

In early 1991, after both 'volumes' of her letters had been transcribed and published, ARC sent me a pile of handwritten papers saying, "This is a mess ... skim through it and if there are bits you fancy well and good."

These pages arrived just after I had finished transcribing the Prologue and Postscript and contained a series of "chapters' on a variety of subjects. They were written from memory and partly in answer to questions I had asked. Almost all the pieces were interesting and give additional insights into life in China and into what Agatha remembered after almost 60 years. They are reproduced below in the order in which she wrote them and, in general, unedited.

David S. Crawford
August 2010

Christmas 1946. During my brief Christmas visit to Moukden from Peking Nell Maclean invited me to go with her to a Christmas party in the Kun Kuang School. As we set off along the little road she looked me over and exclaimed in horror "You're wearing trousers!" I told her that I was keeping my one and only skirt and coat for Sundays and had slacks for ordinary wear. I told her I would change if she wished but she allowed me to go on. (I first wore slacks during the War as a warm garment to pull on quickly when rushing to the roof of the Royal Victoria Hospital to check if the fire wardens were there. I won the clothing coupons with which to buy this pair from Professor Biggart, who bet me I would not dare to wear them inside the hospital!)

Nell, Hugh Garven and Jack Legatte had me to stay in their house beside the College on that visit. Either then or when I settled there in March 1947 if I played Bridge. I rashly said yes and made up a four for Friday evenings. An ordeal for me as they were very good.

During spring 1947 I had to register myself as a new inhabitant with the police. One morning I was alone in the house working at Chinese when some police arrived and asked for my signature on a long form. We struggled together through most of it – name, age, religion etc etc. But one question remained, we had tea all round and worked away with the dictionary; no light dawned. I said several times "I cannot sign, it is not my religion to sign if I do not understand." They assured me it was all right to sign, more tea, more struggling with the dictionary. Then a glimmer of light! Could it be" It was! Did I smoke opium? No! I signed.

Later I lived with Nell and Agnes Gardner. Nell had a little dog. One morning it lay in the corner of the dining room and seemed unable to use its hind legs properly. The cook was consulted and immediately said "feng la" (mad, rabies). Nell agreed that he should be put down. I went for Jack Leggate. He brought an

ampoule of anaesthetic and I brought my little 'tin' suitcase. Well clothed and gloved we lifted the little dog, which, by then, was gravely ill into the case and slammed the lid over him along with a large dose of Jack's anaesthetic. I don't know who dug the grave. I soaked my 'tin trunk' several days in strong potassium permanganate, which coloured it a peculiar purple-brown and it was left in the garden in the sun and rain for several weeks. Eventually we decided it was purified and in due course it accompanied me home to Belfast. Mother was puzzled, "what a peculiar colour". I said it was very old! No one got rabies but I heard about one man who was admitted to the hospital so violent that he had to be tied up and was injected with a strong dope and laid in a bed in a small room with one small window. He tore his clothes off. It was a severe winter and when nursing staff went to check on him he had gone. Presumably through the window, he must have frozen very soon.

I bought a Chinese robe (not fur lined) that covered me from chin to toes. This was during the very cold winter of 1947-48. I felt shy the first time I wore it but was greeted by smiles of approval from all I met. Many years later (in the 1980s) I asked one of the Class 28 alumni what he remembered of my time in Moukden. He said 'you wore Chinese clothes and we were very pleased.' Later, in 1990, a letter from Dr Zhang, thanking me for sending him a photo of me that he had requested, said that he was glad I still wore Chinese clothes (slacks in the garden). Leng yan jia said that my nickname was Hsiao Tu (Little Tu).

When Mary Findlay and I moved to a different house to live with Lily Dodds we were given a kitten. Its mother was called Felicity or Ermintrude. The mother spent many hours on our windowsill howling for her baby. Lily, exasperated, chased her away many times and then declared that if she did it again she would throw a bucketful of cold water over her. Later that day I was standing talking to Nell and Harry Johnston in Nell's porch when a soaking wet cat rushed past us into the house. Nell..."What on earth has happened to you, you poor darling." Both Harry and I had heard the threat and murmured "How extraordinary".

