

LULIN CHANG WALTER
The author
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PEARL

An autobiography

by

Lulin Chang Walter

To all my children

Jack, Elizabeth, Lise, and Alexander

Don't cry for me.
I had emptied my ocean of tears.
Come and walk with me,
through the garden of my soul.

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PREFACE

Within the phenomenal universe, I am only a partical of sand on the earth. Under the immense ocean, I am only a tiny drop of water without whirlpool. As a humble individual, I was born into a rising wealthy family which was later ruined by Japanese. I was branded to be a "scorpion" or "tigress" by Chinese superstition and raised among my siblings under a unique family system from my infancy on.

To break away from reality and injustice, I spent my childhood dreaming about chasing rainbows in the hope to find that pot of gold at the ends of them. But I did not succeed.

The bitter and sweet experiences of my early life in China may not be of significant nor worthwhile for recording. Nevertheless, as a witness suffering from Chinese civil war, Sino-Japanese war, World War II, again Chinese civil war, I had seen history unfolding right in front of my eyes while I was growing up and later on doing news reportings and other literary writings. I can't help but trying to make marks on my chart. Besides, I like to leave a few footprints on the snow for my children and grand-children to trail on.

Twice widowed now, I often spend my days in solitude counting blessings.

For sentimental reason, I did not start writing this book when my late husband, John S. Walter, was alive. Our marriage had lasted forty nine long years, just one year short of our Golden Anniversary. My fourth child, Alexander D. Walter, came into our life during that period.

For other reasons, I did not use the full names of some persons or companies in order to avoid misunderstanding. Some names of a few

cities had been changed in the course of time. I have to use those when and where things took places. For example, "Beijing" used to be named "Peking" and "Beiping."

Tragedies struck me time and time again. I never forgive myself for what happened to my daughters, Elizabeth and Lise. But we were all victims of circumstances.

With this book, I am closing the big chapter of my early life in China. A new big chapter of mine living in the United States and the development of the children shall be opened as I continue my life journey toward the SUNSET.

Lulin Chang Walter
South Milwaukee, Wisconsin
U. S. A.

"Pearl." Everyone in my family called me this name.

"Pearl" is the name given to me at birth.

Pearl is the most brilliant and most radiant gem on our planet. And, it is of most precious and great beauty.

But my life, ever since I realized my very existence, did not match the expectation. I am far, far away

From the very tender age of two, I have a vision of a very blurry picture at the back of my mind: I was a sick and weak old man with white hair and beard. After a tremendously physical sufferings with hard luck, I was pushed from the top of an abyss. All the way down. Then, everything went blank

That was a part of my "previous life." So to speak, "FORMER LIFE."

According to Chinese superstition, all people have to have alternative life and gender. A man at present time could be a woman in his next life. In other words, a woman could be a man after rebirth.

One would have bad luck through present life if he or she could remember what had happened to his or her former life.

ONE.

The Family Roots

Decades before the end of 19th century, before the establishment of the Republic of China, Nanning, a small capital city of Kwangsi Province, China, was under Semi-Feudal System. With ancestral grass-roots from Nanhai, Kwangtung Province, my family settled down in Nanning, and stayed put for business.

This city was a former treaty port, and was voluntarily opened to foreign trade in 1907 to offset Franch influence at Lungchow, a treaty port near the Tongking frontier. It was the highest accessible point for steamers on the West River and trades.

My grand-father, the "Old Huang," and grand-mother died of reasons unknown when my father, Yung-sen Huang, was four years old. Grand-aunt, Mrs. Se Lai, a widow by herself and childless, helped raise my father.

Daddy Yung-sen could not afford to continue his education in school beyond 8th grade. At the age of 14, he began working in a restaurant as a busboy to help grand-aunt making ends meet for a living.

Surprisingly, his hidden talent sprang out. Soon afterward, he was elevated to the job of a waiter. At the age of 18, he was promoted to be an assistant manager. By the time he reached the rank of a full manager, he became a half owner of that restaurant which he finally bought out.

At the beginning of the 20th century, Daddy Yung-sen, nicknamed "Big Head Huang", built his very own sprawling seven-story and 300 bedroom hotel alongside the water front of Yung River. It was named "Nanning Grand Hotel" which became a breath-taking landmark and tourist attraction even though business of tourism was not popularly developed.

There was a huge restaurant on the top floor of the hotel. It was open to the public, serving traditional Cantonese "dim sum" in the morning and luxurious dinners in the afternoon and evening.

All serving utensils in the restaurant were of sterling silver with real ivory chopsticks. All furnitures in the hotel room were made of lacquered teakwoods. When my second older brother, Ye-Ko, was married to one of the most beautiful girls of the elite society in town, 120 tables of guests were served with 10 guests for each table, all in the same restaurant, Papa's restaurant on split levels.

Regretably, there was no family record as to exactly what year and which date my father was born. The only thing Grand-aunt Lai told me was that "Big Head Huang" was born in August on the night of a complete full moon, the day of Chinese Autumn Festival which is being celebrated by Chinese people through centuries on August 15 each year.

"That's why he was so lucky, and so successful in business."

Grand-aunt Lai bragged. "Everybody remembers his birthday."

My mother, Yi-chen Liang, was married to father through the arrangement of a match-maker. Born into a middle class and highly buddhism worshipping family, she had also limited education in formal school. But she was very talented in supervising the activities in the restaurant. In addition, she worked as a cashier there on a very old-fashion, crank-ing register, seven days per week.

She lived with Father in a private suite in the hotel due to the heavy loads of work. But she went home as often as she could to visit and check on us brothers and sisters under the supervision of our grand-aunt.

I was told that my mother had given birth to twelve children. I never saw all of my brothers and sisters, however. During those old days, children were not suppose to ask parents questions unless they volunteered the information we needed. Good old Grand-Aunt Lai(We later called her Grandma Lai) said some of my siblings were still-born. Some died of infantile diseases.

In China, children in a family were often ranked by the genders. I became Number Six on the girls side. That's why I was(and still am) called "6th Sister" or "6th Aunty."

Every time, shortly after a child was born, Mother would entrust the infant to a "wet nurse" who would come to stay with the family and breast-fed the child until he or she grew up to two years old. Some of the wet-nurses wanted to stay on with my family even after child weaning, so that they did not have to worry about making a living some other way some place else.

Since Father and Mother lived mostly in their hotel suite and only went home to check on the family activities once a week or so, Grand-aunt Lai was the house master to keep every thing under control for the daily life. She managed the family budget with period financial allowance. She supervised the works of the servants, the wet nurses, and two cooks in the kitchen.

My maternal grand-mother, Mrs. Liang, used to come and stay with the family more than half of each year. She and Grand-Aunt Lai got

along very well. She helped sharing some of the burdens of supervision from Grand-Aunt Lai, who frequently would invite our next door neighbor, Mrs. Lei, a second cousin of hers, and one other friend to the house for a game of Ma-joung.

At times when we had more visitors, including Mother's side of family members, the hotel would send in a whole banquet for everybody to enjoy.

Superstition played a terribly crucial part in my early life.

I was told that when my mother was expecting me during her pregnancy, one of my elder brothers died. A fortune teller pointed a finger on Mother's belly.

"This baby must be a tiger or a scorpion. It killed your son". She predicted. "It would be better if you keep it out of the family."

With this woman's pre-birth verdict, Mother was horrified.

So, I became a sinner in the family even though I was still in the womb.

Years later, Grandma Liang, Mother's mother, an excellent storyteller, described to me the way I entered my miserable world.

TWO

Born As A Tigress

It was a very chilly, gloomy, and rainy night in early November, 1919. In the master bedroom of the family house, Mother was suffering on her high-rised bed. Under heavy cotton quilte, she yelled out loudly with exceptional pain.

"Oh, eh..... I yo, I yo....."

Close by the end of the bed, there was a large tin pan with some burning charcoals to keep the room warm.

Grandma Liang sighed:

"Funny she never had so much pain before," she remarked, "when she gave birth to her other children."

She stretched out both of her arms from her cotton-padded jacket, then moved slowly on her bounded feet toward the open fire warmer. Picking up a pair of long iron sticks, she stirred the charcoals to make the fire heating better.

But the rain went down heavier, and the room seemed to be colder.

Momentarily, Mother quieted down. She was exhausted. A few minutes later, she yelled again.

"Why does she have so much pain?" Grandma Liang sighed once again .

"Because this child would not be normal," answered Young Ma, the

mid-wife, who had been sitting nearby for hours.

"Remember what the fortune teller had said?" Young Ma continued. "The child will be a tiger or a scorpion !"

"Oh," Grandma Liang motioned with her right hand. "Stop that."

Grand-Aunt Lai walked in after she made sure that all other youngsters were in the beds.

Suddenly the rain was pouring down with loud thunder and cracking lightening. The single glass winder panel seemed to be losing its tight grip.

"I ye.....I ye...." Mother screamed loudly again in extreme pain.

Young Ma took a quick look under the blanket that was laid above Mother's legs.

"Yes, yes!" Shouted Young Ma. "It's coming!"

"She then ran toward the kitchen door and called one of the maids: "Gook Wha (chrysanthemum, in Chinese -Cantonese dialect), bring hot towels. Quick, quick !"

"Oh, oh" Mother let out her last moaning helplessly.

Young Ma rushed down to catch the baby with another blanket.

Gook Wha stood by with a large warm towel for wiping off the dripping blood.

"It's a girl!" Shouted Young Ma. "A female tiger. An ugly tiger. Look, sure enough, there is a birthmark on her left leg."

"No, no!" Grandma Liang shouted back. "It is a beautiful girl. Her name should be PEARL."

So, I was and am called "Pearl" the first minute when I was ushered into my miserable world.

Among my siblings, I was always the favorite of Grandma Liang.

As far as superstition dominated the destiny of the family, I was not allowed to be considered one of the Huang children. I had to address my own parents as "God-father" and "God-mother," or "Uncle" and "Aunt."

There was a couple by the last name of "Chang" who lived a few blocks away. They were old friends of my family but childless. Under favorable condition offered by my parents, they agreed to adopt me as their daughter. By this arrangement, it was believed that the devil spirit would leave the Huang family alone.

My adopted father, Shiao Fan Chang, was a dedicated school teacher. His wife, Si Chan, kept the house at home. After the formulation procedures were completed, my parents offered the Chang family some amount of money, month by month, as a token of appreciation and extra income for their up-grade living. The maid servant, Chrysanthemum, went with me to live there helped taking care of me. Also, I had a young, pretty wet-nurse.

No recollection of life during my infancy until I was two years old. Just then, I had a vivid vision of what was happening.

At the outskirts of Nanning, on a hillside under the gloomy sky, I was riding on the back of Chrysanthemum. She was kneeling alongside of Mother and a few relatives in front of a fresh pile of soil, a grave. They burned all kinds of "paper money", gold, green, and silver. In the meantime, they were murmuring something I could not understand.

After the residues of the "paper money" was blown away, rain began to fall. Then everyone left in a hurry running toward a few rickshaws which were waiting at the bottom of the hill. It seemed nobody was crying.

Mother took me and Chrysanthemum home from that day on.

A few years later, as I could understand more things, I learned that my adopted father had died of some kind of strange disease one year after I lived with him and his wife. My adopted mother could not stand the loneliness and raising me all by herself. She committed suicide the following year.

She was buried next to her husband

Whatever small material possession they had was donated to charity.

Since the "devil spirit" I was supposed to be born with had been unfortunately applied over the Chang couple, it was told that I would be "harmless" to live with my own parents and siblings from that time on.

THREE

Family Life

Father's business prospered very rapidly year after year. He had built a small entertainment Theater on the first floor of the Manning Grand Hotel. All for free to entertain his hotel customers. My 5th older sister, Kuo-jen, younger 5th brother Kuo-sen(Robert) and I used to go there watching a repeated show of western movie, "Tai Shan," black and white.

Other than the indoor theater, a middle size floating restaurant was added on the Yung River and docked at the foot of the hotel. It was decorated with colorful ancient sculptures.

There was plenty of Cantonese string and percussion music, as well as songs to provide for the customers' enjoyment from noon every day through mid-night. Sometimes until next morning.

A number of beautiful girl singers and dancers in Cantonese style costumes were hired to perform. Different kinds of wine and beer were being served as well.

Believe it or not, Father also established his very own private bank named "Sing Kwang Bank" at the downtown business district. He had to hire his close friend, Biao Chen, to manage the daily details of business.

Each year, before traditional holidays, Mother would lined up us, brothers and sisters, to shop for new shoes and fabrics for the tailor to make new clothes for us. Whenever and whatever the shoppings were complete, all she had to do was telling the shop owners "send the bills

to my accountant." It meant the accountant in Father's bank.

She never carried any money with her when she did her shoppings. Most people in the city knew her and trusted her.

Father was a very handsome man. He was well built on a tall stature with square shoulders. Both of his cheeks seemed to be always pale pink. He liked to keep his thin sideburns and a little patch of mustache. A water-pipe was his favorite when he smoked. He seldom smile. Despite of being rich and famous, he preferred casual clothings such as a white, short sleeve open neck shirt over a pair of Bermuda shorts, and a pair of black leather shoes.

To us, brothers and sisters, he was often kind and gentle, but at times, he would give us a "no nonsense" stern look, if one of us did not behave well.

I only spoke to him or asked for spending money when my siblings were not around. He seemed to have specially tender feeling for me but never openly expressed.

He and Mother were married through the arrangement of a match-maker. There was not much fanfare during those old days.

Mother was two or three years younger than Father, according to the information from Grandma Liang. There was no record to prove the exact date of the month and year of their marriage. Of course no picture had been taken.

When she was young, she had a pretty face like the shape of a swan's egg with very smooth complexion. She liked to comb her hair all the way back of her head and formed a big bun. In her wardrobe, she had hundreds of churn-sham (Chinese long dress), but she always put on a pair of black Chinese pantsuit.

As second daughter of the Liang family, Mother seemed to be born

with the trail of strong characteristics. From her outlook, she had the beauty every high society lady would envy. But she was driven with ambitions to assist Father's business with sturdy hands instead of going out to socialize with her circle of friends. At times she seemed to be apologetic for not giving her children enough attention as we needed.

Continuous prosperity in business further drove Father up on higher popularity. He was not a "skirt chaser" among ladies. But every so often, some young, pretty performers from the floating restaurant chased after him; either for more money or for favors. Mother was fed up from time to time to hear gossips behind her. At some points, she felt enough was enough, and she decided to do something about it.

Our house was situated a quarter-mile from the provincial government mansion and the public square. Inside of a huge, circular six feet tall concrete wall, there stood a round marble building. Inside of it, all floors were inlaid with different marbles with various designs. I had no idea how did all of those luxurious materials come from Italy, and to this secondary province of China.

In the summer time, when the tropical weather was scorchingly hot, some of our relatives or neighbors would come to visit, just made themselves at home by laying on the round corridor to keep cool and comfortable.

On the ground between the building and the outer wall, there always were plenty of flowers to keep the environment fresh and attracted butterflies, mostly carnation, hibiscus, roses, and peonies.

On late spring night, as I was in the bed falling into a happy

dreamland, I was woke up by Mother. She directed me to follow my brothers and sisters to go downstairs. I was seven years old at the time.

I witnessed in the center of our living room, there was a lady with long, black braid at the back of her head was kneeling down in a bowing position. We were then lined up in front of her.

Soon after, Mother made name calls, one by one from the left of the line, to walk close to the lady.

"Swing your legs over her head," instructed Mother. "Left and right legs."

We did as we were told. After every one of us taking our terms, the lady got up, changed her position, then knelt toward Mother and kowtowed twice. Next, she kowtowed to Grand-Aung Lai, and Grandma Liang, twice each too.

By Chinese tradition, to show obedience, respect, faith and piety, people give two bows to the living persons, but three bows to those who are dead.

To my highest delight, we had Dim Sum, Chinese refreshments, for mid-night snacks. But I did not know what was all of this ceremony and celebration for.

Next day, Mother told us that this lady would be Mother's concubine. From then on, we should call her "Sister Tong," and nothing else. Period.

Some time later, Grandma Liang revealed to me that Mother had paid eight hundred pieces of sterling silver dollars to Sister Tong's fostered parents for the deal.

During the following years, Sister Tong had produced two boys and two girls. This new additions amounted the number of my siblings

sixteen. We did not put the word "half" ahead of 7th brother, 7th sister, 8th brother, and 8th sister.

To let Sister Tong share a small part of the family wealth, Father opened up a bakery store in the downtown district. He let her take charge of the financial matters in the store. There was an assistant manager to do the work with minor helpers.

Accompanied by our servants, we often walked to the bakery for a few sweet treats. Sister Tong was happy to bribe us for her position in the family as Mother used to downgrade her due to jealousy in their uneasy, triangular marriage. We were not aware of that situation.

No. 5th younger brother, Kuo-sen (Robert), who was 13 months younger than I, was Mother's "Apple of the Eye." In order to keep Bob protected in school, Mother purposely held me home until I was 7 years old to enter first grade in school so that I could keep Bob company in the same class in school.

We left home for school and came back together. The only difference was that during the weekday trips, he got a "piggy-back ride" by a maid. I had to walk alongside of them without help.

Early from the beginning of education, I loved to read, everything as I could get my hands on it, such as little comic books, children story books, etc. Every so often, after schooling, instead of playing out in the circular garden, I would hide myself at a corner of the living room and do my reading.

I was caught by Mother a couple of times when she decided to come home from the hotel residence and joined us for a special dinner and checked on everything with Grand-Aunt Lai and Grandma Liang.

"Go to the kitchen," commanded Mother, "and watch how the cooks prepare the food."

I protested.

"We have two cooks in the kitchen, why do I have to go there and watch?"

With no-nonsense tone of voice, Mother insisted.

"You have to learn. Who knows someday you may marry a poor husband?"

I resented the fact that my other sisters were not told to do so.

With Sister Tong moved in, and the constant visitations from our relatives on Mother's side, our house was always full of noises of Ma-jang playing and cheerful laughters. It was a very happy, warm and healthy environment for everyone in the family. But I yearned for independence, and time for privacy. The only thing I liked was to read, read, and read.

Beginning at 7th grade, the starting point of junior high school in China, I obtained permission from my parents to move into the dormitory of a girl school. There were four girls in each room that was supervised by the dorm "mother," a gray hair and sweet lady who was not married. We girls were very friendly to one another. We all studied hard. None of us had ever heard or dreamed about make-ups on the face or dressed in high fashion.

By the weekends, I would go to the bakery and asked Sister Tong for plenty of delicious cakes and cookies, then back to the dorm and shared them with my roommates for the rest of the week.

FOUR

Taste of The War

Ever since the rising of Chinese Boxing Rebellion, Japan had long been mouth-watering about Chinese immense territories. Japanese government was not bashful to show its ambitions for invasion toward China from time to time in the early stage before the new Chinese Republic.

Historical records showed that less than three years after the establishment of the Republic of China on October 10, 1911, Japanese troops landed at Lungkow, Shantung Province, China, without permission on September 2, 1914.

Again, on January 18, 1915, Japanese government presented a notorious "21 Demands" to Peking, the capital of Chinese national government, demanding to shore lands in various part of China.

Due to the instability of the new Republic, the then provisional president of the country, Yuan Shih Kai, signed a "Sino-Japanese Agreement" on May 15 the same year with the hope to settle down the aggression from then on.

However, on April 30, 1919, after World War I, in Paris, France, the Paris Peace Conference allowed Japan to take over Germany's prewar rights in Shantung Province. More than 3000 students at the time demonstrated in Peking on May 4th to protest against the decision. This unfair and unfortunate international episode caused China to refuse signing the Peace Treaty in Versailles, France, on June 28, 1919.

This treaty was also known as "Versailles Treaty." Chinese government regretfully gave up her right.

Satan never sleep. So were the Japanese aggressors.

After China signed an agreement with Japan in Washington D. C. to settle the Shantung dispute on February 4, 1922, there were still more incidents of aggressions took places. They included Japanese troops attacked the Northern Expeditionary Forces in Tsinan on May 3, 1928. Most significant of all, Japanese troops occupied Shenyang, Liaoning Province, in a surprised attack on September 18, 1931. Consequently, other important cities in Liaoning and Kirin provinces fell rapidly to the Japanese. Six days later, the Council of the League of Nations (predecessor of the United Nations) adopted a resolution urging Japan to withdraw its troops from Northeast China by November 16 the same year. But Japan turned down the League's proposal.

"September 18, 1931" became the most bloody and moaning memorial day in Chinese history. This particular day in calendar was and is being observed throughout China ever since for the following decades.

As Chinese people suffered the loss of their most strategical defensive line on the northeast of the country, Japanese government set up a puppet state on the three Chinese northeastern provinces named "Manchuria", in which, Henry Pu Yi was sworn as chief executive on March 19, 1932.

Only two weeks before Manchuria was officially established as the Japanese "Protective territory," Japanese naval forces attacked Shanghai on January 28, 1932. Almost one year later, on January 3, 1933, its troops outside the Chinese Great Wall occupied Shanhaikwan, another important, strategic point along China's lower northeastern border.

All of these happenings had seriously threatened the other parts of the interior of China.

In addition to Japan's ever-growing appetite for Chinese territories, the rising of Chinese Communists, and the internal power struggles by sectional politicians and military leaders had caused the Chinese people anxiety and worry.

In the late summer of 1934, I entered Nanning High School, a prestige educational institution at the middle southeastern part of the country. At the time, Kwangsi Provincial Government had just put into effect a new rule: all high school students, boys and girls, had to receive military reserve training besides regular curriculums. Boys were taught various offensive and defensive skills including the use of rifles and short guns. Girls were sent to the local hospital, three times per week, for training as reserve nurses.

All of these were planned ahead by the provincial government for emergency if war broke out at our part of the country.

We all had to wear a set of grey cotton uniform, which was supplied by the government for all seasons. The only thing I did not like or hated it, was that we had to wrap the lower part of our legs, between the knees and the ankles with long, wide bandage of grey cotton cloth. It took me some time to make it right, not to mention answering a call in a hurry.

In the school dormitory, I was assigned to one of the large rooms on the second floor with twenty four bunkbeds on the upper part. Because, the lady supervisor said, I was thin and light-weighted, and it would be easy for me to climb up and down as well as other girls in my size.

On the school opening day, we had general assembly in the huge and well lit auditorium. It was about eight o'clock in the morning.

I was among more than four hundreds of students sitting on the benches. Accompanying on the stage with Principal Chan was the entire body of faculty. There were three gentlemen in army uniform. One of these three was exceptionally tall, almost one head above the group.

The student band played Chinese National Anthem. We all stood up, sang along , saluted to the national flag and the portrait of Dr. Sun Yet Sen, founder of the Republic of China.

"Dear boys and girls," Principal Chan began."Welcome to the school year of Minkuo 23(Chinese calendar year). He waved and continued. "Most of you are following up from last year for another higher grades; and others are brand new coming from junior high. As you may have heard that we are starting a new program installed by the government, that one year military and relative skillful training is adding to your regular study courses."

Principal Chan then turned to that tall uniformed official and introduced him: "Please welcome Captain Ching-wai Cheng."

A thundering standing ovation took the auditorium.

"We are very lucky to have Captain Cheng here to help along."

Again, the principal said. "With his two assistants and our own teachers working together, I am sure we will have a very successful academic year."

My class was placed on the front rows at the meeting. I could see everyone on the stage pretty well. Captain Cheng, the commanding officer, had a clean cut square jaw face with high forehead and cheekbones. His large black eyes seemed to be so strongly bright and powerful when they swept through his audiences before he spoke.

I could not full understand Captain Cheng's speech, because he had the accent of dialet from either Chiangsu or Chejiang province. But I did catch the important points of what he had emphasized and instructed us.

We were allowed to wear school uniform, but had to put on the grey military uniform at times of the drill or emergency calls.

The first night, as all of us were deep into our sweet dreams, suddenly, we were woke up by a piercing bugle call:

"da, da, da, dade, de, de, de ...da.da.de...da da de.."

Right the way, we understood it was for emergency call. In this case, no ordinary dorm lights were permitted to be turned on.

Under the very dim exit lights, I tumbled down from my upper bed, grabbed my grey uniform that was hanging on the bed post. I put it on, and desperately wrapped the long bandages on both of my legs; then in a neck-breaking speed rushed down to the school playground.

The spotlight over a tall pole was on, under which there was a low platform. Captain Cheng was standing with both of his arms resting on his hips, waiting for everybody got into lines.

This first drill took us all together around fifteen minutes.

"My dear comrades," the commanding chief addressed in terms of combative training. "This is the first time we try, not bad at all. But we could have done it faster and better."

His piercing voice was so strong, and it sounded like the clinking of a church bell. Before dismissal, he gave us a short and stern talk.

I could not fall back to sleep for the rest of that most exciting and memorable night.

I knew there would be a tough year ahead of me.

We had more un-announced drills later from time to time.

For breakfast every morning in the dining hall, we, trainees, all sat on lines on the long wooden benches. In front of each of us, there was a large bowl of waterry white porridge. There seemed to be nothing else in it. We were told that we would be given five minutes to start and finish this moring meal.

As the training assistant blew a whistle to signal the beginning every body held up his or her bowl to "drink" without using a spoon at the side. The simultaneously noisy activity sounded like a huge current of spring running down the hill.

Of course, there was no way for me to finish my breakfast.

For lunch and supper, the ration of food was doubled. We each got a bowl of plain rice with boiled vegetables, sometimes a little meat or fish in it. Mealtime was extended to ten minutes. In case of field trip, such as the girls had to attend nursing training in a hospital, we had to skip the school meal, and were so happy to get the chance for purchasing snacks some where else.

I appreciated that year of reserved nurse training that had helped me in many ways during my later life.

Anyway, my human nature did not prepare me for being a nurse in training. Many a time, I was very scared to see blood running out of a person's body. It happened a few times in the hospital I had to turn my head away during surgeries on patients performing by a surgeon. I was embarrassed for doing so.

Three years senior high school education and life experience had matured me. I became confident and optimistic about my future life and career ahead of me.

There were, particularly, two teachers who had influence me more,

one way or the other, during my senior years in Manning High School.

Shao-liang Dung, a middle-age, handsome and gentle fellow, always had an ever-ready smile on his face when he greeted his students. Mr. Dung taught us the course of World Geography. With his wealthy family background, he could afford to travel in and out of the country on summer or winter vacations.

In the classroom, he would vividly present his lessons with experiences in a way that would let our fancy imagination fly. There was no video aid in the classroom at the time. Yet, his presentations were highly appealing. Every so often, a few classmates and myself would stop him at the school hallway afterward, and asked him to tell us more. He then would patiently answer our questions without hesitation.

Another gentleman was our English teacher, Yi-gen Lee.

Mr. Lee had a rather short but strong and masculine stature. For the past few years, he had been in the United States conducting some sort of educational projects including teaching. He had returned to China from Hawaii at the end of summer that year to join the faculty in our school.

He also became the favorite among us, a group of enthusiastic youngsters, not only by his life style, but also by his kindness and generosity.

Frequently, during leisure hours after classes, he would invite small groups of boys or girls into his living quarter in the faculty dorm across the field. He talked about the American people's good life. In the meantime, he would cook a large pot of delicious noodles to treat us. He believed we all studied hard, but were under-fed.

Once in a while, some uninvited schoolmates showed up at his door, he would treat them the same way.

Mr. Lee boasted himself as a "walking dictionary". Anyone who could not find a word from an English Dictionary, he would say: "Ask me." In the classroom, he was tough and strict as a nail.

"A good story must be written with nice composition and proper grammar," he told us.

I was a little embarrassed at one time when he read one of the articles I submitted him for my assignments. He gave me an "A plus."

Shortly after I graduated from Wanning Senior High School, more serious Japanese invasions took places. The historical turning point of war was at Lukouchiao (namely in English, Marco Polo Bridge).

On July 7, 1937, Japanese troops in night maneuvers near Lukouchiao, south-west of Peking, attacked Wanping City, formally started the war between China and Japan despite the demand of Chinese Commander in Chief, Generalissimo Chiang-Kai-Sheh, that the Japanese troop should stop. Generalissimo Chiang laid down four minimum conditions for settlement of the "incident."

But, instead, the Japanese consul in Tientsin sent an ultimatum to Chinese commander in Hopek Province demanding evacuation of the Chinese troop from Peking and its vicinities. Commander Sung Cheh-Yuan would not take it. He ordered his 29th Army Corp to resist.

This had touched off the all around "Sino-Japanese War" from then on. By the end of the same month, Peking fell into the murdering hands of Japan. After that, Tientsin had to be evacuated by Chinese troops. Then, on another significant blood-shed day, August 13, Shanghai was attacked by the Japanese.

Due to the country's overall un-stable situation, Father's hotel business declined. Second brother Kuo-Yee worked at the post office as a secretary in the Foreign Language Division since he came home from France. Fifth brother, Kuo-sin(Bob), came home from Shanghai where he had attended Cheng-Dan University for just a short time when the war broke out. Fifth sister, Kuo-jen went to an accounting institute to study because she loved to work with figures.

