom. Good-byes to parents and friends were said, and about October 6 we boarded the train from Black Mountain to San Francisco.

David and two Japanese playmates, 1953, when family was in Japan waiting to join Joe in Korea.

We were to sail on a Waterman line freighter named the *Alawai* which I learned was named for Alabama and Hawaii.

On November 12 we docked at Yokohama and were met by Mardia and family (Tommy was in Korea) and taken to their home . . . thus beginning another new episode in the life of the Hopper family!

We stayed with the Browns several days while waiting for our freight to arrive. On our first day we went to see the house which had been found for us. It turned out to be a small and rather ordinary house of wood and glass in the traditional Japanese style. We were to have the downstairs while the owners, an elderly Japanese couple, lived upstairs. Our first concern was how to keep warm in a house with so much glass and no insulation at all, but we had brought along oil heaters and there were gas jets to which gas heaters could be attached too. It had a dial telephone which meant that Dot could keep in touch with the other missionaries, since everyone had to live rather far apart.

Although we had arrived on November 12, our freight did not arrive until the twentieth. The next day was Saturday and I called Intermission Service (which handled our business) and discovered that it might not get through customs until the following Wednesday since Monday was a holiday. So I got right on a train and went to Yokohama and pushed the stuff through that afternoon. It was inspected by customs on the landing barge which saved time. Late in the evening we loaded it on a truck and out to our house at about 9:00 P.M. and into our yard or all the way indoors by 11:00. I had managed to hire a maid, Tomiko San, who was a strong country girl and a big help in getting things unpacked. It was too bad to have to open up the boxes so well packed at the Home of Peace, but we had to have the furnishings for the house.

We had an automatic gas water heater which was quite a luxury. The toilet (Japanese style) was best described by what it was not, rather than what it was. We were fortunate to have our refrigerator and washing machine which ran very nicely. We found that supplies of food and household items were available everywhere, though some of the prices were high.

One of the most interesting features of our new home was the O-foo-ru in which we bathed. This was a deep iron pot which was heated by a fire built below it by Tomiko San. According to Japanese custom, one was supposed to take a basin of hot water and soap and scrub off before getting into the tub. Once in the tub you could soak as long as you pleased in the piping hot water. The children, of course, promptly labeled this contraption the "O-foo-y" and

enjoyed getting in it . . . all at the same time. One problem with our living quarters was the small yard for the children to play in. With so much rain and snow the yard was often very muddy so that Barron and David (especially when the Hugh Linton boys were with them) could come in absolutely filthy . . . at which time the "O-foo-y" came in extremely handy.

Quite a few of our people were in the city. There were Mardia Brown, Dollie Pettis, Hugh and Betty Linton, Evelyn Crim, Sophie Crane, David and Mary Seel, and the numerous children of all these families. (Tommy Brown, Keith Crim, and Ernie Pettis were already in Korea.) The best place to meet all of them was at the U.S. Army chapel center where we attended Sunday School and church services. The chaplain, a Methodist minister named Anderson, was an excellent preacher, and the services were always packed with about five hundred people. An army bus ran around the city picking up those who wanted to go to the chapel, and we were allowed to ride it for free, boarding about two blocks from our house. It usually was almost empty so there were plenty of seats. We soon learned that traveling about this great metropolis was not really too difficult once we figured out the electric railway system (which ran underground in the city). The trains were cheap, fast, and reliable, and as we began to learn the names of the stops into central Tokyo, we were able to find places to shop and so on very quickly.

Our missionary men who were in Tokyo studying the Korean language did their part to look after the wives and children of those of us already in Korea. Hugh Linton was most helpful in fixing and maintaining oil stoves after I left for Korea. In various ways he turned out to be a useful handyman in solving various problems of keeping the household operating, for which we were most grateful. One night in mid–December a thief got into the Linton house and stole money out of Hugh's pants and his overcoat, leaving his own overcoat, a better one, in the garbage can.

Dot had to start teaching Alice almost at once after reaching Tokyo, and managed to make progress although in our small quarters it was difficult for teacher and pupil to concentrate. Around the first of December, Alice had an earache and Dave Seel took us to the Seventh Day Adventist hospital where the doctor had some part of it punctured. A few days later David fell off a chair and busted off a front upper tooth, but the dentist advised to leave it alone. The missionary families had been having some sort of "bug" and our children had some of it too. It was great to have Dave Seel to advise in all our health

matters . . . and he even made house calls, although he had difficulty getting around without a car. However, using public transportation enabled him to learn considerable Japanese language.

On the morning of November 26 there was an earthquake which woke us up when the house shook violently for several minutes . . . a sort of rocking sensation. That was one time it was good to be in a house built of light glass and paper with a wooden framework house. We did not realize it was quite so serious and even slept through a second one an hour later, and there were others during the next day, aftershocks, I suppose. The news reported that it was as violent as the devastating one in 1923 but this time the center was far enough out to sea not to cause damage in Tokyo. That was also Thanksgiving Day and there was a dinner at the Crim-Crane house. The children were sick and not used to the maid so I stayed with them and Dot went to the dinner.

Early in December a terrible fire in Pusan wiped out the center of the city, especially around the railroad station. There was very poor fire fighting equipment and almost a total lack of water. The worst part of the situation was all the little cardboard and packing box refugee shelters which burned so easily. In Tokyo we could listen to radio reports with the sounds of children crying and sirens blowing in the background. I overheard a chaplain who was terribly frustrated in his efforts to help because he could not communicate across the language barrier. Naturally I wished I could be there to help.

As Christmas approached, there was much excitement among the children. Barron's birthday (December 23) was celebrated with all the missionary children present. About this time Dot was telling the children about her brother Chick's approaching wedding and Alice remarked: "Oh goody, then there'll be another baby." Dot replied, "Well, after a while maybe." But Alice insisted, "O no! Right away . . . in our Christmas story Mary was going to get married and she had the baby Jesus!" The only satisfactory explanation seemed to be, "That was a special case." Mardia had a Christmas party for the families of all in the language school and there were twenty-six adults (nearly all Southern or Northern Presbyterians) and thirty-one children . . . ample warning that there would be plenty of scholars for a foreign school in Korea. Stan Wilson was Santa Claus and was a howling success.

Dot's Christmas was somewhat spoiled a few days beforehand when Paul Crane examined her and decided she should have a D&C operation right away in order to get the laboratory report before I had to leave for Korea.

With faculty members of the Chonju Bible Institute and student body.

Arrangements were made at the SDA hospital and she was well taken care of. However, this somewhat limited her activities during the Christmas season. After the New Year she began some Korean lessons with a Korean lady but really did not have much time to concentrate on them.

During these days I was making plans to return to Korea after Christmas. A big problem was securing military clearance which took a lot of time. It was necessary for the army to receive references which they insisted on getting from sources in the States rather than right in Korea which would have been faster. The day after Christmas I picked up my UN clearance and made a reservation to fly to Pusan on the thirtieth.

The night before I left for Korea, we attended a party for all the Korean missionaries in Japan. Fifty-seven were present; all but three or four of them were missionaries in Korea with their families in Tokyo, or couples preparing to go to Korea. Present were Northern and Southern Presbyterians, Methodists, Oriental Missionary Society, TEAM, Assembly of God, Seventh Day Adventists, Baptists, and perhaps some others. It was an ecumenical and social evening and all had a good time, with the closing devotional led by Stan Wilson.

Hugh Linton drove our family to the Honeydew Airport the next day. For some reason, at family prayers that morning, the only hymn the children wanted to sing was "Praise God from whom all blessings flow!" which was none too flattering in view of my departure that afternoon. But at lunch David is reported to have declared, "This time Daddy said he wouldn't stay away long like the other time."

On the plane I sat with an engineer of the Utah Construction Company. A Korean in an embassy limousine met him at the Pusan airport and the engineer introduced me to him. He turned out to be an active Christian who had graduated from our Boys' School in Chonju about fifteen years before. He invited me to ride with them into Pusan, so I rode into town in style and was deposited at the door of the Methodist Mission house there.

There was no word about the arrival of my jeep which was supposed to have already come, so I took the train on to Chonju and was immediately submerged into work. Two days later on the first Sunday of January 1954, I preached at the Tong-boo Church in the morning and the English service in the evening. Monday I was told that at the month-long Bible Institute I was not to teach Exodus as I previously thought because Miss Fontaine was prepared for that, but I was to teach 1 and 2 Thessalonians which I had never done. We had about 120 in that institute, but in other parts of the province there was a total of around 700 in similar institutes.

On the second Sunday of January I went to a small church in Imsil. I had been told there would be ten people to examine but it turned out there were thirty-two catechumens and four baptisms, and afterwards I returned to Chonju in time to preach that night at the West Gate Church. This church had just been completely repaired and repainted after the damage caused by a bomb blast nearby. Pastor Kim Say-yul (who was already leading the opposition at the General Assembly and later became the first moderator of what was later called the Presbyterian Church of the Republic of Korea) and his followers had been booted out and the church was booming under the leadership or Rev. Lee Shi-moon. There were five hundred children in the Sunday School.

All forms of work continued as before. I was greatly encouraged by reports of membership gains in rural churches all over the province with some churches having twice the attendance of the year before. Many county seat churches reported attendance of two and three hundred. Everybody seemed

to be starting so many new churches so that it was difficult to keep up with all of them. Often a zealous Christian would start a church in a new place in "faith" but that faith was placed not only in the Lord, but also upon missionary support to keep it going until it was ready to stand on its own feet.

At the end of January Ernie Pettis and I visited Kwangju and Mokpo which he had not been able to visit previously. Aunt Margaret Hopper (my father's sister), Miss Pat McMurphy, and R.K. Robinson were in Mokpo and we spent the night with R.K. in what he had named the AJAX Hotel. An appropriate notice on the wall of our guest room informed us that the best eating place in Mokpo is the "Cho-myung Cafe" . . . "Cho" for Aunt Margaret's surname and "Myung" for Miss Pat's.

During these winter months Dot wrote repeatedly of rounds of bad colds with the children, and also of a one-foot snow, one of the biggest on record there. She continued teaching Alice. She and the other missionaries and their families visited back and forth. There was a Korean Wives Club which met at the Chapel Center where they could get together and gossip, and probably conjecture on when their husbands would get back from Korea or else when they would be able to return to Korea.

From this time on until we retired, a vast amount of my life centered around our pioneer evangelism work in rural areas. My letters and my memories record a vast amount of information about visits to churches, problems with them, exciting experiences, and so on. From the beginning of 1954 this work really got into high gear.

On March 5 I learned that the mission Ad Interim Committee (of which I was not a member) had set up a committee of R.K. Robinson, Jack Scott, Bruce Cumming, and myself to survey the entire work of the mission and recommend an overall plan for the future . . . particularly with reference to Bible Institutes and other educational programs since all this was in a general mess everywhere, was costing more than we could afford, and was being sloppily run, largely by the Presbyteries. They wanted all this worked out tentatively before the visit of Dr. Hugh Bradley and Mr. Curry B. Hearn who were due to visit Korea in early April.

This upset my plans for going to Japan a week later and necessitated postponing my trip for a week or so. It meant touring the entire mission and studying all its work during that interval and writing a report with recommendations. This was the beginning of my involvement in Mission Policy

which over the years continued to be a major headache and consumed an immense amount of time and energy as it progressed through all the discussions of Mission-Church Relations. It was arranged for the work of our committee to start after I had attended Chon-puk Presbytery meeting for one day. During a strenuous week, we visited Kwangju, Mokpo, Soonchun, Taejon, and Chonju, as much as possible checking out everything that was going on and talking to local church leaders. When I returned to Chonju I discovered that the Presbytery (in my absence) had put me in charge of thirty-seven churches!

Word was beginning to get around that General Harrison (in command of the UN forces) was going to authorize the reentry of missionary families to Korea and Dot was making her plans to return to Chonju. Early in March she attended a luncheon at the Washington Heights army housing area where the wife of Chaplain Walton Sugg (a Southern Presbyterian) invited her to speak to a group at her home when General Harrison's wife was expected to be present.

I managed to fly from Pusan to Tokyo on March 18, and started a hectic week of packing up everything again in order for our whole family to fly back

Picture given to Joe by men from the Kunsan Airbase. During the Korean War, Joe helped pass on their money to help with orphanages. Note relief goods in the background.

to Korea on the twenty-ninth. During that time we also had a meal with Col. and Mrs. Wythe Peyton (who later became a Presbyterian minister), and also heard Bishop Arthur J. Moore preach and attended services at the Chapel Center.

It was raining when we left Tokyo and we had an extremely rough plane ride to Pusan so that Dot and all the children (beginning first with David) got very plane sick which kept the steward and stewardess and me mopping up after them. With us were the Pettis and Bob Rice (Northern Presbyterian) families. Australian Presbyterian missionaries met us at the Pusan airport and took us to their home for the afternoon. We took a train that evening to Taegu, getting there about 11:30 P.M. Here Northern Presbyterian missionaries met us. The Rice and Hopper families spent the night with the Ray Provosts, and the next morning took a train to Taejon, transferred to another train which took us to Iri where a jeep met us and we finally reached Chonju at about 7:00 P.M. Here we moved into the Single Ladies house. Thus began work in Chonju which lasted without interruption (except for furloughs) until the end of June 1986.

9

Starting Over in Chonju

(1954–1986)

With our return to Chonju, there were numerous reminders of our first arrival in 1948. Most obvious was that of getting our house ready for occupancy so that we could resume normal family life. This time, though, there was the delicate problem of getting the UNCACK officers out of the house where we had lived before the war and into which we now wanted to move.

When the invasion by Chinese Communist troops forced the UN withdrawal from North Korea in the winter of 1950–1951, this unit fled south and reached Chonju. Although Mr. Linton had invited them to use three mission houses temporarily, they stayed for three years and never did any repairs or paid a cent for rent or repairs. This UNCACK team included various nationalities but the majority were Americans, usually with a lieutenant colonel in command. When I returned to Chonju in the fall of 1951 and the Lintons left, I was the only resident male missionary most of the time and I already had a history with these guests while living alone in Chonju.

After the armistice was arranged and we knew our families would be returning to Korea soon, we had notified the UNCACK people that the only house they were still using was the one allotted to our family and would have to be vacated. "Yes, yes!" they kept saying, "we will be out before your family returns." Yet when our family arrived they were still in our house and it was necessary for us to move in with Miss Greene and Miss Fontaine. They were most hospitable, but it was not very suitable for our family with three noisy and active children to be cooped up in the same house with two older ladies for

In front of the Hoppers' new home in Chonju. Reverend Lee Ku Chul (teacher, editor of Good News Magazine, *and professor and later president of Ho Nam Seminary) on right. The pastor on the left died in an automobile accident.*

very long. We continued to urge our squatters to move, but they kept saying that the Quonset being erected for their use in front of the boys' school (also on our property) was not ready. We could see that it was finished, but still they didn't depart. Our house was the officers' quarters. It was comfortable and quiet, and they were reluctant to leave.

Mr. Linton had told the colonel that we might begin some repairs on the house before they moved out. We were pretty desperate to move, so one day I took a gang of men and started to work. The officers were only using the four bedrooms upstairs, while they worked and ate downtown somewhere. I figured we could start repairs downstairs where there was a living room, dining room, study, and kitchen. The ceiling and walls were lime plaster over wooden lathes. With abuse by North Korean occupation troops, squatters, refugees, vandals, and finally the UNCACK, a good part of that plaster had cracked or fallen. In order to replaster it was necessary to tear down all that was left.

My men went to work with a vengeance and by noon had broken plaster piled on the floor in a grand mess and the air fouled with a choking cloud of white dust. During the afternoon this would be cleaned up and the place

become fairly presentable so that replastering could begin. At midday the UN people happened to come in at the very worst possible moment! You never saw anybody so mad, especially one of them who was a nurse from Holland. Her name was Miss Vanderplast. Just as she was leaving the house for the last time she ran into our two boys and me who were walking through the yard. She gave me a royal tongue lashing, calling me inhospitable and rude, etc. etc. By supper time all their personnel had moved out, lock, stock, and barrel!

Several days later, Barron returned from playing around the compound and reported with boyish glee: "Daddy! I saw Miss Falling Plaster today!" And thus Miss Vanderplast will be forever remembered in the Hopper family!

Among the many visitors who called on me shortly after the Korean War and our return to Chonju was a young deacon from Kal-tam in Im-sil County. He said he needed some help on a problem: "We have a five hundred pound bomb and want to know how to cut it in two. They say it will make fine church bells. Can you tell us how to do this?"

I replied, "They didn't teach me how to do this when I was in seminary! Where did you get such a bomb?"

"The Americans dropped it on a bridge in our village but it didn't go off, so we have brought it to Chonju to make church bells."

"How did you get it here," I asked, "and have you unloaded it?"