Dr Liu T'un lun left many spicy memories. I remember him declaring at some meeting "I don't read the bible, it's far too long. I read this every day, her (pointing at me) father gave it to me when he baptised me." It was "Daily Light" and in 1990 I gave another old copy, which had in it a dedication "From FWS O'Neill to Andrew Weir" or vice versa, to Rev. Lu Zhi bin on the occasion of her visit to our Assembly celebrating 150 years of the unity of our Church.

Dr Liu's sermon (see also Letter 230). One Sunday morning the preacher due at the College service did not turn up. After a long wait someone said "He is not coming, Dr Liu would you tell us something to help us; perhaps about your time in prison?" After a pause he stood up and his long talk included something to the effect.

“Some of you are worried about how YOU would be able to stand up to ill-treatment and torture. This is a waste of time. God made you and knows that some of you have strong nerves and some do not. Indeed, I know which of you is which (said with a cheerful grin.) Do not worry about it. But I must warn you to prepare yourself against the greatest danger that you can face as Christians.” He told us of the awful experience which he had faced after he had successfully resisted – because he had been given string nerves – torture to make him tell names that he was determined to keep secret. They brought into his cell a friend who did not have strong nerves but who did not know the information wanted and said they would torture him until Dr Liu talked. At this point his friend hurriedly said, “You know I am weak. Whatever I may say after they start, do NOT talk.” They began and soon Dr Liu had to look away from his friend and instead he looked up at the face of the man doing it’ he saw that he was enjoying his work. Then I was tempted to hate him. THAT is the greatest danger you meet. Someone asked. “What did you do to resist?” He replied. “I kept looking at him and saying over and over again ‘He is also my brother, for whom Christ died.’”

Dr Liu Tung lun and Dr Shih yu jie of Kaiyuan.

The story of Dr Shih and Dr Jean McMinn’s work in Kaiyuan hospital and their struggle to keep it alive is complicated and hard to time accurately. The Pa Lu alternately captured and retreated from the town. On one occasion we were very relieved (when Jean was in Moukden) to greet Dr Shih and some nurses on their arrival in Moukden. The Pa Lu had taken the town and the hospital was in remnants. But here they were, safe. Dr Shih came to the little staff meeting to tell us about it. I happened to stand near Dr Shih and Dr Liu. The latter asked what had happened to the patients. She said that all but two had run away and the two were old men who had no other home and were not really ill. The Pa Lu were always kind to the poor and they would be looked after. She had at first meant to stay on but when she took the nurses to the gate to start them in the dangerous journey to Moukden they wept in fear and begged her to come with them. A few National Army troops who were also leaving also urged her to come and said, “There will be nothing you can do here.” Under this pressure she yielded and here she was. Dr Liu looked very unhappy and said, in a whisper; “You left a Christian hospital while there were still patients there?” “Yes, “You know what you must do?” “Yes”. “You know what you must do?” “Yes, I must go back.” I do not think others heard this exchange.

In due course the Pa Lu retreated again and Dr Shih returned to start again an almost ruined hospital. I am not sure if it was then or on another occasion that a message was found among the wreckage: “If you had not run away we would not have done this.” or words to that effect.

When the Reverend James Findlay died suddenly one night from a heart attack, the theological college in West Moukden lost its leader (and not that long afterwards, its Chinese Principal in a plane crash). Dr Liu (Superintendent of the

MMC Hospital) and Dr Gao Wen han (Principal of MMC) went across to the College as soon as they heard the news and as I was to go and help at the small Ai Jen Hospital (where Rose and Mary Findlay worked), I was offered a lift. Dr Gao and I waited beside the car for Dr Liu to turn up. Then we could hear his quick footsteps and cheerful voice approaching. When he saw Dr Gao he said to him "Well, So Jim has got away before us! I wonder when God will allow us to follow him."