I decided, however, to be independent and make my own living in the first place. There was a good chance waiting for me.

Mr. Lee, my English teacher, quitted his job from the school, and had signed a contract with a company in the city of Kweilin to compile a new Chinese-English dictionary. His wife and family were in Canton, and would not be able to join him within 6 or 8 months. He needed an assistant for work in his office. The offer was first fell onto me. I was gladly appreciated the opportunity.

The morning I left Nanning for Kweilin, Mother made a special effort coming home from her hotel suite to see me off. She cooked a bowl of noodles with sparibs for me at breakfast. Noodles are supposed to symbolize longevity. Besides, the pronunciation of noodle, "main" sounds the same as "face" in Chinese language, which means "I will see your face again" or "I will see you again."

My job as an assistant on compiling words for a dictionary was very dry. Every day, I had to search into twenty or more different Chinese and English dictionaries, then picked out the appropriate words for the list.

This mechanical task was just not my "cup of tea." I asked for excuse four months later. I decided to pursue a higher education.

FIVE

Hard Pursuit At University

National Kwangsi University was one of the most renowned universities in China. It was situated in Liangfung, a beautiful village at the outskirts of Metropolitan Kweilin, the provincial capital of Kwangsi Province.

Surrounded within numerous purple, green, silvery and golden hills and mountains, Kweilin's fascinating scenery had been complimented as "the top of the world." Furthermore, Liangfung's breath-taking natural beauty was praised as "the top of Kweilin."

The most famous and captivating tourist attraction in Kweilin, just to name a few, were "Elephant's Nose Hill", "Seven Star's Cave", "Swan's Egg Cave", etc. With the gentle Li River and its tributaries whirling around, this place surely made people feel like living in heaven on earth.

Man-made ancient palace style buildings and historic remains contributed to Liangfung's charm.

Under the excellent direction of National Kwangsi University's president, Dr. Chun-woo Ma, a top-notch educator returning from the western countries, the university was prospering continuously during the middle and late 1930's.

Luckily, I passed the grand entrance examination, and was enrolled into the university as a freshman in the spring semester of 1938. By nature of interest, I chose Liberal Arts, majoring in Literature with the minus of History.

The courses for literature were worldwide, including Chinese and western classic with contemporary studies. I loved the poetries by many influential Chinese poets during the Tang, Ming and Ching Dynasties, such as Ho-chu Lee, Tai-bei Li, and Ching-jiao Lee.

On the western side, I was especially in favor of the classic works by the great masters of sixteenth century through early twentieth century. Namely, they were William Shakespeare, Percy B. Shelly, John Keats, Charles Dickens, David Lawrence of the Great Britain; Robert Stevenson of Scotland; Francois Voltaire, Victor Hugo of France; Feodor Dostoevski, Leo Tolstoy of Russia; and Johann Goethe of Germany. Both of Tolstoy and Lawrence lived up to the early part of twentieth century. Tolstoy died in 1910 before the Russia Revolution; while Lawrence passed away in 1130, at the young age of 45.

Like a hungry child from the house of poverty, I greedily "swallowed" all I could from the books, and tried to digest them before I worked on my assignments.

Our popular professor, Chui-yin Jiao, an expert in drama and a playwright, was never tired of guiding us beyond the text books. This middle-age gentleman was tall and very handsome. On his slightly pinkish and smooth face, there was always a welcoming smile. Behind a pair of shiny bi-focal glasses, his radiant eyes often sparkled out authority and wisdom.

The nicest treat he gave us was the periodical chances to observe performances inside of the local theaters. Those opportunities had deepened my conviction for future career in a fast moving world.

Professor Chung-ling Yan taught us History course. He was another person I admired highly. A native of Shansi Province, from his outlook, he gave us a "father-figure" impression. He did not mind to repeat his points of view with patience again and again in his soft

provincial dialect which was not hard to understand.

Very interestingly, Mr. Yan compared the living conditions of human life between the western and the eastern worlds. The early civilization of the West began from the Two Rivers: Tigres River and Euphrates River at ancient Babylon. Ancient Chinese civilization had to be trailed back for beyond the yellow River and Yangtze River. It was so interesting when we dug into the books from the libraries, and shared the joy of learning among my classmates.

Mr. Yan was highly loyal and patriotic to the country. He was very sad and moaned over the lost of Peking and Tientsin to the Japanese occupations. During the Chinese fateful and bitter resistant fight against Japanese troops in Shansi in the summer of 1938, China claimed major victory and saved the military statistical point at northern part of China, the city of Taier-Chuang. It happened to be so coincidental that Mrs. Yan gave birth to a pair of twins, one boy and one girl, on the same day. Professor was so excited and over joyous. He celebrated the important event by naming the twins "Tai-er(Baby Tai)", and "Chuang-er(Baby Chuang)".

The university embraced free spirit which allowed its students lawful freedom. We did not have to wear uniform like in the high schools. Daily meals were provided in the dining room for minimal fees.

Its large campuses sprawled around a sparkingly green lake among countless tall trees such as pine, maple, bamboo, fir, yew, and spruce.

The girl's dormitories were on one side of a small lake facing the main college buildings on the opposite side.

It was such a pleasure every morning when I left the dorm for the classes at the main buildings. I enjoyed walking through the Chinese

ancient palace style 9-turn colorful and overhead bridge crossing the lake. The natural beauty, the man-made beauty, and the freshness of the open air renewed me daily with a high fantasy for future life.

There was a girl in my dorm sharing with 32 of us by the last name of "Shia". She looked rather like an elder lady in her middle 30's. On her pinkish, apple-shape face, there rested a small, red mouth like a cherry that was an old-fashion description for a pretty woman. A pair of round, big black eyes did not seem to match the rest of her feature of the face. She was heavy-set, particularly on her waistline. It looked like she was over-weight.

She checked into the dorm a few weeks late. Even though she smiled to everyone who greeted her around the campuses, she seldom spoke.

I only saw her once in one of my elective classes. When I saw her at the dorm a few times, it was dark. It was time to keep quiet according to the regulation. As a result, I never had a chance to ask her for her full name.

She was assigned to a bed three roles behind mine. I did not see any luggage under her bed as we were told to do.

One night, as everyone in the dorm was sound asleep in her sweet dream, I was woke up all of a sudden by a deep moaning. Minutes later, it became a cry:

"Oh, oh, oh..... Please help me....."

I could tell that the cry was coming from a bunkbed behind a few roles.

In no time, the cry became louder and louder.

"Help me.....Oh, help me.....Oh.....oh.....!"

Somebody jumped down, grabbing a flashlight and ran toward the

direction of the source of calling.

It was that Shia girl, lying on the bottom part of her bunkbed.

She was half naked, both hands were holding her belly, while some sort of water was running down from her.

By the time the girls at the entire dorm had all jumped around, more flashlights and more girls were gathering by her.

Louder and louder crying from the Shia girl again. It was un-controlling.

Then somebody bent down and took a look and shouted:

"Gush, the head of a baby!"

The crowd was all excited.

"Turn on the top light!"

"Call the nurse !"

"Call Mrs. Chan(the dorm master)"

I did not know who was talking, and who was giving the order. It was in such confusion. But the girls all wanted to help.

"Quick, quick!" Somebody yelled again. "It's coming !"

One girl pulled a bedspread from the next bed and held it under Shia girl.

Before anyone realized it, just in a minute or two, Shia girl gave out an ear-piercing and loudest cry, then stopped in sudden silence.

The baby had dropped onto the bedspread.

Everybody applauded and laughed with mixed emotion.

The nurse and dorm master who lived in a nearby residence arrived. As the nurse was doing the cleaning, Mrs. Chan called an ambulance.

The following day, the un-expected night incident, or dramer, had become the gossip of the campus.

"Was that girl married?"

"Where was her husband?"

"Why did she come to the university when she was expecting a baby?"

"Would she come back again?"

"What a strange thing that happened!"

"What would the school feel and do about her?"

None of us got an answer. She just disappeared.

* * * * *

On the international front, the Sino-Japanese war bitterly went on. By the end of October, 1938, Chinese troops were forced to evacuate from Hankow and Wuchang, Hupei Province.

By December 22, Japanese prime minister, Prince, Konoye, laid down three points as guiding principles for settlement of the Sino-Japanese war, and the establishment of the "New Order in East Asia." Chiang Kai Shek reiterated China's determination to carry on the war of resistance against Japan, and charged that Konoye's statement clearly revealed Japan's intention to conquer China.

After that harsh exchange, the Japanese speared down all the way southward very rapidly in Kwangsi Province. Unfortunately, the capital city, Nanning, fell into the bloody hands of the aggressors like the explosion of volcano overnight.

I was at the second semester of my freshman year in the university in Kweilin. Most of my family members was in Nanning. Father's business had been going down steadily due to the war. He did not want to move either his business or the family anywhere else. As a matter of fact, he could not afford to do so.

Since Father was well known and well influential in the city, the

wanted him to serve as a civilian leader representing the government of Japan. Of course, Father would not want to help the enemy and became a traitor of his own country.

Upon his refusal, some Japanese officers and soldiers struck him violently in front of Mother. Very sadly, Father vomitted profusely with large amount of blood. He died shortly afterward. Mother's entire head of hair turned snow white in a few days because she was over stricken from that most horrible tragedy.

My second elder brother, Kuo-yee(we called him "Yi-Gor") was the assistant general secretary of Nanning Post Office for years. Before the enemy took over, he retreated with his office to Kweilin. After Father passed away, Mother, Grandma Liang, fifth younger brother, Kuo-sin(Robert), seventh younger brother Kuo-hwa(Rouge) were lucky enough to escape to Kweilin through the help of transportation by the post office, which had obtained a permission for withdrawal in case of emergency.

But seventh younger sister, Kuo-yan, eighth younger brother, Kuo-ning, eighth younger sister, Kuo-shiang, were unwillingly left behind. For a long period of time, they had to hide themselves at a nearby small town in poverty. Many month later, we heard indirectly that Kuo-yan was caught at one time. The Japanese tortured her by soaking her inside of a huge tank of cold water in winter for hours.

Our gigantic hotel on the water front was occupied by the fierce Japanese troop. All of the sterling silver dining room utencils, ivory chopsticks, and all of the teakwood furnitures in the guestrooms were taken away. Instead, all rooms in the hotel were filled with hospital beds, which were used for treatment on hundreds of wounded

or dying Japanese soldiers.

One year later, when Chinese army had a bitter resistant fight from the opposite side of the river, the Japanese fought back with cannons from on high. Finally, Chinese reclaimed Nanning City. But the hotel building was stricken so hard and so badly, it was full of thousands of cannon holes and bullet holes, nobody had the ability to fix it or reconstruct it later. The family suffered from a total lost.

Since my oldest brother, Kuo-ran, died more than fifteen years earlier when he was a student at St. Stevens College in Hong Kong, naturally, Yi Gor was elevated onto the family top rank for children. Now, Father had passed away Yi Gor had the duty and obligation of taking care of Mother, Grandma Liang, and his younger siblings. For a while, he had a hard time to make ends meet even though his salary from the post office was high and enviable.

I became very desperate. Beside worrying about my family, I had to find a way of financing my study in the university.

My "Art of Letters" professor, Dr. Liao-ye Wang, was in the process of writing a book which he analyzed the art of ancient Chinese letters. No one else ever did it before him.

He was very sympathetic about my situation, and offered me a temporary job of hand-copying his manuscript.

Three times a week, after classes, I would go to his office for about two hours, and copied his work on plain white paper with a delicately small Chinese brush in black ink. Believe me, it took me quite an effort to accomplish the task while in modern days pencils, fountain pens, or ball-point pens could have done faster and better jobs.

My wages from Dr. Wang's temporary work was not enough to help my financial needs. Through the favorable recommendation by Professor Yan, my History teacher, I was grateful to hold another part-time job at the university's library, working mostly during the weekends.

When my schoolmates went out socializing with their dates such as swimming, dancing, or hiking in the beautiful woods, I had to bury myself among shelves and shelves of books to sort out and label them. I enjoyed doing this anyway. This "labor of love" had given me more chances for learning from the books.

SIX

A Meeting To Be Remembered Forever

Ever since I was in junior high school, I tried my hands on writing short, human-interest stories based on what I observed and what I felt about people around me. Occasionally, I sent some of them to a local newspaper, Manning Daily News. A few of them had been accepted and printed inside the "Contemporary Art Section". I was so pleased but did not have time to write often as I would like to.

In the university, over a period of time, I had been kept so busy on studying and working, there was no time for me to practise my writing skill, let alone vacationing.

One day in the library, a magazine on one display shelf caught my eyes. The cover of it showed the name of this publication as "Literary." Its huge bold-type print was very attractive.

Curiously, I skimmed through the contents of the magazine, and found it extremely interesting because it was full of creative writings including poetries, short fictions, and novelettes.

On the last page, there was an announcement in a square box which printed:

"Dear readers: Are you interested in writing? If so, you are welcome to send in your story for reading and evaluation. If accepted from us for print, we will let you know.

Literary Magazine

Writer's Association

No.3 Mapple Shade Road

Kwailin City, Kwangsi Province."

I was full of temptation.

With my heavy loads of studies and part-time jobs, I didn't know how could I manage to find time writing a short fiction. But I was eager to do it.

"A Tender Young Heart" was the title of my story. It was based on the innocent behavior of my 7th younger brother's early life.

I dropped my mail into the campus post office without much high expectation.

Seven days later, to my biggest surprise, I received a letter from the editor.

"Dear Miss Chang:

Thank you for the submission of your story. It is a beautiful piece of art, well done.

However, there are a few places in this work need a little bit of polishing. If you agree and find time, I would like to meet you at my office to discuss about it.

For your convenience, I will be free during the weekends. Please call or send me a note. My telephone number is printed inside of the magazine.

Sincerely,

Huang Chang

"

I was utterly thrilled. I did not have a telephone. It was not convenient to make a call at the campus public phone. Instead, I sent him a letter informing him that I would be there a week from Sunday morning between ten and eleven o'clock.

Since the Japanese attacked Marco Polo Bridge, Wanping City, at the southwest of Peking on July 7, 1937, China was drawn into the

hardest situation in that year. A few Chinese capitals and metropolitans fell into the aggressor's hands one after another. Peking was taken over on July 28th. Chinese troops had to evacuate Tientsin two days later. Japanese troop attacked Shanghai on August 13, and they occupied Nanking on December 13th.

From then on, plenty of Chinese individuals and groups of intellectuals had to withdraw southwestward. Gradually, Kweilin became a major national center of artistic culture and an "Oasis" for writers from all walks of life as of the early spring of 1940.

Complying with demands of the war situation, the Kweilin city government had done a marvelous job on improving the outlook of it including most of the streets.

Due to the increasing new comers and rising population, housing became a serious problem at the time. This bustling city was so crowded that at the thoroughfares old-fashioned cars, bicycles, rickshaws, petitcabs, and pedestrians bumped against one another, some times, into the buses.

Maple Shade Road was one of the thoroughfares in Kweilin. It was lined with hundreds of tall and sprawling maple trees, which provided shades for people under hot sun or rain.

I got off a bus one block across the street from a brown, medium size bungalow with a sign: "No. 3". Next to its door, there was a long wooden panel with Chinese characters: "Writer's Association."

Hesitantly, I knocked on the door.

"Come in." A voice sounded out from inside.

I pushed the unlocked door and let myself into a dim room. It was so dark, I barely saw a person who had answered the door was there.

He did not make any move. He was sitting behind a desk under very weak electric light from the ceiling. He kept on writing.

A strange feeling came upon me. I stood there for almost 10 minutes motionless, and almost wanted to leave.

"I am sorry to keep you waiting."

He finally put down his pen, stood up, and introduced himself by stretching his hand to me.

"My name is Huang Chang. Thank you for coming."

Pointing to a stool next to him, he added, "please sit down."

"I have a terrible habit on writing", he explained. "Any time when inspiration come upon me, I have to rush with my pen and keep on writing until I come to where I may stop."

He flashed a broad smile.

As he was standing, I was surprised to find him a tall, slender, and very handsome young man. His two big, brown, and bright eyes directed straightly on me like two flashes of lightning that captivated me immediately.

From my correspondance with him before, I had formed a vision that he would be a stocky middle-age man, probably, with two sideburns and a little beard. But now, there was a different image in front of me by reality.

Without waiting for me to open my mouth to speak, he held up that piece of paper he just finished writing and asked:

"Would you mind I read it to you?"

"Of course not." I replied with curiosity.

"April," he began. "It was in April up in the north. Spring had sneezed through and been released from winter chill. It was time to wake up from a long nap"

He stopped momentarily. Two large drops of tear ran down on his cheeks. He seemed to be choking with emotion.

"But my spring time was shut behind the prison bars. It was the night on April 4, 1933"

This was the beginning of a memoir on his experience in a Japanese prison after his arrest for being a member of a patriotic movement for China against Japan. The title of this book was "Memoir In The Japanese Prison." It was listed later as one of the best sellers in the country for months after its publication.

After the recitation of his work, he took out the copy of my story, "A Tender Young Heart," and read aloud a few paragraphs, then politely suggested a few points for me to revise or add something onto it. Our meeting ended with exceptionally happy mood. I was so excited when I saw my story was published in the Literary Magazine one month later.

From then on, I tried very hard to find time writing more short stories for his magazine and other local publications. Unfortunately, due to political points of view and financial problems, "Literary Magazine" had to be interrupted issuance for a period of time.

Huang Chang was born on October 15, 1916, into a middle class family in Tientsin City, Hopei Province, China. His given name at birth was "Hung Gee Chang," meaning "bright foundation." Huang Chang was his pen name.

As the oldest among three siblings, he had sparkled his talent in various form of arts before reaching his teenage. He liked to read, to write, to paint, and to draw. In elementary school, his teachers let him skipped grades because of his excellent achievement on the

levels of studies he acquired.

Without waiting for finishing high school, he passed an equivalent examination to enter Fu-Jen University in Tientsin, the most highly influential university in Catholic faith. In Fu-Jen, he major Liberal Arts. Aside from regular studies, he had played numerous important parts in campus activities and writings.

Following the occupation of Tientsin by the Japanese, he was captured along with a few fellow workers. For a few months, he was tortured by the aggressors with heavy metal objects. The merciless beatings had left a great deal of bloody marks on his back.

Finally, through the help of a Chinese guard, who was forced to serve the enemy, Huang escaped. He found a free ride on a cargo ship from Tientsin to Hainan Island, Kwangtung Province. After a few days short stay there, he received another friend's assistance and reached his final destination, Kweilin.

Owing to the interruption of Literary Magazine, he decided to accept a short term teaching assignment in Tungnan City Szechuan Province. He loved to travel and meet people from all walks of life.

"It is the best way to observe and to learn," he told me. "And to get the best ideas for writing."

For almost one long year in 1940, I occasionally heard from him through a few letters. In the meantime, I was very busy getting ready for my graduation early in the following spring.

During the last summer at the university, I had taken part in a "College Student Summer Volunteer Group" traveling to a few war front cities and villeges including the city of Liuchow. We visited groups and groups of Chinese soldiers. We gave them spiritual and moral support

for their valorous fighting against the enemy, protecting the country and justice we all stood for.

We sang. We put up short shows for them. We gave them whatever little things they needed to be helped. My reserved nursing training from Wanning High School came in handy as we had to assist them when some of them got hurted and injured from fightings.

This College Students Summer Volunteer Group consisted of twenty four members, ten girls and fourteen boys. It was scarcely funded by the provincial government of Kwangsi. I was one of four girls from my university.

For three weeks, life on the war front zone was hard. But I, as well as the other members, cherished the experience. We ate whatever the soldiers had. At times, we had to sleep on wet straws inside of small farm dwellers. My backpack was my pillow. When it rained, it happened a couple of times, the farm house leaked. Our straw beds became all soaked. Yet nobody wanted to complain about it.

SEVEN

Venture Into The World

It was late in January, 1941.

I completed my four-year college studies within three years. At the end of January, I received my "B Litt"(Bachelor Degree of Literature) from National Kwangsi University. It was at the beginning of the spring term. There was no ceremony for commencement in the campus. There was no celebration given by my family since we were all broke, and most of the family members went different ways for financial reasons and their life.

What should I do? Where should I go?

There was no chance I could stay with my library part-time job. Dr. Wang did not need me anymore since his book was done. These were no ways for making a *way of* steady living .

I was at the middle of crossroads in my life.

I remembered my favorite History professor, Dr. Chung-lin Yan, had once told me he had a good friend, C. Z. Hu, the publisher of a privately owned newspaper, Ta Kung Daily Press.

With a slightest hope, I took the initiative to ask Professor Yan would he did me a favor and recommended me to see Mr. Hu.

" Of course, Pearl," replied Dr. Yan. " I will be very happy to do so for you."

He raised up his right thumb and continued, "you have been one of the best students in my class."

On a gorgeously beautiful and sunny morning, the heavenly blue sky was hanging with immense patchwork of pure white clouds. It was not yet warm. From somewhere , there came a little breeze of gentle

wind reminding people it was not time for them to remove their overcoats.

The city of Kwailin was waken up in a usually noisy and bustling mood. Again, thousands and thousands of people were hurriedly making their ways for destinations.

At the most populous district in the center of the city, after getting off a city bus, I found a large brick building, upon its front gate, a shining sign, "Ta Kung Daily Press" was hung.

Inside of two huge entrance doors, I introduced myself to a clerk who was sitting behind a tall counter. After explaining that I had an appointment with the publisher, I handed him my recommendation letter from Dr. Yan. It took me just a few minutes waiting, I was led into the publisher's office.

Under the tall, white ceiling, on all three sides of the spacious room, the walls were fully occupied by brown mahogany shelves with lines of books.

Sitting behind a broad teakwood desk was Mr. C. Z. Hu, the publisher. He appeared to be a middle-age gentleman, rather heavy set. His plump face reflected a little pinkish color of health. Over his two sparkling eyes, there were two spreads of thick eyebrows that symbolized authority. A black Chinese Mandarin long gown for man seemed to fit him very well.

He pointed at a chair in front of his desk:

"Have a seat."

He spoke firmly with a Shanghai accent, as a matter of business.

I was rather nervous as I sat down.

After giving my recommendation letter a quick glance, he gave me

a straight look, and asked:

"Why do you want to be a reporter?"

Sheeplishly, I answered:

"Because I love to meet people. I like to write."

"What kind of writings would you want to do?" He pressed further.

"Human interests," I explained. "I am interested in what's going on in other people's life; and why things happen to them. This would come from news reporting."

Mr. Hu wasted no time. He got to the point of commanding.

"Now listen to me," he said seriously. "Don't take any notes."

I did not know what would I have to do next, but just listened.

He told me the history of his newspaper in details from the beginning of its inception, its development through the years, as well as its strong policy: "Open fairness to all".

About twenty minutes later, he stopped and told me:

"Go home to write your article, a feature story, in details on what I have just told you."

Then, he emphasized by pointing with his right forefinger:

"Make sure you turn in your paper to me tomorrow morning."

It was really a very tough assignment.

I rushed back to my rental residence, a tiny place for students with room and board. I tried the best I could to recall all of the facts Mr. Hu had related during the interview, hour after hour, with anxiety and little sleep.

Finally, I finished my article and turned it in on time the following day, early in the morning.

I was overjoyed to be hired by the newspaper as a reporter three days afterward.

The "territories" of my news "beats" were in the intellectual circles according to my educational background. These included the activities on different levels of schools and artistic organizations. It was a beginner's job, according to the standard and ranking system at that time. The higher ranking reporters would cover stories of political nature on the provincial government and the city government. Anyway, I was well satisfied and grateful for the job.

As a "rookie" (beginner) in the reporting field, I was somehow anxious, even felt a little lost after all of the excitement. Luckily, there was a co-worker, F. Chen, a highly experienced colleague who covered news from higher government offices, was very friendly and kind to me. At times, he gave me pointers, and guided me along smoothly the first few months until I could stand on my own feet.

My transportation for work was either the rickshaw or the city bus. My tools were fountain pens and a batch of thick notebooks. Ballpoint pen was not available for the general public at the time. I took notes on interviews by longhand or by memory. Microphone was such a specially luxurious thing only government officials and people with good fortune of wealth could afford to use it.

Since the Chinese Communist Party renounced all of its programs on September 22, 1937, and pledged full support for the "Three Principles of The People", the doctrines established by Dr. Sun Yet Sen, founder of the Republic of China, a number of very well known Chinese authors, artists, playwrights and stage directors with left or right political backgrounds gradually moved down to Kweilin from Peiping, Nanking, Shanghai and Sian. By the time I started covering stories, Kweilin had become an "Oasis" of open cultural society. Some

of the speeches, writings, and plays of those people were provocative on behalf of their own belief or faith of worship.

Being an outsider, and working for a newspaper, I had to be very careful when I reported their activities, or wrote my by-line feature stories. "Objective" was the ground on which I had to stand firmly as a fair journalist.

It was at the middle of the prosperity of open-door cultural atmosphere, Huang returned to Kweilin from Kwunming, Yunnan Province, after he finished his teaching assignment in Tungnan, Szechuan Province. This time, he obtained a grant from S. S. Publishing Company with which he started a new magazine, "Creation Monthly."

Also, at the same time, his book, "Memoir In The Japanese Prison," was circulated as one of the best sellers in the country. His novel, "Forgiving," was under way in his daily writing schedule.

There were many national authentic and well known authors, left and right wings, gave him favorable reviews or supported his magazine with their writings.

That little damp bungalow with cold cement floor at No. 3, Mapple Shade Road was still available. Therefore, a large yellow sign of "Creation Monthly" was then proudly hung on one side of the entrance. Huang worked days and nights diligently on his magazine from contacting his supporting writers to editing, proof-reading and printing all by himself. In this way, he thought, he could be sure that everything would be perfect.

The publishing company had hired a young man, nickname "Gandhi", as his assistant. However, that skinny fellow often found nothing to do but dating a girl friend to watch movics in a theater.

For more than two years of on and off courtship out of common interest and ideal, Huang and I decided to tie our knots together. We were married on January 20, 1942.

This event was rather dramatic. The "Civil Ceremony" took place in a midnight at the back stage of Kweilin Theater, and officiated by Dr. Fu-Si Hsiung, with his wife, Rusoline, being a witness.

Dr. Hsiung, a most authentic and renowned playwright in China, was a scholar at the Ivory League in the United States. He returned to China with enthusiasm to serve the country in the Anti-Japanese war. Besides writing scripts and directing stage plays, he also gave lectures frequently to college students as guest speaker.

Huang was acquainted with him through his magazine, to which Hsiung had contributed a couple of articles. I knew him through my reporting about his activities. He was in the meantime a public notre serving people as requested. He and Rusoline, a top-notch, and super model actress, live in a house right behind the theater.

On that particular night, after the play was over, the curtains were down, we went to the back stage intending to pay Hsiung a short visit and compliment the play of that night. We casually mentioned about intending to get married.

Right the way, he gave one table next to him a good slap and shouted:

"Right here, now !"

We were stunned by his spontaneous suggestion. We looked at each other without one word.

As a stage director, he was used to turn episodes dramatic, and boost the climax of his play. Obviously, this was the case applying to us. By general practice in China, people getting married did not

have to go to a temple or the court. Rich people normally set up a banquet in a restaurant or a rental hall. The only requisition was a chopmark on a certificate by a public notre or government official.

While we hesitated, he looked straightly into my eyes.

"Why not?" He asked.

We bursted into laughter.

" Now you agree?"

We nodded our heads.

Immediately, Rusoline, who had been standing by, brought out a pair of white candles from a cabinet. She set them on the table, then lit them up.

We did not have rings to be exchanged. But Dr. Hsiung wanted us to repeat the western tradition: "Till death do us apart," our vow.

I moved into that small bungalow, still doing my daily beats on covering news for T. K. Daily Press. There was no pattern for me as to what would have done best in my news beats. I had to go visiting where things happened at any time. I have no definite day off during the week. Once in a while, I could manage to sneak off a little time to stay home and helped Huang on something he needed to be done. On return, he tried to find time assiting me in any way when I needed.

For one year and a helf, there had been many times when I had to write my articles in the newspaper editorial department until midnight. He was worried. Public transportation took too long to wait for after nine or ten o'clock in the evening. He would drag his over-working, six-foot tired body, and walked four miles to the newspaper ,meeting me, and escorted me home.

One of those gloomy winter night, as rain and thunder were striking, the street lights were very dim, he went for me with a paper lantern and an old umbrella. But on our way home the lantern was

blown off, the umbrella was torn apart! We huddled each other in the downpour, and inched our way on the slippery pavement heading for home.

By the time we were back to the house, it was almost two o'clock in the morning. Yet, after taking off his drippingly wet overcoat, he picked up a stack of paper from the desk, threw himself on the bed. Under a dull table lamp, he began reading gently for me a few paragraphs from a novel he had written several hours before.

Inside the twelve square feet small bedroom, there was no heating furnishing. But our hearts were very warm. We fell on top of each other. We laughed heartily together.