"We brought it on the bus and they charged us two fares. It was so heavy it broke the bus steps when we took it off. We tried to unload it by screwing off the thing on the end, but we couldn't get the stuff out of the inside."

Here was something too hot for me to handle, so I advised, "Take that bomb to the local Korean army headquarters and have it unloaded, and then we will see about having it cut in two."

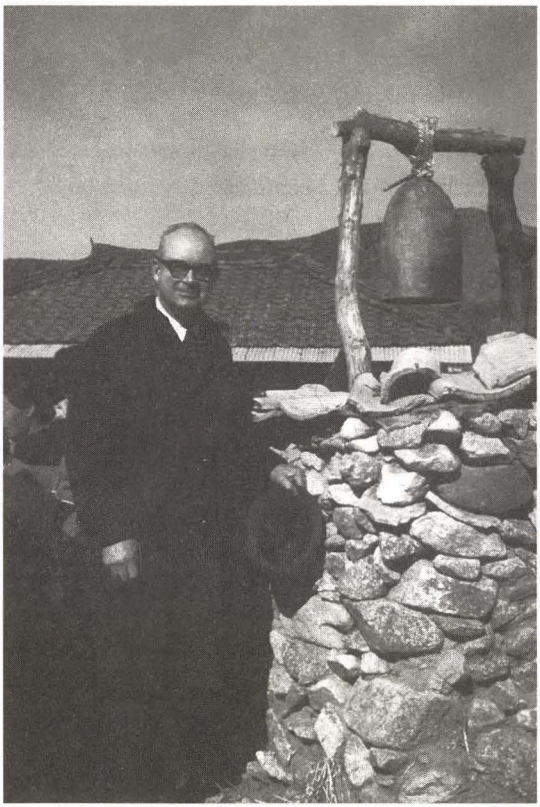
Quite by accident, I ran into this deacon on the street the next day. "Did the army unload the bomb for you?" "No," was the answer, "we didn't want to bother them about it." I realized that he knew the army would simply take it away from him and he would lose his church bells.

He went on, "We got the bomb cut in two anyhow."

"How did you do it?"

"We just kept pouring water on it, and cut it in two. It was full of little white pellets, and we have been told that we can sell them to fishermen to explode under water and stun fish. That will pay all the costs of having our church bells made!"

The two half-bomb bells "made in U.S.A." were hung at the Kal-tam and Chung-ung Churches. When struck with a wooden mallet they made a melodious ring which could be heard to summon worshippers from as far as three



Bomb bell.

miles away. The bell at Chung-ung cracked and became useless not too long afterwards. However the one at Kal-tam served until replaced by a large manufactured bell. Some members of this congregation started a church of their own several miles away in another valley at Sah-goke, and the Kal-tam bomb-bell was moved there. After some years it was again moved to another new church several miles away at Tuk-ji. When we visited Korea in 1989 we stopped at Tuk-ji but could not find the bell. Nobody was at the church so we were unable to discover what had become of it. However, we know for a fact that one bomb was used to summon worshippers at four different churches.

I wrote up this incident, sent it to the "Life in this Wide World" column in the *Reader's Digest*, and then forgot all about it. Imagine my surprise about nine months later . . .

February 11, 1956

> It would appear that Mother's lessons in composition have finally paid off in cold cash. I had a letter yesterday from the *Reader's Digest* enclosing a check for $100.00 for the piece I sent them back last June or July for "Life in this Wide World." It will appear on page 92 of the March issue, under an excellent illustration of my story. The picture must have been drawn by one of their illustrators, but by someone who had not only been in Korea but knows a little Korean language. Since I wrote the thing one morning while waiting for the family to get down for breakfast, I don't figure Mr. Hearn has any claims to it. Dot says I should get up early more often.

An important part of the organization of our home in Chonju was the use of servant help. We still had Pai Seng-won and his wife Pong Soonie who had been with us before the war. But Dot wanted to replace Whang Chi-Soon with someone younger and more teachable. Mrs. Linton recommended a young widow named Kim Chung-hi. She was a member of Mrs. Linton's sewing project for relief work, and had become the leader of the workers. We knew her as Myung-sook-ie Um-mu-ni which means "Myung-sook's mother." Her husband, a Mr. Oh, had been a young teacher at our mission school for boys (Shin-heung).

On the day the North Korean army evacuated from Chonju following the UN invasion at Inchon in September 1950, Mr. Oh disappeared, and to this day it has never been learned what happened to him. His wife searched everywhere, even among the bodies of two thousand people who were shot dead in a mass grave at the local penitentiary by the Communists as they left. She was reasonably well educated and very intelligent, neat, and industrious. For more than twenty-five years she was our cook, and an excellent one at that. Dot could tell her recipes which she wrote down and followed faithfully. Her pies and other baked goods were superb.

Myung-sook-ie Um-mu-ni had two little daughters named Myung-sook and In-sook. While her wages were never high, though in keeping with local scales, she was able to send both of them all the way through high school and college. We helped with the fees in middle and high school and advanced money for their college. Both of them married teachers and have good homes. When one of them was married in the Zion Church near the hospital, I was asked to have a prayer at the service. I nearly fell off the platform when a male quartet of teacher friends of the groom sang, first in English and then in Korean:

O give me a home, where the buffalo roam,
And the deer and the antelope play.
Where there never is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

When some mission property was for sale, I helped her buy a small house behind the Shin-heung School where she lived for many years. It was not much of a place, but as all city property values skyrocketed, it became quite valuable. When we visited Korea in the fall of 1989, Myung-sook-ie Um-mu-ni was living with one of her daughters in a tenth floor apartment in Kwangju and could be proud of the successful homes both daughters had. While working for us she had always had security, knowing that we would take care of housing, medical needs, and so on. We were always happy that the same was true of all those regularly employed for many long years in similar ways on our compound so that with only one exception that I know of, every one of their children finished college and some went on to graduate schools as well.

During this summer I also moved my office. Having it in the house with the children running around, especially when Korean guests came, was not practical. I had tried a small back room at the Ada Hamilton Clark Bible School but that was inconvenient, so I fixed up two unused rooms with a connecting door at one end of the men's Bible School dormitory. This was easily accessible for my Korean visitors and was my official place of business for several years. Later, when we remodeled an old cow barn for the mission press, I had an office there (upstairs under the roof). Finally, after Hanil Seminary (which replaced the Ada Hamilton Clark Bible School) was putting up its new building, I sold them the press building and used the money to construct a small brick building at the compound entrance and used it until we retired. Of course, Mr. Lee Young-choon who become my assistant just before the Korean War began, continued to help in my office and in all my rural church work, traveling constantly with me.

Early in July, Ernie Pettis and I had a trip to Mokpo, taking Alice and Barron and picking up George and Mary Brown in Kwangju. All the children stayed with Aunt Margaret Hopper and Miss Ada McMurphy while Ernie, Dr. J. V. N. Talmage, and I stayed with the Sommervilles. We spent Thursday looking for a new site for the compound and found a location for the mission to consider. (This move was never made, but the city has now expanded far beyond that land and it would now be immensely valuable.)

Dot giving out Gospel tracts.

Mr. Ed Junkin, son of Dr. William M. Junkin who was one of the first seven Southern Presbyterian missionaries to Korea, paid us a visit in August. I took him and some others over to Kunsan where the Presbytery officially unveiled a new stone at the grave of Dr. Junkin. The cemetery had been badly abused during two wars, and the stones were destroyed. Kunsan Presbytery honored the first missionaries to serve in that region by cleaning up the little plot, building a nice fence, and putting up new markers.

Some years later Mr. Junkin also sent five hundred dollars to be used for pulpit furniture at the Kijun School for girls in Chonju when it was rebuilt and had a new chapel. It was named Junkin Memorial in honor of his parents. He stipulated that the pulpit should have a cross on the front, using the design of the Celtic cross. I did not know what it looked like, but found a picture in a dictionary. It turned out to be the one stamped in gold on the back of *The Hymnbook*, used in our church. I carefully took its very small measurements, enlarged them, gave the design to a deacon of the Wansan Church (Mr. Yew) who reproduced it beautifully. For many years thereafter Mr. Yew produced most of the church furniture in our region. That particular cross design had never been seen in our part of the country (and possibly in all of Korea), but he used it almost entirely, as can be seen in many churches in Chonju and the surrounding region.

Many years later the Kunsan mission property was sold, and the new owners asked us to remove that cemetery (February 1966). Somehow I was assigned the job. I drove over in a truck and hired some local workmen to help. The cemetery was located on a beautiful hillside overlooking the mouth of the Kum River. There were three graves of the Junkin children, all of whom died within a few days of each other, but no remains. The skeletons of three adults were there: Dr. William M. Junkin, Mrs. William B. Harrison, and Mr. David C.

At Kunsan Airbase.

Rankin. Dr. Junkin had been buried in a leather jacket which crumbled as soon as we touched his remains.

Rankin was an assistant executive secretary of the Executive Committee of Foreign Missions who died of smallpox when visiting the ten-year-old mission in 1902. When we opened his grave, the workmen were amazed and gasped: "What sort of custom is this to bury a man with his head downhill?" When I reported the transfer of the graves to Jim Cogswell, then Asia Secretary of our Board, I told him that I had an impulse to tell them that this was the treatment accorded "board secretaries" but thought better of it. Jim must not have seen any humor in that because he never made any comment about it!

The stones were very heavy and the little pickup could hardly carry the load but we made it back to Chonju by sundown. I had taken cardboard cartons and put each set of bones in separately marked ones. Because it was late I drove the truck into our basement garage for the night. When our cook arrived the next morning and heard what was in the house, she exclaimed in some terror that she would not have come to work had she known that! I found a place in the corner of the missionary cemetery on our compound, buried the remains, and set up the stones on a concrete base. So much for another extracurricula activity of a missionary! Life in our station could be quite lively and it is a wonder we ever got our primary work done.

Several years ago the Young-myung School erected a new stone at the grave of Dr. William McCleary Junkin. The graves of three of his little sons bear testimony to the hardships and sacrifices which were the price these pioneers paid to bring Christ to Chulla Do. At this recent ceremony, new

stones were placed at the graves of Mrs. Harrison, another of the seven pioneers, and Dr. Rankin.

Various ministers spoke of memories of these pioneer missionaries and thanked God for their witness. The English teacher at the school read the following words in English.

> At the dedicating tombstones to foreign missionaries, mingling with sea-bird's song and the sound of the waves, my heart is filled with sorrowness and some affections mingled together. If I were a good poet, I could write a good poem for you, lied berried here without saying a single word. You came here over the wild Pacific with a Holy Vision and dedicated your lives to our unhappy, pagan Korean people. Now you rest here guardong peacefully, dreaming this people's happiness and praying their eternal lives. And you are live with us and will live with us forever and ever, encouraging us, Korean. I never saw you nor heart your tender voices, but I can feel your love and hear your preaching about Jesus Christ. I can not express all my affection to you. [*sic*]

Occasionally a group of men from the Kunsan Airbase would come to visit. We encouraged this because many of them seldom left the base, and then only to see the rather sordid surroundings of the city. Sometimes they would bring their own food and have a picnic on someone's lawn after they had a sightsee of some of the mission work. One night a group of airmen had their picnic supper on our tennis court and a devotional afterwards. During a time of sentence prayers, one man prayed, "O Lord! Watch over us in the God-forsaken place!" They enjoyed being in American homes again, and seeing the children. Occasionally we had groups of them at our dinner table too. Usually the chaplains arranged such visits and often came along.

By the time of our return to Chonju, both Alice and Barron were of school age (third and first grade respectively) and Dot began to teach them, using the Calvert Course which our mothers had used to teach both Dot and me. Usually school was in an upstairs bedroom and subject to many interruptions, but they stuck at it faithfully, and somehow received excellent preparation to go on to boarding school later. Dot wrote in a letter at this time that "Barron tires easily and this business of watching how awkward he is learning to write makes his mama sweat. There's nothing wrong with his little mind, and he particularly loves the nature study, and Alice the mythology." This was complicated further by the necessity for Dot to study the Korean language

Dot at their home with two Korean friends.

on the side as required by the mission. She found it difficult to put in two hours for this daily with her teacher, a fine lady called Mrs. Pak.

Christmas was naturally a big occasion for our family, and anticipated with eagerness. We developed a sort of routine which we followed for many years. The first big event of all was to find a Christmas tree. The whole family would bundle up and get in the jeep and ride out into the country five or ten miles. I brought along my shotgun and all eyes were open to spot pheasants along the way, and it was a great occasion if one or more were bagged. We would find a nice patch of young pines, ask the owner for permission to cut one (and give him a small payment), cut it down, and then bring it home to be decorated. Christmas presents were meager, but always pronounced the greatest if the packages from America had arrived on time.

We adults usually attended services at a Korean church on Christmas morning, and later everyone enjoyed a station dinner and/or Christmas party. At such an occasion on the first Christmas upon return to Chonju, Alice recited the Christmas Scripture from Luke and she and Barron posed as wisemen during the reading of the Matthew account. Names were usually drawn so that each person gave and received a present.

FURLOUGHS

There is an oft-quoted answer of a small child when asked what he wanted to be when he grew up: "A missionary on furlough!"—(a seemingly fun time). But in reality, such periods in the life of a missionary involve many aspects,

some of which are not nearly so inviting and pleasant as might appear to that child who must have seen missionaries being entertained in his home with apparently nothing more to do than make a speech or two. Planning, turning over responsibilities, packing, moving, traveling, settling again in one or more temporary residences, relating to all kinds of people and church situations in the homeland, continually trying to present inspiring and challenging missionary messages, attempting to participate in some form of continuing education, saying farewell to loved ones upon return to the field, and many other features of a furlough make it one of the highlights of a missionary career, but by no means a mere vacation.

When we first went to Korea, the normal term of service was five years on the field, followed by a one-year furlough, and return for another five-year period. The education of children always had to be taken into account, and furloughs were usually scheduled around the school calendar. In later years we were allowed other options. For a while the Board's rules permitted a short three-month furlough (usually in the summer) every two years, or a six-month furlough every three years. By the time we retired, the regular term was set at four years. One reason for these changes was that it became increasingly easier (and certainly faster and cheaper) to travel by air than by ship as in the past. It became more and more customary for missionaries to travel for short periods in the States at their own expense particularly for various family reasons such as the declining health of aging parents, children's graduations, weddings, birth of grandchildren, etc.

Our family had been in Korea only about twenty months when the Korean War forced us to take an irregular furlough in 1950. Leaving the rest of the family in the States, I was in Korea by myself for nineteen months during the war. In the fall of 1953 the whole family went to Tokyo and I had a brief four-month period in Korea early in 1954 before bringing the whole family to Chonju that spring. Because we had actually left the States in 1953, our first "regular" furlough was scheduled for 1958.

In anticipation of this, we considered various alternatives as to where to spend our time in America. Our application for Mission Haven in Decatur, Georgia, was declined as it was already full. Since my parents were living in Montreat, not too far from where Dot's parents were in Morristown, Tennessee, we settled on Montreat. It was worked out for us to rent the house in Montreat belonging to Dr. and Mrs. Stacy Farrior, missionaries to China. That furnished house was very close to my parents' home and the rental allowance from the Board would care for the payments.

Our trip called for travel by train from Chonju to Seoul, flight by Northwest Airlines to Tokyo, and by Pan American to Los Angeles with stops at Wake Island and Honolulu, and a final flight from Los Angeles to St. Louis. In those days before jet planes, this took a full two days. The Pan American flight was on one of her "Flying Clipper" ships that looked like a flying boat. Our short refueling stop on Wake Island was enough for us to see that it was barely larger than the airfield itself. Our layover in Honolulu was long enough to take a trip to the Dole Pineapple factory. While eating a meal in the Los Angeles airport between flights, I recall looking out the window and seeing a strange unmarked passenger plane landing. I was astonished to see that it appeared to have no engines. Inquiring what that was, I was informed, it was the first jet passenger plane undergoing flight tests.

At St. Louis we were met by Dot's relatives who took us out of the city to their home in Baldwin, where we were sumptuously fed and treated like royalty. The key person to entertain us was Dot's first cousin Ruth Engler, who many years later became her stepmother. Others included her mother (Aunt Annie), Uncle Peter, Aunt Mary, and Aunt Julia. Our four days were filled with meeting all sorts of relatives and friends and a visit to the St. Louis Zoo. Peter, the bachelor uncle, delighted us (and especially the children) with his quaint and humorous stories, and a sightsee of his pigs. In the years to come, it became customary to stop with these relatives as we crossed the continent on our furloughs.