Dr Liu was so busy that I rarely saw him and only once invaded his office. One day when I was very upset and infuriated with the old man (Lao Pai) who 'cleaned' our lab and went messages. I had sent him to collect the body of a small baby on which I was to do a post-mortem. I saw Lao Pai from the window sauntering across the yard dangling the baby by its heels while he smoked his smelly old pipe – all in full view of passers-by. Being very busy I failed to give him detailed instructions after the PM, hoping he would know the routine. But, when I later asked him what he had done with the pathetic (and unwanted) body he said he had thrown it out and the dogs had eaten it. This was the last straw and I flew across to Dr Liu to pour out my indignant tale. He, far busier and more burdened than me, replied quite gently. "Yes, we are a barbaric people, are we not?" and went on with his work.

While thinking of Lao Pai I will add another memory of him. PMs were a novelty there and I was doing one of the very early ones in the Anatomy Lecture Room with a large mixed audience, including Dr Liu. After some time, my hands (in tight rubber gloves working with ice cold organs) let me down and I knew I was going to faint. With an agonised "Please sew up" in the direction of Dr Liu I stumbled into the lab where Lao Pai was smoking his foul, and forbidden, pipe. He gave me one look and shot across the room; lifted me in his arms, turned me with my head hanging into the sink and said what can be translated as "Have a good boke daughter and you'll be alright." Having obeyed him I was tilted up again and one hand pulled out his filthy cloth, with which he wiped my face. Then he carried me to the bench, swept it clean with one hand, gently arranged me on it and said, "Don't move, I'm going for Dr Garven." When Hugh came I was feeling better and was sent home.

On another occasion I fainted after taking off my gloves out of doors. Two theological students were out to rescue a Russian woman who was lying in the street on a very cold day. One had his hands in his sleeves and found he could not manage the metal handles of the stretcher. I whipped off my gloves and buried my hands deep in my double sleeves but it was not enough and I was very cold and fainted on my return to the Ai Lin Hospital.

Dr Liu organised small meetings in the hospital after the Communist take-over. Christian members of staff met there once a week for prayers. It was not secret but neither was it conspicuous. One day I was late and sat near the open door. A friend – Chinese – came in and sat down beside me and then noticed that we

two were visible from the outside and began to fidget. Then got up and crossed the room to squeeze in there, out of sight. So, I knew that to be seen with me could be dangerous.

On a later occasion I turned up, late again, and as I hurried in I saw Dr Liu at the far end with other people, mostly strangers and obviously Communist leaders engaged in the negotiations to take over the College and Hospital. I blurted out "Sorry Dr Liu, I was looking for the prayer meeting." Then in shame and consternation turned to stumble out and shut the door. As I leaned against the wall, appalled at the blunder, footsteps followed me, the door shut and Dr Liu has his arms around me and was murmuring "Don't worry, it doesn't matter." Indignantly, I whispered, "Of course it matters! I'm so ashamed. I wish I were dead." There was a pause and then he said in a serious voice unlike his usual brisk cheerfulness "I will tell you why it doesn't matter, why we need not worry any more. It is because the situation is now so serious that nothing you or I do or say can make it any worse. Do you understand?" It was typical of him to say "we". I felt comforted and truly in God's hands. Then he turned and went back into the room.

In early 1949 Dr Liu went to Peking and while there attempted to see Mao Tze Tung, presumably to plead the case of the MMC and the Hospital; he failed to see him. After we left in 1949 he was moved to run the TB Hospital in Fu Shun and later sent to the front in the Korean War, presumably as a doctor.

The Students

(DSC NOTE: In the Brief History of MMC, Class 28 is noted as having 48 graduates.)