It was when I was expecting our first child, Chu-Wang(meaning grand-parents' hope). We called him "Jack" after he was baptized in Chungking as a Catholic years later.

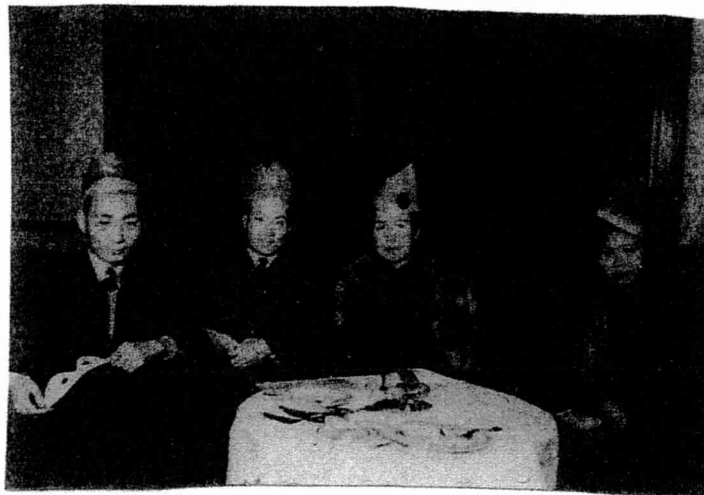
As a matter of fact, Jack was given the name "Jacob" at baptism. According to the Bible, Jacob was the grandson of Abraham, the first born son of Isaac and Rebecca. We preferred to call him our way as we liked.



Freshly out of college, Lulin graduated from National Kwang-si University in Kweilin in January, 1941.



Huang and Lulin, the newly weds, exchanged their vows on early spring, 1942.



With friends at New Year's Eve party.

EIGHT

Labor of Love

From the early stage of my pregnancy, I was advised to take plenty nutritious and fattening food, such as fried chicken, steamed chicken, roasted pork, pork shank, ox-tail soup, sparerib noodles, egg rolls and sweet potatoes. I did not have time to cook. My sister-in-law, Ruby Hong, often brought me the foods over.

Consequently, I gained weight more than thirty pounds like a balloon. My feet swelled like two over-sized balling pins in a few months.

It was July 8, 1943. In Kweilin, Mother Nature poured down the highest density of sub-tropical heat all over the air that made people very uncomfortable and miserable.

I experienced pain in my stomach that morning. Later on, the pain went down to the lower part of my addomen. No sooner, the pain became sharper and sharper. I knew it was time of "labor" for the birth of the child.

I was rushed by a special taxi to the city's famous hospital, Kwangsi Provincial Hospital 30 miles away from where we lived.

Huang accompanied me for that long and bumpy ride in an old-fashioned, cranky yellow cab. There was no air-condition inside. Thick dust from the country roads kept blowing in all the way. By the time we arrived in the hospital, I was so exhausted that I had to be helped on both sides of my body and dragged into the waiting room where I had to go through registration.

In the maternity ward, I shared a room with five other patients.

There was no one-bed single room, nor a double-bed room available. We would not be able to afford it any way. Luckily, my bed was next to two windows that could be opened or closed at wish. A white curtain could also be drawn between my bed and the next one.

My physician, Dr. J. C. Wu, came in shortly after I was settled down. By that time, my cramp had temporarily slowed down.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Chang." He flashed a broad smile and extended his hand to me. "My name is J. C. Wu. How do you feel?"

"I am all right now, Dr. Wu. Thank you."

Following an introductory short chat with Huang, he checked on my heart beats, my temperature, my blood pressure, and listened to the sound on my belly.

"Everything is fine at the moment," he told us.

Patting on my shoulder, he added: "Take a good rest. If you come up with pain again, just ring this bell." Signaling to a little bronze bell on a stand by the bed, "the nurse nearby will come to help you."

Soon after he left, a white angel, the nurse, came in with my chart. She made sure the ceiling fan was working properly. Actually, rotation of the fan on the high ceiling were very slow. Anyway, I had no complain. She stood by my bed and volunteered a few information about my physician.

One of the best gynecologists in China, Dr. Wu was educated and received his Doctor of Medicine Degree at Chinghwa University in Peiping. He came back to Kweilin, his home town, to serve after the Japanese occupied Peiping. He was gentle and kind, and always treated his patients like members of his own family.

It was a general policy of the hospitals all over the country that

no food was supposed to be provided by the hospital. Caregivers had to bring food in for their loved ones. Water was the only item free for any patient's need.

Huang bought me some beef noodle soup from a nearby food stall.

I had no appetite for it. He ended up to consume it all by himself. I felt very weak and restless.

Tired as he was, Huang did not want to leave me for a moment at nightfall. He sat on a chair by my bed holding my hand, and was waiting for the coming of a miracle.

Would it be a boy? Or a girl? We had no way to know during that stage of biology development in China. He was also exhausted, but had no place to rest.

Late in the evening, Dr. Wu came in to check on me once. The nurse had made a few visits. All seemed to be quiet for a while.

As the soft daylight peeped through the window curtain next morning, my pain of contraction came back. Gradually, it became sharper and sharper throughout most of the day. It was so intense and unbearable at some points I just screamed out loud.

There were two nurses standing on both sides of my bed, holding my arms and feet down, so that I would not be able to kick or to swing my arms.

"You will be all right." Dr. Wu comforted me, giving a gentle pat on my shoulder. "But, please calm down."

After another examination, he told Huang and me that the baby was big. With my slender body frame, it would take time for the baby to come through.

Perspiration ran down all over my face and body. I was given a few

shots to reduce the pain.

No sooner, one of the nurses called:

"Open your mouth, and push.....push!"

The other nurse did the same many times. But it did not help, even though the water bag was broken.

This way was on and off all day. I thought I was dying. In fact, I was hoping and praying, asking the Lord better to take me.

Finally, on the third morning, on July 10, 1943, Dr Wu asked Huang a difficult question:

"Do you want to save your wife, or the baby?"

He explained that at this critical point, he had to perform an operation, namely, "Caesarean Section." But there would be no guarantee for the safety of both the mother and the child. The operation may only save one or the other.

"I have to save my wife."

Tearfully, Huang answered without hesitation. "With her alive, we can have another child."

During the early 1940's in wartime China, particularly in Kweilin, medical technique and equipments were in rather young developing stage. It was why Dr. Wu wanted to make sure we understood that he would not have to take the full responsibility if anything fatal happened to the baby, or to me, or both.

"I would do my best." The doctor promised, forcing himself a weak smile

He whispered something to one of the nurses.

Immediately, a white-coat anesthetist came in with something in his hand. That something was right the way put over my nose.

"Open your mouth," he instructed me. "Follow me to count one.... two.....three.....four.....five.....six....."

I could not continue counting after number six.

Suddenly, I felt falling down from the top of a mountain, all the way to the bottom of the valley. I lost my sense of existence.

When I woke up gradually some time later, I saw Huang was sitting beside my bed. It was the third morning. His eyes were all red due to lack of sleep for a few nights.

"It's a boy," he cheerfully announced. "Now you may take a good rest."

He told me the baby weighed in ten pounds, with a length of twenty inches. Because my hip frame was too small, and the boy's head was too big to slip out, the doctor had to use a medical instrument, holding both sides of the little fellow's temple to pull him out.

To honor my parents-in-law's wish, we named the boy "Chu-Wang" which meant "Grand-parents' hope."

Dr. Wu walked in waving.

"Congratulation!" He gently patted my hand. "I am so glad that both of you and the baby survived the ordeal."

"But you must take the medicine and have a long, long rest," he continued. "Because of the major operation, you have lost a lot of blood."

He ordered me to stay in the hospital for at least four or five weeks. In such way, I would have enough time for slow recovery after healing up the incisions.

I was worrying about my newspaper job, about Huang's health and career. It certainly was nice and easy lying in the hospital being taken care of. All I had to do was nursing the baby several times

each day when the nurse brought him in. But what about the finance? Could we afford all of those expenses?

Without my knowledge first, Huang had accepted my newspaper's decision that I should take a long leave of absence without pay. In the meantime, he had rented a second floor apartment on Liu Hor/street (Six Harmony Street) for the family and the magazine. That large apartment was relatively new and clean. There was plenty of sunshine pouring in through the glass windows each day.

Five weeks passed by, Chu-Wang and I were sent home on a stretcher in a rumbling ambulance without siren. The carriers of the stretcher had a hard time going through the stairway up and settled us down.

Huang surprised me, the first day we went home, by a very valuable and cherishing gift: his newly published booklet, "A Collection of Tender Feeling." Inside of it, there were sixteen poems he had written from time to time I was not aware of it. Some might have done during my pregnancy. On the first page under the front cover, there was one inscription: "Dedicated to Little Pearl." It was to me.

How romantic! I was speechless.

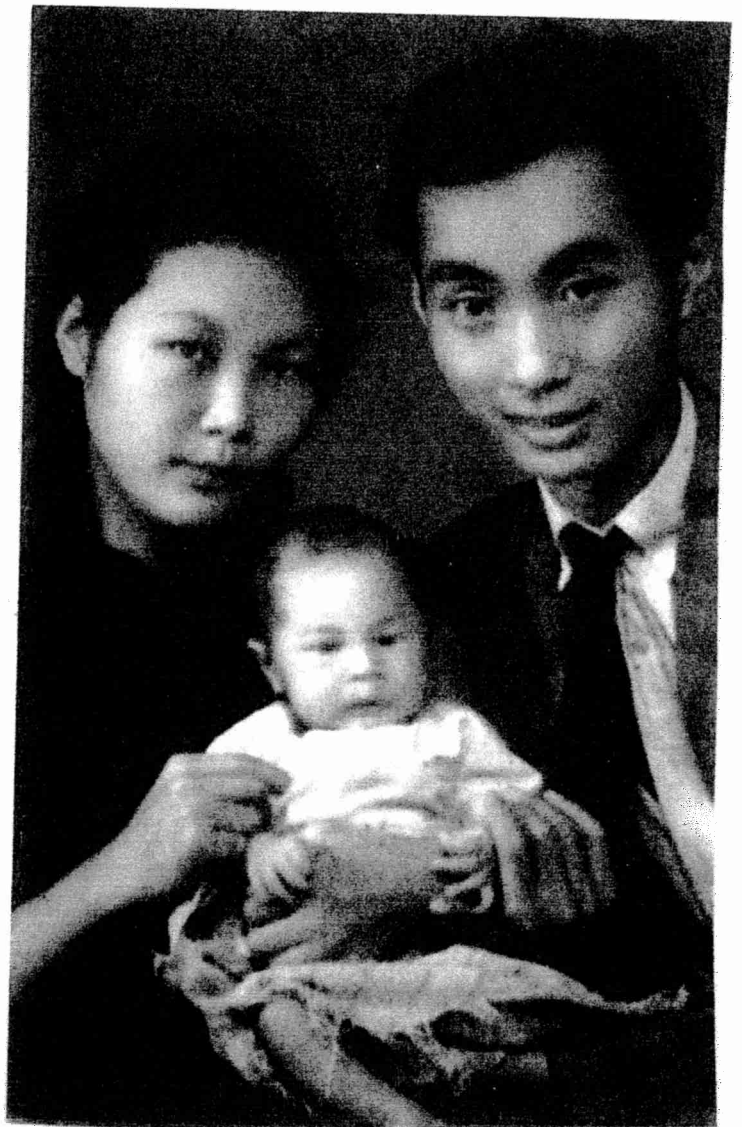
For another few weeks, we had to hire a temporary maid to help me with domestic chores.



(left): Huang Chang, a poet, a novelist, a playwright, a newspaper reporter and an editor.

He died in an ocean accident on Tai Ping(Peace) steamship, January 27, 1949, beyond Hwang Po River, Shanghai.

(Right): Huang and Lulin posed with new born, Jack, two months old, in Kweilin, Kwangsi Province, on September, 1943.



NINE

Publishing Fever Interrupted

Out of an un-imaginably heavy blow, the Creation Monthly Magazine was stopped for publication. Because, the S. S. Publishing Company withdrew the fund as a result of policy conflict.

We moaned the short life of our beloved magazine which just lasted for only eighteen issues.

But Huang would not give up his ambition and dreams. Besides, his novel, "Forgiving," was just out of the press from other company and was waiting for distribution. He wasted no time. He started his own company, the "Spring Tide Publishing Company."

In the meantime, he became a popular contributor to many newspapers and other magazines including Ta Kung Daily Press.

Instead of going back to my newspaper, I agreed with him that I should stay home to help him and took care of Chu-Wang.

For years, I had a strong yearning for creative writing. Many short stories I wrote were of human interest. Because of avoiding competition with Huang, I chose a different avenue to charter the course of my own career.

I started doing translation works. I translated master pieces of well-known authors, namely, Leo Nikolaevich Tolstoy (Russian novelist, 1828-1910); Feodor Mikhailovich Dostoevski (Russian novelist and short story writer, 1821-1881); David Herbert Lawrence, short for D. H. Lawrence, (British novelist and poet, 1885-1930).

They were all classic authors.

My sources of materials were from the public library. I translated the books from English into Chinese . There was no copyright restriction. Chinese reader at that time were so please to have the works available.

Of course, we also had a number of master-pieces done by the then authentic novelists like Bar Jin, Mao Dun, Bing Sing, Lao She and many more. These authors were claimed to be from the "Left Wing." Their influential writings had reflected the moods of movement in the literary world in China.

I chose the two Russian authors' works because they were classic reformers before the 1917 Russian Revolution. I had turned down an offer to translate Maxim Gorki's short stories because his radical trains of thought did not comply with me and my readers.

Busy as a bumble bee, I often did my work when Chu-Wang(Jack) was sleeping on my legs under the desk. It was easier this way to quiet him down.

Still, no matter how tired we were, before going to bed, Huang would recite some of the poems from either Edgar Allen Poe(American poet), or Percy Bysshe Shelley(British poet), or Johann Goethe(a poet of Germany). The works of these poets were romantic, charming and captivated. Sometimes were sad. But they were the sources of inspiration for Huang from the beginning.

He expressed sorry for the short life existence of both Allen Poe (1809-1849) and Shelley(1792-1822). Reflecting into a mirrow, he promised to do as much as he could in order to leave a significant mark of life for his next generation.

For my translation works, I used the pen name, "Shoo Yeh," meaning "Silent Night."

The first product of my day through night endless effort was "White Night," one of the best novels by Feodor Dostoevski. I was so happy with the sense of accomplishment and thrilled for having something like the new born of another child.

This book was published by Spring Tide and distributed by Won Kwang Book Company. It became one of the best-sellers in Kweilin, Chinese "Cultural Oasis."

It was the fall of 1943.

Within a few months, I continued translating another novel of Dostoevski, "The Land Lady," which was also published and distributed by Won Kwang Book Company.

This classic novel, as well as "White Night," reflected the life and philosophy of the Russian people during the early and middle periods of the nineteenth century. They were fascinating, but not necessarily extravagant. Chinese people liked to know about them.

In the meantime, we enjoyed our achievements, both in finance and professional status.

On the international political arena, China had entered a seemingly advanced stage by this time.

Ever since the deep winter of 1940, a string of historical occurrences had developed. On December 29, 1940, President of the United States, Franklin Roosevelt, declared in a fireside chat that the U. S. would provide military aid to China. A few months later, Roosevelt approved the first military aid program of 45 million U.S. dollars to China in addition.

On August, 1941, an American Volunteer Group of Chinese Air Force was established, known as the "Flying Tigers" with U.S. General Claire

L. Chennault as commander.

Also, in Washington, the United States and the United Kingdom had signed separate but parallel agreements with China for stabilizing China's national currency.

In furious retaliation, the Japanese bombarded Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941. This occurrence started the Pacific War and World War II officially when Germany and Italy declared war on the United States four days later.

The war spread further. Japanese troops escalated all out to the border of Chinese southwester neighbor country, Burma, as well as to other country, India.

As supreme commander of the China Theater of World War II, Generalissimo, Chiang Kai Shek, ordered Chinese Expeditionary Forces entered Burma on January 2, 1942.

On March 4, the same year, American General Joseph Stilwell arrived in Chungking, the Chinese war time provisional and national capital. He assumed duties as chief of staff to Generalissimo Chiang and also to take command of all American armed forces in China, Burma, and India all together.

March 30, President Roosevelt announced establishment of the Pacific War Council in Washington, comprising China, the United States, the United Kingdom, New Zealand, Australia, Canada, and the Netherlands as members.

April 19, Chinese Expeditionary Force captured Yenangyang, Burma, rescuing more than seven thousand British and Burmese troops from Japanese encirclement.

On November 23, Generalissimo Chiang, President Roosevelt, and British Prime Minister, Winston Churchill, conferred in Cairo, Egypt.

Mutual strategies were discussed during this historical conference.

On December 3, a "Joint Declaration of the Cairo Conference" was issued simultaneously in Chungking, Washington, and London.

All of these efforts were aiming to stop the Japanese fierce and merciless aggressions.

As Huang's Spring Tide Company flourished in an admirable speed, we made another move to a better location. Our new apartment was a much larger dwelling on the second floor of No. 11, Gen Gan Road. On the opposite side of a spacious concrete courtyard, was our landlord and his wife's apartment. Every so often, we could lean on our delicate balcony, waving across from our side to greet them.

At this point, Spring Tide had produced more than twenty thousands of books in the category of Classic Literary Collections, which had consisted of a number of works by very well established authors.

My third book of translation, "The Woman Who Road Away", by D. H. Lawrence, was out of the press early in May, 1944. Based on the popularity of the previous two books, this one was also widely distributed by the book stores beyond Kwangsi Province.

Unfortunately, soon afterward, we were struck by bad luck.

As the Chinese and our British-American Alliance celebrated victories on the southwestern China and Burma border, the Japanese intensified its attacks on our southeaster side. Day after day, the "Japs," as they were nicknamed, kept pushing westward from Hunan Province toward Kwangsi Province.

Changsha, capital city of Hunan, also a stronghold on southeastern part of China, fell into Japanese hands again on June 18, 1944. The ferocious whirlwind kept on blowing from Changsha through Shiangtan

toward Shaoyang, Hengyang and Kweilin.

Sooner than we expected, the Kwangsi Provincial Government ordered emergent retreat on Kweilin. All of the civilians should find their ways to leave the city as soon as possible. Only the persons who had defense duties or government officials should stay.

I was in the second month of pregnancy with my second child, Chu-Hwa (meaning "grand-parents' glory.") She was baptized as a Roman Catholic in Chungking later, and was given the name "Elizabeth." We later called her "Beth" for short.

In a terrible chaos and hurry, reluctantly, we had to leave all of our books and household items in the apartment and entrusted them to our landlord couple, Mr. & Mrs. Wang. They were childless, and at their late 60's of age. They claimed that the house was all they had. Besides, they had no place to go for.

One way or the other, most of our friends found their ways of leaving the dangerous zone.

Through the assistance of a close friend, we were allowed to join the faculty of Kweilin Normal College on a specially chartered train heading southwestward to Liuchow, the second large city of Kwangsi, where stronger military defense had been set up.

We could not imagine the herd of refugees rushing toward the railroad station was so thick as dark clouds. It seemed that there was plenty of the people who did not belong to the rightful group, nor were they permitted to get the ride. Nobody checked on the fact, however. It was impossible.

By the time we got there, the doors of the train on our side were close. We had to risk our life by crossing over the railroad track

under the train to reach the other side.

Huang was holding Jack on his left arm, and dragging a suitcase on his right arm. I was exhaustedly holding another small suitcase, tumbling behind him and almost fainted out. Without checking our permission paper, one of the conductors helped us squeezing into the train car like sardines.

The combination of deafening shouting, calling, laughing, and crying with cursing were just unbearable. After a lot of bumping and pushing, we finally found two seats close to a window. Jack and the suitcases had to be kept on our laps.

The distance between Kweilin and Liuchow was only less than four hundred miles. But, believe it or not, it took this rumbling old train three days to reach our destination.

The lack of enough plumbing facilities forced the train to make irregular stops alongside the farm fields when it was dark, so the refugees could go down to the field, and answered their "nature's call", and released themselves from stomach sufferings.

It was stifflingly hot.

We depended on a few packages of bakeries and cookies we had packed with us to curb our hunger. Nevertheless, all day long thirst with dry throat was hard to endure. Occasionally, when we passed a small town or village, the train stopped to let snack vendors came up to the windows for our rescue.

Curling on the seat in front of us were a pair of father and son. Earlier, the poor man had to us his large enamel drinking cup to catch the little boy's urine. When a peddler came to the half-open window, he emptied the urine, and used the same cup for cold tea !

On the third day, after we arrived in Liuchow, the enemy's troop had speared through Chuan Chow City, and was approaching the City of Shing-an.

Disregard my plea, and with a false promise for help, Huang rushed back to Kweilin, trying to transport our books to Liuchow or farther. However, during such dangerous situation, nobody could do anything. It was such a relief and blessing that he could go back to Liuchow to be with me and Jack, even though empty-handed.

Two days went by, we heard news from the radio that Kweilin had been occupied by the Japanese, that horrible rampages and killings were going on. Worst of all, the city section or our beloved home had been burned down to the ground in ashes !

We cried bitterly. We petrified. We lost everything!

TEN

Chungking Sonata

Ever since centuries ago, the majority of average Chinese, like their ancestors, have un-shaking love and loyalty to their own land. At the changing of the dynasties, they lived under Imperial Rulings with contentment. Nothing would disturb them. In the case of Japanese occupation, most of Chinese at that time had to live in humiliation and fear. They had no choice.

On the other hand, there were mounting incidents within the falling cities that Japanese rulers targeted toward Chinese individuals of intelligence by either forcing them to cooperate with works, or by physically torturing them.

We wanted none of these.

As we hardly settle down in Liuchow in a few weeks, Japanese cannons chased us to Do Shan ("Single Mountain"), a scenic, mountainous city in Kweichow Province.

For two months in Do Shan, we both were employed as temporary teachers for a high school. No baby sitter was available. We had to take different hours when we worked, so that we did not have to leave Jack in our room un-attended.

"Missery loves company", as the old proverb goes. We had to run again. The Japs never left Chinese people alone. Besides the battles on Burma and India borders, they kept infiltrating through the interior territories of China. Do Shan City became their next goal.

On September 14, 1944, Generalissimo Chiang called for one hundred thousand Chinese young men and mobilized them to resist against the enemy. But, perhaps it was not soon enough, almost half of Do Shan was totaled under the flames by the Japs.

Shortly before the Do Shan disaster, a government substitute or-
ganization stepped in to lend a hand to us and a number of our pro-
fessional friends.

It was the "Chinese Institute of Cultural Movement" organization under the jurisdiction of the National Government. It was known running by the right-wing political party, Kuo Ming Tong, short for KMT.

We did not belong to any political party. Just like our other friends, we were so happy to have this opportunity for escape. Without reservation, we crowded into one of the rescuing buses and heading for Chungking, the National Provisional Capital of China.

Some of our professional friends warned us that we should not fall into the "trap" of the right wing, KMT. They looked other way to find transportations. We had no time, no chance to do so. At time of emergency, we had to run for life. Who care for any political argument?

With a very heavy and hard feeling, like we left Kweilin, the three of us had to head for the mountainous city we rarely knew before.

Chungking, an ancient city, was the former treaty port and commercial emporium of the isolated but important and densely populous inland basin or Szechwan Province in wester China.

It wa built on a rocky peninsula at the confluence of the Kialing, the most easterly of the great rivers draining the Red Basin with Yangtze River, the arterial line of communication in middle China.

Therefore, Chungking was the natural gateway through which Szechwan communicted with the rest of the country and the ocean. Moreover, it

gathered up the trade of eastern Tibet and much of the north of Kweichow and Yunnan provinces.

Chungking claimed a history of more than 4200 years. It was the birth place of the imperial consort of the legendary Emperor Yu of the Hsia Dynasty in 22nd century B. C. When Emperor Wu of the Chou Dynasty became ruler of China, he made the viscount of Fahtzoku ruler over the territory of Chungking and its neighboring towns. It was made a kingdom about 340 B. C.

The Sino-British treaty of Chefoo in 1876 and the treaty of Peking in 1890 opened Chungking as a treaty port. Japanese gained the right to establish a concession there after the treaty of Shimonoseki in 1895. This concession, established in 1901, was taken over by the Chinese when war broke out in 1937.

Chungking became a municipality in February 1923. On November 20, 1937, it became the war time capital of China. After being officially named the "National Provisional Capital" in October 1940, its municipal limits were extended to include the four districts of Hsiaolungkan, Shapingpa, Tzechikow, and Koloshan.

During the period of 1938 to 1941, the Japanese had heavily bombarded the municipality, causing extensive damages. The large section of the downtown area was destroyed.

On arrival, we saw Chungking pretty well restored. Quite a number of the air raid shelters still stood at the outskirts of the metropolitan to testify the brutality of the enemy.

Housing was a serious problem. Shortage of common dwellings cost renting price sky high. We were considered to be lucky to find a place close to the center district at "No. 3, Hay Slope, Waterfront Gate, Chungking." It was located down a big hill.

What we could afford to rent was a single room in one of the two-level old apartment unit of gray bricks. We were located on the upper floor. There were only very thin plaster walls on three sides of the room. We could even hear what the next room neighbors said at times. A small window with rusty iron frame was the only place where we could get some fresh air and look down the slope.

What startled us was that there was neither washing facility nor toilet anywhere around the building. Inside our room, there was a large, heavy ceramic round pot with a wooden cover. It was supposed to be our "toilet."

"This is the way in our place," explained the landlord.

Noticing our puzzlement, he grinned and added:

"Don't worry. You will get used to it."

He picked up the wooden cover from the ceramic pot and checked, making sure it was empty, then, informing us:

"Remember to empty your pot when the collectors come once a week."

He wasted no time, just hurried down the steps before we could ask any question.

One of our curious new neighbors, who stood by, stepped in and volunteered some information:

As all of the tenants did, we would have to buy a large wooden basin and keep it the room for bath, as well as a small pan for face washing.

On the narrow landing of the hill, there was a pipe that supplied water for the community. But be aware, some times the water did not come up for a short while because of temporary mal-function when it was being pumped up through long and huge pipe from the river down below.

The so-called collector was either a farmer or a city employee

Who came once a week to collect human waste from the residents then use it for farms and fields as fertilizer.

Sure enough, every Monday morning, we would hear a man calling through a bull-horn from the lower landing:

"Dow tung(Empty your pots)."

I looked down from our small, rusty, iron-stick window, and saw a husky man in his brown uniform. He was standing by an open carrier with two large containers on it. When our neighbors approached him, he helped them, one by one, to empty each of the smelly pots into his large containers.

Like every one else, our poor Ahma, a middle-age hired maid, had to struggle down the steps and did the same.

For survival, Huang and I had to work. Despite my pregnancy with my second child, Elizabeth, I found a clerical position at a labor union organization. Huang stayed home to write for a few newspapers and magazines. We hired Ahma to take care of Jack and did the house chore. She was a widow without any child; but she loved children.

We had no place for her to stay with us at night. We struck a deal. She would come every morning with the food she bought for us from a food market. After the day went by, she returned to her own place. It worked with her and us very well.

When the weather was nice, she took Jack out for fresh air, or for him to play with the neighborhood children.

Jack was fifteen months old at the time. He could walk pretty fast if no one watch him. We had very few toys for him to play. Ahma had good ideas. Sometimes she turned over an empty food can and let Jack beat the bottom of the can with two chopsticks to make "music." They had hearty laughter with joy.

The labor union, with which I took a temporary job, was an organization under joint sponsorship by the AFL (American Federation of Labor) and the CIO (Congress of Industrial Organization) of the United States. Under the direction of an English-speaking Chinese lady with the title of chief-secretary. There were eight clerks including me. The big boss often came late and left early. He had seldom contacted with us in any ways.

As the world turns, Chungking was bustling day after day. At the union, Chinese and western visitors and customers coming and going like running water, as old saying, never stopped. I was kept busy every minute.

Six days per week, I was very tired and exhausted because of my physical condition. When the quitting bell rang at six o'clock in the afternoon, I left the office with great sense of relief.

Once in a while, when it rained, going home became a problem. Steps for walking down the hill were very slippery. Street buses would not pass through our way. Huang would meet me at the office door with a cane that supported me from falling.

During that period of time, something horrible for the community happened. It was an epidemic out-break of cholera! This disease had infected the major part of the metropolitan, especially, the lower income neighborhood of our area.

For a couple of weeks, walking on the streets, we could see people here and there suddenly fell, moaning and vomiting along with human waste running down from their bodies. Then died there.

The local government declared emergency. Sanitary workers wearing protective outfits and rubber gloves were sent out to remove the victims as soon as possible. Most of the hospitals were full.

On my way to work each morning, I had to pass eight houses before I could reach the steps climbing up. Sometimes, I would be greeted by smiling neighbors.

One of those mornings, I appreciated the friendly smile of an old man. But, going home in the evening, I saw a plywood casket by his door instead. His wife was sitting next to it, crying.

That poor man had died of cholera! It was so scary. It surely had frightened me.