We finally wound up in Montreat and were greeted by my parents. Father was still in reasonably good health, drove his car, and was doing some speaking occasionally. We settled in the Farrior house, which was located about where the driveway into the Billy Graham Association building is now. It was an old house, quite large, and not too easy to keep clean. We had good neighbors and were close enough to my parents to run back and forth easily. This was the only furlough when we did not buy a car, since my folks very generously let us use theirs. After a few days we drove to Morristown to see Dot's parents, now living in their new home. Of course such visits to Morristown were repeated many times, and similar things could be written about our activities as a family with my parents in Montreat.

Furloughs were usually timed so as to be present in Montreat for the great World Missions Conferences held each summer. Most of the Board of World Missions staff and office people moved to Montreat during those days, and many of them were personal friends. Missionaries on furlough from all the fields served by our church also participated in the conference, and this was a great time to renew acquaintances. People from all over the assembly who were

Dr. and Mrs. Hopper with children and grandchildren in their Montreat home, 1950.

strong supporters of our mission program came in great numbers. There were hundreds of young people, many of them excellent prospects for recruitment as future missionaries. We heard challenging messages about the progress of various missionary programs in many lands, and the needs for the Gospel among people around the world. We missionaries also participated in various ways in the programs of the week. The climax came on the last night when new missionaries were "commissioned" and huge crowds filled the auditorium.

Because we were living near my parents and hence I did not write letters home during this time, it is necessary to depend largely on a fading memory as to our activities. The children had to get started in school which was a new experience for them. I recall that Alice went to the elementary school in Black Mountain, riding the school bus every day, and that Dot was perhaps more concerned about that than Alice was. We participated in the activities of the Montreat Presbyterian Church and began to make friends in that community.

Of course one of our main responsibilities was to communicate with and visit our supporting churches. It was the practice of our Board to assign shares

in the support of missionaries to certain churches who then could lay special claim on us as their own. I do not recall the exact times when churches were assigned to us, but over the years the following became supporting churches at one time or another (sometimes a dozen or more at once):

Covenant Presbyterian Church, Charlotte, North Carolina.
Decatur Presbyterian Church, Decatur, Georgia.
Indiantown Presbyterian Church, Hemingway, South Carolina.
First Presbyterian Church, Gallatin, Tennessee.
Cedar Springs Presbyterian Church, Knoxville, Tennessee.
First Presbyterian Church, Charlottesville, Virginia.
First Presbyterian Church, Johnson City, Tennessee.
Beulah Presbyterian Church, Louisville, Kentucky.
Raeford Presbyterian Church, Raeford, North Carolina.
Petersen Memorial Presbyterian Church, Columbia, South Carolina.
First Presbyterian Church, Leesburg, Florida.
First Presbyterian Church, Hampton, Virginia.
Montreat Presbyterian Church, Montreat, North Carolina.
Piedmont Presbyterian Church, Callaway, Virginia.
Farmville Presbyterian Church, Farmville, North Carolina.
Stanfield Presbyterian Church, Indian Hill, North Carolina.

Usually we made one official visit to each of our supporting churches on each furlough, and always received a cordial reception. In most places, I was invited to speak from the pulpit at the Sunday morning worship service, and one or both of us spoke in Sunday School classes. Often there were evening family night affairs when we spoke, usually with slides showing Korea and our work there. Sometimes there were ladies' meetings when Dot was asked to speak. Generally we were entertained in homes, but occasionally in a hotel or motel. While all of these occasions were most enjoyable, we found such work very strenuous and were tired when we got back home. This was especially true as we grew older near the end of our mission service.

In addition to this type of church visiting, the Board also sent us on longer speaking tours during the world mission season from January through March, and at other times to special mission conferences, either in certain large churches, or arranged by a group of city churches such as those in Charlotte, or Chattanooga. As long as the children were small and living at home, Dot (with a few exceptions) had to stay at home, while I went out on such tours.

At a missions supper, Decatur Presbyterian Church, Georgia.

During our first furlough, my parents were good about taking care of the children on occasions when Dot and I made these trips together. In this way I know that they felt they were contributing an important part of the total effort in promoting world missions, but it must have meant considerable hard work, plus depending on neighbors to help them get to town or to church because we were using their car. Some of these trips stand out in my memory.

The Chattanooga Missions Conference was centered in the First Presbyterian Church but I was also scheduled to speak at functions in various other churches around the city. Mass meetings with a special speaker were at the First Church, and the pastor, Dr. Fowle, with long experience in supporting missions, put the pressure on to raise a large gift for that work. One morning I spoke to the ladies' organization at the Central Presbyterian Church. I had been staying in one home, but was being transferred to a second. The hostess of the first home took me to the meeting in her car, and my suitcase and hanging suit were locked in her car.

During the meeting someone jimmied open the little front window and took my suitcase. Unfortunately the box with the selected Kodachrome slide set which I used in making talks was in that suitcase. All other items could be replaced . . . but not those! The police were very helpful and put notices on the radio and in the paper to the effect that if that box of slides was returned, there would be no questions asked about the rest. My camera, a beautiful Kodak purchased in the Kunsan Airbase PX, was also stolen. When Dr. Fowle heard this and someone offered me a much older Argus, he thought that loss was taken care of (but there was no comparison in the cameras). A week or so after I returned to Montreat, word came that the police had retrieved my suitcase and were sending it to me. The camera and electric razor were gone . . . but all

At a missions conference, about 1988.

my papers, books, and the set of slides (still in the proper order) were there!

A somewhat happier experience took place at a Chattanooga Conference several furloughs later. I was scheduled to speak at the morning worship service of a large church on one of the mountains in the city. I had a city map, had studied the roads, and thought I could find it with ease. Unfortunately it was late spring and the trees were in full leaf. Those roads wound around crazily and I got hopelessly lost and could not see where to go. I pulled off the road to study the map and get my bearings when a nice car drew up beside me. The man asked if I needed help, and when I told him my problem, he said, "Follow me!" He took me right to my church, and as I thanked him, he said, "Tell the pastor (he was a friend) that the mayor of Chattanooga brought him his preacher this morning. I am going on to the Methodist church!"

Another visit on that first furlough was to Gallatin, Tennessee, which had assumed part of our support. Leaving the older children with my parents, we took little Margaret along with us. The church put us up at a hotel a block or so from the church. There was a family night supper after which I was to give a slide talk. As the supper ended, Margaret got fussy, and Dot tried to take her into another room during the slide show. That made Margaret furious because she wanted to watch, and she threw a real tantrum, so much so that Dot took her howling back to the hotel. During the night, Margaret began to complain about a sore throat, and we began to suspect that she had the mumps since our David had them a few weeks before.

Sure enough, we returned to Montreat with Margaret coming down with mumps and in a day or so the rest of the family including Dot and me all had the same malady! Five of us (all except David, who had already recovered) were now laid up for some days simultaneously. Various speaking appointments had to be canceled, much to our embarrassment. Fortunately, Father and

Mother were close by and took over our care, bringing us meals, and so on. At least it provided time for a good rest!

In the early spring of 1959, we had a visit to the Indiantown Presbyterian Church in Hemingway, South Carolina. This is an old historic church, and one of the largest rural churches in our assembly. Over the years we paid many visits there and always enjoyed wonderful hospitality. Gene Beckman was the pastor and he and Nat remained our good friends the rest of our lives. We were to speak at a Thursday family night supper and at services on Sunday. Gene was an avid hunter and promised to take me deer hunting on Friday. He was chaplain for a hunting club composed of a group of fine men, and knew I liked hunting in Korea.

When we left Montreat on Thursday morning, driving my parent's car, there was no snow, but as we crossed the line into South Carolina we began to meet cars with snow on them. Soon we began to run into both snow and a freezing rainstorm. The roads became progressively more slippery and signs of a major storm grew. We soon saw that we would almost certainly be late for the evening meeting, but hoped as we went further south that the snow and ice would disappear. Instead it got worse. When I tried to telephone the Beckmans, I learned that all telephone lines in lower South Carolina were out. We kept traveling slowly, hoping to reach the Indiantown Church in time for the program if not the supper.

It grew dark as we approached the church, but with no lights in houses along those lonely flat rural roads, we could not find it. Seeing candlelight in one house, I stopped and asked and was directed to the Beckman home. Gene and Nat were astounded that we had arrived (actually in time for our "show"). They had assumed that with that much snow and ice in South Carolina, surely Montreat would be snowed in completely. The supper meeting had been canceled, of course, and so was the hunt the next day.

However, on Saturday we went hunting with the club members. They had leased a large section of flat, somewhat marshy, piney woods and turned loose their dogs to chase up the deer. I did see one at a distance, but never got a shot, and neither did any of the others. It was still nasty and cold and wet, but we all gathered at a little shed for dinner. The goulash of chicken and rice with lots of black pepper had been prepared in a large pot, and was good and hot and enjoyed by all, while they swapped whopping tales about their hunting exploits.

Another time Dot and I had a visit of several days to Savannah, Georgia, in the spring. This was for the missions conference of the historic Independent Presbyterian Church. We learned that it is independent of connections with any

denomination because of the conditions under which the land grant was made by the King of England for this church. However, for all practical purposes it belonged to the Southern Presbyterian Church and we were regarded as their missionaries. This was the church where the famous hymnwriter, Lowell Mason, was an elder. He wrote "From Greenland's Icy Mountains" and many other familiar hymns. We were told that he left the Independent Church and helped found another Presbyterian church, saying that the idea of an Independent Presbyterian church is a contradiction in terms.

We arrived in Savannah just in time to pull up beside the church and enter the fellowship hall for their Thursday night supper, after which Dr. Nelson Bell was to speak. Dr. Cousar, the pastor, asked me to have the opening prayer. He took us up a narrow winding stairway to the platform and I gasped at what I saw. That platform was about ten feet high off the floor of the sanctuary and unprotected by any kind of railing! During our days there, I once tried to climb the great steeple, one of the landmarks of the city. I ascended stairs and ladders until finally turning around because of the swarm of "bats in the belfry." We also enjoyed the sights of this beautiful old city which was so well laid out by Oglethorpe, and in the spring, full of blooming azaleas.

Upon return from furlough in September of 1959, life at home began to take up its normal routine, and although we had to spend an enormous amount of time and energy in 1959 and 1960 with the problems arising from the division of the Presbyterian Church of Korea, we did manage to continue working with our rural churches, and saw amazing growth in spite of the difficulties.

CONTINUING PIONEER EVANGELISM

One important reason for the great growth of the church in Korea is that from the beginning of their work over a century ago missionary evangelists concentrated on widespread itineration in rural areas which are populated with hundreds of villages, many of which are quite large. In each major city where they settled, these pioneers established a mother church whose leaders and members were given the primary responsibility for the Gospel witness around that center, while the missionaries traveled tirelessly in the countryside. This meant that they were often away from home for weeks at a time, traveling and living under the most primitive of conditions. Sometimes my father was gone for ten days over two weekends, traveling by bus, boat, or on foot. Rev. E. T. Boyer had a reputation for staying out for three weeks without returning home.

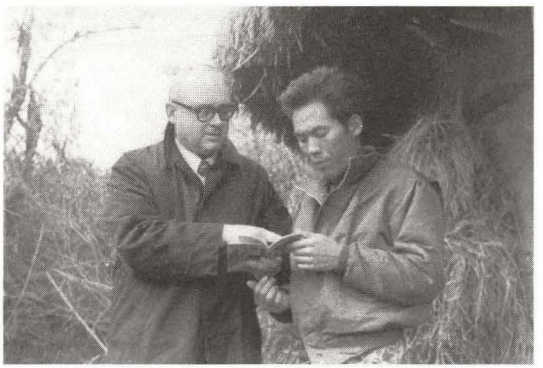
Dot with church leaders, by the Land Rover and travel trailer at Wul Pyong Church.

This kind of work has yielded rich fruit, because today the rural landscape is dotted with church steeples, and thousands who have been won to Christ through them have moved to the cities to swell their famous megachurches.

My own work followed this pattern, though not for such extended periods away from home as some of my predecessors. When the children were small, conditions in the nation not too secure, and essential supplies difficult to find, I made trips lasting three or four days, but seldom any longer. Nevertheless I was always exhausted, hungry, and sorely needing a hot bath upon return home.

In thirty-eight years, I was promoted for vehicular service through a couple of ancient U.S. Army jeeps, two Willys jeeps, two British Land Rovers, and a Ford Pinto wagon. Maintaining a supply of car parts was always a problem. Occasionally, used parts could be found locally or in Seoul, but otherwise they had to be ordered from the United States or from England. Sometimes they were machine tooled in shops in Chonju to fit whatever I was driving. Certain basic parts always had to be carried on country trips, such as spare tires, an extra fan belt, a can of gasoline, and car tools. Only in our very last years were roads largely paved. Until these improvements, this meant plowing through deep mud or bouncing over roads covered with sharp cracked stones. My Korean friends would always laugh when I remarked: "They used to persecute missionaries by throwing stones at them; now they throw the stones into the middle of the road and let the missionary shake himself to death as he drives!" More than once the engine just died out in the middle of nowhere.

Villagers routinely threw ashes from wood fires into the street leaving shards so that punctures were frequent. Often roads into villages were so narrow with soggy rice paddies on either side that we slipped off and had to manhandle the car back onto the track. We learned how to look down a stretch of muddy road and calculate our chances of dashing through. Many



Joe explaining the Gospel to a Korean farmer.

times we wound up bogged down axle-deep in the sticky goo. We learned that straw bags (used to hold rice) could be laid in the mud and provided excellent traction back to firmer ground. In some places there were no bridges and, if the water was high, plunging through was risky and sometimes meant having to be towed out by a truck. All of this made us more than appreciative of the fine expressways and paved or vastly improved dirt roads which now make virtually every village easily accessible.

It was necessary, of course, to work out a systematic routine for our itineration over a large part of North Chulla province. Careful preparation was essential before takeoff if all needs were to be supplied for a satisfactory mission. In order to do the church work itself, the following items had to be packed: Bible, hymnbook, a small book of church rules and ceremonies, sermon notes, and a Communion set with bread and grape juice. Since a New Testament with Korean and English in parallel columns was available, I almost always used that, but occasionally I took a whole Korean Bible if I planned to use the Old Testament.

During the Korean War someone in a church in Hampton, Virginia, (I have forgotten which one) sent me a two-tray aluminum Communion set which I used almost my entire time in Korea. Two aluminum bread plates were included and all were wrapped in a large scarf for easy carrying. Suitable clean clothes for the Communion table were added since the little churches could seldom provide them. At first the cups were glass and were often broken in travel, but in later years we were able to get plastic ones. This set always left our home clean, but as we traveled from church to church it was washed many times by church women and I shuddered to think of the impure water and dirty cloths used in the process. Furthermore, it got banged around or dropped as the jeep careened over rough roads and is today nothing like the shiny silver

sets gracing most of our American churches. Bread was not obtainable in Korean homes or shops in our early years so I took enough along to use. There was seldom any real grape juice available. Occasionally I could buy some, perhaps from United States military sources, but it was often necessary to use powdered grape juice such as Kool-aid or something similar. This had the advantage that it would not be spilled while traveling and could be mixed with the boiled drinking water which I always carried along.

Then came supplies for my personal needs. Changes of clothing and toilet articles had to be packed. Because Korean homes were often not too clean, and almost always infested with lice, fleas, bedbugs, and all sorts of unmentionables, I simply did not see any sense in sleeping on the floor as is the Korean custom. For hours as I sat on the floor (in the absence of any chairs) I could see these pests prancing around and often flicked them away with a finger. So I took along a small low folding cot, and enough blankets or a sleeping bag and pillow. It was always troublesome and a bit embarrassing to set this up in a room which may have been only six by eight feet in size (or even less), but a good night's sleep was an essential if I was to carry on my work. I also took along a flashlight for getting around the pitch black village alleys at night. Some light reading went along in case there was a rare relaxed moment. With constant unsettled political conditions I included a little battery powered radio tuned to Armed Forces Korea Network (AFKN) to keep track of local and international affairs.

Some food and all my drinking water had to be taken along too. I ate with my Korean hosts, but in the early days the diet was sometimes so poor that even my Korean assistant had difficulty with it. The main meal for the Koreans is breakfast, but that is similar to the other meals. It was usually a large bowl of rice with seaweed soup and kimchi and other things that just didn't seem like breakfast. Hence, this was the only meal I usually prepared for myself. It consisted of fruit (always plentiful in Korea), a fried egg or two, some biscuits with butter and jam, and (best of all) a cup of hot coffee. I had a small U.S. Army surplus gasoline pressure stove, about the size of a quart jar. It was somewhat unpredictable and always dangerous, but would fry an egg and boil water for instant coffee. This meant being sure I took with me the stove, matches, small frying pan, cup, and eating utensils. Often I would stick several biscuits in my coat pocket to eat later in the day if the food was too poor and I could sneak a bite when no one was looking.