The students were at first very difficult to come to terms with. They were mostly poor and resented the fees they had to pay to the Christian college – Government colleges were free. They were hungry for good teaching and must have found it a struggle to get anything from me at first. Strikes and protests were frequent during 1947/48 – mostly demanding that MMC should be handed over to the Government. They did not seem to realise that our College depended partly on funds sent from – mainly – Scotland and that the missionary staff did not keep anyone out of a job but rather filled empty holes at no cost to the Chinese. It was strange to take over a department that had no books and no staff apart from a grubby and illiterate old servant.

What made the students interesting and admirable was their cheerful endurance of very uncomfortable conditions, with insufficient food and warmth, in poor health (many probably had early TB). They also had great loyalty to each other and an inextinguishable sense of humour. I mainly taught Class 28 (i.e. the 28th Class since the College was founded in 1912. (There were gaps at times due to wars and invasions.) They were almost all young men.

One day, when they must have been in a bad mood, I was little late and found them waiting for the lecture room to be unlocked. It was to be an hour of "Medical English". One voice cried out, rudely. "Open the door". I said, "Please wait a minute" and went into my office to get the key. Then I went out, unlocked the door and they all squeezed past me and scattered, rather noisily, to their seats. I told them we would first study a word that some of them did not yet seem to know. I printed in large letters on the blackboard "PLEASE". They were instantly quiet, except for a few suppressed giggles. So I taught them how to use it with examples; "Please lend me your book", or "Lend me your book, please" and finished with telling them that they must never say, for example, "Open the door", it should be "Please, open the door." Or "Open the door, please." To leave out 'please' was very discourteous. "Do you understand?" Laughter and a chorus of "Yes, we understand."

The blackboard was slightly longer than the platform and I once fell off when writing on the board and stepped back. This was very funny! Later on I sometimes, almost, repeated the entertainment and they watched in suspense; this at least made them look towards the board.

As time went on, it sometimes happened that when the roll was called there was silence after one or two names and someone else would say "Fei-la" (gone away or run away). Someone had slipped away to try to reach the dubious safety of the southern areas within The Wall. They well knew that the College was in a state of great anxiety, trying to decide how, or whether, we might move south as a College or as the early years of a College to avoid absorption by the advancing Communists. One day two or three students had 'flown' and I think I sighed or frowned. Someone spoke up; "and when are YOU going to fly, doctor?" I said, "As long as there is a Class here to teach I will be here to teach it." (To my surprise, and theirs, this is what, in the event, happened.)

The extreme cold of the spring of 1947 (or 1948?) - down to 58 degrees below freezing in Fahrenheit - was very hard on everyone and caused many deaths. Dr Hsiang and I went out one morning from the back door of the hospital and had to step over the frozen body of an old man. I said, "Poor old man, how sad." Dr Hsiang turned to me driven by irritation and said, "How sentimental you foreigners are! Why call him poor? He is not the one to be pitied, he is dead. We are the ones to be pitied." I sometimes seemed to float on the surface of a deep lake of bitter knowledge and experience of suffering.

Final exams of Class 28. The written, practical and oral exams were held in the last week of October and completed on Saturday 30 October 1948. Tension was at its peak. We were still uncertain whether the Pa Lu would take Moukden before at least part of our College was able to evacuate for the journey to Wuchang. Equipment had been chosen, weighed, packed and ready. It was hard to concentrate on correcting and marking papers and arranging the orals. It was,

of course, worse for the students. Dr Hsiang helped with the orals, as he was the nearest thing we could get to an external examiner. Shelling was going on, and not far away. Then there was a very loud bang, which made the student being examined stop in mid-sentence with his eyes tight shut. Then he opened his eyes and continued without repeating or missing a word. When the oral was finished he stood up, put his hands deep in his sleeves and bowed deeply to Dr Hsiang and me; the dignified Chinese bow of a student to his teacher.