We kept our little boy inside at all time. We boiled every piece of eating and drinking utensil before we used it. We boiled every cup of water before we made tea with it. I had to wear a mask to cover my face and nose when I had to go out. So did Huang and Ahma. We would not let Jack leaving our room.

The local government did the best it could to stem out the infection in various ways with no reservation. Thank God, finally the nightmare was over in a few weeks.

My work with the labor union only lasted for three and a half months due to the birth of Elizabeth.

It took place in the evening of February 5, 1945.

With the difficult experience at Jack's birth, this time I became a little smarter not to eat too much rich food for nine months during the pregnancy. I did not gain a lot of weight. As a result, the entire procedure of delivery by a nurse from a nearby hospital was amazingly quick and smooth.

Something not so amazing was the sleeping arrangement afterward. We only had one normal size bamboo bed with scanty beddings, such as a couple of thin cotton blankets, and no soft mattress. How could the four of us squeezing together on it at night?

Besides, with the new-born baby, I had to nurse her every three hours, days and nights. How could I avoid to disturb Huang and Jack and not to deprive them of their sleep?

We decided, therefore, on a compromised way: The father and son slept with their heads on one end of the bed, while the girl and I put our heads on the other end. In this way, we could put our feet together in the middle of the bed with less or without interference.

It worked very well for all of us.

ELEVEN

Resuming A Career

True is the Chinese old prover: "There is a will, there is a way."

I wanted to prove it. I was definitely not content about living my life in poverty. I did not want to throw away my valuable education. I like to challenge my destiny. Huang felt the same way.

With our experiences and qualifications, we knocked at several doors of opportunity. It did not take us long. Gratefully, two of the doors opened for us. I landed on an ideal reporting job with the Social Welfare Daily News. Huang became a copy-writer and editor with the World Daily News. Both newspapers were in Chungking.

Social Welfare Daily News, one of the powerful newspapers in China, was founded early in the 20th century. It embraced the spirit and faith of Catholicism through the doctrines from Vatican in Rome, Italy. This was on the spiritual side. On political expression, it remained independent.

The then Arch-bishop, Paul Yu Pin, was chairman of the board. Reverend Y.Y. Li, was the CEO, Chief Executive Officer, in charge of the entire business.

Years after the war, Arch-bishop Yu Pin was elevated to the rank as a Cardinal.

Because of the religious background, Social Welfare Daily News was considered by some people as conservative, as right wing close to the Kuo-Ming-Tang(KMT), the major political party in China.

As a matter of fact, none of those finger-pointings were correct.

Historically, Kuo-Ming-Tang derived from the beginning of the century

after toppling the Ching Dynasty. The revolution was organized and led by Dr. Sun Yat Sen, founder of the Republic of China. Since 1927, Kuo Ming Tang had claimed a monopoly in expounding and executing the doctrine of Dr. Sun as "Three Principles of the People" which means "Of the People, By the People, and For the People."

The World Daily News was also a large and popular newspaper being circulated widely in and out of Chungking. It's publisher, S.W. Cheng had his excellent mind and iron hands to direct the paper staying in "the middle of the road" with fairness as far as politics was concerned.

Since Huang and I did not belong to any political party, we were not interested in any one. We were only extremely happy to be a part of the honest and fair media.

The territory of my news "beat" this time was international and national activities. It was a very challenging and exciting assignment. I love it.

Location of the Social Welfare Daily News was at Cheng Gia Ai (Cave of the Cheng's Family), an outskirt of Chungking. Presumably, this cave area must have been belonged to the Cheng family as a private property decades ago, but later on was bought by the government, so that local residents might run into the cave for protection during Japanese air raids. There were many well maintaining buildings around it.

Since the 1939 Japanese ruthlessly heavy bombings over Chungking, the provincial government had equipped a great deal of caves or alcoves around the suburbs with shelter facilities. When the air raid sirens sounded, people would run to the closest shelters as fast as they could.

For this reason, my newspaper was in a very handy and protective place as we needed.

With my family, I moved into a nice and well furnished living quarter in the newspaper's dormitory at the cave. Ahma came along. Other than arrangement with the sleeping needs, I had to outfit myself with new clothes and accessories in order to be presentable for my job.

Owing to the nature of my news coverage, there was no "day off" in the week for me. I had to rush for where the "breaking news" took places. However, half of the time in the evenings, after turning in my stories, I could be home to enjoy a late dinner with my family. Huang had regular working hours and always got home before me. He did his writing during the waiting hours.

In addition to regular visits to different Chinese national and international organizations, I had to frequent more than seventy embassies and legations from foreign countries.

It was my good fortune that I could speak many Chinese dialects, mainly, Mandarin and Cantonese. By Chinese educational system on the old days, I began to study English from A B C on, in fourth grade. For English speaking, I learned from my professors in college and from watching movies in the theaters when I was working in Kweilin covering stories on arts.

During that period of time, western movies were mostly in English with Chinese sub-titles on one side of a big screen. In the process of a movie show, I had to keep turning my head back and forth between two screens in an attempt to watch the movie, also to know what was being said. By the time the show was over, I often had a stiff and sore neck. Sometimes with a headache.

I tried hard to remember the telephone numbers of the VIPs (very

important persons), and the license numbers of their cars. Whenever and wherever I saw some VIPs stopping at some places, I knew there must be some good stories.

Ever since the Chinese Communist Party renounced all Communist programs, and pledged full support for the Three Principles of the People shortly after the Marco Polo Bridge incident, it also abolished of the "Chinese Soviet Republic" and its Red Army, Chungking had become an "open society", politically, with people on all kinds of backgrounds, including those who worked for newspapers, news agencies, and magazines.

There were only a few lady journalists those days. I met them at the press briefings every afternoon inside the Government Information Office(GIO). We became casual friends, but we did not share news and the sources.

We played games many times. I tried to get away from them and run my own secret ways. Later, I surprised everybody with my specially hard working "scoops."

Sometimes, hanging around above average tea house and restaurants were fruitful for news tips. One thing I did not care was the way a waitress or waiter performed. After being served with a steamy hot towel to wipe our mouths and hands at the end of the meal, Huang and I left the table for exit. It was then, the waitress or waiter would sing out with her or his musical tone of voice very loudly:

"Tip of five dollars!" Or, "Tip of ten dollars!"

This way would make the customers feel uneasy if they did not leave enough cash on the table when they left.

Another reason, I later found out, was that most of the restaurants

had "tip pool". Tips from the customers were immediately turned into the pool on the front counter. By the end of the business day, the money would be evenly divided for the workers including the hostess, the host, the waitresses, the waiters and the bus boys. By announcing the amount of tips, nobody could cheat.

In the center of the upper level of Chungking, there stood a majestic building which was led up from the middle level of the hill by wide, concret steps. It was the Victory Hall.

This structure was a brilliant master piece of art in Victorian style. It was measured approximately eighty feet tall, with shiny crimson roof. Its creamy limestone walls were circled by a number of short, slim pillars on concrete blocks. In front of the tall, huge and crimson doors, two stately marble ornamental columns were guarding the entrance leading into a lobby, then to the main hall decorated by crystal chandeliers on the ceiling.

From all sides of the central district of the metropolitan, people could see and admire the magnificent landmark. It was a tourist attraction indeed. But it was not open for tourists. It was, in fact, the best vibrating activity center for Chinese and international high societies.

The activities could be in the form of celebrations in cocktail parties, wedding receptions, anniversary tea parties, National Day or International Day tea parties, welcoming receptions for foreign dignitaries, musical recitals, international press conferences, and special ballroom dances.

Needless to say, this was one of the best and most famous place for joϕurnalists to hang around very often. Other than Chinese reporters,

there were foreign correspondants from Associated Press and United Press of the United States; Reuters of England, French Press of France; Manila News Agency of the Philippines, News Agency of the Union of Socialist Republics, as well as those from other smaller eastern and western countries.

As the fightings during World War II intensified on both sides of the globe, East and West, foreign VIPs coming and going for conferences expedited the heartbeat of Chungking, even though some of the events might not take places in this capital.

For example, after jointly drafting the Charter of the United Nations by early winter of 1944, China, the United States, the United Kingdom, and the USSR had issued joint invitations to the world leaders for a conference at San Francisco that was opened on April 25, 1945. The UN Charter was ratified and signed by fifty countries the next day including China, one of the four sponsors.

At that time, General Albert C. Wedemeyer of the United States was chief of staff to China's Generalissimo, Chiang Kai Shek. And, General Daniel L. Sultan was commander-in-chief of the U.S. Expeditionary Force in India directing the Burma-India Combating Theater.

Ever busy was the traffic back and forth to the airport, which was situated down the big hill on a sand "bar" in the Yangtze River. In rainy seasons, the river rose, the airplanes could not land. The air pilots had to use another airport, a smaller one farther away.

For the busy reporters, transportations to the airport were always hard to come by. At times, if I was lucky, I got a ride to be there and had a first-hand interview with one of the VIPs. A second choice was to wait at the hotel door for the arrival of the foreign digni-

taries and improvised with a few quick and intelligent questions. Nevertheless, we, the crazy news pursuers, were not acting like the modern "paparazzis" of the modern time.

Except for some districts of government offices and foreign diplomatic officers, a great deal of the streets in Chungking were very crowded and bumpy. For my regular news beats, I usually took the buses or the three wheel bicycles(also called "three wheel cars.") It was a typical Oriental kind of vehicle which had high hood,mostly black, on top of three wheels driven on feet by a coolie in front of the passenger seat. It was time consuming for busy reporters. Some times, I was impatient and frustrated about it when I had to go to some places in a hurry.

My newspaper had a few cars, but they were only for the bosses. In case of emergency, the reporters could request for a ride.

The head of Social Welfare Daily News reporting division was Shun Quan Chao. He was in charge of business relating our group of reporters that consisted of those who ran the coverages of national and international activities, provincial government movement and issues, aducational processes, sports events, and social activities.

This native son of Szechuan was a rather quiet fellow, speaking little words, though he had a perfect educational background in journalism. Occasionally, when major national or international events occurrrred, he would help me to cover the stories.

I really enjoyed the freedom of roaming around for the big scoops on my own will. I did not own a camera. When it was necessary, the photographer came with me to shoot for the special events.

Tracing back on my memory lane from the day we arrived in Chungking

with Jack and my expecting baby, Elizabeth, as a family of refugees from Kwailing, Huang was considered as a Right Wing writer by his supporters and admirers who were on the Left Wing and had strongly supported the Communists. It was because, in the first place, we stayed in the guest residence run by the Association of Chinese Culture for one week. The ACC was subsidised by the authority of KMT. In the second place, Huang had written a short article in ACC's magazine expressing our appreciation for its hospitality at our time of disaster.

After that, a number of Communist writers and the Left Wing sympathizers began criticized him in different newspapers and magazines.

Instead of fighting back by words or writings, Huang started his "silent treatment." For a long period of time, none of his true friends could find his poems, short fictions, nor novels in any of the publications at the time.

This was the reason he chose to accept the offer from World Daily News as a reporter. His work load was much lighter than mine. Once in a while, we could meet at some places when we both covered the same story. He was always at home to tender the children before I dragged my tired feet into the door in the evening.

He found time, during that period, to help two publishing companies on reprinting two books. One of them, "Hatred and Wound." It was a collection of five short stories brought about from northern China after the Japanese first occupied Peijing and Tientsin. The Red and Blue Publishing Company re-published it from the first issue in Kweilin in October, 1940. Now in 1945.

The second book was my translation copy by David H. Lawrence, a British novelist.

I translated this book by Lawrence, a collection of novelettes, from English into Chinese when we were in Kweilin. It was entitled as "The Woman Who Rode Away," which was the dominating piece of this collection. Edition of this book was printed and circulated in Chungking by Shaw Wun Publishing Company

These publications of our books had happily increased our source of income considerably.

TWELVE

Victory Over Japan

History teach us great lessons. We have surmountable record to prove the truth.

As China was at her long struggles in war with Japan, the United States had played historically significant and admirable roles against the aggressors in Europe and Asia during World War II.

On the Pacific Theaters, after President Roosevelt's "Fireside Chat" offering the U.S. would provide military aid to China, an American voluntary group of the Chinese Air Force was established and named "14th Air Force," which was well known as the "Flying Tigers". US Major General, Claire L. Chennault, founder of the group took the commander seat.

Over the years of 1941 through 1945, Flying Tigers had stopped the Japanese advancement of attack by bombing the enemy's air bases, destroying almost its two thousand airplanes and military supplies along with transportation systems.

Japan had lost more than thirty thousands of troops killing by the Flying Tigers' attacks during operations taken enthusiastically over the eastern part and western part of China along the Yunnan-Burma-India Corridor.

Shortly after the Pearl Harbor attack in the same December of 1941 US navy had engaged into a bitter resistance against Japan over Wake

Island. This was a small, but strategic point of value in the North Pacific. It was an air base of Trans-Pacific for the US navy, but later on taken by the Japanese.

However, on the following battle on May 18, 1942 US Pacific Fleet claimed victory in the "greatest battle in the history of the United States" over the Coral Sea. This battle was fought below the Equator, off Australia's northeast coast.

Coral Sea is a part of the South Pacific, and is partially enclosed New Guinea, the Solomon Island and the New Hebrides besides the northeast of Australia.

An US navy boat, PT109, commanded by Lieutenant John F. Kennedy was in Solomon Islands. The boat was rammed apart by a Japanese destroyer on August 2, 1943.

A few months later, US navy conquered over the Japanese on Guadalcanal, one of the Solomon Islands.

On the monsoon season between February and March, 1945, US army fought the famous but very costly battle with Japanese troops on the little volcanic island, Iwo Jima, on North Pacific, south of Japan. The "Japs" had suffered tremendous casualties as a result.

In the last major amphibious campaign in June, US forces, again, claimed victory over Okinawa, the largest Ryukyu Island in North Pacific, northwest of Japan.

On the European Theater, US general and the supreme commander of the Allied Expeditionary Force, Dwight D. Eisenhower, led the invasion on Omaha Beach, Normandy, France, on June 6, 1944. This operation had resulted the liberation of France from the suppressing Nazi controlled by Italy and Germany.

Thereafter, on May 7, 1945, Germany offered unconditional surrender of all her forces to the allies.

Despite of all of these developmants, the Japanese was still too reluctant to quit.

For the democratic and peace-loving world, enough was enough. There had to be a way for stopping the wars.

On July 16, 1945, the United States exploded first experimental atomic bomb in the desert of Alamogordo, State of New Mexico. The "try-out" proved to be very successful.

With unshakeable confidence, President Harry S. Truman ordered the first atomic bomb over Hiroshima, a seaport in the southwest of Japan on its large island, Honshu Island. It took place on August 6 1945.

Approximately three days later, in the morning of August 9, a second atomic bomb landed on Nagasaki, another Japanese seaport on Kyushu Island. By the international timeline, Japanese clock runs 14 hours ahead of the United States. So, the happening was recorded on the late afternoon, August 8, 1945.

Both of the bombs had heavily shaken the "Empire of The Rising Son", and totally wiped off her evil, aggressive strength. Regretably, more than 200,000 Japanese, mostly innocent, lost their life from these two events.

Japan had come to the end of the tunnel. There was no place and no way for this country to turn but to surrender.

August 14, on that exceptionally sunny and beautiful late summer afternoon in Chungking, white clouds was floating slowly across the blue sky. Seasonal birds were chirping our sweet songs on their tree

tops. Suddenly, radios in both Chinese and English languages blared out the long praying for, and long overdue good news.

"Japan has surrendered !"

Immediately, people ran out to the streets from their houses, stores, offices, factories, government buildings, and hospitals.

They were shouting, jumping jubilantly from different directions. The traffic was jammed. Buses, tricycles, bicycles, and cars had to inch very slowly forward. It almost came to a standstill. Here and there, on some balconies, people lit out firecrackers to highlight their joy and gratitude.

The publisher of Red and Blue Publishing Company, Lan Wang, and his wife, Rose, stood out on their balcony with large loads of books that had been published by their company. Leaning against the wooden railing, Wang shouted excitedly:

"Dear friends," he laughed, "you may have all of these free."

In the meantime, he poured down all of the books below the balcony.

"We can print them again," echoed Rose, "with better papers when we go back to Peijing and Tientsin."

They went inside. In just a few minutes, they returned to the balcony with another load of books and threw them down again.

Overwhelmingly, the people on the ground clapped their hands with ovation. Then they pushed one another, struggling to grab the books.

The exciting episode lasted almost two hours until all of the books were picked up.

Teaming with my colleagues from the newspaper, I was running all directions to cover this historical happening at press conference, at government meetings, at VIP interviews for reactions, and looking

for various levels of people's opinions.

It was such a difficult task to fight through the heavy throng in a hooded tricycle to reach where I had to go.

I finished my reports in the office at about two-thirty the next morning. Same way the other reporters did. The issue of that morning newspaper had to be delayed. By the time I returned to my living quarter in the dorm, it was almost four o'clock in the morning. Huang and the children were still sound asleep.

On September 2, 1945, "V-J Day", Japan signed formal surrender documents on the United States battle ship, USS Missouri. Chinese general, Yung Chang Hsu, represented China to put down his signature on all of the papers.

Right after that, jubilant celebrations, officially, and privately, took place everywhere in China and the United States.

In Chungking, Victory Hall became the center of attraction, once again, for Chinese and international dignitaries.

That evening party was limited to "invitation only" event. With our press cards, Huang and I had no trouble squeezing into the crowd.

Inside the huge ballroom, colorful, small international flags were strung around the crystal chandeliers and the walls. At the background, facing the entrance, there was a long table, very well decorated. It was for the dignitaries and representatives of the sponsoring groups and their wives or other companions as well.

On both sides of the head table, two similar long tables, with less flowers, were for invited guests including newspaper and magazine correspondents. Both of these tables were provided with delicious refreshments and drinks.

Before we could settle down, the orchestra, on one corner of the background, play Chinese National Anthem. We stood up and saluted, singing:

"San Ming Chu I, Wu dang saw chung"

As we could just catch our breath, the American National Anthem was played. We watched some of the Americans putting hand on their left side of the chest. We also showed our respect doing the same.

When the singing stopped, a Master of Ceremony (MC) announced the program. A few short speeches were given by top Chinese and American officials. They proposed toasts for the well being and prosperity of the future in our free world with peace for generations to come.

Dances began after thirty minutes of casual visitations and refreshment. As a couple of amateur dances, Huang and I mingled freely amusement among the professionals.

Suddenly, the lights went off. Under a large circle of spot light, there appeared a pair of dancers. The rest of the people on the dancing floor all retreated aside.

The lady had a silver, floor length floating gown on, bare shoulders, low-cut on the chest. Her long, golden hair was pinned with a beautiful flower on one side of her head.

The gentleman, tall and handsome, was wearing a black tuxedo with a pair of black and white shoes. But he had a completely bald head.

"Come.....to my garden in Italy....."

A caucasian lady in a long and red formal started to sing in front of the microphone.

Immediately, the couple tangoed according to the fascinating lyric, rhythm and beats.

"And sing for me," the singer continued, "as you used to do
The moon is waiting, and I am waiting for you..... "

Following that number, the couple swirled through Johann Strauses' waltz "In Vienna Woods" gracefully:

"Some day when we were young, one wonderful morning in May, you told me you love me, when we were young one day....."

We held our breath as we watched.

Again, the lights went on. Then everybody on the floor joined them together to dance on the waltzes, "Blue Danube," and "Tennessee Waltz" followed by the change of tempo to a number of Fox-trots, Sumbas, and Cha Cha Cha.

At the finale, a Chinese beauty in Chinese costume sang with Mandarin language on the top of her lungs:

"Shang bing jiu, maan chang fei (champagne wine, fly all over the air)....."

Right the way, the dancers formed a large circle along the edge of the dancing floor. We held on one another by the shoulders, and moved forward on the final steps.

It was an emotionally fantastic and enthusiastic celebration. We enjoyed every minute of it.

This was the first time we were so happy since we left Kweilin a few years back with our heavy hearts.

We temporarily forgot all of those hardships we had gone through for so many times in Kweilin, Liuchow and Do Shan. Now we laughed heartily in joy along with the other guests. It was for real.

When we exited out of Victory Hall after midnight, the Chinese national flag in front of the building was waving in gentle wind

under the bright autumn full moon. All became quiet, on earth as it was in heaven.

A new dawn was waiting ahead for China, we thought. And for us.

THIRTEEN

At Threshold of Civil War

Situation did not develop as rosily as we and the other peace-loving people had hoped for in the long run.

During the Sino-Japanese war, after the Lu-kou-chiao (Marco Polo Bridge) Incident, Chinese Communists had fought with the conservative government, Kuo Ming Tang, shoulder to shoulder loyally. But now, Japan had received atomic bomb, the Soviet troops forced their way into Manchuria, the three provinces in the northeast of China, the next day. Later on, Manchuria was divided into nine provinces.

Surprisingly, the Chinese Communist Yen-An General headquarters ordered its troops to start an all-out revolt against the National Government that took place two days later.

To deal with the up-rising, President Chiang Kai Shek sent three invitations consecutively on August 14, 20, and 23, 1945, to Mao Tse-Tung for conference in Chungking.

Accompanied by US Ambassador, Patrick Hurley, Mao arrived in Chungking from Yen An after the third invitation.

Security was so strict and tight, that only a handful of central government secret service agents were allowed to meet them at the airport on arrival. I had a little hunch about Mao's coming, but could not go to the airport. As frustrated as any other reporters, I had to depend on bulletins released by the Government Information Office about the top-level political meetings.

After six weeks of negotiations, a joint declaration was announced that an agreement between the KMT government and the Communists had been reached; and that uncolved problems were to be settled by a political consultative conference that followed.

Three days before Christmas, US General George C. Marshall arrived in Chungking as President Truman's special envoy and mediator for the Political consultative Conference. The Minister of Chinese National Defense represented Chinese government, while Chou En Lai, a French educated, top-notch scholar in political science, represented the Communists.

Press identification card was issued only one to a newspaper. I had to share a press card with my colleague, Shun-Quan Chao. There were two pictures, his and mine, fixing side by side on that card to be sure it was the real thing.

Even though with the photo ID card, the reporters were forbidden to enter the conference site. Again, we had to mostly depend on the government releases from the GIO.

For "high-lights", a few of reporters would hang around vicinities of the Communist temporary residences trying to catch some of their activities. At one time, we were lucky to come across Dun Yin-Chao, wife of Chou En Lai, on her way back to the residence. She was also a French educated lady, and appeared polite at our impromptu interview.

Negotiations between the government and the Communists were very slow. It took more than six weeks before an agreement was reached for re-organization of the KMT army and nationalization of the Communists forces.

In the meantime, regarding to the invasion of Soviet troops to the

Manchuria, President Chiang announced the Three Principles that the government would follow in discussing with the USSR. As a consequence, Soviet government announced, on March 23, 1946, that her troop would complete withdrawal from Manchuria at the end of April.

No one could ever imagine, as the Soviet troops was moving our of Manchuria, the Communist troops surrounded Changchun City, capital of Kirin Province, then occupied it eight days later. On April 26, Communists took over Harbin and Tsitsihar of Nurkiang Province.

From then on, Chinese civil war resumed. On and off.

Anticipating no major problems, the National Government moved back to Nanking from Chungking on May 5 the same year, 1946.

As Soviet troops withdrew from Manchuria, the National Government sent in the best armies trying to hold the vital railways and industrial centers. But they were over extended. Communist forces, retrained and re-equipped with Japanese arms, gradually shifted from guerrilla warfare to large scale offensive campagne.

After the national troops captured Szuping kai and recaptured Changchun, Chiang Kai Shek accepted General Marshall's proposal to issue a second ceasefire order, instructing government troops to halt "all advances, attacks, and pursuits" during a fifteen day armistice. A period of nine days was further extended until June 30.

But Yen an, the Communist headquarters, issued a second mobilization order, instructing all Communist forces to launch a full-scale war against the National Government.

Still hoping for peace, President Chiang agreed with the US to create a committee of five members headed by US Ambassador, Leighton Stuart, to pave the way for a coalition government. He also accepted

General Marshall's proposal for another 10 day ceasefire for resumption of peace talks.

Chiang presented the Communists with eight conditions for a nationwide ceasefire.

His latest peace offer was, again, rejected by the Communists.

Under all of these unsteady situation, my newspaper decided to make Shanghai as its post-war headquarters.

In addition to keeping Chungking edition, the big boss, with great ambition and expectation, opened up extra branches in Nanking, Sian, and Tientsin. All news for the Daily would be printed simultaneously the same day on all five additions. It was a way of stretching the media power and better services to the general public.

I was offered to be transferred to Shanghai with higher pay. And, better yet, Huang was hired to come along as the paper's editor in charge of its culture and art division.

Majority of the newspapers in the wartime capital also made the same decision moving northeastward to Shanghai and Nanking.

Before we left Chungking, Reverend W. Y. Lee baptized both of our children as Roman Catholic. Our 3 year old son, Chu-Wang, was named Jacob after the second son of Issac in the Bible, who was the grandson of Abraham and Sarah. Our 18 month old daughter, Chu-Wa, was named Elizabeth after the mother of John the Baptise. Later on, we called Jacob as "Jack" to be convenient. We called Elizabeth as "Beth."

Being full-grown adults, Huang and I had to wait for our completion of study in the Catholicism. Years later, on June 28, 1959, I was baptized together with my 3-weeks old son, Alexander D. Walter, in St. John's Church, South Milwaukee, Wisconsin, USA.

My colleagues who stayed with the "old horse" gave us an expensive evening farewell party. The man played fist games out loud. They drank the very strong Moutai, rice wine and beer. At the end, they proposed "gaan bei"(bottom up) three times to bid us farewell and good luck.

Reflecting the old days when we were in Do Shan, Kweichow Province, and the time we arrived in Chungking, we did not even know where and what our next meal could be. Now, we had made a mark here. I came to love this war-torn city which had been frequently bombarded by the Japanese since 1939. I had tender feeling for the people here very much. We were very sad to leave, and I hoped some day in the future we could go back for visit.

It was heart-broken to see our Ahma and her young daughter crying when we said "ji jan(good bye)" to one another. Nevertheless, we could not take them along. They had their own family and their own life.

We only took whatever items essential for us on the trip in four suitcases with us, and left all other things behind for them.

This was the first time the children and I had an airplane rid, Huang had his experience when he returned to Kweilin from Tungnan Szechuan Province a few years back. I was a little nervous, but in the sametime, excited.

All seats were filled in the airplane. Beth had to seat on my laps while Jack huddled with his father.

The distance between Chungking and Shanghai was almost two thousand miles. In that late spring morning, 1946, the weather was gorgeous, sunny and bright without any trace of humidity. I was baby-talking to Beth on the aisle seat, feeling very happy to choose the right day for the flight.

Right on schedule, propellers of the two-engine plane started as soon as it was slowly climbing up, then roared into the sky, I felt my head was turning in circles. There seemed to be a big lump in my throat. The next thing happened was that I vomited uncontrollably on the brand new carpet of the plane.

One of the uniformed attendants rushed over me with a towel.

"Are you OK?" She asked, wiping the carpet.

"Yes." I could hardly catch my breath. I was so embarrassed, then apologized. "I am sorry for such a mess."

"Don't worry." She smiled.

She left. A couple minutes later, she came back with a brown paper bag and gave it to me.

"Use this, if you vomit again."

The terrible feeling would not go away.

On and off, for the rest of the flight I threw out a few more times into the paper bag.

A five course delicious Chinese lunch was served. I could only sipped a little bit of Chinese hot tea, my favorite Jasmine.

After filling up their empty stomachs, Elizabeth fell asleep on my laps, while Huang and Jack enjoyed watching the mystical formations of clouds through an oval glass window of the plane.

I missed Chungking, for many reasons. The people I met there or worked with there were very friendly and honest. They would go out of their way to help anyone in need. Huang and I had made a lot of friends through our works.

My brother, Robert, and his wife, Ching-Hwa were still there when we left for Shanghai.

On our arrival in Shanghai, one of our newspaper co-workers, Sherman Yin, and his wife, Anna, met us at the airport with a large rental Ford. We were taken to a residence rent by our newspaper and fully equipped by the building manager.

We shared the apartment with the Yin family.

FOURTEEN

Shanghai, Shangrila of The Orient

Shanghai, the largest city in China, the "Shangrila of the Orient" is a dreaming paradise for all men and women in the eastern hemisphere. It is situated near the mouth of Yangtze River where Hwang Pu River meets. It was the most important and populous seaport in the east of the country, and of Asia. During Sino-Japanese War and World War II, it boasted of population of three millions. According to the un-official statistics, the number went up to seven millions in the middle of 1960.

Hwang Pu is the major river that flows into the Yangtze a little upstream from Yangtze's broad and muddy mouth which formulates a fertile zone for vegetations. In the same way it carries daily busy traffics over the water from all directions.

The Port of Shanghai on the west bank of Hwang Pu branch of the Yangtze is the nucleus of the vast urban agglomeration which bear the rich delta region that had little more than local importance prior to the Treaty Port period.