Another essential was a good lantern, and for most of the time I used Coleman kerosene pressure lanterns. These produced a brilliant light of about 300-candle power and could illuminate a whole little church much to the

Meeting with fellow Korean pastors.

wonder of the villagers for whom this was the brightest light they had ever seen. This required taking along not only the lantern itself, but extra kerosene and a little can of alcohol used to prime the light. Sometimes those delicate wicks would break and had to be replaced with new ones I carried along.

Packing all this stuff and keeping it from getting damaged or lost en route was complicated . . . to say nothing of getting it loaded and unloaded at each stop. But the net result was that we had all that was necessary to keep healthy, keep mobile, and keep fully equipped for the work we had come to do. Much time and energy would have been wasted, and less work accomplished, had we tried to carry on with less paraphernalia . . . and we know that the results have justified our system. As the years went on and all the conditions improved it was possible to dispense with much of the gear we took along at first.

Since the Korean presbyteries always assigned me large districts where I was responsible for thirty to forty churches each year, my assistant and I usually worked out a schedule in advance and notified each place of our date and time of arrival, time set for examinations and worship service, and time of departure. Quite often (for instance) we left home on Thursday. After three or four hours of travel we reached the first place, worked during the afternoon and evening, and spent the night there. Early the next morning we traveled to the next church which was usually not very far away and again went through the same routine that morning as during the previous evening. After lunch we went on to the third place and repeated the same schedule as the previous day. Saturday and Sunday followed the same pattern morning and night so that we reached seven churches between Thursday and Sunday night before going back to Chonju on Monday morning. We tried to print up the entire schedule for a fall or spring itinerating season and send copies to all churches, but even

so there were occasional mix-ups because our Korean friends could not comprehend such a careful scheduling of time.

The best itinerating season was in the spring and fall when the weather was likely to be most comfortable. At other times of the year I was always out at least on Sundays and sometimes for longer periods to attend to all the complicated affairs of these little meeting places. The Korean Church has a longstanding custom of receiving new members and administering the sacraments twice a year . . . once in the spring and once in the fall. This practice very likely originated because that was the only way the early missionaries could take care of large areas and many churches, and so now even city churches with their own pastors continue to regard this as the orthodox way.

The mission provided the salary for an assistant. My first language teachers also served in this capacity. There were two of them for a few months each and neither was very much help. In the spring of 1950 the second of these decided to go into politics, so Deacon Lee Young-choon became my teacher and assistant for the next twenty years. He was not college trained but did have considerable education and knew the Chinese characters. I could read the Korean script, but did not know Chinese, so Mr. Lee could read letters and documents in the mixed script for me. For some years prior to World War II he had lived in Japan and studied Oriental medicine, and as we traveled among the rural churches he often gave unsolicited advice about the use of various remedies . . . something I never encouraged but which undoubtedly enhanced his prestige among our village friends.

Best of all Mr. Lee was an earnest Christian, with plenty of common sense and wisdom about dealing with country folks. He was always loyal to me and to the best interests of the Lord's work. I look back with gratitude to his patience and longsuffering in putting up with my faults and blunders which

Joe with Korean friends.

Talking to a rural gentleman about Jesus while village children listen.

were numerous. There were seemingly endless powwows over church problems and frictions between fractious church members where he could be understanding and sympathetic. Because occasionally hard decisions had to be made which displeased some of our people, he often had to take the blame in matters where I was really responsible. I know that many times he shielded me from criticism and smoothed the paths both ahead and behind me. Not the least was putting up with my poor Korean, and listening to the same sermons many times over, and going through what eventually was a monotonous but very necessary routine in every church.

All those years he suffered the same discomforts of travel and wretched accommodations, as well as the long tedious hours of church work. Whenever the jeep had to be pushed to get started, his one-hundred-pound weight was behind me. How many times he helped change punctured tires could never be counted. Often in extremely poor homes, the food was so bad, that even he had difficulty getting it down.

When all was packed and good-byes said at home, Mr. Lee and I traveled as scheduled. Arrival at each place usually created great excitement. There were occasions when I was the first American (and my jeep the first vehicle) to enter a village. Huge crowds immediately appeared and packed around us. The local church leaders then instantly assumed airs of great importance as hosts to the distinguished visitors. There were loud discussions as to where to leave the vehicle so it would be protected from kids clambering all over it, letting air out of the tires, or worse. All the equipment I have described above was lifted out to go to our temporary abode which was usually the home of the evangelist or of a deacon. Sometimes a considerable walk was necessary through the winding narrow alleys filled with mud, trash, and filthy drains from each

home emptying into a ditch which was often indistinguishable from the path.

The best room was already cleared and cleaned for our use. Removing my shoes I would enter the room, taking care not to scalp myself entering the low door. To this day my head bears the scars of the many times I miscalculated! The floor was covered with a smooth oiled paper, almost like linoleum in the best homes. It was a raised stone platform, plastered with mud, and heated from the kitchen fire whose heat passed through channels under the stones. This may well be the most efficient use of fuel in the whole world, and normally keeps the rooms very comfortable. Since the place of honor for a guest is the spot nearest the source of the heat, I was always ushered to that place and seated on a mat or pillow provided for me. Sometimes this welcome became uncomfortably warm and I had to request a less honorable seat!

It is important to take note of the matter of putting shoes on and off. This had to be done every time one went in and out of a home, a church, a school, and many offices. Koreans could do it gracefully in a minimum of time. But even when I used slip-on shoes it seemed to be a clumsy business. Since I often had on overshoes for walking through the ever-present mud, and had to tie and untie shoelaces, I must have spent a considerable part of my missionary career in this task. Koreans could always accomplish this without sitting down, but for fear of losing my balance I usually had to sit down on the narrow little wooden porch of a house, or prop myself up against the wall of a church. This required considerable room to maneuver for a man of my size, and it was surprising how difficult it was in crowded Korean living space to find enough for my needs!

It is customary among Korean Christians when entering a home, church, office, or even a bus or train, to bow briefly in prayer. Westerners forget

Joe with church leaders, 1961.

Joe and Presbytery leaders being served refreshments at a church on a quick day's tour to check on progress in several places.

themselves easily and fail to follow this practice, and are embarrassed when others have bowed their heads and they have neglected to do so! When Koreans came to my office or home, sometimes their prayers went on for quite a while, and I learned to calculate that the longer this prayer continued the greater would be the request I would hear. Whenever snacks or refreshments are served, it is also expected that someone lead in prayer. Since this might be several times and just before the main meal itself, I would sometimes run out of blessings in my limited Korean language!

Of course all the usual greetings had to be made, questions asked and answered about everybody's health, the welfare of families and the church, and so on. Before work could begin, no matter how pressed for time we might be, refreshments had to be served. Even though our arrival was anticipated, it seemed to take an interminable period of time to prepare and serve the goodies. According to the season of the year, this was strawberries, apples, peaches, pears, grapes, persimmons, melons, or chestnuts, plus cookies or candy, eggs (usually raw), along with tea of some sort. Sometimes the tea was of roasted and crushed barley, or else ginger or ginseng. Occasionally they had some kind of carbonated sweet drink whose only virtue was that our missionary doctors assured us it was safe to drink. Another drink was like Kool-aid made from lemon or pineapple

flavored powder mixed with water. It tasted all right but there was no way of knowing from what polluted source the unboiled water came . . . we just had to trust the Lord to purify it for us.

About midway through our career, Coca-Cola arrived and soon there was no place no matter how remote without it. We attended the grand opening ceremony of the modern bottling plant built in Chonju to supply all of southwestern Korea. On that occasion a plant official in his speech said: "It is the purpose of the Coca-Cola company to provide our drink to every person in the whole world!" I thought of the great commission of our Lord and could not help thinking, "If the Coca-Cola company can reach its goal, surely we can do no less!" Several times when Cokes were served in some remote village home, the host would exclaim, "We like this new drink! Do you have it in America?"

Somewhere during these years, coffee was introduced. It was expensive and hence only occasionally served, sometimes with interesting variations. Perhaps the most innovative was at a large city church where we were served cups of coffee into which a raw egg had been dropped and corn flakes (also rare) sprinkled on the top! How is that for an instant breakfast? During this time-consuming refreshment period, with typical Western impatience I was usually anxious to get down to the business for which we had come and which I knew was going to be lengthy, but for my parishioners time meant nothing so I had to try to learn patience.

Meals were always served up in the best way these small churches could afford. Usually the food was set on small tables about twelve inches high and brought in to the room and set before us. Fashion seemed to decree that as nearly as possible there be no blank spaces on the table . . . every inch was covered with some kind of dish. The only utensils were chopsticks and small rather flat spoons. I preferred to eat at a table with the other men (the women always ate later), but

Joe with deaconess friend in Chung Kay region, spring 1962.

Dot on a visit to Chonju City home for the poor.

sometimes a small tray for me alone would be brought. This was not really to segregate me, but as a special honor, and sometimes I observed that I was provided with goodies the others did not have. Often it was obvious that this was done at great sacrifice by people who scarcely had enough to eat themselves.

Koreans want to have rice at every meal, three times a day, and there is no rice anywhere more tasty than good Korean rice. But in some homes it was a luxury, served to us as a special treat. In the poorer homes it was mixed with barley and/or beans. There was usually a soup. In later years, when made with chicken or pork or beef, it was delicious, although highly seasoned with lots of onion and garlic. Earlier in our travels, though, it was often made of seaweed, or bits of dried fish, or just turnip or cabbage, and was pretty difficult to consume. When it could be afforded, "pool-kog-gi" (literally "fire-meat" . . . bits of delicious fried beef), pork, fish, and various vegetables were served. Always prominent was the Korean "kim-chi," the fiery-hot pickle for which the land is famous. There were often mysterious bits of things out of the ocean, or some kind of small insects, or strange mixtures of vegetables and red pepper, said to be quite tasty, and all of which I ignored as much as possible. Often a grandmother or two hovered behind, suggesting that I eat this or that, and sometimes picking up bits of food in chopsticks and practically forcing it into my mouth.

Word was sent in advance for all those who were to be examined to be present when we arrived so as not to waste time. But that seldom happened. Time after time we had to sit and wait while a mysterious process went on to round up our victims. We usually tried to find out in advance how many candidates there were and arranged our time accordingly. There were two types of examinations, the catechumen and then baptismal. The rules of the Korean Church are that after a person decides to believe and attends church for six months, he takes a preliminary exam. This catechumen exam consists of a few simple questions about Jesus and the reasons for accepting Him as Savior, and a promise to discontinue heathen practices (particularly ancestor worship), to read the Bible, and to attend the church meetings.

After six more months these new Christians return for a second and more difficult examination before baptism. In addition to questions about the life and teachings of Jesus, they are expected to know the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, the Apostles' Creed, the meaning of the sacraments, and the standards of Christian living. There were usually so many to be examined that I tried to take the candidates in groups of four, although if there were a great many we sometimes had to take more. When the evangelist had prepared them

Joe speaking to host about Christ as he waits for dinner following preaching in the church in Chung-ka, 1962.

Joe doing personal evangelism in the fields in Oombong.

well, it did not take much time. But if they were poorly prepared it took much longer because we were really teaching as well as examining.

Often those being examined would simply clam up. Some of the old grandmothers would wail, "I don't know anything at all! I am ignorant and stupid!" It was true that among them were many who could not read, did not even have a name, and had been told all their lives that they didn't know anything. Theirs was truly a simple faith, and often without much knowledge. Yet it was amazing how within a short time they were able to pray eloquently in church services, attend every meeting no matter how early or late, and round up their friends to come and accept the Savior who had brought them so much joy and hope. Rows of teenage girls sometimes giggled, hung their heads, and refused to look at me, and under no circumstances could be persuaded to say anything at all. Most of them were terrified and I had to assure them that I was not a tiger about to tear them to pieces. Once or twice, a row of barefooted little boys came in with feet so dirty I had to send them out to wash their feet and come back. I wonder how many elders and deacons now recall their boyhood astonishment at that order!

The evangelist or some deacon ushered these candidates into the room and sat in the corner. In their eagerness to help they often coached their protegees with loud whispers for which I would have to rebuke them and even make them go outside. One time the four-year-old son of an evangelist was sitting on the door sill listening to some stubborn examinees who were either unable or unwilling to answer the question: "Who is Jesus?" He had heard his father drill them in the proper answer over and over again, and was having trouble keeping his mouth shut with his hands tightly clamped over his lips. Finally after I had tried to coax the answer out of my reluctant pupils for the twentieth time, he exploded, "He's the Son of God!" to the amusement of everyone within earshot.

Occasionally the answers were hilarious, particularly when they involved biblical names which were strange and difficult for these new believers. I once asked, "Where was Jesus born?" The answer, "Tomato," (also a foreign word.) I frequently asked, "Who came to worship the baby Jesus?" Invariably the answer was, "The wisemen from the east," but almost never were the shepherds mentioned. The only explanation I know for this is that to Easterners tend to look down on lowly shepherds but greatly revere "wisemen" (they use the same word for those who came to see Jesus that we use for a Ph.D.); these distinguished gentlemen were the only ones worth remembering!

During thirty-eight years of constantly traveling to my rural churches, I held these examinations thousands of times. We could never calculate the number of hours spent sitting cross-legged on the hard floor, sometimes three or four hours (or even longer) at a stretch. Often it was necessary to violate Korean custom and simply stretch my legs out in front of me. As a long-legged American in these very small Korean rooms this was probably very impolite but I would have to apologize and make fun of myself for this rudeness. Toward the end of our missionary career, I found that sitting on the floor became more and more difficult (and painful) as my old bones got stiff and tired.

If there was no convenient room for holding examinations, they were held in the little church. This meant that while the examinations were going on in the front of the room, a good part of the congregation was sitting in the rear and could hear all that went on. They were curious about the whole business and usually listened carefully, although they were not above making loud remarks or coaching those who were slow in answering. While this was somewhat disturbing, we also realized that by listening to the questions and answers, plus whatever explanations and exhortations we felt were appropriate along the way, the whole crowd was really being subjected to an excellent learning

situation. Occasionally even non-Christians would hang around within earshot and unwittingly be subjected to this form of indoctrination.

I still have detailed records of this work from 1952 through 1986. Prior to that time the disruption of the Korean War destroyed all records. I kept account of: one, the number of catechumens; two, the number of adult baptisms; three, the number of those who had been baptized in infancy who were received into full membership; and four, the number of infant baptisms. Since these were all new churches and nearly all were new Christians, the numbers in three and four were almost nil. Here are sample records in 1954 and 1955 of trips to the same part of Namwon County:

Date:	Place:	#1	#2	#3	#4	Total
May 26, 1954	Pi-hong-chi	1	-	1	-	2
May 27	Kum-ji	33	2	-	-	35
	Chu-seng	15	12	-	-	27
May 28	Sey-jun	1	2	-	-	3
	San-dong	11	3	3	-	17
May 30	Whang-pul	9	9	-	-	18

Date:	Place:	#1	#2	#3	#4	Total
May 20, 1955	Whang-pul	10	2	-	2	14
May 21	Chin-gi	10	8	-	-	18
May 22	Sah-mai	8	1	-	-	9
May 27	Kum-ji	3	5	-	-	8
May 28	Chu-seng	13	2	-	1	16
May 29	Pi-hong-chi	7	2	-	-	9

Perhaps the all-time record (except at the Soh-Seng Leper Church which always had large numbers) was a Sunday morning at the Lee-paek Church in Namwon County. We had been informed that a church had started in this village and its people were ready to be examined. We had never been there and arrived soon after breakfast on Sunday expecting to take care of the examinations before the morning worship service. As usual upon arrival, almost my first question was, "How many do you have ready to be examined?" "About a hundred!" was the astonishing reply. Even taking four or five at a time for only fifteen minutes at a clip posed quite a scheduling problem. Since most of these were for the catechumen examination which elders could hold if necessary, I assigned two elders

With friends in the Namwon area.

from the Namwon Tong-puk Church who happened to have come along with us (Yoon Sung-man and Kim Uhn-ha) to hold examinations in one room while my assistant (Deacon Lee Young-choon) and I worked in another. It must have been nearly two o'clock in the afternoon before we finished, while the whole congregation of new believers waited for the service when their first new members would be officially received. My records show that we received seventy-nine catechumens and I baptized twelve adults. There were always a few who were not properly prepared or for other reasons had to be postponed.

The grand totals from 1952 until we retired were 6,002 catechumens, 3,192 adult baptisms, 213 infants baptized, and 27 of those baptized as infants received into membership for a total of 9,434 in all. It was always noticeable that we baptized approximately half the number we received as catechumens. Part of this was because some fell away, but since I was in charge for only a few years while the church was young and other ministers took over afterwards, it is very likely that many were baptized later.