Sunday was very quiet and early on Monday morning (1 November) a small hurried staff meeting agreed that there was no hope of leaving and that our parcels of equipment should immediately be unpacked and returned to the shelves. As I ran out of the room I encountered some boys from Class 28 and called to them to come and help me unpack, we were not going. They came for half-an-hour's hard fast work before off to their own affairs. I remember putting the exam results up on the board - I think all 'passed' (and well deserved it). I think that none were held over, though possibly some who had only sat part of the exams were. I then dealt with a few outstanding biopsies and sent out some reports.

I was not unduly worried because the lab technician had come to me on Saturday morning with a beaming face to tell me that the local radio, the night before, had announced that "You (the foreigners) were not to be killed and your houses are not to be looted." This order was faithfully followed. One senior member of the Pa Lu was a graduate of MMC.

Memories of encounters during 1949.

1. During the following months we walked cautiously to find out how and whether we foreigners could fit in without embarrassing or endangering our friends or breaking our own principles. Sometimes it was very depressing. Once, a Chinese friend was helping me with translation of teaching material, at a time when it was risky for them to be with us at all. WE talked about it and I burst into tears saying, "We came hereto help you and now I am a nuisance and it's all been wasted." She was silent and embarrassed and said "NO, it has not been wasted. Now we Chinese know that you foreigners are real Christians, just like us."
2. On a later occasion I was present at a staff meeting where we discussed future teaching methods and a distribution of duties. I was startled to hear that I was to be responsible for both pathology and histology and for writing, within a few weeks, the notes to be distributed to the students to cover both subjects for the whole course. And to do so in Chinese! This seemed like a trap to me; if I said, "Yes, I will try" (and, of course not succeed) I might be in grave danger. They kept pressuring me to and I persisted in refusing to promise to do the impossible. I said I could agree to writing and making diagrams for the whole pathology course but 'they'

must find someone afterwards to help me translate it. Someone said, "You can ask one of your Chinese friends." I replied, "I have no Chinese friends whose English is equal to such a big job." The subject was dropped and I felt quiet 'down'.

That night a friend came to me, much upset, and asked me why I had behaved in such an uncooperative way. Everyone knew that what was being asked of me was impossible, they were not fools. They just wanted me to say "yes", thereby indicating a willingness to cooperate; it wasn't a lie. This was a clear example of a different 'code' of honesty; a different meaning in words. I had been irritating someone for something they thought equivalent to refusing to sign a letter "yours sincerely". Certainly, I was not included in any further such meetings and my laborious work of a complete pathology for students, which was handed in on time, vanished from view altogether. The interesting thing was that we were tolerated as generously as we were.

When, that summer, I applied for permission to leave one of my Chinese colleagues came to see me. I was in bed with a fever and feeling very low but we talked for a long time about how best to teach a subject like pathology and agreed more than I think he expected. As we said goodbye we shook hands and he said, "You know, if things had been different you and I could have worked well together." I rather wistfully agreed.

3. Rev, James Findlay died on 19 March 1949. The funeral service took place at the Theological College and was dignified, sad and icy-cold. Some miles away a fire had been lit to make it possible for a grave to be lit. Dr Liu and Dr Gao, Rose and Mary Findlay went in the MMC car and the coffin was placed in the centre of a lorry driving behind. Some students and staff from the Theological College climbed aboard, so did I. We sat facing outwards, with our backs leaning in the coffin and hugging our faces against the severe cold. As we went along the main road of the city the young man beside me straightened up and began to sing the hymn "Jesus Christ is risen today, Hallelujah" (in Chinese but to the familiar Scottish tune) and others joined in. A splendid signal to the people we passed on the street!

When we stood around the grave and old woman from the neighbourhood whispered at my elbow "Who is being buried?" I told her. "Who are those women?" His wife and daughter. "Why are they not mourning?" She was expecting the dreadful howling cries heard at a Chinese funeral. I tried to say, "Because we are Christians and we believe he has gone to heaven and that we will see him again. We follow the Lord Jesus Christ who died but is risen again and we do not mourn in the same way as you do." My Chinese was quite inadequate for such a discussion and the old woman muttered something polite.