In the course of naval operations during the first Anglo-Chinese or "Opium War," the British realized the possibilities of Shanghai and at the Treaty of Nanking to foreign trades.

This was China's most influential and bustling city in terms of

economy. besides being a center for trading activities, it was also the hub of important manufactures. Just name a few, such as cotton mills, silk mills, rice mills, shipbuilding yards, and a great deal of printing and publishing establishments.

Shanghai was forced to give temporary custody, respectively to eight foreign western countries due to the signing of Peking Treaty at the end of the Box Revolution, also known as the Boxer Incident in 1900, when the Ching Dynasty was crumbling down to her last power.

As a teenager, I heard so much glorious stories about Shanghai. I was carried away at times by my own fantasy to that dreamland.

I love to watch the movies being produced with its background stories. I clipped pictures of the movie stars from newspapers and magazines, then pasted them in my scrapbook. I could even follow the songs the famous singers sang, namely, "Tao Wha Chiang sh mei ran war (Peach Blossom River is the nest for beauties)," a captivating song sang by the then most popular movie star and singer, Pai Kuang.

There I was, with my family, to see every thing for sure.

Busy docks and wharves line the waterfront of Shanghai. In the central part of the metropolitan, a broad boulevard follow along the waterfront. It was trimmed with large barks and business establishments dotted with elm and fir trees. Colorful neon lights beckoned passer-by people every where. Blasting music and soft, gentle songs could be heard here and there.

It was so inviting and exciting, and a completely different world for us comparing with what we had lived through.

Yet, Shanghai had its ups and downs during the Japanese occupation. Most of the residents who had no place to move or to escape had to

live under the Japanese rules and restrictions. Some of them stayed inside of the "French Concession" or the "Joint Concession" headed by representatives of the United Kingdom and six other foreign countries including Russia, Germany, Belgium, Austria, Holland and Italy.

Business for Chinese people living inside of the concessions was slow. There were days good or bad, depending on what took places on occasions.

The majority of people living in the non-concession area were also hitted hard. They had to struggle in every way, financially, mentally and spiritually.

Thank Heaven. When we arrived in Shanghai, the Japanese were gone. People there could pick up their shattered pieces and make life enjoyable again.

Our residence was at the meeting corner of Albert Avenue and Lafayette Avenue. It was the territory of the so called "French Concession." It was relatively quiet.

Across the wide avenues, there was a dog race track not in business at that time. Beyond the track, there was a beautiful park with hundreds of trees and flowers. It used to have a sign at the entrance which read:

"No Chinese or dog."

What a humiliation it was!

Happily, the word "Chinese" was no longer there when we visited.

The contemporary five-story building we were assigned in was owned by a foreign landlord. It was surrounded by plenty of tall and shady trees. No air condition was needed for summer because the cooling environment had already been provided. Our apartment was on the ground floor, very convenient for the children to run out and play on the

lawn between the building and the sidewalk. Again, we had a daytime nanny to take care of the children.

Huang usually was home around six o'clock in the afternoon as his art section of the paper was ready for the next morning. I had to wind up my interviews and reports much later. If he happened to be late sometimes, the nanny would wait.

Within the radius half of a mile, there were a Chinese restaurant, a Russian restaurant, an American restaurant, a French cafe, an English cafe, and a Chinese grocery store. All were within walking distance. We especially liked the macaroni and cheese dish in the American restaurant not because it was low in price. We loved it since we did not have it at any place any time before.

My assignment with the Shanghai edition of my newspaper this time was a little different. I still covered international news, but on smaller scale. Obviously, by the international diplomatic system, there were only consulates from foreign countries in town instead of embassies. They were normally not decision makers.

Anyway, in addition to that, I covered political activities around the metropolitan including the Shanghai City Hall, as well as art activities. It was a wide scope of territory. When I was too busy, an assistant, an apprentice newly graduated from Foo Dan University was sent to help me.

Every weekday afternoon, around five and six o'clock, I joined a number of journalists from various newspapers and news agencies at the City Hall reception room for briefing conducted by its press secretary, C. H. Chu. Once in a while, when there was something very important, the mayor, Kuo Chen Wu (K. C. Wu) would come out to give us

the news and answered our questions.

Mr. Wu was one of the most powerful politicians in China and the most trustful righthand man for President Chiang Kai Shek. He was later on appointed to be the governor of Taiwan in December, 1949, after the Chinese Communists overtook Shanghai.

People born in Shanghai or those who had business long enough there preferred to use Chekiang dialect instead of the Mandarin when they spoke. It took me quite a while to get used to their twisting sounds such as "Wung"(you) and "sar"(what or where).

Publisher of the Shanghai edition of the Social Welfare Daily News, Jen-Po Fan, a politician turned journalist, was kind and generous. He gave credits to his employees whenever credits were due. Stout in stature, he often liked to talk about the future of the newspaper at meetings with laughters that shook his "spared tire", the middle of his belly. It made us laughed too.

When the top boss, Archbishop Paul Yu Pán, came from Nanking for inspection and other engagements, in a few cases, Huang was assigned to take notes on the Archbishop's speeches to the public. All by his shorthand writings. Those speeches, mostly conservative in terms of religion and politics, would appear in the newspaper the following days.

Frequently, I had more time to do personal interviews and theatrical reviews. My feature stories and interpretive reportings, often by-line, would appeared on the five editions of the Social Welfare Daily simultaneously on the same day. Each time, I felt like I had just given birth to a new child, full of love, pride, and gratitude.

During one of the public gatherings on celebrating the opening of an art salon, one young lady approached and tapped my shoulder.

"Are you Mrs. Chang?" She asked.

"Yes. Why?"

She was a little blushed.

"I enjoyed every one of your articles." She smiled. "I had clipped them all, and saved them in my scrapebook."

This unexpected compliment elevated me to the "Heaven of Nine Clouds", a Chinese old saying.

I thanked her. But I did not even save one of my stories for myself.

I didn't know where did I get extra time and energy to begin translating Leo Tolstoy's novel, "God Knows The Truth, But Wait"? I began to work on it late at nights when everyone else in the family were sound asleep.

Tolstoy, a classic Russian novelist and reformer, born in 1828, and died in 1910 just before the Russian Revolution. He embraced deep faith of Orthodox, the Christian church of the countries formerly comprised in the Eastern Roman Empire, and of countries evangelized from it later.

This was the fourth book Huang had chosen for me to translate when we were still in Kweilin. I was so busy in Chungking, and could not spare time to start this project.

Every night, I worked on translating one episode of the novel for Huang to use it in his Art Section of the newspaper the next day. For four long months, it became a series of entertaining piece of reading.

Regretably, I could not finish the entire project and had it be printed into a book before we left Shanghai for Tientsin.

Beginning from mid-summer 1946, political and military situation had caused high alarms for the government and the people who were concerned.

Since the National and Communist civil war in Manchuria, the Communists took over Harbin and Tsitsihar early in May, President Chiang Kai Shek had accepted General Marshall's proposal to issue a second cease-fire order, instructing government troops to halt "all advance, attacks and pursuits" during the 15-day armistice in June 6. Then he extended the cease-fire order until June 30.

But things did not turn out as expected.

On August 17, Yenan, the Communist headquarters, issued a second mobilization order instructing all Communist forces to launch full-scale war against the government. On September 3, President Chiang agreed to create a committee of 5 members headed by the US Ambassador to China, Leighton Stuart, to pave the way for a coalition government. Again, General Marshall proposed for a ten-day cease-fire to lead the way for resumption of peace talk.

The Communists turned them all down, including the government's third offer for cease-fire.

Shanghai is only a few hundred miles away from Nanking. All of those unfortunate developments had influenced the stock markets up and down. They also stirred up feelings of people who had experienced before the coming of Japanese.

Completely disappointed, George Marshall left Nanking, back to Washington D. C. on January 8, 1947, to accept the post of secretary of State of the United States. Shortly after, the US State Department announced abandonment of efforts to mediate between the Chinese government and the Communists.

As usual, I was kept busy running around for interviewing government heads and US VIPs who happened to drop by Shanghai.

In the summer before, we celebrated the reprints of three books in Shanghai which had been published in Kweilin and Chungking. First was Huang's collection of novelettes, "Flower Wedding". Second, his personal account in Japanese captivity in Tientsin, 1939, "Diary In Japanese Prison." Both books were republished by Sing Sing Publishing Company. The third book was my translation from D. H. Lawrence's "The Woman Who Rode Away," published by Shore Won Publishing House.

I couldn't remember how did we have time taking the children for sightseeing by bus on land, and by small rental boat on Hwang Pu River, at the time we thought we were well established in Shanghai.

Situation of civil war from the northeast was getting intensified by the middle of January, 1947. We had to work harder for our jobs in an attempt to satisfy our readers' need.

One afternoon, in the newspaper aditorial department, a copyboy handed Huang a registered letter from his father, Yu-Tung Chang of Tientsin, his native town. Ever since Huang left that city after his release from the Japanese prison, his parents, a younger brother, and a younger sister were forced to live behind the invisible curtain of the Jap's tyranny. After the liberation of Tientsin, Huang had regular correspondences with his parents every other week. He had also sent them money frequently.

Now, there came a registered letter. It puzzled him. Hurriedly, he opened the letter which read:

"Dear Hung Chi, my son:

I know this may shock you. But I have to let you know. Your brother, Hung Le, had passed away last week. Your mother cries all the time and had become very ill due to the loss. Would you come home with your family? It has been more than, oh, seven years since

you left home. Your sister had run away some where. We miss you. It's time for you to be back home.

Your Father"

Hung Le, Huang's younger brother, was tall, slender and handsome like his older brother. By profession, he was a very talented musician. He could play various musical instruments, specially a guitar. He had been a substituted actor in a few movies produced in Tientsin. I had never met him nor the rest of the family, but had seen a few pictures of my in-laws.

Through a much troublesome long distance phone calls, we found out that Hung Le had died of Lung cancer probably due to smoking, over work and the lack of nutrients, as well as proper health care. And, the younger sister, Hung Ming, had run away before Hung Le's death.

We found ourselves at the point of crossroads.

What direction should we follow? How could we leave our busy and lucrative jobs in Shanghai? When? For how long?

We grieved the loss of Huang's siblings. We worried. We could not sleep all night.

Next morning, Huang and I braved ourselves, gathering all our courage, and went into the office of our big boss, publisher of the newspaper Shanghai edition, Jen Po Fan.

"Good morning, Mr. Fa." Huang said timidly, standing by the door.

Usually, employees of the editorial department having any problem would have to consult with the managing editor or executive editor first. Our direct approach seemed to be a surprise for Mr. Fan.

"Oh, good morning," answered Fan, raising his eyebrows. "Come in."

He put down the morning paper he was checking on and added:

"What can I do for your?"

Without further speaking, bashfully, Huang handed Fan with his father's letter.

We sat on a side bench and waited. I felt hot and nervous. My forehead and palms were perspiring.

"Ha....ha....ha....!"

Fan laughed out loudly, still holding the letter. His belly was shaking behind his desk.

We were stunned. What's so funny? At a time of someone else's deep sorrow, how could he laugh just like that?

"What a co-incidence!" Chuckled Fan. "No problem. Both of you may go to Tientsin."

He explained he had received a call from the publisher of our Tientsin edition, He-Shuan Liu, the day before. Liu told him that Tientsin edition was short on staff. Could Fan transfer a couple of reporters there since Shanghai had more than enough?

"We like you both here at the Shanghai headquarters," continued the boss. "On a temporary basis, you may go to help your family and the Tientsin edition. You are always welcome back."

As he spoke, he looked right into my eyes with a smile. The smile of a loving father. His slightly pink and round face glowed with pride and confidence.

We thanked him for his kindness and understanding.

Immediately, we were instructed to go through the procedures of being transferred. In the meantime, my co-worker, Sherman Yin was appointed to fill in the vacancy I left and covered full-time reporting on political news.

One additional offer from Hong Kong struck a gold mine for me.

The publisher of Hong Kong Industrial & Commercial Daily Press, Dit-Wu Hu, whom I met at a social gathering some time earlier, asked me to be his newspaper's correspondent stationing in Tientsin.

"All you have to do," he said, "is to send the same stories from Tientsin to Hong Kong daily through the wire. Plus a weekly column which would be different from the ones you may do for your paper in Tientsin."

It was another excellent opportunity for me. I could not resist. I accepted it. It seemed everything was going my way.



Left: Huang Chang and Lulin with children, Jack (standing) and Elizabeth (in Huang's arm) in front of their residence in Shanghai, 1946.

Right: 1½ year old Jack in Chungking. Lulin made the boy's outfit with a piece of torn curtain given by a friend.



FIFTEEN

Highlight In Tientsin

Tientsin, a large seaport in the Province of Hopei, is situated at the junction of Peiho(North River) and Hungho(Red River) which is connected by the Grand Canal with the Yangtze River. It is approximately 40 miles from Hai Ho, the entrance of Gulf of Chihli, north of Yellow Sea.

This city was built on a vast alluvial plain, which extends from the mountains beyond Beijing to the sea. It was a major transportation center with roads and railroads connecting to Beijing, also on the main railraod line to Manchuria, near the northern end of the Grand Canal that connect with the lower Yangtze Valley and Shanghai area.

As a seaport, Tientsin had serious disadvantages. The river Hai Ho was shallow and had many mud bars. A great deal of dredging was done. Even then, large ocean vessels could not go through at times.

In spite of its difficulties, this city had served as a marketing and manufacturing center for the surrounding plain and the interior regions to the west. It had long been known for its wool and camel's hair cloth products, leather goods, and processed foods.

Historically, Tientsin had suffered invasions by foreign powers many times. In 1853, it was besieged by an army of Taiping rebels who were ultimately forced to retreat. The municipality and suburbs were occupied by English and French in 1860 to 1862. It was then constituted as an open port to the foreigners.

During the period of 1874 to 1894, Tientsin prospered under Li Hung Chang, viceroy of Chihli. Again, the entire city, natives and foreigners there suffered severely during the Boxer Revolution from Peking in June through 1900. Afterward, the city walls were razed and municipal services considerably improved.

However, in 1937, Japanese attacked and bombarded the Chinese section after the Lukouchiao (Marco Polo Bridge) Attack. They destroyed the famous Nankai University. Two years later, the Japanese blockaded the British concession to recognition of their supremacy in north China.

The reunion between Huang and his family was highly emotional.

We left Shanghai one afternoon late in May, 1947, on a flight by China Airlines. We could have taken the Shanghai-Tientsin Railway that cost much less; but it would take us much longer in time.

As soon as the four of us, Huang and I with the children, exited the airplane at Tientsin Airport, we took a taxi. Through a number of bumpy roads, some of which made of cobblestones, we arrived at No. 19, Shun Family Lane, Nankai District, the residence of my parents-in-law. It was located at the "China Portion" of the so-called "Treaty City."

This was a Chinese old-fashioned gray brick bungalow with two large doors of Chestnut wood, dampened by ages of rain and snow. Two large door rings were shining from the weak afternoon sunlight.

When the taxi stopped, some people from the neighborhood came out of their houses with curiosity. They began talking and pointing.

We set down our five pieces of luggage by the door. Huang knocked on the door bells with both of his hands, holding his breath.

Immediately, the doors flung open. Standing behind there were his grey hair father, Yu Tung Chang, and his mother, Ching Fand Wang.

" Oh, Hung Chi(Huang's name at birth)"

Grandpa Chang cried, grabbing Huang's neck. "I am so happy to see you home."

Grandma Chang stumbled forward on her bounded feet and reached to hold her son's head.

"My son.....Oh, my son"

Their four arms were all around Huang's neck and shoulders.

The old folks gasped. Again they bursted out with loud cry. For ten minutes, the three of them could not say anything but crying.

Finally, Huang introduced me and the children to Grandpa and Grandma, then we entered into the house.

Inside of the doors, there was a large square cement "sky yard" which meant "one might look up to the sky from the ground." Adjoining the yard were two main parts of the house which consisted of four bedrooms, two on each side of the yard.

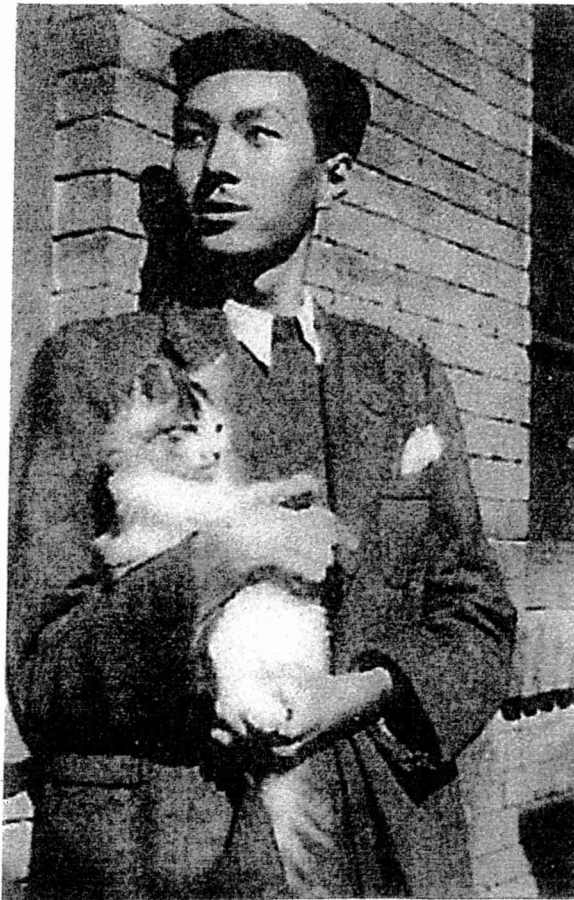
The living room was at the center of one side of the yard, with three bedrooms, a kitchen and a bathroom at the back .

The other side of the "sky yard" had two smaller bedrooms, in addition to storage spaces for old house equipments.

This was the only property my parents-in-law owned after Japanese occupied Tientsin on July 30, 1937. A small land on which they lived by landing it to a famer was taken by the Japs. For a long time, they had to live scantily under rations of food and clothes.

After V-J Day, September 2, 1945, Chinese National government restored the city. All city ordinances were regained.

At the time we saw them, Grandpa was the secretary of the Association of Movie Theater in Tientsin. With a relatively lucrative salary, the old folks could live comfortably though not rich.



(Upper left): Huang Chang's father, Yu Tung Chang. He served as secretary general with Tientien Association of Theatre Arts.

(Upper right): Huang's mother, Mrs. N. Chang.

(Left): Huang's younger brother, Hung Le Chang, was an artist. He died of lung disease in 1947.

Huang, formerly branded by the Japanese as a "political convict" due to his anti-Japanese writings, had to leave his childhood place almost eight years ago after being released from the enemy's prison. Now, at the emotional homecoming, he was full of joy. He tenderly touched everything that was still intact, and paused long for thoughts.

On this happy occasion, we did not dare to ask anything about his younger brother and sister.

Grandma Chang, a middle-age lady with very fair complexion had just recovered from her sickness and grievance about losing her two younger children, kept herself busy running around the house doing things here and there. Her bounded feet did not seem to bother her with limit. She walked uprightly as if she was on a pair of normal feet.

While the father and son still chatting and the children were running around the living room, she went into the kitchen to make some delicious tea for us. I, a stranger, could not find anything to do in the meantime.

Moments later, she came out from the kitchen with a tin tray holding a pot of tea and some cookies to the delight of the children. We sat around a square table to enjoy what she served. She and I began to ask questions from each other. She gave the children a few little toys which she bought for them a couple of days ahead of time.

"Here are the rooms you, Hung Chi, and the children would stay."

Tearfully, Grandma Chang pointed to the rooms on the left side. One of which used to be Huang's. The other one had been used by Hung Le.

"It is all clean," continued Grandpa.

He told us that Hung Le was hospitalized right after he became very sick in a short time. The doctor diagnosed he had acute lung cancer due to chronic bronchitis. He was buried in a cemetery not too far away from home.

"There is nothing contagious around the house," Grandpa emphasized, "nor in his room."

On that evening, Grandma cooked for us her most favorable dish, "te bobo ngow yu," (stewed whole fish with corn balls). It was so unique and delicious that later on she in the following months she gave us the same treat many times over.

Huang and I stayed at his parents' house with the children for two days. On the third day, we had to report to our newspaper for work in the downtown district.

We had to break the news that we could not live with them permanently for the time being; but the children would stay. We promised to pay for a nanny to help taking care of them.

Why couldn't we live with my parents-in-law?

We explained, owing to the nature of our work with the newspaper, we had been arranged by the management to live in one room of the dormitory on the second floor above the editorial department. It was no place for raising children there.

Luckily, Grandpa and Grandma invited Huang's uncle and aunt, brother and sister-in-law of Grandma, to move into the empty rooms on one side of the "sky yard", and help taking care of Jack and Elizabeth whom we call "Beth" for short. Jack was only 3 years and 10 months old; while Beth was 2 years and 4 months of age. They had easy spirit and content by nature at their tender ages. There was no kindergarten for them to go at that time.

Grandma was so happy to have extra help from her own relatives. She had a clear and sweet voice, and often sang ancient ballads as she worked.

The grand-uncle and grand-aunt were both at their late 50's of age.

childless. They were more than happy to move in and enjoyed better living condition than what they had before.

We promised to go home for visiting and checking on the children every other day. Or, at least twice a week no matter how short the visits would be according to our working schedules.

The children did not seem to mind when we left their grand-parents' house as long as they got all the care and attention from the old folks with pleasure.

Tientsin edition of the Social Welfare Daily News was situated in the downtown area used to be occupied by the Japs named "Japanese Concession," which was the center of inter-states and local railroads.

After Japanese surrender on September 2, 1945, the Allied Forces, mainly American Forces, arrived to help regaining and stabilizing the city. That memorable day turned out to be a most cheerful and exciting holiday. Thousands, tens of thousand people from local authorities, business associations, educational circles, various other organizations and city residents, young or old, crowded over the railroad station. Even the roofs of all buildings in the district were thronged with enthusiastic welcomers.

Still bearing the title of "political reporter," my assignment was naturally to cover the activities of city government, plus whatever diplomatic organizations there .

My new boss, publisher of Tientsin edition, Her-Shuang Liu, had no objection against me being a correspondent for the Hong Kong Industrial & Commercial Daily Press.

"It would be all right as long as you would not interfere with your work here."

Mr. Liu approved my deal.

Formerly a professor of Journalism at the renown Yen Ching University of Peiping, Liu often impressed people who knew him with a scholarly appearance. On his thin, long face, he seldom showed any smile. His trademark was a black, ancient Chinese mandarin man's long gown, silky, all the way down to his ankles.

Frequently, late in the evening, friends would find him dancing in a night club or a dancing studio, not necessarily with his wife. But he would still wear his black, long gown.

"Dancing is the best exercise for our health," he explained. "You should find time to practice it."

This advice for past-time hobby attracted and delighted many daytime editors including Huang. I had to work day and night, no chance to pursue such pleasure. A few of the editors were Liu's students from Yen Ching University.

Huang took over the position of deputy city editor which had been vacant for some time. Again, he would finish his work at six o'clock in the afternoon, unless there was something extra to be worked on, such as attending a meeting with the Archbishop for taking notes of Archbishop's speech ready for printing the following day.

There were a few special tricycles at service for the reporters. These unusual vehicle had three wheels apartly set in the front and left and right. On the left side, two wheels were lined up straight under a bicycle frame. On the right side, a short axle and a bigger wheel were attached. On top of them was a small coach with cushioned seat in the chape of a boat. The driver would mount on the bicycle side and slid the vehicle away without much effort.

Social Welfare Daily News had no edition being published in Peiping. But it had a news branch there to provide news daily for all of the five editions of the newspaper.

From time to time, when a few reporters at Peiping branch were too busy, I would be called to lend a helping hand and running about to cover some special events or interviewed unexpected VIPs. I enjoyed those impromptu assignments. As a matter of fact, I covered stories in both of two cities based in Tientsin.

Peiping had its name changed a few times. This most renown of all the cities in China was named "Peking" from Yuan Dynasty. It was the capital of the Chinese ancient empires from 1267 to 1368; again from 1421 to the downfall of Ching Dynasty in 1911. Eighteen years after establishment of the Republic of China, on June 29, 1928, it was re-named as "Peiping". Following the defeat of the National Government in 1950, the Communist Government resumed its national capital status and changed the name as "Beijing."

Peiping is positioned at the northern apex of the alluvial Plain of North China, where it cover the narrow lowland passage from the Manchurian steppes via Shan-Hai-Kwan (the gate between the mountains and the sea). It was not placed on any navigable river but lies at the outlet to the plain of the most important road from Mongolia.

Thirty five miles northwest of the city at its nearest point, the Great Wall of China was built to defend the city and the country against foreign invasion. Following the crests of the scarplant belt at an elevation of four sousand feet, the Great Wall marked the historical frontier defense of the agricultural plain against the pastoral nomade of the interior plateaus.

As of this day, the Great Wall of China remains the biggest stronghold, one of the Wonders of the World, and the most enchanting tourist attraction for visitors from the world around.

Approximately fifteen miles north of Peiping's old "Chinese City", there is another fascinating attraction: The Imperial City, which is within the Tartar City designed by Kublai Khan during the late Ming Dynasty. It is in the form of a square with red plastered walls, six and a half miles in length. Inside of that, there is the Forbidden city with walls two and one fourth miles long. It was plastered with a violet colored mortar, whence came the name of "Purple City."

Extending in an irregular chain from the north wall of the Tartar City to the south wall of the Imperial City are several artificial lakes supplied from a moat outside the walls which is itself fed by a canal from the Jade Fountain in the western hills six miles northwest of Peiping. This also feeds the famous lake round the Summer Palace at the foot of the western hills.

Grouped around the three most southerly of the seven lakes in the heart of the Imperial City is a great series of imperial palaces, gardens and temples including the Temple of Heaven.

Visiting and covering stories around those historically scenic places was a great treat for me every single time I had to be there.

Up to the late 1940's, Peiping was an intellectual center of China. It possessed great traditions of learning and scholarship. In the last years of Ching Dynasty and the early period of the Republic of China, before the civil wars arrested further progress, many schools, colleges and public educational institutions were established. These included the government university, the National Teachers' College, the

Customs College, the Tsing Hua College (later on became the Ching Hwa University), the College of Languages, the Law School, the Higher Technical School, the Yen Ching University, and the Medical School which was equipped by the Rockefeller trust. In the years preceding World War II, 14 of the 107 Chinese universities, colleges and technical school were located in Peiping.

Still fresh from V-J Day, there were a few other newspapers in Tientsin besides the Social Welfare Daily News (SWDN), in addition to a handful of tabloids. The reporters were treated as "Kings" or "Queens" without crown.

We seldom had one on one appointment for interviews. On most occasions, we just walked into any office, high or low, for visiting with the person or persons we had to get the stories as long as we had our press card. One thing not so convenient was that we did not have the advantage of using a hand-held microphone or recorder, from which, things could have been so much easier. A ballpoint pen and a notebook were our tools.

Being born and raised in Manning, Kwangsi Province just a little below the Tropic of Cancer, and twenty five degrees north of the Equator, I was very used to the warmer climate. Tientsin, at the much higher latitude, gave me chills and colds so often that I had to keep a scarf and a sweater with me all the time. Especially, when I got a ride on our tricycle. There was no hood on the passenger's side, the olive-shape cushioned seat. Frequently, I joked with my friends that it seemed I was born short of one layer of skin.

The benefit of running around the offices of foreign countries in Tientsin was that I had the chances of learning their languages and cultures. People there were friendly and polite. Some of them had sent

me invitations when special occasions came up.

One day in early July, 1947, I received one piece of mail from the French Consulate General in Tientsin. Inside of an exquisite envelope was a delicately silver-trimmed card. It read:

"Mr. Joseph A. Siguret, Consul General of France, and Mrs. Siguret cordially invite you and your companion to a cocktail party celebrating the French National Day on July 14, 1947 at 2:00 P. M.

Please kindly respond by returning the attached card soon at your convenience.

Thank you.

R.S.V.P."

Of course, I was thrilled and felt honor to be invited. I returned the R.S.V.P. attached portion back to the French Consulate the same afternoon, adding Huang's name on the guest line at the bottom.

It was a customary practice when people sending out invitations without knowing whether the guest was married or single by using the name, "companion", instead of "husband" or "wife".

Mr. Siguret was assigned to be the French Consul General in Tientsin in August 1946. This was his first chance to celebrate his own country's big holiday.

From the early years during his deplomatic career, he had a deep interest in China, our people, our arts and our culture. In my working capacity, I had the chances of interviewing him and getting a better knowledge about him since Huang and I were transferred from Shanghai.

There was a Chinese lady working in his office as a liaison helping to contact the Chinese government and a great deal of Chinese communities

in many ways. Hanging on the walls of his office were several Chinese brush paintings. And, strikingly, a large scroll with the calligraphy by Dr. Sun Yet Sen, founder of the Republic of China.

Actually, Mr. Siguret did not have to send me an official invitation. The reporters, including myself, had an un-written permission to "clash" into any non-private party as long as we had our press cards. Perhaps this time the invitation from the Siguret couple meant a "Friendship" rather than just ordinary business between news seeker and a provider.