When all was ready we held the worship service. Everyone was seated on the floor, men on one side and women on the other. Mothers often brought several small children with them who ran in and out during the service. If their babies required feeding or any other attention this was cared for without

embarrassment wherever they happened to be sitting. Many babies were tied to the backs of their mothers who sometimes stood at the back of the little church jiggling them up and down to keep them quiet or put them to sleep. Often the crowd had been gathering for hours beforehand and occupied themselves with singing hymns while waiting for the service to begin.

I carefully prepared the Communion set with the cloth covers, while the assembled multitude watched with great interest because it seemed to represent something mysterious to people accustomed to all kinds of elaborate shamanistic rituals. The evangelist in charge of the church (or an elder or deacon when there was no evangelist) usually presided, in much the same way services are held here in the United States. Hymns were sung with great enthusiasm, and often off-key as might be expected. There was seldom an instrument, although sometimes the church had acquired a small pump organ played in such a way that it was more hindrance than help.

Prayers were long, and many times (I once counted five) in the same service I heard the same petition, "Oh Lord, thank you for sending your honorable right-hand servant, the missionary, to be with us today!" It always seemed like the Lord did not need to be reminded of this quite so often, and the idea of an honorable servant struck me as somewhat self-contradictory. Then I preached a simple Gospel message, and tried to relate my words to a congregation to whom most of this was new. Perhaps the congregation paid closer attention because my foreign accent (and frequent linguistic boo-boos) was amusing. I suppose I used Luke 19:1–10 more than any other single passage because the story of Jesus and Zaccheus is so understandable and has such an appropriate conclusion with the words, "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

After the sermon came the reception of new members. The names of those received as catechumens were read, and they replied and stood up. I propounded some simple vows to which they responded. Afterwards I announced that they were now catechumens. Then those to be baptized were called forward. Although told to line up in the order called, they always seemed to get mixed up and this caused considerable confusion. Holding the list of names in one hand I baptized with the other, while my assistant held the water and prompted me when I mispronounced the names (which was easy to do). On the first visit to a church it was not unusual for the administering of this sacrament to elicit loud comments from those in the congregation . . . perhaps a know-it-all member of the church explaining to someone who had never witnessed it what this was all about. If it was a row of little girls, and one of

them started to giggle, soon all of them would join in and a stern reprimand would be required. Occasionally an old grandmother would weep with emotion. Once in a small church where all were lepers, an elderly woman whom I baptized did a strange little dance with her feet moving in a circle while the rest of her body stayed still. Another time on a bitterly cold January day in an unheated church, I once watched the water for the baptism in the little bowl freeze over while I was preaching (it wasn't a very long sermon either) and had to tap and break it before the ceremony!

There were very few infant baptisms, simply because in a new church there were seldom any Christian families. But when infants were presented for baptism, it afforded an opportunity to briefly extol the values of a Christian home. As happens anywhere, we never knew how a baby would behave. It was not my practice to try to hold the child to whom a large foreigner might appear frightening. Besides, in those days diapers were not normally used!

At this point in the service it was customary to announce the appointment of unordained deacons, "kwun-chals," and Sunday School teachers. The list was usually prepared by the local evangelist ahead of time, and I would approve it, although I seldom knew the people well enough to know who was qualified and simply had to take his word for it. The congregation was always quiet and waited with bated breath for this announcement because to become an officer and therefore entitled to be addressed as "Deacon" so-and-so was a much coveted honor.

Finally all baptized members were asked to sit at the front of the church. Often there were very few (perhaps only a dozen) eligible to partake of Communion and the rest were simply onlookers. Many times, the windows of the little meeting place were wide open but filled with the faces of curious villagers who had never seen such a service before. Here I realized our Savior's wisdom in giving us the sacraments where, by visible symbols, such deep truths could be taught and remembered by sight and hearing. With both sacraments, my lengthy explanation of their meaning was intended not just for those participating but for all the curious witnesses both inside and outside the church. The climax came as, while thinking of these spectators, I repeated the words of the Savior, "As often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, you do show forth the Lord's death until he comes."

If this was a morning service, we ate dinner wherever it had been prepared for us (usually in the home of the most prosperous church member) and moved on afterwards to the next church. While waiting to eat, as many as could crowded into the little room where we talked over local church affairs, answered

Joe holding twins in Tong Sin area, 1974. Joe rejoiced in the opportunity to perform infant baptisms.

questions about the Bible and the Christian faith, and discussed everything else from local farming conditions to world affairs. All this was time consuming but provided cultural and physical (literally) close contact with my Korean friends. In the early days when the rice had to be cooked over a wood-fire, several hours wait was often involved. The fires had to be started, the water boiled, and the rice cooked . . . and that takes time. Often we would hear the "old red hen" give her final squawk before being put into the pot and boiled for the missionary's dinner. She would then be brought to the table in lordly splendor, with head, feet, and everything else all in one piece. Rarely was a knife provided, so the hostess would come and pull the delectable fowl apart with her fingers.

Evening services usually ran very late, often well past my usual bedtime. I longed to open up my cot, spread out my sleeping bag, and go to sleep. But no! That was not to be. Again, as many church folks as possible crowded into the little room, almost sitting on one another, for more of the inevitable refreshments and continued socializing for what seemed endless hours while I tried to keep my eyes open. Finally they would leave, and we could settle down for the night . . . usually with my assistant and perhaps several other men in the same room. The fire which heated the floor had been stoked for the night, making the room uncomfortably warm. There were no windows and usually only one door which was made of a wooden lattice work covered over with white Korean paper. This door was always shut tight. As a result in a few minutes with heat in the floor, and several men snoring about me, and no ventilation at all, the situation became unbearably hot and stuffy so far as I was concerned.

I soon learned to position my cot so that my head was as close as possible to the door where if there was any crack at all, I could get some fresh air. Often when all was quiet, I gently opened the door an inch or so. The next morning when my roommates awoke there were loud complaints: "Who was so stupid

as to leave the door open?" and I would play dumb. I always felt that perhaps the extremely high rate of tuberculosis in Korea in those days could have resulted in large measure from lack of ventilation in sleeping quarters. There was one very zealous deacon who used to enjoy traveling around with us from church to church. His incessant coughing and spitting was clear evidence of that disease. I had to ask my assistant (who always acted as my go-between) to insist on an arrangement with our hosts so that under no circumstances would I sleep in the same room with that deacon. I never heard whether this offended him or not, but common sense dictated this precaution.

Rats and flies were common pests. In the poorer homes, the ceiling was made by stringing thin wires from side to side of the room and then pasting paper to the underside. Often newspapers or other disposable paper were used. When the rats came out to play and romped around on that thin surface it was like tap-dancing on a snare drum. One time I was lying on the floor relaxing after supper and

Gathering for Christian worship in an unfinished church building.

waiting for the evening service to begin and almost fell asleep. Suddenly something hit me in the face, and I was startled to see a rat scampering off. There was a little hole in the ceiling and he had dropped through . . . right on my face! Thankfully, the military government of Pak Chung-hi did a thorough job of eliminating these pests. Nationwide rat-killing days were announced when everyone had to put out government supplied poison according to strict directions. All pets and livestock had to be tied up or penned. Periodic repetitions of this treatment were extremely effective, so that in recent years large rats were seldom seen and an enormous amount of grain was conserved for human consumption.

Then there were flies, and, of course no screens of any kind. Considering all the livestock and various forms of filth all about, who knows what germs they were carrying. Sometimes there was a wire or string across the upper part of the room on which to hang clothes, and early in the morning it would be a solid black rope of flies clinging on it. At the break of dawn someone would get up and disturb them and the buzzing would begin. Worst of all was mealtime when they swarmed all over the food, and I had to shoo them off with one hand while eating with the other. Once (at Oon-ho) we had lunch in the home of a deacon whose old mother sat in the corner constantly complaining how bad her eyes were and that she couldn't see at all. But every minute or so a fly would light on the floor in front of her, her open palm would dart out, and without fail close on a hapless fly which she crushed and threw out the door (all the time repeating, "I can't see at all!"). She must have caught dozens of them while we watched . . . but, of course, she couldn't see at all!

Sometimes the pigpen or stall for the ox was simply a part of the house next to my bedroom with only a mud wall between. Maybe some goats or chickens would share these quarters too. This of course created certain sounds and smells all night long. Early in the morning, the roosters of the neighborhood competed in an effort to rouse everyone. Pots and pans in the kitchen were banged about, and there was loud talking among the ladies starting the morning fires. (Koreans seem to be incapable of whispering.) Around four-thirty or so the church members and my roommates would begin stirring because it was time to go to the dawn prayer meeting. I always pretended to be sound asleep during this commotion, and managed to get in an hour or so more rest while the meeting went on . . . usually right next door in the church. How could I drive a jeep and carry on work for the next eighteen hours unless I could get some sleep between midnight and about six in the morning? I am sure my Christian friends thought I was very non-pious, but then they did not realize that this was the only way I could keep up such a strenuous

schedule. Sometimes after I had been driving the jeep while my passengers nodded and dozed, I would remind them that had their chauffeur gone to dawn prayer meeting, they might all have wound up in the ditch!

Performing my morning ablutions was not easy. There was no running water, no bathroom, no indoor "facilities." My host usually brought a basin of water and set it on the little three-foot wide wooden porch along the front of the house outside the rooms. Sometimes it was freezing cold outside, but this was the only place to get cleaned up. I had my shaving kit, toothbrush, towel, and washrag. Standing on the ground below the porch I would shave and wash and was always thankful when my host was thoughtful enough to provide hot water. Water with which to wash my teeth was provided from somewhere too, but I only used the boiled water I had brought along. Sometimes the basin of water was set on a stone out by the well, and this required squatting on the ground to wash my face and shave. Naturally all of this was done under the watchful eyes of the neighborhood children and other spectators.

This account would not be complete without discussion of toilet facilities which always necessitated the most demanding aspect of a missionary's attempts to survive in the local culture by any western standards of decency. In most instances "facilities" were either invisible, impossible, or unbearable. The Koreans in those days were so accustomed to living under crowded and primitive conditions that they actually seemed blind or else capable of hanging up an imaginary curtain in situations where Westerners insist on privacy. The fact that we Americans were always so conspicuous and under constant surveillance by the curious multitude did not make us feel any more comfortable.

There were an infinite variety of toilets, but they fell into four general categories, none of which was supplied with any water or toilet tissue. First was the woodshed, usually in the corner of the courtyard near the gate. Here were kept farm implements, firewood, an ox or some goats, and chickens. Usually there were plenty of flies, spiders, mosquitoes, and rats. In the darkest corner was a pile of wood ashes from the fire pit in the kitchen. That was it! Period.

Then there was the outhouse, usually a ridiculous little wooden affair. Often the roof was too low for me to stand erect, and the door was either nonexistent, hung at an odd angle, or too small to enter with ease. Parallel planks or three-inch thick logs were laid across a huge earthenware jar, normally without a lid. Sometimes the surface was slippery, and often the support was rotten with old age. I could name one missionary who had the misfortune to overburden this contraption, much to his dismay and the amusement of his (missionary) colleagues! There were no other "amenities"

whatsoever. In later years construction was of cement blocks and usually more substantial, but scarcely any more aesthetically pleasing.

Most visible to the whole world were the pole and straw-mat variety. Usually out in the corner of a garden or field three or four poles were stuck in the ground and rice-straw bags suspended around them. These bags, meant for holding rice and made of rice-straw, were opened up and formed a mat about two and a half by five feet in size. They were hung lengthwise around the structure and may have given some concealment to the generally smaller local people, but not for a large foreigner. A hole in the ground with maybe a loose plank or two over it to provide footing completed the structure.

Last, and most notorious was the infamous "Cheju type." They were best known on the island of Cheju, but we found some up in the mountain valleys of Namwon and other parts of our province. This two-story structure was usually built of rocks or cement blocks (lava in Cheju). One had to go up about three steep steps and abruptly into a small door which was often less than four feet high . . . a rather difficult procedure for my big frame. The ceiling inside was usually too low to stand up straight and the sides too close together to bend over which made comical gyrations necessary for the occupant. There was the usual framework of planks or logs with a hole in the middle of the floor. But unique entertainment was provided by the occupants of the pig pen directly below. The pigs seemed to relish providing suitable sights, sounds, and smells. For those concerned about conservation of space, recycling of raw materials, and environmental protection, what more could you ask for than a Cheju phyon-soh?

After eating my simple breakfast, as I have described, I usually took my Bible, a roll of toilet paper, and my shotgun and headed for the nearest wooded hills, if there were any around. Koreans are extremely slow eating breakfast and getting started in the morning. Knowing that my host and Korean traveling companions would be taking their time, this gave me a considerable period to be alone. Little children who at other times of the day usually followed me in packs of fifty or more, were busy eating breakfast and getting off to school. What a relief to simply get away from people crowding around for just an hour or so! It was often beautiful in the early morning because Korean scenery is spectacular everywhere and the country traditionally calls itself "The land of the morning calm." In hunting season (which lasted from October through March), the chance of seeing and shooting a pheasant or two was always inviting. When I figured that it was about time for the workday to begin, I would head back to the village to pack up the jeep and move on to the next church.

I discovered another benefit from absenting myself for a couple of hours from my hosts. It gave my assistant an opportunity to dig in to church matters

in a way he and the local Christians might not feel comfortable in doing in my presence. In fact, I sometimes asked him to make certain inquiries as a sort of disinterested third party. In this way he was able to relay to me information I needed to make decisions. Otherwise, there was often a chance I could make serious mistakes simply because I had not caught the hidden nuances and subtleties in roundabout lengthy explanations in direct conversations myself.

About this type of itineration, there was also one other important aspect in which we were regularly involved. This was the "sichal." Korean presbyteries are divided into districts called by this name. It was composed of ministers and elders from all churches. In the earlier years, this might be a three-county area, but later it was usually only one county. It met periodically and had certain administrative powers delegated by the Presbytery. But one function was the yearly inspection of each rural church (a task known as a "sichal"). This meant traveling to as many as twelve churches in one day along with as many ministers and elders as could crowd into my vehicle. None of them had cars of any kind, so I always took them in mine. In the case of a Land Rover, this sometimes meant as many as seven or eight men and made driving rather difficult.

At each village the entire group would enter the church and politely wait for refreshments. If it was strawberry season, then for twelve times we were served strawberries, cookies, and Coca-Cola; if it was persimmon season, then

Young college students building a church.

Our travel trailer attracts great attention from village children.

for twelve times we had persimmons, cookies, and Coca-Cola . . . and so on through whatever fruit was in season. This got pretty tiresome and strenuous about half way through. The sichal-jang (chairman of the sichal) had made out the schedule and notified each church at what time we were to arrive, arranging (of course) that the noon dinner hour would be at the most affluent church with the best known cooks. However, waiting for refreshments at each place plus the unexpectedly long palavers everywhere, usually put us late in the schedule . . . yet even so there was always a long wait for dinner to be served!

When the sichal got down to business, there was first a short devotional. The local evangelist and at least a fair representation of the officers were expected to be present in order to answer questions. These centered around the attendance at services on Sunday morning and evening, Wednesday evening, and daily dawn prayer meetings, and the size of the Sunday School. They were asked about the amount of offerings received, church expenses, salary of the paid worker, and plans for building a church or manse (if there was none). It was not unusual for problems such as quarrels between members, differences of opinion between the evangelist and the congregation, trouble with local authorities, and other matters to be aired. It gave me a wonderful

opportunity to size up the condition of each church without having to personally ask what could be embarrassing questions. Furthermore, it was splendid education for members of the sichal, especially one or two who might come from some large town or city church and be blissfully unaware of the desperate needs of many small rural churches for leadership and financial aid to carry on their work.

The only problem was that such a day, often ending late at night (and sometimes to be followed by another day of the same) left me bone tired. Handling a full vehicle over rough winding roads was not easy. Entering twelve churches and then going next door to twelve manses, and thus sitting down and getting up from the floor twenty-four times, consuming the above-mentioned repasts, and enduring the endless discussions certainly made me ready for home and a rest afterwards!

This was life for me year after year until about midway through my missionary career. Then came the time when Dot had taught all four of our children through the sixth grade and the youngest was sent off to boarding school in Taejon. From that time on, Dot became my regular traveling companion in this rural work. For about six or seven years we used a small travel trailer as our bedroom away from home. After that, when travel improved, we drove a Pinto wagon, roads were vastly improved, and we could usually come home for the night although occasionally we stayed in a private Korean home or an inn. Conditions rapidly became much better, so that today the homes are completely different, many with inside plumbing, electricity, clean kitchens, excellent meals, and so on, which makes life quite comfortable by comparison with the "good old days."

Church planting had been my object in coming to Korea, and was my assignment for the entire thirty-eight years. Prior to the Korean War, I had just begun to be involved in this, and during the war itself could not give it all the attention it deserved. Now with the war over, the family back in Chonju, and our home base fairly well established and organized so that it would run along pretty much by itself, I was free to go to work in earnest.