On another occasion I was sitting in the hospital OPD opposite another old woman who stared at me and then looked down at her lap. She did this more than once so I realised it meant something. I looked at her lap and

saw her two fingers making the sign of the Cross. Then I did the same thing; I saw her face illuminated with joy. Then we both switched off and looked elsewhere.

Visits to other medical colleges

In the summer of 1948 Dr Hsiang took me to visit the Shenyang Medical College. A senior member of staff showed us around and I remember some items.

- a. A splendid large lecture room with rows of seats all looking down at a generously equipped post-mortem table with water laid on. Everything was covered with dust, at least half an inch thick. The summer winds must have brought it in but the door must not have been unlocked for a very long time.
- b. In the long wide hall we met a Japanese member of staff who cut me dead at close quarters but spoke briefly to our host.
- c. We were proudly shown a large cabinet full of glass jars which all contained hairy specimens. I was told they were samples of pubic hair from human beings of different ages, sexes and races. It was hard to think of a suitable comment.
- d. Then we were shown, also in the long hall, a structure like a coffin, covered I think by a cloth. The lid beneath was glass and inside was a woman's body, shrunken and dry – I can't remember the details. "This is the body of my mother who died in the Mongolian desert where it is hot and dry."
- e. Later I was invited to see the animal house and nervously agreed expecting neglect and smell. We came to a locked door in a long wall and a shout brought a cheerful call and a man unlocked it and welcomed us in. The whole grassy square inside was tidy and fresh; the cages raised against the wall were big with lots of room inside. The animals were rabbits who had lots of fresh, uneaten grass and other green food that they were busily munching. I was not shown any other animals, but it was a very brief visit. The keeper opened more than one cage, where he held out his arm and the rabbit hopped out and went up his arm to be patted and stroked with mutual friendliness, which could not have been turned on for the occasion. He loved his animals!

After "Liberation" I went on another visit with Dr Hsiang, this time to the Nan Man College. This time there were others from MMC there and the purpose was to learn something about the new teaching methods of the Communists' quick program for training doctors. Some ideas were good but the use of a bound and terrified dog in surgery classes sickened me.

Later note: On reflection I think that the Shenyang Medical College and the Nan Man Medical College were the same institution, the former

Japanese medical university and that the two visits were to two different parts of the same institution. (DSC note: This is right, the Japanese college had several names and eventually became the China Medical University, of which I am a Guest Research Librarian.)

Food problems, before Liberation.

The Chinese people who lived around us in East Moukden were not as well fed as we were. We kept a big sack of Kaoliang at the front door and gave enough for one-day's food to anyone who came. Lily Dodds, a very generous soul, used to add a couple of scones, if our cook had made some – to his great wrath! Once someone gave us a truly miraculous present, a bag of apples. There was a little girl of about five who used to appear at the door almost every day; totally silent and looking very frightened, but braver than any 5-year old should have to be. She never spoke but on this day I managed to sneak a fat apple to the bottom of the meal bag and put it in the bag we had for her. She gazed into my face, cautiously but ready to run. I told her to put her hand in and find a present. She did so, very carefully and cautiously; then she stopped short with a frozen incredulous face, which she raised to look at me. It had blossomed into pure ecstasy. Then, too wise to bring out the apple she clutched the bag with her treasure in it and ran away.

Non-missionary foreigners in Moukden

I am rather ashamed to be so ignorant of the other foreigners in Moukden but I rarely went over to 'the West' as the trip was either a long walk or an expensive ride and naturally when I did go it was with MMC friends. The missionaries who lived in the West had very good relations with the other foreigners, especially those in the British Consulate. Other consulates included American and French.