Had been going through many big and elaborate diplomatic parties in Chungking and Shanghai, I thought this cocktail party could not be a comparison. However, in this seaport center of Chinese industrial and transportation, Tientsin, it was a significant event. Particularly, after France's full recovery from the D-Day victory. There also was a huge celebration in Nanking, the then Chinese National Capital.

I realized there would be a number of foreign dignitaries and Chinese government officials attending the event. Instead of wearing my usually casual western outfit, I put on one of my expensive Mandarin dresses. It was made of multi-color, flora Chinese satin with pipings all over the bodice, and long slits on both sides of the gown. A 2-inch high stiff neck collar almost choked my breath. My high heel shoes made me three inches taller.

Huang wore a gray checker sportscoat with gray trousers, white shirt, black tie, and black shiny shoes.

We took a taxi to the French Consulate General on Rue Gabriel De Veria in the French Concession. It was to the east from the old Japanese Concession.

The French elegant, creamy stone mansion, built close to the end of 19th century after the Sino-France war that ended with the signing of Treaty of Tientsin in 1885. It still stood there on the widely open boulevard witnessing the testimony of time.

Inside of the mansion in a huge hall under crystal chandeliers, guests from the metropolitan government and foreign diplomats had filled up almost to the capacity.

On the reception line, Mr. Siguret, with a broad smile, introduced his wife, Solange Siguret, to us. In return, I introduced Huang to them. We exchanged greetings, chatted a little bit, then we mingled among the glamorous guests.

Sparkling French champagne and varieties of delicious hors d'oeuvre were served by a few uniformed helpers circling around. This was one of the best opportunities for me to "dig out" news stories from so many VIP guests.

On my left arm, I was carrying a sizable white leather purse, containing many items including cosmetics, a notebook and a couple of ballpoint pens as I used to do every where I went. One of the guests teased me, pointing at my purse:

"Is this your suitcase?"

We all laughed with good humor.

Needless to say, I had harvested a number of news stories in that afternoon besides gaining a full stomach of cocktail and hors d'oeuvre.

Under the circumstance of the party, I did not use my notebook and ballpoint pen. I tried very hard to memorize what I had heard from those distinguished people. I wrote a lengthy by-line column and a few other stories about foreigners' activities that night.

As time flashing by, Huang and I kept our promise visiting our children at Grandp and Grandma Chang's home twice per week.

Usually, we made the happy gatherings at noon when it was not interfered with our working schedules. Some times after lunch, we took the children out to the park nearby, watching gold fish swimming in the lotus pond, or helping them on the swings and sliding boards. We took so much pleasure eating roasted chestnuts or fresh carrots and green turips from the vendors in the vicinities.

I often wished we could live together. But we both had to work to make ends meet for a living. Grandpa's monthly earnings from the Association of Movie Theater in Tientsin was not enough to feed six mouths in the family. Huang and I chipped in certain amount of money regularly as needed.

The children were tender, obedient, and in good nature. They had adopted the transition of living easily. Jack enjoyed kicking little balls around the cement yard. Or, playing "hide and seek" with Granduncle Wang anywhere inside of the building. Elizabeth loved to hear her Grandma singing northern ballads, like, "There once was a little girl." Sometimes Grandma would fascinate the children with fairytales or far away places, of which she had learned when she was very young.

Most of the time, for lunch, Grandma cooked different dishes of northern delicacy, for which we always felt like to have more. I was so ashamed to have my parents-in-law waiting on us instead of we waited on them.

When there was a little money left from Grandpa's income, or from our regular offering of support, Grandma would buy some cotton cloths from nearby store, then made clothes for the children.

This was because she loved to do it as a past-time hobby she had developed for the benefit of her grand-children.

Coincidentally, Huang and I struck a musical core during that period of time.

Trailing back to my memory lane, I was born to be one of the lovers for arts: art of literature, art of music, art of theatrical plays. I love to read from a very young age on. Reading not only helped me to escape from my blue feeling, but also taught me the skill of writing in good taste.

I used to dream of being a pianist. Too bad we did not own a piano, nor an organ at home, even though the family was so rich before the Japanese took everything from us including my father's life.

We had music teachers in elementary school. The children were taught to sing; but nobody was allowed to use the musical instruments. I was once punished to write one hundred times "I obey" because I tried to play an organ by punching my fingers on the keyboard after my class was dismissed.

Music is the universal language for communication from different people to people. Theatrical plays reflect philosophy of human life.

I remember vividly what took places during my early learning of the art of presentation. When I was in the third and fourth grades in Manning Elementary School, I often took part in school plays for the holidays.

Our principal, Mr. Shang-Ching Hwang, was an enthusiastic fan of theatrical arts. He created the situation to let things happened. On his slightly pinkish face, he perpetually wore a sweet gleam. He also was a self-appointed journalist. He demanded the upper grade students to read newspapers frequently, if not on every day. Every so often

he gave the sixth graders an impromptu "current affair" test to make sure his students did their extra curriculum study. The result of the test was credited into their Social Studies course.

One of the remarkable children plays in my grades was "Birthday Celebration for A Pheasant and A Phoenix," taking place on the Chinese National Day, Double Ten Holiday (the 10th of October). I played the role of a pheasant, and my 5th younger brother, Kuo-sin (Robert) played as a phoenix. We dressed up in fancy costumes with feathers, in bright colors all over that were made by some volunteered parents. My fifth older sister, Kuo-jeu, is three years older than I. She stayed behind the curtain of the temporary stage and acted as our "lip server" in case we forgot our lines or some part of our singing.

It was a children musical play, which lasted two days with several repetitions. We won many standing ovations from the audiences, parents, the school teachers and the students.

My mother was too busy to take us for any commercial shows. Her younger sister, Mrs. Shu, or Sister Tong, my father's concubine, would take me and my siblings once in a while to a theater watching Cantonese opera. As of this day, I can still recall the lyrics sung by my favorite actors and actresses.

For the time being, Huang had switched his interest from novel writing into stage plays since we were in Chungking. He had tried his hands on writing a few drama scripts for the players' Club there which had been accepted and put into shows. Since then, he was looking forward to be an established playwright, and a stage director.

By God's will, in the early summer of 1948, in one of Tientsin's exclusive restaurant, we bumped into an old friend of Huang's, Mr. Yu

Chi Wang, a famous playwright from Kweilin. Mr. Wang was then the secretary general of the city government of Tientsin, a powerful right hand man for the mayor, Gen-Sz Tu.

Huang and Wang were surprised by the reunion and happily renewed their friendship. They talked about the quiet mood of Tientsin theater. They felt the need of boosting theater arts and the people's spirit, as well as morality in this great municipality of Tientsin.

Soon afterward, they met many times during their days off. before long, they formed the Tientsin Experimental Performing Group(TSPG) composing of twenty volunteers from the local junior colleges who were eager to experience for stage plays.

Coincidentally again, one of the theaters in the city, Palace Theater, closed up due to financial troubles. That building was put on for sale or for rent. Huang and Wang were very excited to find a place they had looking for.

With the assistance from Grandpa Chang, in whose capacity of secretary of the Association of Theater Arts in Tientsin, they got a bargain for renting that empty space without too much negotiation. One of the banks granted TSPG a sizable loan. What the group needed were equipments and facilities to work with.

As excited as the men were, I volunteered on my spare time to work on the stage designing from what I had learned during my college years. We used whatever materials the old player group left and painted over screen panels. We used papiermaches to form three dimensional objects needed for stage scenes.

Wang wrote the scripts, while Huang directed the plays. Mayor Tu, an art lover, lent the honor of his name to be a producer. A few weeks

of preparation, their dream was materialized after the rich father of a friend donated various equipments for stage effects.

With the help of his assistant, S. H. Hsu, an artist, Huang painted several huge advertisements for the theater front entrance decorated with crimson doors and walls.

First show chosen to be performed was a three-act comedy, "The Wind of Apron Strings." It targeted the wide spread of social trend or problems occurring at the societies. But there was no implication of politics, neither left or right.

On the opening night, a Saturday evening, the front steps and the door of Palace Theater were full of flower baskets sent by our friends and associates. The ticket windows were swarmed with long lines of people from all walks of life. Advertisements had done the trick.

Inside the two-thousand seat hall, it was filled to capacity. Some late comers did not even mind to stand alongside of the walls. Obviously, the tickets were over-sold.

Chandeliers on the high ceiling cast the brightest lights from above greeting the devotees of arts.

One loud resonant tone from a bronze gong silenced the noisy and chattings of the audiences. On the stage, in front of the red curtains, stood the script writer and the director, Wang and Huang, all dressed up in their best tailor-made western suits. They took turns to greet the audiences with short speeches and thanked them for their enthusiastic support.

Immediately after they finished their speeches, lights from the ceiling went off. Another loud gong was heard. The curtain rose gradually to reveal a spectacular scene under the limelight followed

by a thunderous applause.

The play lasted three hours with two intermissions among the three acts. It was a totally fantastic success to begin with.

The comedy show continued every night Tuesday through Sunday. Monday was for everyone inveled to rest and catch up his and her breath.

I, for one, frequently hurried up with my writing in the newspaper, then dashed to the back stage of the Palace Theater and gave the players whatever assistance they needed.

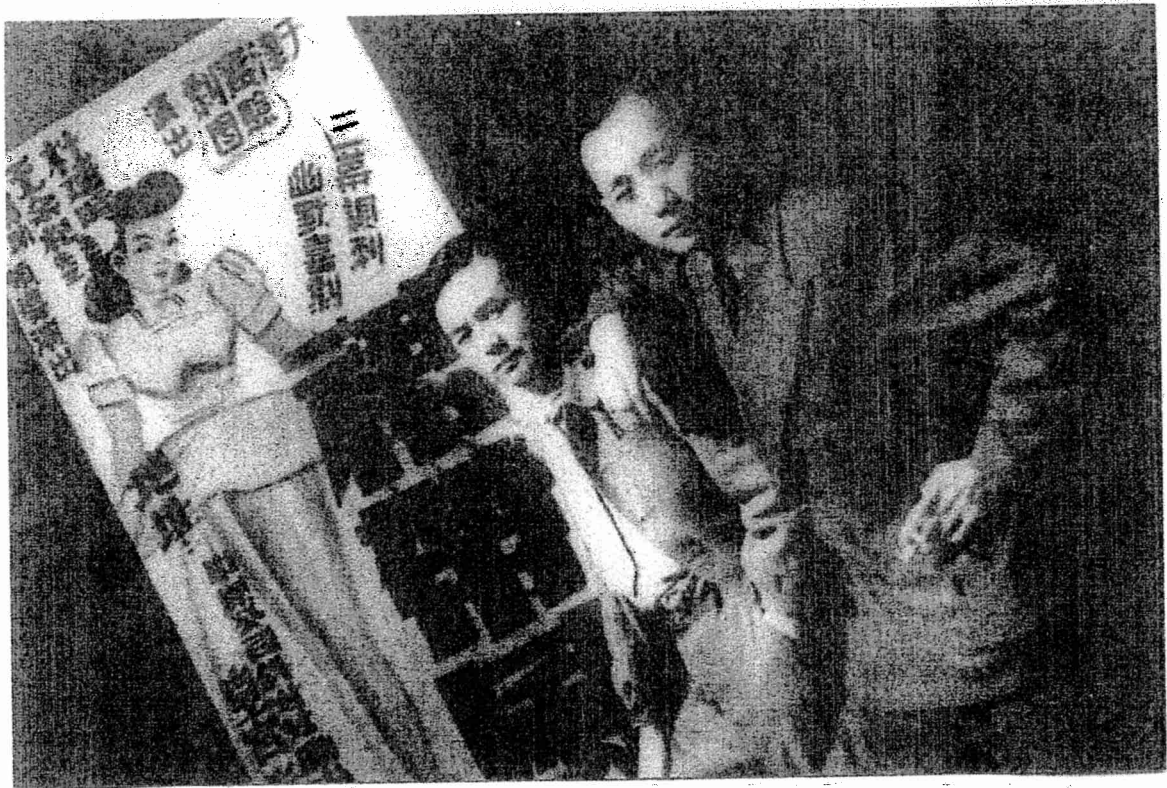
Huang, working in the editorial department of the newspaper had adjustable schedule. He was free after three o'clock in the afternoon, followed by rehearsals with his actors and actresses in the theater.

Our boss never interfered with out "moonlighting," so long as we did our work honestly with expectation.

The "Wind of Apron Strings" was shown continuously for four months with two weeks brake in between. Afterward, there were a few two-act dramas, which did not attract as much theater goers as we had expected.

Too bad there was no chance for us to take a new breath and continue the shows any longer.

The terrible wind of war was blowing again.



Huang Chang, a stage director in Tientsin, China, posted with his assistant, S. Hsu (left) in front of the poster, "Apron String," a comedy. It was a very populous play that ran through 4 months continuously, in 1947.



Lulu (right) was photographed with a few lady reporters in front of the Nine Dragon Wall in North Sea Park, Beijing, 1947.

SIXTEEN

Worening Civil War

By natural and physical features, Peiping, the cultural capital of China, and Tientsin, Chinese major seaport of industries and transportation in the north had such a close relationship that their natives used to say "When Peiping sneezes, Tientsin would catch a cold." Two years after V-J Day, it was believed that these two great cities were well on their way of recovery and prosperity.

Nevertheless, things did not turn out as people had hoped for.

Actually, civil war between the Nationalists and the communists began from Manchuria. On April 9, 1946, when the National government forces entered Mukden, Liaoning Province in Manchuria, following the evacuation of Soviet troops, the communist troops surrounded Changchu, capital of Kirin Province, and occupied that city eight days later. As another nine days gone by, the Communist troops took over Harbin, and Tsitsihar, Munkiang Province. Five weeks afterward, the Nationalists recaptured Changchu, in the meantime, took control of Szuping kai.

Fighting against each other lasted for three months. Then on August 17, the Communists issued a second mobilization order instructing all Communist forces to launch full-scale war against the National Government without delay.

Despite General George Marshall's effort going between the two sides for coalition settlement, the fightings continued. On January 8, 1947, Marshall left Nanking, the post-war national capital. Three weeks later, the U.S. State Department announced abandonment of effort to mediate between the Chinese government and the Communist.

By March 19, the government troops captured Yen-an, Shensi Province, the strategic headquarters of the Communists.

Unfortunately, another war front exploded. The following summer, on June 5, an Outer Mongolian cavalry battalion, aided by planes with Soviet insignia, attacked Chinese troops at Peitashan in eastern Sinkiang. With the Soviet disturbance in Sinkiang and attempted to block the National troops from entering Dairan and Port Arthur in Manchuria. The Communists had the advantage of spearing down southwestward rapidly like whirlwind.

By March 15, 1948, Szuping-kai fell into the hands of the Communists. On April 21, the government troops had to evacuate from Yen-an. With their upper-hand victories, the Communists moved forward to seize Tsinan on September 27, and Changchun on October 23. On November 2, government troops evacuated from Mukden.

The curtains of disastrous war raised up at the Peiping-Tientsin area from early November. After Mukden, the Nationalists further withdrew from Shan-hai-kwan, the most strategical stronghold at the east end of the Great Wall. In the middle of the month, another retreats from Chengteh and Chinwangtao, both cities were within one hundred miles in distance from Peiping.

At first, more than four million residents in Peiping and in Tientsin areas had confidence on the maneuvers of the military and political authorities. Especially, they trusted the ability of General Yee-Sun Fu, a strong man and well known sectional commander-in-chief in the north of China. People believed that he would handle the situation as it fitted since they were so proud of him for the winning battles elsewhere months ago.

However, the string of landsliding retreats including the cities of Shun-yi, Sincheng, Nanke, Changping, Tangshan, Tungshan, Lectai, Hankoo, Chartin and Peitang within one week had given the residents a very loud and noisy wake-up call.

Suddenly, they had to prepare for what would be coming. All kinds of rumors were flying in the air. To the great extent, some gossips even circulated that So and So government official had cooperated with the Communists by sending important messages to them through cables in his bathroom.

The most worrisome fact was the loss of Tangshan, an important economic and industrial center between Peiping and Tientsin on Hai River, an exit into the Gulf of Chihli. It was just like one man's throat being choked or cut. Without Tangshan, all of the supplies needed for the economy and industry in the area would be halted.

Three weeks before this happened, Huang had to close up his theater production. He paid the actors, actresses, and other helpers, then had to leave the building vacant as he had to do.

Since we worked for our conservative Catholic newspaper which was some time blamed to be identical with the right wing force, namely, the Nationalist government, we felt uneasy to stay if and when the Communists took over Tientsin. In the meantime, Huang was hoping to find some way and some place to revive his magazine and publishing Company. He was still ambitious for resuming his long neglected writing.

We had moved from city to city so many times during the Sino-Japanese War. This time, where were we going? How could we go? Could we leave his aging parents? We pondered, again and again.

My brother, Robert was a banker. He worked as an assistant manager

with the Bank of Farmers when he first arrived in Chungking from Kwailin. Later on he was promoted to the full rank of a manager. Shortly after V-J Day, he was sent to Taiwan as the manager of Foreign Department in Bank of Taiwan, Taipei City, Taiwan.

There he had the luxury of being provided with a spacious Japanese style residence completed with a large garden. In addition, a car with chauffeur ready for his service at any time. Every week, the gardener would go there to cut the grass, trim the bushes, and nurse the beautiful flowers.

Knowing our predicament, Bob called up from Taipei:

"Come and stay with me and my family," he urged. "There is plenty of rooms here. You can share sweet potato and porridge with us if we have nothing else to eat."

Sweet potato was the cheapest and plentiful farm product in Taiwan at that time. Porridge was the meal always symbolized as the main meal for poor people. Bob said that to ensure us that even some day he might become poor, he would still share everything with us.

We were highly impressed and grateful for his suggestion, generosity and love.

His wife, Chinghwa Wang, was a pretty young lady from the province of Szechwan. She married Bob at the age of 19. On account of her husband, she always befriended with the family members as gentle and as sweet as she could.

At that time, she and Bob had two children, a boy, Gee-shun, a girl, Wan-shun. Both of them were one year younger than Jack and Beth. Bob and Chinghwa said it would be very nice for the young cousins growing together for a while.

With gratitude, we accepted their invitation.

Huang believed that he could pick up the broken pieces of his writing career and publishing business again in Taipei.

Luck came my way in the meantime as I needed it. The Hong Kong Industrial & Commercial Daily Press promised to let me continue my reporting job stationing in Taipei as a special correspondent.

Close to the end of November, we thought we still had enough time for the change-over without difficulty. To pave the way for the transfer, Huang decided taking a flight to Taipei first with his old friend, Cheng-wan Liu, who had a relative in Taipei. They planned after preliminary preparation, and decided they would fly back to Tientsin for escorting me and the children along with the Liu family heading for the Island of Taiwan.

Alas ! Their plan did not turn out as they had wished for. Condition of the civil war changed very rapidly.

After December 6, with the lost of Tangshan and other vital cities on the outer circle of Peiping and Tientsin, residents of both cities were hit hard by panic. In Tientsin alone, prices for daily living necessities soared up sky high. On the contrast, the value of gold and Chinese currency with American green backs slid down sharply. Rich people wasted no time paying record high prices to buy land or airplane tickets leaving the city as soon as they could. This caused the outgoing traffic jam on the airport, bus stations, and the railroad stations as well.

To cope with the frightful situation and defending the area, on December 3, General Fu called for conference with the governor of Hepei mayors of Peiping and Tientsin, chief of the Garrison Headquarters,

chief of security, chief of the police stations, provincial counselors and city counselors. During the exchanges of informations and serious discussion, it was decided that a few major steps must be taken all over immediately.

In the first place, speeded up draft law and limited healthy men, ages eighteen through forty-five from leaving the area. Younger men from ages eighteen through twenty-two were absolutely forbidden to go anywhere and must stay. Those in the bracket of ages twenty-three through forty-five must had special official permit and citizen ID cards if they had to travel in and out of the cities. The rules even applied to government employees. City police teams and military teams were sent to hundred of spots for checking, including the entrances and exits of airports, railroad stations, bus stations, and the piers.

According to unefficial statistics, there were approximately three hundred thousand men between the ages of eighteen through forty-five in the metropolitan of Tientsin. Half of the men younger than twenty-six would be trained to services for the self-defensive battalion. A great number of these draftees were put to build airports, to dig military trenches, or channels and tunnels.

With the draftees, the government also organized groups of rescue squads, temporary hospitals and clinics in order to meet the emergent needs. For the hospitals and clinics, healthy women were urge to take parts for services.

Since Tangshan was lost to the Communists, the coal mines of Mon-
To-Go city was under their control.

What followed was the supplies of coal for the industries and the railways were cut off severely. This also choked up the supplies of dry foods, such as rice, wheat, and barley. The only seaway connecting

southward inlands, Yellow River, did not have enough ships to give the helps badly needed.

A couple weeks earlier, the Chinese branch of American Economic Cooperation in Nanking had promised to ship 130,000 tons of wheat for Peiping and Tientsin to ease up the food shortage. But the few American oceanliners seemed to take their time. Up to the time of chaos, only 24,000 tons was delivered. As a result, the government had to survey and register where there were large stocks of food in store. The owners were persuaded to share them in case of emergency.

Dealing with the shortage of fuels, the government advised many factories to form a "pool" for sharing. Some of the large factories followed the advice, or volunteered to stop productions of unnecessary goods or luxurious merchandises.

The National Department of Education had sent inspector, Cheng Yu Hwang, to Tientsin discussing on moving some universities down to the south. Owing to the un-suitable conditions and lack of funds, however, majority of the universities decided to stay where they were. The most famous Nankai University and North Ocean University moved into the city limit from their suburb campuses for security and convenience.

SEVENTEEN

Goodbye, Tientsin

Both Huang and Liu were in their early 30s of age, the category of age for drafting. Under such circumstance, they could not risk themselves by flying back to Tientsin for us. It was obvious if they did return, they would not be able to leave again. The only choice we had, after long distance callings, would be that my children and I, with the Liu's family, took our trip to Taiwan together without escort by our men.

Before I could catch my breath and try anxiously to figure out how to get out of the war zone, the stock market began an unprecedented huge tumbling. It was December 11. One ounce of gold fell from 4,300 Chinese yens to 2,000 yens; while the exchange of one American dollar fell from 70 yens to 35 yens. The trend continued.

On the other hand, traveling tickets by air, by land, and by water kept soaring up out of control.

For me and Anna Liu, wife of Cheng-wan Liu, traveling with the children by air was out of the question. Passenger reservation for tickets with the China Airlines and Central Airlines had registered up to June the following year. Through a couple of the travel agencies, some of the rich people spent 8,000 to 9,000 Chinese gold yens per ticket for a flight on charter plane. Children had to pay extra.

There was no way traveling from Tientsin to Taiwan by railroads or by buses. In this case, I had to choose taking an oceanliner to Hong

Kong, then transfer from there to Taipei.

Three great oceanliners, Si-lin, Yuan-pei, and Chiu-jen, had pulled out from Tientsin and changed their courses of sailing from Shanghai to Canton, Hong Kong or Taiwan. The passengers had to embark from Shanghai to begin with. After restless search, I found one of the two ships belonging to Tai-ke Shipping Company, "Hupei", would make it last sail for Hong Kong from where we were on December 16

It was all booked up. The ticket cost each one had raised to 10,000 to 11,000 Chinese gold yen. With the assistance of an old friend who was one of the city government employees, I was lucky to buy two third class tickets for me and my children with the Liu family. I did not have enough money to pay for my ticket. Anna Liu paid for the whole thing with the help of her wealthy family. The agreement was that I would pay back to her my share for the ticket.

The day before we left, December 15, I was struck by a catastrophe.

When I went to my parents-in-law's house trying to get the children ready for the journey, I found Beth was seriously ill with chicken pox and measles ! Both of those were infectious, eruptive diseases in children chiefly

Her face was full of bubbly spots. On her little belly, pink rashes were obviously seen.

"It just happened yesterday," sighed Grandma Chang, holding Beth on her laps.

My heart sank with a big lump of rock.

"Now, don't scratch," continued Grandma, catching Beth's hands while the little darling squirmed.

I was four and a half months pregnant with my second daughter, Chu Fang(Lise) at the time. The weather was bad. It was snowing. Outdoor

temperature had gone down to freezing point.

"You can not take this little girl traveling with you in the weather like this."

Grandpa Chang spoke up while playing games with Jack on a low table. "It will be too dangerous when she has to be exposed to the bitter cold."

He stood up and stretched both of his arms to Beth.

"Come here, my little Bao Ba (little treasure). You stay with us."

Beth ran toward her grand-father's arms giggling. Jack threw down his toy games and ran forward to join them.

The grand-parents' love was so impressive, so deep and admirable that froze me on the spot.

What could I do now? My inner self was pondering. Why do we (Huang and I) have to run away? Just because we worked for a conservative newspaper that was disagreeable with the Communists?

Silence for a few minutes.

"You have to joint Hung chi in Taiwan." Instructed Grandpa, wiping the corners of his eyes. "Chu Wa should stay here with us for her health. We will take good care of her, with the help of a doctor."

Gentlely rubbing Jack's head, he added: "This little fellow should go with you. Besides, you are having another child coming. You will have your hands full."

"What about you people living here?" I asked. "Would you have enough money to live on?"

Grandpa forced himself a weak smile.

"Don't worry. I am keeping my job here. We have plenty of food in stock at home."

He further told me that he and Grandma had survived many long years under the Japanese occupation rules.

"It would not make much difference, I think, when the Communists take over this city."

During Sino-Japanese war, in the cases of some cities, the enemy took control for a while, then relaxed their rules and the refugees returned to their homes.

With wishful thinking, he tapped on my shoulder:

"May be you, Hung Chi, and the little ones could be back home here before too long."

I realized the danger of Beth being exposed into the bitter winter cold. I had no idea if there would be any medical facility on the ship. I could not resist Grandpa's advice, his word of wisdom.

I returned to my newspaper bidding "Good-bye" to my colleagues who decided to stay. Most of them were born and raised locally.

I packed up one suitcase of necessary clothings with a carry-on bag, then hurried back to my parents-in-law's house again. On my way, the streets were very noisy and crowded. It took me almost an hour on the tricycle to reach there.

For the last supper in Tientsin, Grandma again cooked her favorite dish, as well as mine: stewed whole fish with corn balls.

No appetite on me. I felt like one thousand ants were crawling in my throat. I was so worried about everything. Yet, I tried to be calm and confident, so that my true feeling would not add to the anxiety of Grandpa and Grandma.

On that night, I slept with Beth on her bed, feeling dizzy with a whirling sensation. My head was spinning on and on. I held Beth tightly

to my chest without pressing against her belly. She did not seem to understand what was going on, but rested peacefully.

I was awaked until the first ray of dawn peeping through the window panels.

The morning of December 16, 1948, we heard news broadcasted from a local cracking radio station that the Tang-ku seaport, on the outskirts of Peiping, had been approached by the Communists; that the last airplane had left for Shanghai with numerous over-booking "standing only" passengers; that more criminals had been released free from their prisons, including a few who had formerly cooperated with the Japanese government.

Before noon, Anna Liu's brother-in-law, Liu Cheng-min, a well-to-do business man, drove Anna and her children to pick me and Jack up.

I never forget the heart-broken departure for the rest of my life.

We all cried bitterly. Once more, I hugged Beth tightly. Two streams of my tear ran down uncontrollably to her shiny black hair.

At the age of 3 year and 11 months old, she could not understand what was going on. With an innocent stare, she looked up to me and asked sweetly:

"Ma Ma, why are you crying?"

That question further broke my heart. I tried very hard to restrain myself and explained:

"Your brother and I are going to join your Pa Pa. We would be back some day with you and Grandpa, Grandma ~~some day~~ before too long."

Jack, 5 year and 5 months old, wearing a brand new dark green cotton quilted outfit made by Grandma, seemed to sense the change of life ahead of the family. Holding on Grandpa's hand, he kept quiet.

Anna and her children were waiting in the car impatiently.

"Let's get going", urged Cheng-min. "You can not afford to miss the boat."

Grandpa, Grand-Uncle and Grand-Aunt walked us to the front door while Grandma held on Beth and stayed inside.

We bade final farewell and crawled inside Liu's half run-down Ford. We waved as the cranking engine started. We turned around and waved, again and again, until the grand-parents' house disappeared into a far, far distance.

As we arrived at the pier, we learned that the ship captain had decided to leave one hour ahead of the original schedule. Luckily we did not miss the ride.

Our ship, the "Hu-pei", pulled off the anchor shortly after one o'clock in that afternoon. By the time the captain bravely steered through the Tang-ku harbor, I could hear clearly gun shots from a not too far distance.

We had escaped from danger, thank God.

What terribly disappointed me was the accommodation we were given. Anna and I both held our third-class ticket with the high price we had paid for, 12,000 gold yen apiece at the time of purchase. I believed we would have bunk beds inside a cabin. Instead, we were placed at a corner of the upper deck. A sizable group of refugees had already been there.