These were the days when there were almost no ordained ministers in the rural districts—usually one in each county seat, surrounded by a score or more small rural churches most of which had only poor and untrained leadership. Not only so, but new churches were constantly springing up. The presbyteries would usually assign us ordained missionaries a large number of these places as moderator and give us freedom to assume responsibility for the new places

In front of Mrs. W. A. Linton's Chidi San home, with Mrs. Linton, son Hugh Linton, and some others.

which frequently popped up unexpectedly between meetings of Presbytery.

Most of this activity was due to the great zeal of the Korean Christians to start churches where there were none, and, of course, such work was what we missionaries were anxious to help as much as possible. Elders, deacons, men, women, young people, Sunday School teachers—all kinds of people were responsible for starting new churches. They never thought of asking permission of the Presbytery or of anyone else. If there was a place without a church and some kind of contact could be made, these individual Christians would simply start to witness, organize Sunday Schools, arrange simple Bible study and worship meetings, put up a sign announcing that a church was beginning, and a new church was born! A great deal of credit goes to the thousands of strong mature Christian refugees from North Korea who often started new churches wherever they settled. Hundreds of North Korean (but antiCommunist) prisoners of war in the great camps at Ko-je Island, Nonsan, and Kwangju, attended and even graduated from Bible Institutes set up in the camps by missionaries turned temporary chaplains—Bruce Cumming, Harold Voekel, and others.

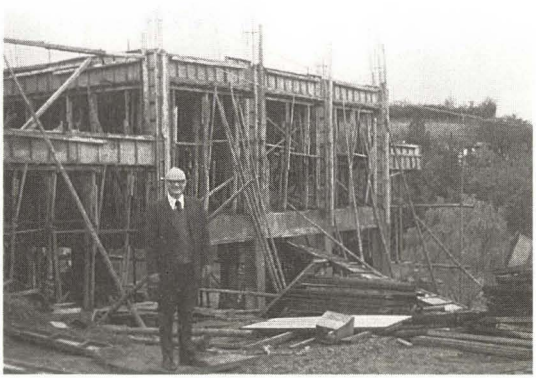
Over the years our Southern Presbyterian Mission evangelists established objectives for what we termed "pioneer evangelism." Initially, work with newly started churches was in response to appeals for help as Korean Christians began them here and there wherever there appeared to be an opening. Later, in cooperation with Korean presbyteries, we set a goal of establishing at least one church in each "myun." The Korean nation is divided in to nine provinces. Each province is divided into koon which is comparable to a county, though perhaps larger and with much greater population than American counties. Each koon is divided into myun. A myun could be called a township, and usually centered around one large rural town and the surrounding countryside. Each

was about fifteen or twenty square miles with anywhere from five thousand to twenty thousand people, but averaging around ten thousand. Then the myun was divided into smaller segments (called ni), often comprising one village, although larger villages could have several ni. At first there were quite a few myun with no church, but when that goal was completed, our next was to provide a church within an hour's walk of everyone, usually about two or three miles. By the time we retired, this goal had also been reached in almost all of the Honam area served by the Southern Presbyterian Mission.

Our office maintained contacts with hundreds of churches, and was the breakdown for distribution of thousands of tracts, Christmas cards, and sales of thousands of hymnals, Bibles, Testaments, and other literature. My work with the Bible Institute helped encourage seminary students to work in the rural churches in pioneer evangelism.

In April 1958, Kim Uhn-kwon, a small unimpressive looking young man, came to my office one afternoon. I was principal of the Bible Institute and we had commencement exercises that morning where Kim had graduated. He came requesting: "Now that I have finished the Bible Institute, please assign me a church in which to work!" He didn't look old enough for such a responsibility or very capable either, but in those days evangelists were hard to come by and there were many needy new churches starving for any kind of leadership.

"Well," I said, "way out in the mountains of Namwon County there is a place called Chung-gye. An evangelist has been working a few months to start a new church there, but he has just left so we need someone else to replace him. If you want to go to meet this need, you may." I told him the hardships of the place, and the extremely low salary allowance he would receive, but he was eager to take the job. Then I asked, "Are you married?"



Spring of 1975, Joe assumed job of supervising construction of Ho-Nam Seminary in Kwangju when Dwight Linton became ill.

"No." "Are you engaged?" Again, "No." "Then it would be a good thing if you could get married as soon as possible." Our experience had taught us that such evangelists were most successful in effectively carrying out this kind of work when they were married.

It so happened that I had already scheduled a trip to Chung-gye ten days later. This was part of my work in overseeing about forty churches placed under my care by Presbytery. It was my duty to go and examine and receive new members, hold the sacraments, preach, appoint the officers, and try to work out all the problems of the church involving buildings, support of the evangelist, and so on. When we arrived, who should greet us in front of the little hut used as the evangelist's quarters, but a smiling young Kim and a young lady arrayed in the bright red colors of a bride! During the intervening ten days, he had gotten himself engaged, been married, and brought his bride to Chung-gye. My admonition had been complied with an unanticipated alacrity!

The couple had a terribly difficult time in this squalid village, far away from any large city or their own homes, living on almost nothing. Over the years they had to keep sacrificing personally in order to develop the church which actually had to be moved and rebuilt four different times. On one occasion I thought Mr. and Mrs. Kim had suffered in one place long enough and arranged for Kim to go to another church. I even took a vehicle out and personally helped him move to the new location. We almost had to move him forcibly because the Chung-gye Christians loved him so much that they tried to prevent his departure. But for some strange undisclosed reason the new place had decided suddenly that they did not want his services, and that very day, Christians came from Chung-gye and insisted that he return to their church.

In October of 1989 when Dot and I returned to visit Korea, we went unannounced to Chung-gye. Sure enough Kim is still there! All these years he had never been able to get further education to become an ordained minister, but when we paid this call he was in Seoul, enrolled in a special program the General Assembly had allowed so that he could get some additional training and become ordained. But his wife was still there, looking very healthy and happy, and living in a nice new home, far more convenient than the shack in which she had lived as a bride. We could not think of more appropriate words than "It is required of a steward that he be faithful!"

10

The Work of the Mission and the Stations

(1954–1986)

Long before we ever reached Korea, all missionary work was carefully organized, committees established, rules and bylaws written, and numerous unofficial "traditions" established. While many changes were made through the years, the structure remained essentially the same for most of our career. Not long before we retired, it was deemed best to abolish all of this. I personally still feel that it is the best and most efficient method of getting things done, although many of its initial functions quite naturally are transferred to the Korean Church.

In the case of the Southern Presbyterian work, the mission was made up of all the missionaries, and met annually for mission meeting, with an Ad Interim Committee (AIC) with representatives from each station which could meet at others times to take up items which had to be considered in between. Some mission actions could be taken by circular letter, which was a system of voting on certain motions by signing copies of the action.

There were numerous committees of the mission, and an examination of records shows an astonishing number of them. However, the primary ones were those with names such as Evangelism Committee, Medical Committee, Educational Committee, Finance Committee, Property Committee, and Policy Committee. These usually met prior to the annual mission meeting, sometimes for several days. They worked out recommendations to the whole body, and often reflected overtures sent in from the separated stations, or matters referred from other committees, or requests from Korean church bodies, or on correspondence from the Board in America. A tremendous

Mission meeting, 1962, Taejon.

amount of hard work went into these committee meetings and no decisions were ever reached without much discussion (and sometimes hot arguments).

At the annual mission meeting, there was a regular schedule of morning devotions, a regular Bible Hour, and special Sunday services. The business sessions took up every report and recommendation and went on for days. Often members of committees (especially the more important ones) would work between those business sessions or late into the night trying to settle matters in a way acceptable to the whole mission. I think it can be safely said that seldom has so much important work with so much variety been handled so efficiently as our mission was able to perform.

Considerable time during these meetings was given to Korean guests. Almost every Korean Presbytery, every secondary school or Bible School or Seminary, and the General Assembly itself sent representatives, usually to make requests of one sort or another. I shall never forget how Rev. Kang Moon-ho, came almost yearly to plead for missionaries to come to Cheju Island where he was the great leader during those days. He was a little man, with a rugged, weather-beaten face, and his hair was always standing on end as though struck by a cyclone. Only when we worked in Cheju years later and faced the almost constant wind there did we know why the "bishop" of Cheju looked this way!

I almost always found myself on several committees, and was usually exhausted by the time mission meeting was over (usually taking about ten days in all). Whereas prior to the Korean War we young missionaries could pretty well sit back and let our seniors run the show, by the end of that war we found that we were having to make decisions and set policies which we ourselves would have to carry out. That lent considerable seriousness to the process. I also had to learn many lessons in parliamentary procedure because missionaries could be quite a contentious lot in fussing over the rules. In 1955, John Talmage was made chairman of the mission, but after a few days had to leave for Japan where he was still carrying on work. I was vice-chairman and thus had to chair most of the meeting. The next year Paul Crane was chairman but had to leave almost immediately when he was called into active service in the U.S. Army. Again, as vice-chairman, I had to carry on. Then in 1957 I was made chairman . . . so in all I had nearly three years in that job!

Perhaps most closely watched was the use of the mission budget. By comparison with the financial resources of most other church programs, ours was meager, ranging from around sixty to one hundred thousand dollars. This had to cover all forms of work except missionary salaries. Strong willed missionaries, convinced of the importance of their part of the work fought vigorously for their share. The next greatest contest came in the placement of missionaries, especially those newly arrived for the first time. Naturally each station and each form of work craved these to strengthen their own programs. Yet when all the battles were over, we somehow managed to remain the best of friends.

This unity of a missionary fellowship of saints was quite remarkable considering all the strong (and differing) personalities involved. To me this was an important witness to our friends in the Korean Church, where there were so many strong and exceedingly bitter conflicts . . . often violently disrupting long standing friendships between churches and Christians, and even dividing families. The missionaries invariably could demonstrate how to disagree and yet continued to love one another. This also created a strength, which those strategists who deplore the very idea of a "mission" in the sense of ours in Korea, and have now fairly well succeeded in destroying, have probably never appreciated.

STATIONS

In addition to the mission were the stations. Southern Presbyterian missionaries formed stations in Seoul, Taejon, Chonju, Kunsan, Kwangju, Mokpo, and

Dot while doing house-to-house visiting in a village.

Soonchun. Kunsan was closed as a station in 1948, and Mokpo a decade later. Taejon was opened as missionaries were appointed to start the college in 1954. With the decline in the number of missionaries, all the rest were closed and the property sold or turned over to various Christian institutions.

Each station was expected to hold meetings at least once a month. It too was organized with the usual officers and some committees. Often "station meetings" tended to be a free-for-all discussion of everything from operation of programs and institutions to water systems and vehicle maintenance. The financial accounts of those using mission funds were carefully monitored and audited (as were those of the mission itself). One of the more important duties of these meetings was to make overtures or requests to the mission itself, and to appoint certain representatives to its committees and boards. Frankly, I usually dreaded or detested station meetings. Decisions I felt could be made independently of a meeting, or handled quickly, were objects of endless talk . . . often by individuals who offered objections but no solutions.

Some loved to get off the subject into extraneous matters. Others could never make up their minds. Others avoided taking responsibilities, or conversely took on more than their share of duties. One of the greatest joys that came in retirement was no more mission and station meetings!

Since minutes of the mission are available, and memories of station meetings are dim, I will make no attempt to discuss them at length. My part in the proceedings may be seen in those records. I can, however, make the observation that as important and vital as were the decisions of those days, and as strongly as they influenced the development of the Korean Church and what are now its programs and institutions, many actions we took seem strangely trivial when reflected on years later. But they were a part of the process of give and take, of trial and error, and anyone who wants to criticize them today should attempt to reconstruct the limitations and the situations under which such decisions were made. All in all, the work of the mission and of the stations was done decently and in order, with constant prayer for God's guidance, and willingness to follow the leading of the Holy Spirit wherever He gave us guidance.

One responsibility conferred upon me for almost the entire thirty-eight years was to be a member of the Juridical Person of the mission. This was the legal entity chartered by the Korean government which controlled all mission property (land, buildings, and equipment). The government actually regarded it as the mission itself, so that all sorts of permits, ownership of vehicles, permission to receive visas and residence permits, charters for the operation of hospitals and schools, exchange of currency, and almost everything imaginable involved the Juridical Person.

Our mission "JP" (as it was usually called) had been created during the days of the Japanese occupation of Korea, but after the return of missionaries following World War II, the Republic of Korea continued the same system although from time to time there were slight changes and additions to the laws. Prior to that war, Dr. J. V. N. Talmage had been the chief (as we called the official head of the JP). Although each member of the JP had an officially registered to-jang (stamp or seal), the chief was custodian of the all-important chig-in, a sort of master seal which in itself possessed all the power and authority of our JP in the eyes of the government.

When other missionaries on strong urging by the United States State Department left Korea prior to World War II, Dr. Talmage remained in Kwangju. He was put in prison by the Japanese authorities who tried to force him to allow the mission property to be turned over to them by using the proper "to-jangs." This he absolutely refused to do, and as a result no mission property was lost and the legal papers of our JP continued their validity on to the present time.

Near the top of Chidi San, Joe and Dot visit Korea in retirement, 1989.

A similar crisis arose when the Korean War began. Dr. Talmage was still chief and had as his Korean assistant Elder Chun. All the documents (deeds and permits and records of various kinds) were left with Mr. Chun. When the North Korean army was approaching Kwangju, Mr. Chun remembered how Jeremiah had preserved the deeds to his field at Anathoth, and placed all the documents in a large earthen jar such as Koreans use for kim-chi. He then buried this in his yard, so that after the Communists left, the documents could all be retrieved intact. As a result our mission has perhaps the best preserved JP records in the country.

Over the years the JP became sort of a special fraternity within the mission. They were usually men chosen from each station and representing the various forms of work. Membership was virtually permanent, once anyone was placed on it, because changing registration with the government was so complicated, and also because there was considerable accumulated know-how necessary to carry on business. Meetings were always a time of considerable hilarity, swapping of tales about our experiences, and so forth. But there were also many knotty problems trying to figure out government requirements and/or how to meet them. During my years, I believe the following were the chiefs: Dr. J. V. N. Talmage, John Talmage, R. K. Robinson, Dwight Linton, Merrill Grubbs, and

John Moore. The year before our last year, I was talked into taking the job while Merrill Grubbs was on furlough and regard it as perhaps the major mistake of my entire time in Korea as it caused me endless frustration.

The exchange of United States currency into Korean currency affected us personally and all aspects of the mission work. When we landed in Korea in 1948 the rate was 800/1 (that is, 800 of the Korean whan to one United States dollar). But the rate continually fluctuated, almost always providing more Korean money for the American, a process which indicated the weakening of the former. As might be expected, this was especially true during the Korean War, when it changed almost every day.

This situation meant that we missionaries constantly played the game of holding dollars until the best exchange was available, considerably more tricky than playing the stock market. Prices in the market and wages generally lagged behind jumps in the exchange rate. Hence if money could be exchanged at a higher rate and the money used before prices went up, it meant the dollar was considerably stretched. I am sure no one in the church in America ever realized the great care with which we missionaries squeezed as much juice out of every dollar as possible by these shenanigans.

Sometimes a wealthy Korean would want to provide dollars for a son or daughter in college in the States and offer missionaries a good rate of exchange if we would provide that currency in the States. This raised ethical questions which sometimes caused misunderstandings when Korean friends were turned down on such propositions due to the laws of their own country which we tried to keep, but for which they had little respect.

One of the most scrappy mission meetings was held in Soonchun in 1956 when the mission was evenly divided over whether or not to use a system of exchange which fell within the gray area. Some claimed it was legal and therefore represented a legitimate stewardship of the Lord's money; others denounced it as just the opposite. The issue was actually settled when the Board at home insisted that only the legal system be followed, even though it represented considerable reduction in what work could be accomplished through our budget.

TAEJON COLLEGE

At the first meeting of the mission after the Korean War, it was decided to locate our college in Taejon. At that time a committee to work out plans for this venture was appointed, and I happened to have been the one

chosen. Aside from traveling through Taejon, still pretty much in ruins from the war, I knew very little about the city. In pre-World War II days it had been little more than a railway junction, but now with Korea divided into two zones, Taejon was central to the southern half. My letters from 1954 to 1958 are sprinkled with occasional brief bits of information concerning the college, largely those dealing with meetings of this committee. In June 1954, I wrote:

> A good part of last week centered around the trip to Taejon. The Sommervilles arrived here about noon on Wednesday. Virginia stayed here with Dot while John and Paul and I went to Taejon leaving here at six A.M. Thursday morning in my jeep. Mr. and Mrs. Linton were already in Taejon and Pete Mitchell and Keith Crim met us there. We spent all of Thursday morning looking over the property and deciding on the best site for the college. This time of year the property is very attractive and I think we all agreed on one particular valley which by all odds was the most attractive place for a college. We spent that afternoon and evening working over other plans for the college, such as what faculty would be needed, types of buildings, general specifications of the size, and so on. Friday morning we again looked over the property concentrating on the site previously selected. That afternoon we came on back to Chonju.