There were quite a few (white) Russians who had fled from their country during the 1917 Revolution. One of them, a very fine person, Tania Siminoff, had become a nurse in the MMC Hospital many years past and shared the hardships of the staff during the Japanese years until she was urged, in 1945, to retire and find friends and a home in Scotland. I came to know and greatly respect her when we met at the language school in Peking when she was on her way out. She reached Scotland but did not live long. Other Russians were not good at making Chinese friends or even learning the language. The ladies made a living by sewing and knitting. I only once visited a Russian home, to attend a little boy who was ill – a depressing experience.

There were also some business firms – one well known one being BAT (British-American Tobacco,) (See Letter 243)

My letters mention a few parties at the British Consulate – "Empire Day" and a Ladies Night at the Rotary Club, held at the Consulate and I was

asked to another event, a lunch. These, very kind, invitations were actually quite embarrassing - "What to wear?" It was worth the effort as they not only had the most wonderful food (by comparison to ours) and once or twice a host with some wit pressed a parcel into our hands when one was leaving, in the glory of the Consulate car. Once, when I was at the lunch, I enjoyed some wonderful ham, made even more delicious by real mustard. When the party was over I was carefully slow to go home, and sure enough our kind host whispered to me to wait just a moment. He later appeared with a parcel, a very small one alas! And whispered "I noticed how much you enjoyed the mustard." Mary and Lily greeted me with "What have you got?" and, as neither liked mustard, I was not popular. The consulate folk had stores of tinned and dried food flown in and, I am certain, had no idea that we were on much more boring diet.

Lily Dodds was a very attractive and good-looking woman, with a witty tongue, and she got on very well at parties. One evening, in the hottest summer, it was her turn to go and she was seen home by a gentleman whom she invited in 'for a drink' as they were exhausted by the heat. I heard voices and then Lily's footsteps going to the kitchen and I hope I would not have to stay awake too long to find out what she had brought home with her. After only a moment or two the front door slammed and Lily came upstairs laughing. She had gone to the kitchen to bring them two glasses of water (what else!) He had sipped his and exclaimed, incredulously, "Good heavens. It's water, and it's warm." Sudden end to the friendship, and she hadn't brought anything for Mary or me!

The journey home

During 1949, until I left Moukden, I received a salary from the new (Communist) MMC or Liaoning Medical College, as it became known. The money thus earned by the medical missionaries was pooled by all the Scottish and Irish missionaries and was quite adequate. Any people in the City with jobs also wore a little badge, with a hammer and sickle and the name of their employer on it. I always wore mine, which seemed quite reasonable as I did work for them and accepted their money. I worked hard for the College and also did post-mortems for the Military Hospital. I wore it in Tientsin when Agnes Gardiner and I prepared our papers which we needed before one was allowed to leave the country. We had been allotted two berths on the SS Hunan leaving on Monday morning (26 September 1949, see letter 281) and on Saturday morning we were almost ready. We were in a long queue to get our smallpox certificates, our final requirement, stamped. We worked our way slowly forward and reached the little man at the desk. He frowned at my certificate because the patient and the doctor were the same person. He waved us away and we rejoined the queue again.

When we reached the same man again he was looking at the clock as it was approaching noon – closing time. I was nervous and edgy and when he crossly ordered us away again I saw he was looking at my badge. I said, “Do you not know who I am?” He should have answered that it did not matter who I was, the certificate was not acceptable but he hesitated, looked at the clock again and stamped our certificates. In a flash we were off! I still wonder if this performance was honourable.

A few weeks in Hong Kong included a brief visit by ship to see Dor (her cousin, Dorothy Crawford, who was also a missionary and had been interned in Japan.) Dor had started work in Swantow and I wanted to see her before that part of China was also taken over by the Communists. I also visited Professor Hou pao-chang, he was then Professor of Pathology at the Hong King University. It was a very happy and touching encounter. He pretended to be shocked and horrified at my Chinese accent. He had always refused to talk to me in Chinese in his Shantung provincial accent but this was, at least, educated. Here I was turning up with a Manchurian accent picked up from my lab boys and the lab servant, Lao Pai.