There was no window, nor heavy curtain for protection from the winter cold. Two thin sheets of cotton clothes and two flat pillows were supposed to be our beddings.

Laying down my suitcase, I grasped one of the ship helpers in red jacket treading by.

"Where is the manager of this ship?" I asked.

"I don't know." he answered, rubbing his red nose.

"Who is in charge here anyway?" I pressed on.

"I don't know."

"Is there anyone working here I could speak to?"

"I don't know."

Away he ran.

Three "I don't know"s drove me crazy. We could not get anywhere to solve the problem.

There still were swarms of people running back and forth to find their places in hysterical state.

Anna and I sighed. We realized the fact that all of the cabin positions had been sold to the VIPs and the business millionaires as the radios had reported. We had to settle down where we were assigned.

When the ship sailed through the harbor point of exit, one side of it got a number of gun shots from the shore. It was not on our side. Good thing nobody was killed. There were more shots afterward.

During peace time normal sailing, it only took a ship to travel from Tientsin to Hong Keng two or three days depending on whether it would make any stops on the way. This time, however, "Hu-pei" had to sail east across Yellow Sea to Inchon, South Korea, for discharge off and picking up passengers, along with stocking up merchandises including food and fuel supplies. Fusty, stormy weather and other short stops had slowed down the course of the voyage.

Meals serving to the third-class passengers were: porridge with pickled cucumber for breakfast; boiled fish with rice for lunch and supper. There was no tasty ingredients, such as soy sauce or gravy in them. Same thing day after day. It was hard to swallow. The meals were

served at where we stayed. We lived like homeless street people.

On the third morning, Jack woke up and complained:

"Ma Ma, my belly hurts."

He wanted to go to "potty."

I rushed him to a public toilet stall.

Three hours later, he had to go again. Then another two hours later, and another two hours later.

"Oh, my God, he had caught the diarrhea !" I was panicky. Probably it was from the food which might be unclean, I thought.

When we had to leave Tientsin in a hurry, I did not have the time to prepare everything for the un-predictable journey. I did not have any kind of over the counter medicine with me. Now Jack was so sick, what should I do?

The public toilet stall had to be shared with all of these people on the deck, and should not be occupied by just one person.

After my repeated pleadings, the helper brought us an enamel spittoon for Jack to sit on. There was no place to put down that temporary toilet but at where we slept.

I felt terribly sorry guilty for the boy's suffering. I wondered what would happen next.

I prayed, asking God's help. "Dear God, please let him get well."

In the meantime, I begged the helper to contact with the manager of the ship and look for something might be helpful.

Finally, on the afternoon of the fourth day, there came a self-proclaimed physician. He gave Jack a large bowl of Chinese herb, hemlock. He forced the boy to drink the whole thing down in one breath. It did work. It cut down the frequency of the boy's urging for running.

Next morning, Jack got another dose of that herb medicine. By the end of the day, he was completely relaxed and smiled again. He was so frustrated and fatigued that he wanted nothing else but to sleep on my laps peacefully.

I threw that fully loaded, smelly spittoon into the ocean through the railing on the deck. I did not know the name of that Chinese physician. He seemed to disappear among the multitude of passengers on the ship. I did not have a chance to give him my heartfelt appreciation. I wished he understood.

From then on, we still had fish for lunch and supper. Fish, fish, fish! I was so sick of it. Every time when it was being served, I became nauseous, and felt like to vomit. I remembered when we left Tientsin Grandma had tucked a few wheat balls into my carry-on bag. Happily, Jack and I used them for substitute. The fish meals did not have any effect on Anna and her children.

On the sixth day, when the ship arrived in Inchon, passengers were permitted to disembark for a few hours in order for them to stretch out a little bit or to do some shoppings for something necessary. We did not dare to leave the ship for fear we might get lost.

We encountered more problems.

Due to the lack of fruit and vegetable in our diets, we became constipated. I had no idea what kind of food those VIPs and millionaires had inside of their cabins. Of course, they must have their special treatments.

The thin cotton quilted blankets provided by the ship were hardly enough for fighting December frigid cold on the deck. I began to sneeze with running nose. My throat hurt. I came up with a fever.

Shame on me. I did not bring any medicine with us for the trip. I did not anticipate this would happen. The physician was gone. He had so many thousands of passengers under his care. We did not know how many doctors were on the ship. I could not even get the helper to come for me. There was absolutely nothing I could do to help myself. Jack and I huddled each other to get warm.

Seventh day, eighth day, and ninth day passed by. The ship authority had not given out any information as to when we would arrive in our destination, Hong Kong. It seemed to me that the ship had lost communication with Hong Kong and other passing locations on the way. It was just floating on the ocean.

"What was wrong?"

Many passengers and I asked. But there came no answer.

We all became frantic. However, we could do nothing either. I imagined Huang and Liu in Taiwan must worry about us since they had no news from the ship or the newspaper about the date of the arrival.

My wrist watch gave me time of the day, but not date of the week or of the month. I counted on the days by observing the coming and going of the immense black curtain which folded and unfolded the horizon far beyond. I jotted down little notes on my diary so that I could do something if we survived.

Finally, on the sixteenth day, December 31, 1948, we were woke up at the middle of the night by a loud announcement through an intercom:

"We will arrive in Hong Kong in the morning within a few hours."

"How-aw, how-aw!"

Everybody jumped on their feet, bursting into tears of joy.

Everybody applauded and shouted:

"Thank you, Captain! Thank you very much!"

We leaned on the railing in darkness trying to watch the ship slowly gliding forward.

Sure enough, at a far, far distance, there were thousands and thousands of tiny twinkling spots shimmering into the sky.

"Hong Kong, Hong Kong!"

Cheerful applauses and shoutings rose up again and again.

Hong Kong, "Pearl of The Orient" and "Paradise of Asia" was near at sight. How grateful and exciting was I to see it now once more at time of disaster. At this moment, it brought me back to my sweet lane of memory

During my early teenage in Nanning, Mother used to take me and my sibilings on shopping trips to Hong Kong by our own steamship. We had so many good times visiting landmarks. We bought luxurious things we did not need.

On one of the summer trips, I was sitting alone on a bench on the deck by the railing, enjoying the gorgeous scenery of evening sunset. Suddenly, somebody, probably one of the ~~ship~~ passengers of the ship, tickled me behind my back. I fell backward, kicking out the beaded slipper on my right foot into the ocean.

"My slipper!" I cried. " My beautiful slipper!"

When I sat up straight, I found my gold necklace was gone. It was a very expensive 18 karat gold jewelry I got it for my 9th birthday.

I looked around right the way, there was nobody else but my mother who was approaching me to see what had happened. Apparently, the snitcher had disappeared inside the cabin of the ship.

I sobbed: "My slipper is gone. And my necklace is gone too."

Mother sat next to me patting my hand and smiled:

"Don't worry. We will buy some new ones when we got in Hong Kong."

Japanese took everything away from us since the fall of Nanning. Now, what a contrary position I was in this time as a poor refugee.

A long, piercing whistle from the ship, "Hu-pei," brought me back to reality from my day dream. We were drawing near the Victoria pier at Hong Kong harbor.

On the platform, thousands of people, young and old, were waving hands, calling and laughing. Since Huang was tall and always stood above a crowd, I could see him easily waving a white handkerchief with his friend, Liu, next to him.

We struggled down the long plank. We hugged, we laughed, we cried at the same time at the reunion, as if we had not seen one another for ages.

No one ever knew why was the ship had such long delay. And the company never gave an explanation.

Together with the Liu's family, we took a large black taxi heading to a small but famous hotel, Lok Hoi Tung(meaning convenient at land and at sea).

It was January 1, 1949. The trip on ocean from Tientsin to Hong Kong took us 16 long days. I was entirely exhausted. All I wanted was a good, peaceful sleep. I did not even have appetite for food. No fish, absolutely.

Jack had good time playing children games with his father. Huang bought him a new jacket from a nearby store.

I checked in my newspaper, the Hong Kong Industrial & Commercial Daily Press(KHICDP) the following morning. In the dimly lit hotel room,

I spent the rest of the afternoon writing two reports. The first was a short one with a headline, "Good-bye Tientsin" which appeared on the first page of the newspaper, January 4, 1949. The second was a longer by-line column, entitled "Leaving Tientsin In The Sound of Bombardment", which was placed on the third page the same day.

Beyond my expectation, these two articles had drawn high interests from numerous readers. Telephones of the newspaper constantly rang. Many of them liked to talk to me because they had friends or relatives in Tientsin or Peiping. It kept me very busy while I tried to get ready for transfer to Taiwan two days later.

From radio reports and foreign news agencies dispatches, Tientsin had completely fallen into the Communist hand on January 15, 1949.

March 26, the Communists announced that peace negotiation would open on April 1, in Peiping. They demanded National government to accept their 8-point proposal on April 20, to which, the National government rejected.

As a result, the Communists resumed all-out offenses and crossed the Yangtze River. What followed were strings of evacuations by the National government: Nanking on April 23; Hankow and Wuchang on May 15; Sian on May 20; Shanghai on May 27.

On October 1, the Communists set up a regime in Peiping with Mao Tze Tung as chairman, declaring the establishment of "People's Republic of China." Since then, the name of the capital was changed from "Peiping" into "Beijing."

In the meantime, a "bamboo curtain" was installed which had cut out all communications between Chinese people in two different worlds.

Little did Huang and I foresee this would happen. We grieved, we

regreted that I could not bring Beth along with me when Jack and I left Tientsin with the Liu's family owing to the circumstances. I was not in normal healthy condition with the pregnancy of Lise. All in all, we were victims of the war, victims of the circumstances.

My other children and I did not have a chance to see Beth again until twenty-seven and a half years later. Her father passed away in an ocean accident on January 27, 1949.

President of the United States, Richard Nixon, startled the world by visiting Mao Ze Dong in Beijing in February, 1972. His weeklong visit with Mao and subordinates was accompanied by the then United States National Security Adviser, Henry Kissinger, who later on became the Secretary of States.

"It was an earthquake in the Cold War landscape and meant the Eastern Bloc no longer stood firm against the West."

Canadian historian, Margaret MacMillan wrote in her book, "Nixon In China."

Among the fanfare banquets during Nixon's visit and media frenzy was the joint commitment to boost academic contacts as well as trades.

By virtue of this "joint commitment", the People's Republic of China partially opened up the Bamboo Curtain allowing its subjects, non-political, to communicate with the outside world.

I had to wait two years to track down Beth in Urumchi, Sinkiang Province, where she had to participate in hard labors on the farms.

She was permitted to travel all the way from Urumchi by train through Canton, across the Law Wu Bridge into Hong Kong to meet me, my younger son, Alexander, Lise and her husband, Serge Gauthier.

It was July 18, 1976.

At that time, she was already 31 years old, a mother of two children, Steve, 5, and Linda, 3, who were traveling with their mother. Husband, Ching-Ho Chen, had to stay back in Sinkiang as a human bondage in order that Beth and children would return to the Communist zone.

The reunion was rather short and very emotional. A few days later, she and her children had to return to Sinkiang as expected and demanded.

Back to Wisconsin, in between my busy teaching at St. Sylvester Catholic School, South Milwaukee, I translated whatever documents I had on my correspondences with Grandpa behind the Bamboo Curtain, from Chinese language into English. It took me twenty-eight months to go through petition procedures for her and her family, including her husband and children to immigrate into the United States on January, 1979.

EIGHTEEN

Formosa, The Beautiful

Taiwan, also named Formosa, is positioned at northeast of Hong Kong on the parallel line Tropic of Cancer. It is an important island in the western Pacific Ocean between the southern and eastern China Sea, which is separated from the province of Fukien on Chinese mainland by Formosa Strait.

The name "Formosa" was given to the island by the early Spanish navigators on account of the majestic beauty of the scenery. The Japanese, who acquired it after the Sino-Japanese War of 1895, adopted the Chinese term "Taiwan" as its official name.

This island is shaped roughly like a tobacco leaf. It is 386 kilometers in length from tip to tip; and 140 kilometers wide at the broadest points.

Hills and mountains cover two-thirds of the island that has 62 peaks over 3,000 meters tall. The highest is Jade Mountain, which rises to a height of 3,997 meters, and is the loftiest peak in the northeast Asia.

From early time on, this island has a very rich and eventful history. It became a protectorate of Chinese Empire in 1206 AD, and was made a province in 1885.

The Dutch invaded Taiwan in 1624, and remained as colonists for 37 years until they were ousted in 1661 by the Ming Dynasty loyalist, Cheng Cheng-Kung, known to westerners as "Koxinga."

In addition, the island was invaded by the Spanish who occupied the northern part of it in 1626, but was driven out by the Dutch in 1641. At the end of the 17th century, Chinese portion of the island was submitted to the Manchus of Ching Dynasty. As a result, Formosa came to be reckoned as a part of the empire.

By the "Treaties of Tientsin" in 1858, two parts of Formosa, Taiwan and Tamsui, were opened for foreign trades. Christian missionaries soon followed. By 1874, Japanese made a punitive attack on the island. During the French-Chinese War of 1884-85, the French partly blockaded the island and held Keelung, a harbor at the north, for a few months. In 1895, the island was surrendered to Japan by the "Treaty of Shimonoseki." Shimonoseki was a seaport in the southwest of Honshu Island of Japan.

Under Japanese rules, the island was developed into an important military and naval base, also as an important basis for food supplies with other raw materials for the homeland.

During World War II, Taiwan was forced to serve as a springboard for the Japanese attacks on woutheast Asia as well as a protective bulwark for convoys.

According to the decision reached at the Cairo Conference in November, 1943, the Japanese formally surrendered Taiwan to China on October 25, 1945 after World War II.

This remarkable and significant day is being celebrated throughout the island each year ever since.

In the early morning of January 6, 1949, on Kei-Duk Airport in Hong Kong, the weather was gorgeous. The sun was already high. A breeze of wind from the Harbor of Victoria was sweeping gently over my face.

It stimulated me with a feeling of joy, much different from that time when I was on the long steamship journey from Tientsin. But there was still a big lump setting down the bottom of my heart. I worried about Beth being left on the Mainland behind the Bamboo Curtain.

Huang accompanied me and Jack, with the Liu family flying from Hong Kong to Taipei by China Airlines. When the plane touched down on Sung Shan Airport in Taipei, Bob and Ching-hua had already waited for us with a brand new van for a couple of hours. There was no partitions on the ground that would stop any welcomer from running forward.

They rushed toward us, waving and calling

"Welcome to Taipei!"

Taipei, the capital of Taiwan, the national capital of the post-civil war, and the seat of the Republic of China was so fresh and new to me. I was eager and curious wanting to find out what was laying ahead of me.

Bob, the closest brother of mine among all of my siblings, was always very generous and open-minded. His wife, Chinghua, a traditional family-type pretty lady, would go along with her husband for everything Bob directed.

They had welcome me and my family to Taiwan and stay with them as long as necessary. Now, they also invited the Liu family to stay with them for the time being until they got their own housing accommodation. Happily, the Liu family accepted the invitation.

In the capacity of ^{manager of} foreign Department, Bank of Taiwan, Bob was provided by the bank with a large house at Section 1, Chungking South Road in Taipei, approximately two miles from the bank on the same street, and one and a half miles from the Presidential Office building.

The house was a Japanese style lodger, spreading about one block wide and in depth with just one flat floor. Inside of it, there were plenty of "ta ta mee"(retangular straw patches) covering the wooden floor foundation for everyone to walk, to set and to sleep on.

The rooms were divided by sliding wax paper doors. Everybody had to leave his or her shoes off at the entrance by the main door. All living activities had to be conducted sitting on the floor with or without low tables. No chair was used most of the time. We had to take a few days getting used to this new way of living, yet interesting but inconvenient at times.

An L-shaped garden along one side and the back of the house was full of flowers including hibiscus, geraniums, Asian lilies and lilacs, were all complimentary to the residence. A gardener hired by the bank came once a week to cut the grass and took care of the flowers.

Chinghua was a gracious hostess. At that time she and Bob had two young children, Gee-shun(Jebson) 4, Wan-shun 3. They should have kept her busy enough. She was also a good cook. Three meals per day, she fed the hungry mouths of our gang with delicious food without much help nor complain.

Bob went to work five and a half days each week, Monday through Saturday in a sedan from the bank driving by a chauffeur. A van was at his disposal any time if or when he decided to take the family somewhere for a ride, or for a weekend out of town trip. It was a very comfortable living for Bob and his family.

At the beginning few days, we enjoyed sightseeing rides to many marvelous landmarks and tourist attractions, such as the National Palace Museum, Wu Lai Great Waterfalls. The museum had moved to Taipei

from Nanking before.

As I was entering the sixth month of my pregnancy with Lise, plus the ocean ordeal I still had to shake off, I became rather weak. I asked my Hong Kong newspaper to postpone my assignment until the time after Lise was born. In the meantime, the China Daily News in Taipei had promised me a full-time reporting job, which would also have to be waited after the baby delivery.

Huang had it all figured out that he wanted to restore his publishing company and continued his writing career. That was one of the reasons he convinced his friend, Cheng-wan Liu, to go to Taiwan with him. Liu was a successful business man in Tientsin.

Most of all, Huang wanted to re-issue his magazine, "The Creation Monthly" which had been suspended in Kweilin due to financial troubles.

Now one of his friend publishers, Shang-Wa Haw, of Sing Sing Publishing Company in Shanghai, had agreed to help reviving the magazine in Taiwan. There would not be any problem.

Despite the wind of civil war kept blowing south from north, and despite the over-all situation in Shanghai became more and more unsteady, Huang and Liu decided to fly to Shanghai from Taipei only ten days after we had temporarily settled down with Bob and family.

He told me he was concerned about leaving me and Jack so soon, and about my health in pregnancy.

"Anyway, don't worry, dear," he tried to explain.

"I have to discuss things in person with Mr. Haw and make all arrangements necessary. I want to be sure of his financial investment when I sign the contract."

After breakfast next morning, he and Liu left for Sung Shan Airport by a taxi. But about forty minutes later, he returned along on a rickshaw,

I was surprised to see him at the door.

"The airplane would be three hours late," he explained. "I forgot to bring my ID card. I need it."

He rushed into the house and told Chinghua the same thing.

Quickly, he reached into a table drawer, fetching out a brown paper bag, and got his ID card.

He jumped back into the rickshaw and waved. I did not even get a hug from him.

During a period of twelve days when he and Liu were in Shanghai, he wrote me one letter, called me and Bob a few times. On the morning of January 26, 1949, we received a cable from him:

"Mission accomplished. We will sail back on "Tai-Ping" tonight. Will arrive in Keelung afternoon on 28th."

"Tai-Ping" meant "Peace." It was a steamship sailing regularly between Shanghai and Keelung, a large seaport at the north of Taiwan, less than one hundred miles from Taipei.

We wondered why didn't Hunag and Liu take the airplane. We figured it might be difficult for them to get the airplane tickets in a hurry. Since the ship only took less than two days to tour one way, since the Chinese Lunar New Year was approaching, they probably wanted to come back for the once a year Chinese most celebrated holiday and to be with us.

We tried to call them, but could not reach either one of them in any way. The telephone of their hotel kept sending out busy signal.

All we could do was just wait for them.

NINETEEN

Tragedy Struck

January 28, 1949.

It was New Year's Eve according the Chinese Lunar Calendar. For centuries, Chinese people celebrated that special day by having family got together for banquets. It was supposed that together we would send away the old year, whether good or bad, and welcome in the new year for luck, prosperity and longevity.

The reason Huang and Liu did not fly back, we thought it might be the airplanes were too crowded and had no vacancies for them. We thought they might bring back loads of gifts or merchandise that would not fit for air traveling. We knew they wanted to be back to Taiwan and celebrated the most important holiday of China with us.

We assumed everything would be fine and all right with them. All we had to do was just waited for their arrival.

"Every one of us should cook one dish for the dinner. "

Bob suggested early in the morning of that particular home-coming day. Obviously, he was happy to know from the cable that "mission" had been accomplished.

"We may welcome them back," he continued, "with plenty of good food and big New Year's Eve celebration."

Following his suggestion, I cooked my special dish of braised chicken drumsticks. Ana Liu cooked sweet and sour pork. Bob, a good cook

in the family, made three items: oxtail soup, beef with broccolli, and a whole fish steamed with onion, ginger, and black beans. Ching-hua prepared two dishes on stir-fried shrimp with snow peas, and meatballs. There were other table trimmings as well.

On Chinese banquet table, a whole fish as a course should not be skipped. It was always served as the last course at the table.

Chinese pronunciation for the word "fish" is "yu", same sounds as "more". This means more good luck and wealth are expected to come.

We received information from the ship company in Taipei tht Tai Ping would dock at pier No. 1 at Keelung harbor approximately between five and six o'clock in the afternoon. Bob had order the van from his bank to stand-by earlier.

After making sure everything for the dinner was all set, by three thirty, the eight of us, children and adults, leaped into the van with high spirit and excitement.

On the way, the late winter sun seemed to be weakening behind patches of thin clouds. It appeared that rain was imminent at any moment there.

Pavement of the highway was very bumpy as we were heading toward Kiilung. For unexplainable reason, I became nervous, and was anxiously hoping we would not be late.

When we arrived at Pier No. 1, there was no ship to be seen. It looked like we were early ahead of schedule.

But we saw everyone there on the shore was crying. Some of them looking up to the sky and howled:

"My God, my God!..... My God!"

Some of them stumbled and pounded on the ground with their feet.

Some struck their own chests and yelled hugging one another tightly:

"It is not true!.....It is not true!....."

Frightfully, we went into the small station to find out what had happened.

"The ship had sunk last night!"

A clerk got out of the counter and informed us with a long face.

"What did you say?" I uttered loudly, disbelieving what I had just heard.

"The ship had sunk last night!" He repeated. "I have no further information here. You have to go to our company in Taipei for it."

Immediately, I felt like an eighty pound hammer had stricken my head. I lost my consciousness and fell to the ground.

When Bob picked me up, I was frozen like a slab of concrete.

Strangely, I could not shed one single drop of tear. Bob, Chinghua and Ana wept too. The children stayed quietly, looking up to us and holding our hands.

After dropping off Chinghua, Ana and the children home, Bob and I headed for Taipei downtown district. As we were approaching Tai Ping Ship Company, we saw a huge swarm of people blocking the street and the entrance of the company, crying and shouting. There was no way for us to squeeze inside of the building. We were all waiting for more news, and praying for the luck of our loved ones.

"There were only thirty-six passengers survived, " announced a tall man.

He was holding high a long strip of paper, obviously cable prints.

His head was bowed in the front. His face was full of perspiration. with great effort, he struggled out of the jamming door through the

throng that was spreading all over the place.

"Please go home," he urged. "Listen to the radio announcement, or watch for the newspapers."

During those years at the end of the 1940s, television was rare for average family to have. In Taiwan, people used to depend on their radio or newspapers to find out what was going on.

Back to Bob's residence with heavy heart, we sat in front of the radio waiting. The whole table of banquet was still there intact. None of us adults had the appetite.

We fed the children, put them in the beds. By tradition, we secretly tucked small red envelopes under their pillows for them to find their lucky money next morning when they woke up.

I could not close my eyes all night long. Learing against a low bench on the ta-ta-mi, I prayed to God:

"Dear God, please let Huang and Liu to be in the 36 survivors!"

Neither could Bob and Chinghua and Ana sleep. They got up and checked on me by the hour.

Before sunrise next day, Chinese New Year's Day, the Taipei Radio Broadcast Station blared out:

"Tai Ping ship which had sunk after collision with a cargo ship, Jan Yuan, had overloaded with one thousand and one hundred passengers. The two ships collided early morning on January 27th over the Bei-Jee Ocean far beyond Hwang-Po River. The approximate time was shortly after midnight of January 26th.

" In darkness, a british military ship went to their rescue. But only thirty six of the passengers made it. Now they are in the City Hospital of Shanghai. For details, please refer to the newspapers."

Bob rushed out of the house with the van.

Less than one hour later, he came back with an armful of local newspapers including China Daily News, New Life Daily, and Public Forum Daily. On the first page of those newspapers, all of the passengers's names were listed, but not where they were from.

It caught our attention first was that among the thirty six survivors, there was one man with the last name "Chang."

One of the reporters at the hospital reported that the "Chang" man was in semi-confusion state, that he could not tell his first and middle name, that he forgot where he lived before going aboard the ship from where.

Even though Huang's name was on the victim list, with the slightest chance and hope, I wanted to fly to Shanghai visiting that person, and to see for myself whether he was Huang.

For my health in the end of 6th month of pregnancy, Bob strongly opposed my wish. By a few long distance phone calls, I contact one of my former colleagues, Sherman Yin, of the Social Welfare Daily News in Shanghai. He visited all thirty six of the survivors. None of them was whom I had hoped to be.

Shanghai edition of the Social Welfare Daily News also printed the complete list of passengers on Tai Ping Ship.

When Huang and I left Shanghai edition of the newspaper for Tientsin, publisher, J.P. Fan, had told us that we would always be welcome if we wanted to be back there. But at the time we had to leave Tientsin, Shanghai was in an un-steady, war threatening situation. That was why we accepted the invitation from Bob and Chinghua and headed for Taiwan.

Bad luck and ill-fate had played a terrible trick on us.

The newspapers further reported that some of the survivors said the pilot of Tai Ping and his assistants were having good time at a party celebrating Chinese New Year that night got drunk. So, probably caused this terribly disastrous accident on the sea in Chinese maritime history.

My heart was shattered into pieces.

In the back of my mind, I visualized the over-loaded Tai Ping all of a sudden was tumbling down the ocean during the pitch darkness of the night. Icy water was pouring onto the decks and into the cabins of the ship. Hundreds of passengers were running, shouting, screaming, looking for life safers. Some of them fell into the water and trying to get up. I visualized Huang and Liu were holding on each other, terrifyingly, among other people calling for help.....

No longer could I bear to think of this horrible, and un-imaginable scene any more. Finally, I broke into tears. I wept, for hours.

Many times, I slid open a window panel, stared into the darkness of the night, wishing to find Huang's image or "ghost" waving to me. But I failed. He was gone, FOREVER !

Stricken by deep sorrow and despair, I wrote an eulogy, "Long Distant Requiem", as a profound, loving tribute for Huang. I recalled our eight years of marriage with colorful and sometimes distressful professional and private life together.

I began with:

"It was you, who lit up the lights of my life. But now, you had put them off !

"Eight years, it seems to be just a dream !

"Your literary life was born(begun) in the kingdom of poem,

Later on, you entered the territory of fiction writing. With a great affection, you loved and admired every masterpiece of literature in the world. You said they were like the gigantic and immense oceans, your own writing was only a tiny boat floating along with their rushing tides. You appreciated the challenging ride. But the enormous oceans did not hear your glorifying melodies. Instead, one ocean swallowed you up in ferocity.

"You adored the talents and exceptionally creative power of many poets, such as George G. Byron(British, 1788-1824), Percy B.Shelley (British, 1792-1822), John Keats(British, 1795-1821), and Edgar Allan Poe(American, 1809-1849). You mourned for their passing too young in very short spans of life.

"Alas, at the age of thirty-three, you met the same evil destination of Shelley who was perished into the ocean when he was only thirty.

"January 27, 1949, what a vicious, disastrous, and unbearable day for me !

" You disappeared before we could even see you for the last time and said "Good-bye", leaving me and the children confronting a long, long, un-predictable future.

"

"

"

"You were sorry about leaving our lovely daughter, Elizabeth and your parents behind. You regretted for the interruption of your writing career due to the political prejudice. You thought

you were selfish. In the meantime, you blamed those were historical mistakes.

"On December 11, last year, you wrote a poem on the empty page of the book, "Biography of Shelley", expressing your sorrow and deep grief:

"Should a seagull outcry in the rainy storm?

"No !

"One thousand NOs !

" I want to gather more courage for living on

"It would be terrible to repeat the same mistake."

"The icy, cruel hand of the "God of Death" had snatched you away. Now, the sun will no longer shine. The birds will no longer sing. All of the flowers will lose their sweet and pleasant fragrance . My tear will form an ocean; my body will be offered to you as a sacrificial lamb.

"You, oh you, the seagull in a rainy storm, please wait for me over the Bei-Jee Ocean! "

This long article I wrote was printed in two parts, simultaneously on the China Daily News in Taipei, and on the Hong Kong Industrial and Commercial Daily Press. It gained numerous favorable reviews from local newspapers and magazines. A few friends of mine told me that my heart-breaking tribute had caused them tears and sleepless nights. They, in return, wrote several articles in separate magazines recalling their good old days with Huang.

I was awarded first prize for literary writing of the year of 1949. My article was then collected into the "Best Literature Writing" series.

None of the victims body was found from the deep sea or the ocean.

Families of the Tai Ping Ship passengers demanded its parent company, China United Ship Company, for explanation, for apology, for compensation. A committee leading by the survivors and the victims families was formed. Many lawyers were hired. The battle went on for a couple of years. Nevertheless, both of the insurance and the ship company were broke. The law suit reached no where as far as fair settlement was concerned.