This property was then county property but is now a part of Taejon known as O-jung-dong. It bordered on the main north-south double track railway between Seoul and Pusan. In appearance it might as well have been many miles out in a rural area. A ridge of low hills covered with scrubby pines was at the far side of the property away from the railway. The gently sloping area in between was filled with rice paddies, and there were only two or three typical straw-thatched farmhouses of mud and sticks to be seen. It was with difficulty that our jeeps could even get on the property, much less travel around over it, so we had to walk around on the usual little dikes and paths between rice paddies.

We felt that the more prominent site, and the more spacious area between the low shoulders of the hills, would be suitable for college and dormitory buildings and an athletic field. To the right separated by a slight rise was a similar but much smaller area. It was less conspicuous and we decided would be best for the missionary housing area.

June 23, 1955

> Monday night and all day Tuesday we had a college committee meeting here (Chonju), the main business being setting up the curriculum which Keith Crim has worked on very carefully and done an excellent job of. We plan another meeting in Taejon in about two weeks.

In March 1958, I was in Taejon for the College Board meeting. That may have been the last such meeting I attended. My letters have very little information about the content of all the meetings where I was present, but the minutes should give all the details of what took place.

Sometime along in this period, the former college committee of which I was a member, became a board. Because it was felt advisable to have a medical doctor on the board as well as one representative from each station, Paul Crane was the logical choice and I dropped out. While this ended attendance at meetings (no great sacrifice), my interest in the college has continued. It has now become a great institution (Hanam University) with about ten thousand students.

THE MISSION PRESS

One long-term assignment tumbled into my hands almost by accident. It arose from an urgent need which Rev. W. A. Linton had seen shortly after his return to Korea following World War II and especially after the North Korean invasion in 1950. Almost all rural church leaders were without a magazine or any kind of printed material to help in their work. Many of them were not highly educated and needed simple helps to enable them to lead worship services, preach, and instructions for training the members of their churches. So he began preparing little papers or folders, having them mimeographed or printed, and supplying these to evangelists and pastors. There was no regular format or schedule, but it was a simple way to give at least some help.

When Mr. Linton had to return to America for an operation in the fall of 1951 and left his various projects with me, one of them was this work. For some months I continued the system Mr. Linton had in place, with Rev. Chung of the Bible School doing all the actual work. In the spring of 1952 the mission agreed to ask Dr. Kim Hong-jun to help with publication work and he accepted. I recall that he was offered the highest salary of any of our coworkers at the time . . . one hundred dollars a month. He was a brilliant

man, college trained, and had earned a doctorate in music in America. He could converse intelligently on the Bible, philosophy, music, literature, Korean history, culture and politics, and almost anything else. He came from a distinguished family, one of whom was governor of the province when the Korean War began and a close friend of Dr. Linton. Because he could speak English so well, Dr. Kim had also served as an interpreter for the U.S. military government which gave him important political connections.

When Dr. Kim started working with us he gave a name to the hitherto unnamed little publication Mr. Linton had begun: "Pok-twen Mal-sum,"or "Words of Blessing." He served as editor of this magazine and was also asked to prepare a Bible concordance since there was none available. He helped finalize publication of a translation of Foster's *Bible Story Book* into Korean. The *Bible Story Book* project was financed by a part of one of the Women of the Church Birthday Offerings, designated for literature for the Christian home. It had been translated and edited by Whang Hui Young (teacher at Shin-heung Boys' School and later professor at Taejon College), Kim Chul Soon (cousin of Dr. Kim and later in banking in Seoul), and Park Chu Whang (also a teacher at Shin-heung and later professor at Chonpuk National University in Chonju).

Unfortunately Dr. Kim never did finish the concordance, but the *Bible Story Book* was finished. The publisher in America not only gave us the necessary permission but sent enough colored pictures to illustrate all two thousand volumes which we published. We priced it at a dollar a copy, but even so, Koreans were slow to see its value and purchase it. Like many other projects initiated by missionaries, this one was ahead of its time, but before we retired, the Korean Church realized the need of such books and published many similar books. Nevertheless, in time all of ours were sold, many to missionaries who gave them away. During the years we also published Korean versions of the *Child's Catechism*, the *Westminster Shorter Catechism*, Dr. J.V. N. Talmage's Old and New Testament study guides, and other materials as well as the magazine.

Not long after Dr. Kim started working with us, he came one day saying that the printer in Kwangju with whom we had contracted our work, wanted to sell his press and equipment for $750.00. "If we had our own press, we could do work more cheaply and quickly and control it better." I said, "We don't have any such money in our budgets and I don't see how we could get it." That very day brought a letter from Dr. Warner Hall of the Covenant Presbyterian Church in Charlotte, North Carolina, asking, "What can we do to help your work; the Men's Club of our church would like to help with a project." He did not name a sum or mention any particular type of work. So

Joe with mission printing press and one of the printers. Some of the equipment came from military surplus in Japan, thanks to connections of fellow missionary Dr. Paul Crane. Supervision of the press was one of the many hats Joe wore.

I replied describing this need of money to buy a press, but stipulating that under the rules of our Board I was not allowed to receive gifts without its approval. I asked him to clear the matter with our Board in Nashville. My journal reflects what happened later.

September 5, 1952

> Among other letters was one from the Men's Club of the Covenant Church in Charlotte with a check for $750.00! I nearly fell over. A couple of months ago they had written saying they had several hundred dollars and would I suggest a project. I replied with several projects (not knowing how much they had) including a $750.00 item for a printing press we had decided we needed to cut down costs of our publication work and which was available. I also said that special gifts would have to be cleared through the mission and the board . . . expecting to put this on the list of askings that Mr. Hearn (the board treasurer) had requested. The check came through quite unexpectedly, therefore, as I had thought it would take a little time to work all this out. The Covenant Church men want it to be used directly as an over-and-above non-budget item for a press. (Dr. Hall said, "Forget about the Board, go ahead and buy that press.") That's the second time I've raised $750.00 this year . . . the other having gone directly to Mr. Hearn for relief work.

September 24, 1952

> Monday morning Dr. Kim and I went by jeep over to Iri and rode the train to Kwangju where we were met by the Kwangju jeep. We went first to see the printing press of which we had been told. While it was nothing spectacular, I think we will go ahead and buy it. Since the time the offer was first made, the price has gone up and will probably take about $200.00 more than the gift I received. But with the press we will get quite a lot of type and all the other equipment. Of course this is no Linotype to brag about, but I believe it will suit our purposes.

October 29, 1952

> The Printing Press was approved as a "special" by the mission meeting. I have the money for the press itself, but still want to raise at least $2,250 for the type-caster, lining apparatus, cutters, type, etc. so if anybody wants to give something special you can suggest this. Gifts should be sent to Mr. Hearn, designated for the Korean Mission Printing Press.
>
> With this "authorization" of Dr. Warner Hall and the mission, we purchased this small printing outfit and hired the former printer who had been operating it to continue as our employee.

January 27, 1952

> Dr. Kim has driven a bargain for the printing press here. Of course it is by no means a new one but it works and we think it will be of great help to us. He has agreed on 20 million whan, or $833.33 at the current rate of exchange.

There was an old brick cow barn below the compound, built many years before by Rev. Donald Swicord, and unused for many years. We secured permission to install this equipment there. All of it could easily have been carried in a small pickup truck. It was a noisy and greasy machine, very primitive, but at that time the best in Chonju. The Koreans have an excellent phonetic alphabet of fourteen consonants and ten vowels, but these are arranged like mathematical fractions rather than strung out in a line as in English. Because of this, to print in any one style or size of type requires approximately 2,500 different pieces of type. Several different fonts of course greatly multiply this.

Joe's parents and all their grandchildren gathered in Montreat.

In addition to their own alphabet (known as "Hangul") Koreans love to use Chinese characters of which there are thousands, each necessitating a separate piece of type. All our work required that the type be set by hand in little wooden forms which were placed in the press from which printing was done directly. You can imagine the difficulty of choosing these tiny bits of lead and placing them in order backwards to be used for any given print job, and then after that job was done replacing all the type back in the racks. The floor of the press room had to be of hard-packed earth, so that any type dropped would not get dented, as would have happened on a cement or wooden surface. In addition to the printer, we needed a typesetter, and several little boys who chose the type for him to arrange properly, and then would replace it in the racks. It was amazing how fast they could do all this, and was one way of providing badly needed jobs for quite a few men and boys.

It fell to me to take responsibility for the publication of my father's commentary on Isaiah. Had he been able to return to Korea he could have taken care of this himself, but now it was necessary for me to see about it. He had written this commentary in English, and Dr. Kim Hong-jun had translated it as a part of the commentary series of the Korean Presbyterian Church.

The president of the Presbyterian Seminary in Seoul, Dr. Park, was to edit this, but was very slow in doing so.

Along with this book, we also had to work out the printing of the two-volume *Systematic Theology* written by Dr. J. C. Crane. Financing these was no easy matter, and various mission actions from 1949 through 1954 were involved in providing the necessary amounts. In early September 1954, I drove to Seoul in my jeep with Dr. Kim and spent considerable time with Dr. Park, the Christian Literature Society, and various printing establishments. A typhoon hitting Japan that day brought torrents of rain to Seoul, but we managed to contract Father's book for 1,120,000 "whan" (about $1,650).

November 26, 1954

> The Isaiah Commentary is due to be finished next week. Pete Mitchell may bring some copies when he comes to the Ad Interim Committee meeting. I have been giving out some copies of your (Father's) sermon and it is well received. It has appeared in our magazine this month. There are two pictures in the magazine . . . yours at the front and Billy Graham at the back, so you are in good company.

Things seldom worked out as promised and it took considerable patience and waiting for the Isaiah Commentary to come off the press.

January 6, 1955

> Mr. Linton brought back from Seoul the other day good news of the Isaiah Commentary, which is now actually on the press and was due to be finished in a few days. He went to the press and was quite pleased with the kind of work they were doing. I really should go up to see about it when it is finished, but will not be able to on account of the baby (Margaret was due). I have instructed Pete to turn over 1,000 copies to the General Assembly's Religious Education committee and keep 1,000 until I can get up there to take care of them.

January 16, 1955

> Pete sent me the first copy of the Isaiah Commentary. It was complete except that the binding on this copy was not the regular binding. There have been so many inquiries of those wanting to buy that apparently there will be large initial sales.

Delays with the binding process continued but finally . . .

March 6, 1955

> You will be glad to hear that the Isaiah Commentary has at last been finished and is on sale in Seoul, but I have not seen it yet. I understand it was a very good job. I think the cost came to just under a dollar a volume.

April 27, 1955

> The following was the cost of publishing your commentary:

Actual printing	$1,926.16
Dr. Park, honorarium for editing	$100.00
Proof reader	$100.00
Transportation, etc	$6.70
Total	$2,132.86

After some years, Dr. Paul Crane, director of the Presbyterian Medical Center there in Chonju, had some good news. During and after the Korean War he had been called back into the U.S. Army and had made many contacts with army officials. One day he learned that a colonel in Japan was disposing of a press the army had operated since the end of World War II. This colonel was interested in missionary work, and somehow got in touch with Paul to see if we needed this equipment which otherwise he would have to dump into the ocean (literally). Paul told him of our work and learned that all we had to do was to be at the railway depot in Seoul when notified to receive the equipment. There's an old missionary slogan: "My name is Jimmy, I take what you gimmie!" and it took no argument to persuade us to accept whatever Uncle Sam wanted to send.

December 17, 1956

> Paul Crane has been in touch with army authorities who have a lot of press equipment to give away. My man is in Seoul to accept delivery from the army of something over two tons of lead and two boxes, one weighing 3,000 pounds and the other 5,000 pounds, presumably printing presses.

We never knew what was coming, or how much to expect. As it turned out, it came in several lots, and every now and then we received urgent word to take possession a few days later in Seoul. There was a report that all these

shipments of many tons were sent by military airfreight from Japan . . . and who knows what that cost American taxpayers!

I would send my men to Seoul and they shipped the boxes down by rail to Chonju. The crates were enormous and difficult to move, but when they arrived in Chonju we hired trucks to bring them to our establishment. There were no forklifts and all of it was muscled around by the men we hired. One time I saw a man back up to the truck where others pushed onto his back a box marked as weighing 750 pounds which he carried into the press building and had others to help him set down! Much of the equipment we could not use as it did not fit our needs, but we were free to trade or sell off what we could not use. To make a long story short, by various means we were able to wind up eventually with a new typecasting machine, a new paper cutter, a new larger and more efficient press, various small items, and literally tons of type. Much of the latter was not usable in the form in which we received it, but could be melted and used in our typecaster to make Hangul type.

Naturally all this required more space. We raised the roof of the barn, put in windows and doors, and created office space upstairs where the old hayloft had been. This could only be reached by crossing a short bridge from the bank behind the building. It included a waiting room, plus small separate offices for me, our magazine editor, and the manager of the press. All this was finished off with very cheap thin plywood, and was extremely hot in the summer. Some years later when we scrounged the Quonset huts from the Kunsan Airbase, I used half of one to enlarge our building by providing space for the numerous racks holding type.

Over the years we saved money from various operations, and later replaced the whole building with a two-story cement block structure at no cost to the mission. In those days Koreans had not learned to manufacture and use concrete blocks, so I made a wooden form and our builder poured concrete to make blocks on the spot . . . using such a heavy cement mixture that even many years later they could not be broken up with a sledgehammer. It was considerably larger and more sturdy and included several other upstairs rooms to provide needed storage space plus small offices for the other missionary evangelists.

While finances were always a problem, the mission gave us a small budget for some years which was used for publication of various materials (especially the magazine), but never for building and equipment. As I look back, I don't know exactly how we managed to accumulate all that was needed for this business except that the Lord provided. Any small accumulation of capital was

always invested in the highest interest-bearing certificates available in the local banks and I must say we did quite well on these.

Our work at the press continued regularly, putting out our little magazine, materials for the mission institutions, and so on. A project of great interest to Father was the publication of his commentary.

July 22, 1961

> I have told our press man to start printing a second edition of Father's commentary on Isaiah, the first edition having been sold out some time back, and the funds are on hand for the reprint. Since the first edition used so many Chinese characters, we are having the second one done in pure Korean with the Chinese characters in brackets where necessary for clarity.

Dr. Kim did not stay with us very long as he went to help Dr. Linton at the college in Taejon. I tried to put out the magazine myself for some years, using articles or sermons which I wrote and many things translated from church papers here in the States. After General Pak Chung-hi's military revolution in 1961 one of his first edicts decreed that men who had not served in the ROK army were to be dismissed from any government job they held. This included all schoolteachers, who were considered government employees in Korea. At the Shin-heung Boys' School there was a new Bible teacher, a college graduate and just out of seminary. In those days men with this much training were extremely rare, at least in our part of Korea.

September ?, 1961

> I have hired a man half-time as associate editor of the magazine, something I have wanted to do for a long time but either couldn't find the right man or didn't have the money. This man (Lee Kwi-chul) is a graduate of the seminary and of Soong-sil college (English department). He has been teaching English and Bible at our boys' school since this spring but had to quit as of the end of August, because the dictum of the new government is that anyone who has not been in military service cannot serve as a teacher. In most cases such a law is justified, since so many have evaded the draft . . . However, since this man lost his right hand at the wrist in a mill accident when a boy, he was never acceptable for military service. Nevertheless . . . he is penalized like everyone else. His injury has not limited him, since he writes well with his left hand and always stood at the top of his class in seminary.

Hearing of this, I lost no time in arranging for this teacher, Rev. (now Dr.) Lee Kwi-chul to come as editor of the magazine. He is a brilliant man and really could be said to have put "Pok-twen Mal-sum Magazine" on its feet. He wrote much of the material and also contacted good writers around the country to contribute. With my encouragement he also preached every Sunday for years at a small church (Sang-nim) about five miles out of the city. This kept him in contact with ordinary peasant type people and the needs of a small rural congregation which was an asset in preparing materials for that type of church . . . the basic purpose of our magazine. Because (unlike almost all other Korean pastors who are burdened with many responsibilities and study preciously little) he had plenty of time to read and study and prepare his sermons, he developed excellent preaching habits and after a few years was regarded as one of the best preachers in our area.

February 4, 1962

> My new man helping with the magazine has done quite well so far, and his third issue is coming out this week. While I still can get my ideas out this way, I don't have to do much of the work, and I think he has improved the quality, appearance, and content many times over.

February 11, 1962

> The mission also approved use of certain publication funds in reserve to rebuild our press building here this year, the funds to be replaced when the 1963 special campaign funds come in.