We boarded the Glengartney and sailed first to Singapore (where Hester Stewart was now working) and then to Port Swetenham where we had time to explore Klang and Kuala Lumpur. Then we moved to Penang, Colombo, Aden and Suez. At Port Said we had a day in shore and our wanderings led us to a little "museum'. The old fellow in charge identified us at a glance and kept showing me ancient objects which he introduced as “Coptic Christian, two thousand BC”.

Our ship next took us to Genoa, where we had a splendid day with a n old Italian couple we had met on board. Then came the last lap to London, where we said farewell to the Glengartney and caught the train to Liverpool and the Belfast boat, which brought us safely home the next morning to the Belfast docks and friends and family. Do you remember, David, coming to meet me with your father and the boat was so late that you both thought you had to go home. (DSC note: *Very vaguely!*)

When I unpacked later that day your grandmother said tom me “Have you no hat? Are you not going to Church?” I had to go into town to buy one; I had not worn one for nearly five years.

What happened next?

After Agnes and I left China in September 1949 a few, brief, letters from Chinese friends reached me, and others, by slow routes. When the remaining staff in West Moukden came out in summer 1950 the door closed altogether.

Some scraps of news may have reached Scotland but the ‘Bamboo Curtain’ was very effective in cutting off contact with individual friends. Just before I left Moukden and about to catch the train I said to Dr. Liu “When I get home, people will ask me about the Church here. What shall I

say?" He looked quite startled and very emphatically said "Nothing". He doubtless remembered my blunders! Then he said, tell the Church in Ireland to pray for us, as we will pray for them. In five years you will be able to return and you will see how we have stood the test."

Almost 30 years later a letter arrived from one of the MMC graduates; it was dated 9 March 1979 and addressed to Professor Garven at Glasgow University. He had died several years before so it took several weeks for it to finally reach Mrs Garven and was copied and sent to other friends. One day I opened a very ordinary envelope with a Scottish stamp and read "Dear teacher Garven, This is a letter written to you by one of your Chinese students ... thirty years is gone by ... will you please give our good wishes to Dr Crawford, the Irish pathologist, Dr Leggate, a surgeon, Miss Fleming, a chemist ... It is almost 30 years, we don't use English. Please correct my mistakes in this letter, like you used to do."

After that letter, others came and went. They did not say much but the signatures said a great deal. Old photographs of staff and students, with names on the back, were looked at afresh and old friends came back to life. In the spring of 1980 Professor Leng lan-chia was sent for postgraduate study in the UK by a university in South China. He managed to fit in a visit to Northern Ireland. You, David, were visiting at the same time and took us both around Belfast and to the Ulster Folk Museum at Cultra. I pointed out a Spade Mill, which operated a water-hammer. The power coming from a small waterfall. When Leng heard the word "water hammer" he stopped short and asked if we could look at it. He looked carefully and noted the sharp thud it made each time it overflowed and then said, joyously, "Now I understand." When I looked blank he said, "Don't you remember that post-mortem? The clinical notes you read out said that the man had an Austin-Flint murmur of the heart and a "water-hammer pulse". We could not understand. Then you opened the heart and we could see that his aortic valve was not right and could not close properly. You said, "That explains the water-hammer pulse". We talked about it that night in our dormitory and not one of us understood what you were trying to tell us. Now I understand!"

After 30 years! What splendid students to teach, though I should have realised that they lived in a mainly flat area with no waterfalls in the farmed areas.

Since then YOU know far more about Moukden (Shenyang) than I do – to my great joy.



Top badge is the one worn by ARC in 1948-1949 (No. 70). The bottom one is DSC's badge from the China Medical University, awarded to him when he became a Guest Research Librarian.