June 16, 1962

> Work has started making concrete I-beams and concrete blocks to build our new press building. We hope to start construction around the first of July if the builder gets through in Kwangju.

September 9, 1962

> The contractor arrived while I was in Taejon to start work on the press building so we have been busy getting that started. I spent a good part of Friday and Saturday, helping move stuff out of the old building, which we will start tearing down Monday to make room for the new one. Since the press operations have gone on there for about ten years and we have had offices there about seven years there is more junk accumulated that I had imagined. Most difficult is moving the press equipment itself. I

suppose we have upwards of ten tons of lead type alone, plus several tons of paper, all of which is difficult to move. We are keeping the Quonset standing until the new building gets up, and will keep some limited press work continuing in there.

November 9, 1962

The new press building has occupied most of my time this week. It has all worked out very nicely indeed, and is almost finished except for the heating system which will be delayed until some things get here from the States and from Seoul.

May 17, 1963

We expect to send the second printing of the Isaiah Commentary to Seoul next Thursday for binding. Will send it up in the station truck to make sure it gets there safely. I suppose Father will go along with this kind of second Isaiah!

February 12, 1964

As I looked into the press room a few minutes ago, the press was turning out a new evangelistic tract written by my friend and close associate, the pastor of the Namwon Church. Our press only turns out 1,600 pages an hour, so will keep busy all week to turn out the 100,000 which we pray will go to as many homes and hearts with the Gospel. Our magazine for country church leaders has been sent only to churches in our mission area heretofore, but beginning next month it will be sent to all churches of our assembly in Korea.

As the Korean government became more organized, it also asserted more control over such matters as publication. Hence we were required to have certain permits to operate the press, publish the magazine, and any books or booklets had to conform to certain legal requirements. As far as I know we were never censored, but I did constantly try to see that our writers stuck to the purpose of our work (especially with the magazine) and stayed out of matters which might arouse the ire of the officials.

My best known effort in writing for the magazine during that time was a long series of articles appearing each month entitled "Decently and in Order" in which I tried to relate how various parts of church work should be carried out. For instance, in the case of the Communion service, I tried to show how

In the Hoppers' dining room at a memorial service for Dr. Joseph Hopper who died in 1970 in High Point, North Carolina. Many older Korean church leaders had known him well, and asked to have this memorial service.

everything should be arranged and served "decently and in order," and how words and actions should be worshipful and reverent . . . something about which the Koreans were very careless and disorganized. For years this magazine was sent free to all churches in the southwestern part of the country. Later we charged a small subscription fee and it was sent all over the country. It was always heartening to sit in the study of a rural evangelist or pastor and see a whole shelf filled with back copies of our magazine, and many students and others have especially thanked me for the series on "Decently and in Order."

Our press did all sorts of work, especially for the mission schools and hospitals which seemed to require an endless amount of printing. We did this cheaper and more promptly than other printing establishments, and could also take greater care in the content because of personal interest in this kind of work. One interesting program was the printing of church bulletins for which we acquired quite a good reputation. By the time we closed out this work our press was printing them for scores of churches of all denominations in our city. This meant that Saturday was always a busy day, and I could pick up bulletins and find out what was going on in almost all the churches in Chonju.

Dr. Lee Kwi-chul was with me about thirteen years in all, but this was interrupted for a couple of years when we were able to arrange for him to enter Columbia Seminary in Decatur, Georgia, where he earned a D.Min. degree. While he was gone, Rev. Yoon Yuh-gwon carried on the work, and then went to be pastor of the largest church in Mokpo (Yang-dong First). Dr. Lee was back with us a couple of years and then went to Kunsan to lead in the development of a large new church. He is now pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church in Soonchun, the mother church of that area and probably the most influential.

Our last editor was Rev. (now Dr.) Lee Yun-gil, an extremely intelligent and highly qualified man who gave us excellent service until he was called as assistant pastor to the great Shin-gwang Church in Iri. While there he went to America for two years (one year at Columbia Theological Seminary and one at Louisville Theological Seminary) during which time he earned a D.Min degree also. He later was pastor of a church in Seoul which in a few years grew from less than five hundred to two thousand members. He is now pastor of the First Presbyterian Church (Korean) in Dallas, Texas. One bonus from my experience with publication work was association with these three fine men, all of whom are now serving the Lord in large and influential posts.

Shortly before Dr. Lee Yun-gil left the publication work, I could see that we had reached the end of our rope financially and perhaps otherwise as well. We had organized a board to sponsor the magazine, but its members were unable to provide any financial support. All the money I had scraped up in various ways and saved and stretched was gone. Furthermore, by this time the Korean nation was rapidly modernizing and the Presbyterian General Assembly and other sources in Seoul were producing far better materials than we could. People were expecting slick paper and color printing which we could not afford.

Several years prior to this we had sold all our press equipment to a man who had managed it for some years and continued to operate it in our building and did our work for us on a contract basis. There were several reasons why this seemed wise. Downtown in Chonju were beautiful fifty thousand dollar Heidelberg presses with which we could not compete. Furthermore the government was beginning to breathe down our necks about taxes. Also, under a military dictatorship, any kind of press was suspect and apt to get closed down. The situation was further complicated because a union was trying to sign up our worker creating more problems. By selling out the printing business entirely in this way we had an arrangement which allowed us to have all the advantages but escape the responsibilities of running the press ourselves.

Now we realized that the time had come to discontinue publishing the magazine as well as trying to operate a printing establishment. They had served a highly useful place during this long period, and the Lord had blessed the whole project. Nevertheless, as a missionary I am a strong believer that when something has done its job and is no longer needed, it should be given a gracious funeral and no extraordinary heroic means used to keep it alive, especially if some other missionary is going to have to look after it. There is the proper time for a missionary to start something, and there is also a proper time for him to quit!

Several young ministers, including previous editors, asked permission to take over putting out this magazine after I could no longer do so. They figured they could make it financially support itself, but I doubted this. A year or so later the government canceled the permits of a great many publications, including "Pok-twen Mal-sum" and I always suspected that something they wrote had irritated the officials.

David, Margaret, Joe, Dot, Alice, and Barron Hopper in front of their Montreat home.

Epilogue

At the end of World War II, the Korean Church found itself prostrate. Many leaders had died or had been killed. Others were too old to exert a strong influence. Younger leadership was almost nonexistent. Financially the church could not support many needed programs and services or institutions. As a result, it looked to the missionaries to fill in during this time of emergency. But as things began to return to normal in 1954 following the Korean War, problems began to arise as both the Korean Church and the missionaries realized that new relationships needed to be developed. This situation was also tangled up with the internal divisions in the Korean Church, and indeed the influence of certain developments within supporting churches abroad and/or other mission "fields" could have complicated matters.

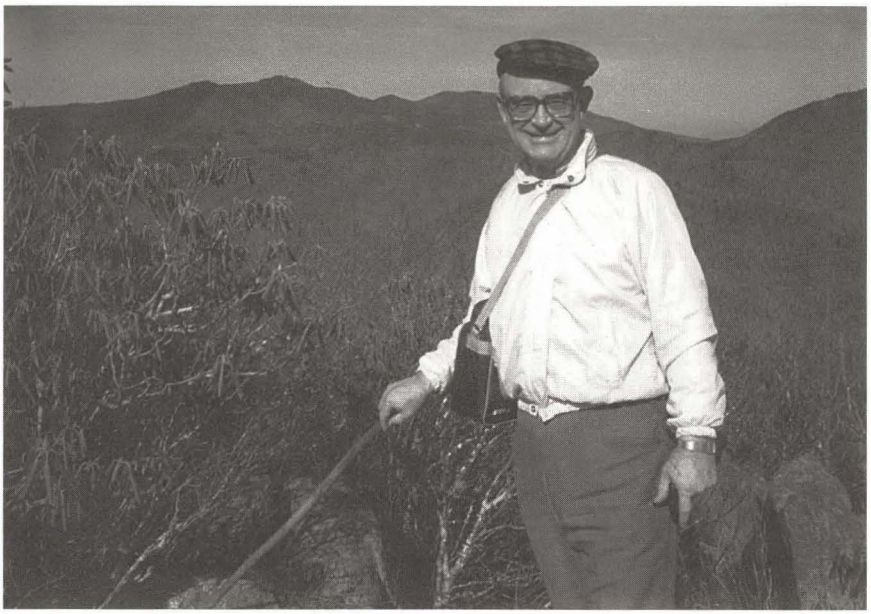
Mission boards, field organizations of missionaries, and individual missionaries held varied opinions about church-mission policy, often strongly asserted or enforced in different ways. Then too, local conditions were not always the same; for instance, the leadership and capability of the church in the Seoul area was far more mature than that of some distant rural areas where I worked such as Soonchang County in North Chulla. The times were also changing rapidly, as well as the attitudes of people, so that it appeared that agreements which seemed satisfactory one day needed to be abandoned or altered the next. Often the problems within the Korean Church were rightly or wrongly blamed on the policies of the missions.

For a large part of our missionary career, I was deeply involved in these matters. What is written here reflects my own attitudes and experiences which were often opposed to those of others. I confess that my opinions changed, and I trust represented growth in my understanding of the Lord's will as to how we should carry on His work. But in my own mind there were certain underlying convictions that ran through all of this business. It will be easily seen that these sometimes seemed to contradict each other . . . possibly involving working at cross-purposes. As I look back several decades, here are some of them:

1. Strong commitment to the right and the necessity for the Presbyterian Church of Korea to conduct its own affairs. Upon arrival in Chonju, one of my first acts was to join Chon-puk Presbytery, and thus put myself under its jurisdiction. I tried to keep its regulations, accept the assignments given me, and encourage all others to do likewise. Anything the missionary does which is a part of the work of the national church should be in full cooperation with its courts and agencies and be under their control.

2. The right to a certain amount of independence and initiative on the part of missionaries and mission organizations in starting, developing, and promoting projects and programs which the national church was not yet in a position to carry out, or had not yet perceived as a need and opportunity. This meant moving as rapidly as possible to enlist Korean participation, and eventually their full control of such work in line with the old adage that "the missionary should work himself out of his job."

Hopper house at Montreat, fall 1988.



On top of Pinnacle Mountain, above Montreat.

> **3. The need for an organization of missionaries to control its own personnel, finances, maintenance, and needs for fellowship.** While assigning the work of missionaries who serve within the framework of the national church, there should be full consultation and cooperation with that church, and never in contradiction to its wishes. Yet for missionary representatives of a church abroad, discipline and accountability can be maintained by a mission organization in accordance with the desires of those in the homeland who have sent them. At the same time this should never usurp the authority and control of the national church over its affairs. Possibly in this regard I take a controversial position, quite at odds with the philosophy of many sending agencies.

Our first post-Korean War Mission Meeting actually began to tackle these matters, particularly in institutional work. Steps were taken to turn over to Korean Church control the mission middle and senior high schools in various cities, and to concentrate Bible Institute work in Kwangju under mission direction. It was understood that all evangelistic work involving church planting and development, and theological education, was already fully under the authority

of the Korean Church courts and agencies. At that time, the founding of a Christian college, and all of the medical work was the province of the mission, independent of ecclesiastical control, because as yet the church was unprepared to undertake such major projects.

Since all these institutions involved the ownership of land and buildings vested in the Mission Juridical Person (property holding agency under Korean law), our mission may have been negligent in not trying to define policies with regard to these important matters. Our only excuse is that we could not possibly foresee how land values would increase astronomically making ownership so highly desirable and controversial. All of our proposed policies sounded very clear and simple at the time, but carrying out such decisions was by no means easy. Perhaps we were naive in thinking it would be, and hence made many mistakes as we went along, and would do things differently if we could do them over again. Yet it must be remembered what kind of context we were in. Often we were groping in the dark out of inexperience or lack of wisdom . . . and therefore should not be tried and convicted by those who have the advantage of hindsight.

Joe on a hike with his grandchildren, up Lookout in Montreat.

By and large the system under which we worked until we retired consisted of an equal representation of missionaries and nationals. In the three geographical areas in which the missions were at work, similar consultative committees were organized, with varying degrees of authority. Thus, while frank differences of policy were recognized on the local level, all three mission bodies maintained the same relationship to the General Assembly. For most of that time I was a member of either the General Assembly Department of Cooperative Work (DCW) or the Honam regional one of the same name. Generally speaking, the meetings were cordial if somewhat perfunctory. Technically the call and assignment of missionaries was passed on here, certain budgets were approved, and so on. Just before we retired, as the Korean Church celebrated her centennial anniversary in 1984, the mission organizations were dissolved and replaced by fellowships. However, most business went on in just about the same fashion and the Koreans continued to refer to our group as the mission.

It seemed to me that during this period there was ushered in an era when "everyone (i.e., the missionaries) did what was right in their own eyes." This was because the Korean Church organizations never exercised any supervision of the life and work of missionaries, and neither did the Board at home (possibly under the illusion that the national church was taking responsibility). Questions of housing, health, children's education, vacations, and (especially) how the individual missionaries spent their time seemed to be left without supervision or controls of any kind. Cultural differences made it almost impossible for the Korean Church to take care of such matters.

Today (1991) the whole question really has rapidly become passè, since the number of missionary personnel is shrinking rapidly toward zero. Perhaps the situation between mission and church for a century was similar to parents who raise children through all the periods of development from infancy until adulthood when they reach the stage of complete independence in separate homes. Whatever mistakes may have been made on either side in the past, we can now rejoice in the maturity of the Korean Church and trust the Lord to continue to mature its internal spiritual life and its outreach in witness and service.

POSTSCRIPT

by David H. Hopper, M.D.

The Hoppers retired to Montreat, North Carolina, in 1986, to their small home on Mississippi Road. This little community, which for many years was the conference headquarters for the Southern Presbyterian denomination, is a unique place. Both Dot and Joe Hopper had spent time there during their parents' furloughs from the Belgian Congo and Korea, as well in summertime jobs during their college years at Queens College and Davidson College. They also spent time there during the Korean War and on subsequent furloughs. Joe's parents had retired to Montreat, and on the breaking up of their household, Joe had assumed ownership of the home. All of this contact with Montreat over the years made it their logical United States homeplace.

Retirement didn't mean quitting. They remained constantly busy, with Joe doing some active work as an interim pastor at several churches in western North Carolina. They spoke at churches and mission conferences. Joe bought an early generation personal computer and jumped into the high tech world of word processing as he worked on his autobiography for his offspring.

They pleasured in traveling around the beautiful mountains, often taking walks up into the woods and enjoying God's natural beauty. They were active members of Montreat Presbyterian Church and enjoyed being part of the community.

Montreat was especially unique for their relationships. Although having spent about two-thirds of their lives living on foreign soil, here was a place that brought back old friendships. Acquaintances from college and seminary years, most of whom were closely bound to the Presbyterian community, often passed through Montreat or retired there. Friends from childhood years in Africa or Asia often came by the home as they passed through North Carolina. An amazing number of missionaries from around the world whom they had known chose to retire there. Especially significant was the fact that many who had colabored in Korea seemed to retire within five miles of them.

The four Hopper children, along with their spouses and the grandchildren, all lived in about a four-hour radius of Montreat. Alice, Jack, and Justin Dokter were in Atlanta; Barron, Martha, Joseph, Jacqueline, and Rachael Hopper were in Seymour, Tennessee; David, Liza, Betsy, Lydia, Martha, and Timothy Hopper were in Princeton, West Virginia; and Margaret, Warren, and Laura Faircloth were in Hillsborough, North Carolina. The whole clan began a long tradition of gathering each summer for a week of fellowship and fun, with Scrabble and Rook and Acquire games, as well as hiking and camping.

It was this ideal setting for "retirement" into which Joe and Dot settled. Late in 1991, their plans for an early golden anniversary trip to New Zealand fell through when Joe became ill from polyarteritis nodosum. Early in the spring of 1992 he went to be with the Lord.

His years of faithful service were a small but significant part of what has led to the rapid spread of the Gospel in that divided land. Shortly before his death he was able to help get the Billy Graham team in contact with Steve Linton, missionary offspring from Korea, who has become a friend of the North Korean people, which enabled Dr. Graham to visit North Korea. Shortly before his death, Joe was able to hear some of the results of that initial historic trip. After thirty-eight years below the thirty-eighth, he hoped the day would come when some of the results of his labor would extend above that dividing line.

His body was laid to rest in Black Mountain, North Carolina, not far from the grave of Dr. Reynolds, the pioneer missionary to Korea who had baptized him. Joe had always felt called to serve the Lord as a missionary evangelist. His "life verse" was Romans 15:20—***"and thus I aspired to preach the gospel, not where Christ was already named, that I might not build upon another man's foundation."*** This is exactly what he did.

Hopper Clan gathering in Montreat. 1991.

Index