A massive memorial service was held at a rental hall in the city of Taipei a few weeks after the accident.

Inside of the huge, damp and gloomy hall, hundreds of white scrolls expressing condolences were hung, along with the victims' pictures. Numerous flower wreathes were leaning against the walls, attached with names of the victims and families who paid tributes.

Outside the door on the sidewalks, stood a number of colorful wreathes from the city and provincial governments, and transportation organizations as well.

We set up an altar for Huang close to the entrance of the hall. His large portrait was fixed at the front center of a white panel. Two rows of fresh fruit, cooked meats, chicken and fish were offered. On both sides of his picture, there were two tall vases with plum blossoms which symbolized purity and eternity. Overhead, there was an extra large, horizontal scroll with the script: "Wun She Kua Lai" ("Come back, your soul"), a famous Chinese prayer for the tranquility of the soul of the deceased.

According to Chinese tradition, both Jack and I wore a long white gown. Jack had a hat made of rough wicker strips, indicating that he,

the first born of the Chang family in our generation, had to carry on the tough life in the years to come. On the other hand, I was covered on my head with a piece of soft beige cloth.

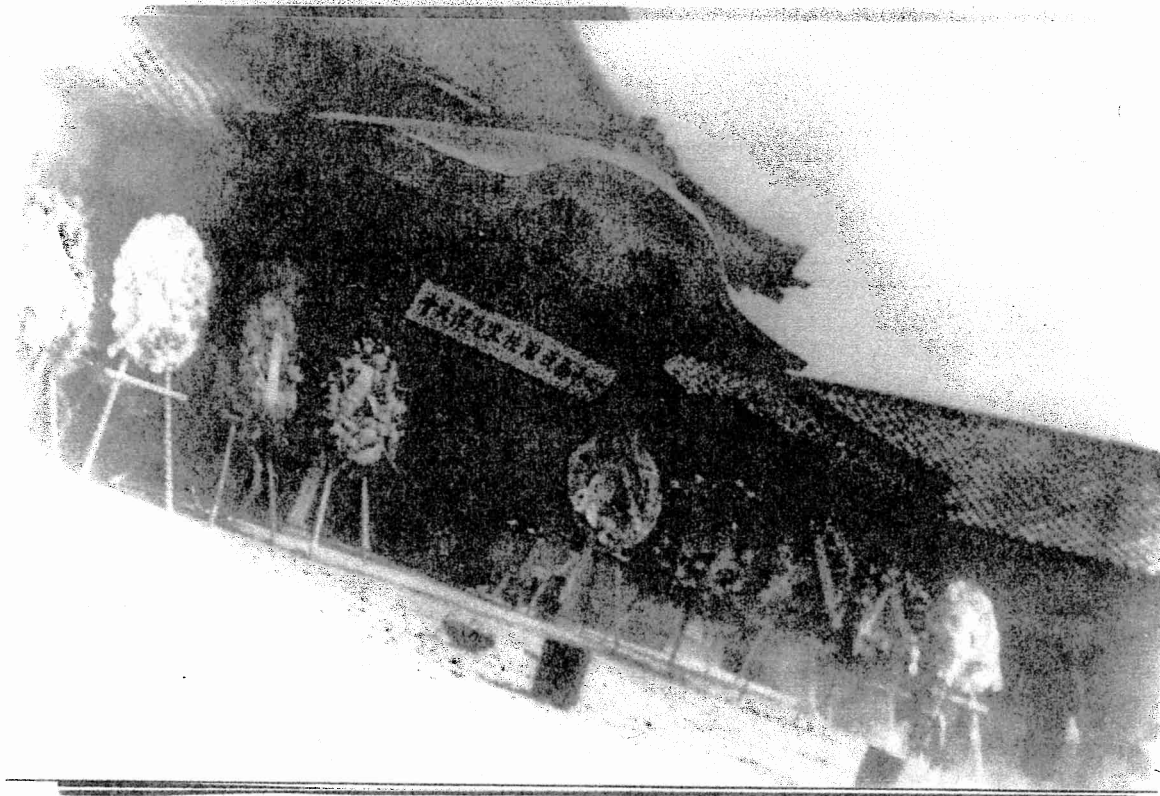
We stood by the altar in mourning. We bowed to everyone twice as he or she came to pay respect. The visitors returned their bows too. They did it by three times toward Huang, twice to us. It is a strict Chinese discipline when one had to bow: three times to the dead; twice to the alive person.

There was a band playing Chinese music by intervals. It was so solemn and sober that the lyrics, the melodies had torn my entire body into pieces.

Anna Liu and her children also followed the same tradition to attend the memorial service.

She became ill for two weeks later. Realizing Taiwan was not the place for her and her children, she wanted to leave.

Despite the dangerous situation in Tientsin, she returned there with her children through Shanghai by secret assistance from her relatives.



Top: A massive funeral took place in Taipei for over 1000 victims of the "Tai Ping Ship"(Peace Ship).



At the side: Jack and Lulin waited in front of Huang's altar.

TWENTY

Call of Emergency

During a period of three months after the nightmare, I tried very hard to pick up the broken pieces of my life and got organized for making a living all by myself.

Still staying with Bob and his family, I did reporting for Hong Kong Industrial & Commercial Daily Press in the capacity of "special correspondent" stationing in Taipei. As what I had done on Chinese mainland, I covered national and international events, plus special personal one-on-one interviews.

Each day late in the evening, I would call Hong Kong by long distance telephone to report the timely news. For longer interviews, I delivered my feature stories by express mails. All of these worked pretty well for my newspaper and me.

Then situation of the civil war was getting more serious. Despite President Chiang Kai Shek's broadcast in a New Year message to the nation on January 1, 1949 expressing hope for a peaceful settlement of the government-Communist dispute, the Communist did not comply. Instead, they took over Tientsin on January 15 completely. Other important cities southward and westward, including Chungking, Nanking, Shanghai, Hangchow, Wuhan and Sian were threatened.

One of the Taiwan government urgent measures was to declare Martial Law. Monday through Sunday, every evening, the city streets were patrolled by military guards from eight o'clock in the evening until

six o'clock next morning. Ordinary people who had to travel from point to point, or buses, taxis, bicycles, rickshaws and private cars had to have special passes for their needs. Every so often, we heard squeaky sirens blaring in the air after dark. It was a required practice alerting Taiwan citizens of possible air raids by the Communists.

On the mainland side, when the Tai Ping Ship accident occurred, newspapers in Tientsin and Peiping had reports with large headlines along with comments. Huang's name was singled out in some of the paragraphs. It shook up his parents like being blown by earthquake.

In deep grief, Grandpa Chang wrote and consoled me. He wanted me to take good care of myself and the children. He wished we could see one another again in a not too long future. He named my yet to be born baby "Chu-Kwang"(grand-parents' light) if it would be a boy. Or "Chu-Fang"(grand-parents' fragrance) if it would be a girl. It turned out to be a girl, Chu-Fang, later on named "Lise."

I had to use a different name when I answered Grandpa's mails. At the span of a few years, from Taiwan and the United States, I frequently sent letters, small amount of Hong Kong currency and packages of foods through my cousin, Victor Lai, in Hong Kong. In return, he answered my mails through Victor.

But the correspondences did not last long. One day, Grandpa wrote me: "Do not write us nor send anything from now on. We are moving. Wait for our new address."

The new address never came. I did not hear from him ever since. I lost contact with my family in Tientsin. Many years afterward, I found out that they did not move. In fact, they were afraid of the Communist pressure for contacting us outside of the Bamboo Curtain.

Now, back to April, 1949. Physically I was feeling more and more uncomfortable. The fetus of my second daughter inside of me was kicking and kicking. Sometimes to the extent that was almost unbearable. She wanted to get out.

It was at the end of my 8th month of pregnancy. She could be due on any day. I had to get everything ready. I packed infant clothes, shoes, hat, wrapping blankets, as well as my personal needs in the hospital. All of them were put into a brown leather suitcase. In addition, there was Huang's portrait in a shiny glass picture frame.

April 30 was Bob's 31st birthday. In that early evening, we gave him a celebrating dinner with eleven courses of delicious foods.

Trying to heighten my spirit, Bob recalled a few of the episodes that took places during our young ages. One of them was very strange like this:

On a spring day afternoon, Mother got time out from her busy accounting work at our hotel-restaurant and took us out for good time. The siblings included my older sister, Kuo Jen, 8 years old; Bob, 4, and myself, 5. It was sunny and very warm. Mother chose this day to visit the Temple of Goddess of Mercy.

According to Oriental legend, Goddess of Mercy was supposed to be the one who would promise any worshipping lady to deliver a child. Of course, Mother did not need more member for the family. Anyway, she burned a bunch of long stick incense, bowed, and murmured her Buddhist prayers.

Out of curiosity, without Mother's notice, Kuo Jen and I sneaked away one of the satin embroidered shoes which were loosely fitted on the goddess' clay feet.

The very same night, both of Kuo Jen and I developed high fever and coughed. Mother had a bad dream. Probably, those happenings were just co-incident. When Mother found out next morning that beautiful little shoe from the goddess, she was furious and scolded us with anger. Right the way, she took us back to the temple and returned it to the rightful place. Our high fever and cough were gone two days later. Despite the Chinese herb medicine we took, Mother said it was the goddess who forgave our sin and cured us.

The old story ended. For dessert, Chinghua served a three-layer cake she had bought from a bakery. As I was enjoying the cake with my sweet teeth, I felt a sharp pain in my abdomen. Then it became a painful cramp, more and more. I realized my contraction had begun.

It was almost eleven o'clock in the evening. Bob picked up the telephone to call a taxi. Chinghua rapidly brought out my suitcase. Jack and his cousins were getting excited but did not know what was happening nor what to do.

By this time, curfew had started three hours earlier on account of Martial Law. There was hardly a single soul walking on the street of Taipei. Bob had hard time calling a few companies. Finally, one taxi driver agreed to show up for a double price. The taxi driver and his car had a curfew permit. Since I was a patient heading for a hospital during emergency, I was allowed to get the ride.

But this was not the case for Bob, nor for Chinghua. I must go to the hospital alone no matter what my physical and mental condition were. Hurriedly, they stuffed me into the car, and off it sped toward north for Mackey Memorial Hospital on Chungshan North Road, Section III.

From Bob's residence at Chungking South Road, First Section to

Mackay Memorial Hospital, an establishment by foreign Christian mission. The travel distance was about five miles. On the way, my driver had to stop four times for short inspection through checkpoints.

My contraction hurted so much, I had to lie down on the cushion at the back seat holding my belly, just moaned and moaned. After we passed the fourth checkpoint, alas, the baby water bag broke out. Suddenly, water ran down from me all over the car floor. I did not dare to tell the driver what was going on. As of this day, I wonder how did that man feel and re-act when he found out what had happened to his car. I feel so guilty for not even gave him an apology. Bob paid him when I got into the car. For the mess, I thought the driver deserved four times the payment.

When the car stopped in front of the hospital, the driver did not get out to help me. I tried my best effort dragging the suitcase and climbing up a flight of high steps toward the main entrance.

A Chinese nurse met me on the top step. She had been informed of my trouble by Bob on the phone. With great effort, she helped me into a room on the first floor.

As soon as I lay on the bed, I heard a weak cry. It was from the BABY ! She came out to see the world without waiting for a doctor's technical delivery.

Surprised by the impromptu arrival, the nurse bent down to look.

"It's a baby girl!" She exclaimed. "Congratulations !"

"The doctor is still on his way here," she continued, the apologized, " I am sorry he is late."

Catching the baby, she wrapped it in a portion of the bedspread. She went out of the door and called:

"Suzy, I need help."

From the nurse station, out ran the head nurse with a different white cap. She was tall and beautiful. After a quick glimpse, she told the first nurse:

"Mimi, I will be back."

Moments later, Suzy brought in a number of hospital supplies

The two of them busily cut the baby core, washed her up with soft cotton cloth, then put her into the clothes I brought.

Mimi stayed in the room with me for a while. She served me hot tea and cookies. I was very tired and exhausted. I fell asleep.

Lise came into my life at ten minutes after mid-night on Bob's birthday. It was May 1, 1949(April 4, by Chinese calendar). They would have shared the same birthday with each other if she came in this world ten minutes earlier.

In my dream at the "Neverland", I saw Huang in a spring garden tending flowers. There were different kinds of lilies, lotus, hibiscus, narcissus, daffodils, jonquils, and roses. He watered them with a pitcher, then rested under a peach tree, looking up as if he was praying toward the Heaven. But he never looked my way. I was very sad. I wanted to call him. I stretched out both of my arms crying.

"Wake up ! Mrs. Chang."

Somebody tapped my shoulder. I woke up and back to the reality.

The man in white coat was smiling and holding a medical chart.

"I am Doctor Ling. Sorry I couldn't be here on time to help delivering your baby." He shook my hand and went on: "Because of the curfew. I am the only one in charge of the maternity ward tonight."

He checked my blood pressure, heart bit, condition of my abdomen

and my lightly swelled feet, then wrote something on the chart.

"You are in good shape," he said. "Take a nice rest."

Once more, he patted on my shoulder. Out he went.

Mimi brought in Lise for first breast feeding. The poor little thing without a father kept crying and squirming. I picked up Huang's portrait from a stand next to the bed and waved it to her. I knew she would not understand on her first day of existence as a whole entity in my life. I did it out of frustration and despair.

At the age of twenty-nine, I was too young to be a widow with three young children. There was no one else with me in that gloomy, dreary night of uncertainty, except Huang was smiling to me from his picture frame.

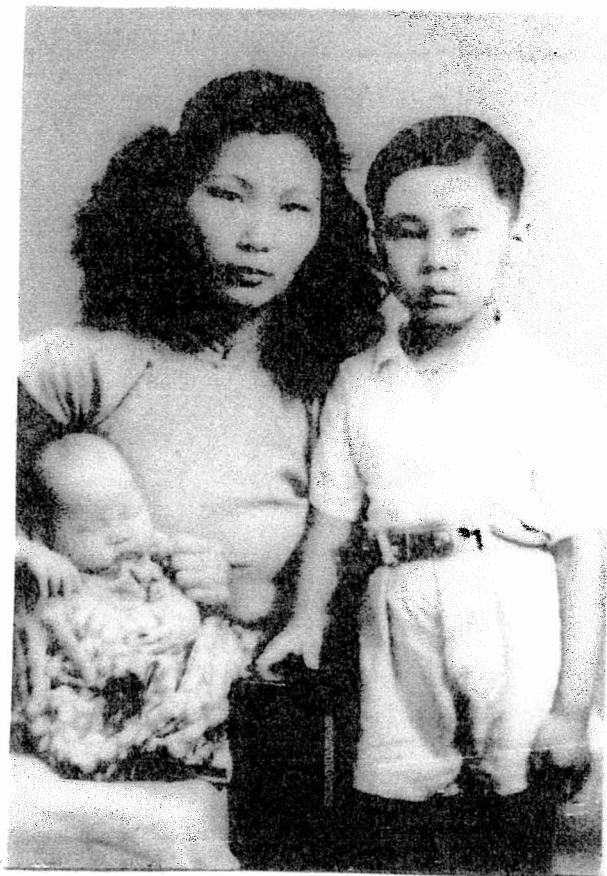
I remained in the hospital for one month. Throughout those four weeks, I had time to reflect a number of unforgettable happenings during our eight years together, either happy or sad. I appreciated all the more for his inspiration and encouragement leading me to constantly pursue for excellence in the writing fields, even though he had interrupted his own fiction writing for almost four years.

This was because of his neutral views in politics. He refused to comply the point of views of other writers. One of his good friends told him to slow down.

"Strong trunk of a huge and vigorous tree takes time to grow."

Advised by a friend.

Other than reporting, I had written countless literary pieces for a number of magazines and newspapers in the country. I had translated three worldly well-known books, all novels, which had been published on China mainland a few years before.



One month old Lise was born on May 1, 1949, more than 3 months after her father died.



Six month old Lise was waiting for feeding.



The three lovely souls - Lulin, Jack and Lise.

I recalled as soon as we settled down in Taipei, one of Huang's suggestions for me was to translate the biography of Frederic Francois Chopin, a French-Polish pianist in early 19th century(1810-1849).

When we were in Tientsin, he once admired Chopin's "Polonaise" from a record player. He said he was "drowned" into it. This master piece of music releases a dance of Polish origin in triple rhythm with march or promenade in couples waltzing through increasing tempo. It was highly excited and appealing. It was very popular in the western world.

The day before the dreadful accident, I received a letter from him in Shanghai telling me a "good news" that he had obtained a copy of Chopin's biography in English version. He wanted me to get ready for the translation into Chinese because Shang Wa Hor, publisher of the Sing Sing Publishing Company, had promised to print the work when it would be done.

I wondered why did he have to write this letter without waiting a few more days when he would see me again in Taipei.

Did he have any bad omen before he left Shanghai? I wanted to know, but I never had a chance.

Of course, the book deal never materialized. The book was buried with him under the deep ocean.

The wind of war blew down so rapidly from Nanking, Hankow and Wuchang. By the end of May, 1949, Shanghai was ordered to evacuate. Thousands of refugees, including professional intellectuals, fled to Taiwan and Hong Kong. Shanghai edition of the Social Welfare Daily News was at the brink of closing. The newspaper boss urged his employees to find their own ways if they did not want to stay when, presumably,

the Communists took over the metropolitan, the greater Shanghai. In the meantime, the newspaper could not give them pay for layoff.

One afternoon, Bob received an unexpected phone call from my old colleague, former editor of the Shanghai newspaper, Sherman Yin. He had gone to Taipei with his wife and a two-month old little boy. They were staying in a small hotel with little money. He asked Bob if there was any chance he could find a job not necessary in his professional lines.

"You should have a normal place to stay in the first place." Bob replied.

"The hotel is too expensive. For the moment, you and your family are welcome to live with my family until you get a job. We have enough room for you."

By nature, my brother was always very generous with a big heart. Some times he would go out of his way to help others in need. Chinghua, a gentle lady, never object to whatever her husband decided to do as far as family matters were concerned.

Anna Liu and her children were gone. Yes, there was an empty room in that Japanese stylish big house.

Sherman and family shared one sizable room next to ours with Jack and Lise. Through the wax paper partitions, I could hear whatever the newcomers did or said on the other side. From the first night on, I heard their infant crying constantly, to the extent that disturbed our sleep.

On the fourth morning, I asked Sherman's wife, Lily, what was wrong with her baby.

"He was hungry," she sighed. "I don't have enough milk for him. We can not afford to buy milk from the store."

On the contrast, I was uneasy for a few weeks because the baby food inside of me was over-productive due to too much chicken soup I was offered to take. Many times I had tried some ways to get rid of the milk.

"No problem," I promised Lily. "I can help him."

From then on, I breast nursed both Lise and the Yin's baby for four weeks. Thus far I do not even know the first name of that little fellow nor where ever he had been.

Sherman and family moved out to an apartment after he was employed by Taiwan Provincial Government later.

Lise weighed six pounds when she was born. She resembled very much to her father on the face. Every so often, my feeling for her existence in the family pervaded pleasure and joy in my empty heart.

TWENTY ONE

Picking Up Broken Pieces

To be independent and to make ends meet for a living, in addition to the job with Hong Kong Industrial & Commercial Daily Press (HKICDP), I accepted another reporting assignment from China Daily News in Taipei. The advantage was that my coverage for reporting was the same, national and international territories. There was nothing in conflict, regardless both jobs were to be carried out in Chinese language.

China Daily News provided me with a living quarter at No. 6, West Chung Cheng Road, Taipei, a populous district of the city. It was six blocks east from the main railroad station, three long blocks west from the Provincial Legislative Assembly. It was not too far from the Presidential Building and Public Square at South Chungking Road. Most of the foreign diplomatic offices were spreading around Sin Yee Road or the long stretching North Chung Shan Road.

My residence was a single unit behind a main building belonging to the newspaper dormitory. Again, it was in Japanese style, as small as the size of twelve square feet with twelve ta-ta-mis (straw mattresses).

The main building accommodated six other employees and their families. We all had to share small kitchen areas at the yard in between. The most inconvenient thing was that we all had to share one shower stall and one toilet inside the main building. If anyone had a stomach trouble, and the facility was occupied, he or she would be out of luck.

Through recommendation, I hired a Taiwanese middle-age lady to help me running the house work. Actually where I lived was just one section

of a large house. The dormitory belonged to the China Daily News. There was not much to be done so far as house keeping was concerned.

Her name was Oh Bar Sang, an old fashioned style lady wearing a big round bun at the back of her head. She did not speak Chinese Mandarin, the Chinese official speaking language. Since the island had been ruled by Japanese for half of a century, native Taiwanese spoke either Japanese or the language of southern part of Fujian Province. Jack and I had to learn how to understand her, or how to let her understand us when we spoke.

She was a widow too. I struck a bargain, "buy one get one free" deal with her by letting her twelve years old daughter, Ah Lan, come along, so she would not have to worry about the girl to be alone and could not take care of herself.

Ah Lan finished her sixth grade education free through the government compulsive education policy. Her mother could not pay for her junior high school learning. She was too young to work at any other place.

Early every morning, Oh Bar Sang and Ah Lan came to my place with fresh vegetables and meat from the open market for which I had paid her the night before. Then the mother started cooking either chicken noodle soup or beef porridge. The girl would help changing Lise's diaper and played with her.

My daily schedule was very hectic. After breakfast, Monday through Saturday, I picked up my bicycle from the rack in the front yard of the dorm, got Jack, a first grader, settled on the back "seat" of my vehicle, out I paddled toward his school, the Affiliated Elementary School of Taiwan Normal College. By official rulings, Chinese school

classes were in sessions five and a half days per week.

After dropping Jack off, I went back to my "shack", gave my baby a second feeding for the day. Then, out again on my bicycle to begin my daily news beats. When I was running around covering stories at the day time, Oh Bar Sang or Ah Lan fed Lise with bottle milk.

The elementary school Jack attended was on North Jan Kuo Road, about ten blocks from where Bob and family lived. When he finished classes in the afternoon, if I was not available, he would walk to Bob's house until I picked him up for home later. Many times when I was late due to my heavy work loads, he would have supper with his uncle and family before I got there. He seemed to be happy getting the chance to play with his cousins when he was waiting for me.

For most part of the year on Taiwan, the weather was mild. On very seldom occasions, people there needed heavy overcoats in the fall of winter. Like other reporters, I preferred using bicycle for traveling around most of the time. This two-wheel "iron horse" gave me more freedom of movement and independence where ever and whenever I have to go.

There was no Sunday nor any weekday off for me. I had to dash for where important events took places.

On ordinary days, before my routine news digging beginning in the morning, I would go first to the editorial department of China Daily News at Section 3, North Chungshan Road. I had to check on all of the other local newspapers making sure I did not miss anything that was significant and happened the day before. At times, I even found some resources from other people's reporting. I had to be sharp enough to recognize it.

In case I missed any information which I should have covered, I must find a way to repair the damage (as my boss put it), I had to "beat around the bush" to get scoops.

It was a highly competitive profession I chose and undertook since I graduated from college at National University of Kwangsi in Kweilin, Kwangsi Province.

My frequent visits to the five branches of National Government consisting of the Executive Yuan, Legislative Yuan, Judicial Yuan, Control Yuan, and Exemination Yuan.

Mostly, I hanged around the offices under the Executive Yuan which supervised the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Ministry of The Interior, Ministry of Education, Ministry of Communication, and the Government Information Office(CIO).

There was no faily briefing from the CIO, with the exception of special announcements or press conferences. But I dropped in there very often nevertheless.

For international news, again, like I was in Chungking, I covered all of the foreign embassies, legations, and consulates.

We had only one photographer for the newspaper. Jen Woo Li, a stocky fellow with a perpetual grin. He would answer my call when I had to meet the foreign dignitaries arriving in Taipei Sungshan Airport. In such case, we had to take a cab instead of the motorcycle he owned and my bicycle. Once in a while, Li was nowhere to be seen or found at the spurt of a moment, probably he was helping my fellow reporters. I had to rush to the airport alone for first-hand interview without pictures.

For such reason, I dug into my skinny purse to buy a second-hand

German top brand name camera, Leica. This steel model of machinery actually was out-dated at that time. It did not have zoom lens, nor filter. It did not have the modern advantages of Nikon, or Cannon, or Olympus for just "point and shoot." Occasionally, I had hard time to adjust the shutter speed or the distance, then lost the chance for live coverage.

Li convinced me into buying this camera. I kept it for substitute. A current model camera was too expensive for me.

Covering activities of high societies, like a few of reporters from other newspapers, I left hundreds of my footprints at a special place: The Round Mountain Grand Hotel (commonly Grand Hotel)

This majestic ancient Chinese palace style mansion sits loftily on top of the Round Mountain at the far north end of North Chungshan Road. A huge colorful gate with four ceramic ornamental pillars were welcoming visitors on top of the concrete steps leading to the main building.

Inside of the glossy, crimson heavy doors, there was a great deal of decorative furnitures made of teak wood and peach wood, along with priceless art works by renowned artists.

From the second floor up, there were a ballroom, a reception room, a sculptured moon gate, and hundreds of luxurious guest rooms for visitors, mostly, foreign dignitaries.

The brilliant Grand Hotel overlooks the entire city of Taipei. At nights, when I was waiting for my one-on-one interviews with high ranking foreigners, I looked down from the railings besides the gate. It was breathtaking ! I left a part of my heart on the Round Mountain and Grand Hotel.

Taipei Guest House(TGH), a stately government owned mansion, was also a gold mine of news for reporter to dig.

It was built of grayish and blue marbles and brown concrete, more or less European style. Unlike the Grand Hotel, it did not open to the public.

This was a place where President Chiang Kai Shek or his top subordinates, namely, President and Vice President of the Executive Yuan, Minister of the Foreign Affairs, or Minister of National Defense entertained at receptions for national and international celebrations.

Reporters covering the stories taking places there must present their invitation and press ID cards. Needless to say, I was one of the privileged. I often reached TGH to be the first and left as the last to get the most out of the events.

On rare occasions, when President Chiang was present as host of the parties, we had to stay at distance. No questions should be asked.

Generally, we were free to chat with the VIPs during the cocktail and champagne drinking as long as we would not make the conversations too lengthy or bothersome.

Once George K. C. Yeh, Minister of Foreign Affairs, joke at me:

"It seems you are a patch of glue sticking here."

"Yes, I am." I giggled.

We both had a good hearty laugh.

We spoke in Cantonese dialect which gave us a feeling of warmth as we were descendants from our native province of Kwangtung.

At another occasion, Da-Wei Yu, Minister of National Defense, complimented me for my previous stories.

"Good job, and well done," pointing his forefinger, "keep it up."

Chia-Hwa Chu, President of the International Institute, told me he and his wife adored my vigor and capability being the only lady reporter in the man's world running around the international circles for news.

All in all, those were bridges of communication providing a personal touch which made the work easier for me.

On the home front, I was a dutiful mother with genuine love. Never had I knowingly ignored my children's needs. I gave them tender care. It was tough for a young widow like me to balance a professional and private life. But I tried the best I could.

I made sure Jack and Lise had enough care in their processes of growing. Every time when I thought about Elizabeth behind the bamboo curtains, I could not control my tears. The only excuse I could give myself was that she was in good hands of her grand-parents. Should she leave Tientsin with me and Jack in her delicate physical condition, she might not survive during our 16-day bitter winter journey on the open deck of a steamship.

On ordinary days, I tried to go home before dark and had supper with the children first. The next thing was to mount on my bicycle again heading for the editorial department four or five miles away. I wrote my "fruits of the day" for both of the China Daily News and Hong Kong Industrial & Commercial Daily Press there.

By the time I returned to the dorm, it would be close to nine-thirty of ten o'clock in the evening. Good old Oh Bar Sang had already put the children in bed, and was waiting for me before she and Ah Lan went their home.

One Saturday afternoon, there was nothing much worth of reporting.

I was happy about having extra time for home with the children.

To my biggest surprise, Jack was sitting alone at the edge of the ta ta mi by the door, crying. Lise, Oh Bar Sang and Ah Lan were not in sight.

"Siao-mei-mei (little sister, Lise's nickname) is gone," Jack said.

"Where?" I was startled.

"I don't know."

Did the nanny kidnap my daughter? I couldn't believe it.

For eight months after Lise was born, Oh Bar Sang had been very close and loyal to me.

"She would not do such a thing." I told myself.

As I was pondering what to act, the wife of one of my colleagues, Li-Ying Chan Leng, came out from the main section of the dorm.

"I am glad you are home early," she said.

She was holding a piece of paper.

"Your Oh Bar Sang's mother died last night," Li-Ying went on. "Her sister came to get her this morning after you and Jack left. She said she had to take your little girl along. Here is the address."

It was in a small village in Wulai, a city southeast of Taipei, approximately fifty miles away. Wulai is a hilly and scenic spot famous with a gigantic waterfall.

I did not waste any time. Quickly, I grabbed a box of cookies for lunch, and took Jack with me to halt a cab from the front door.

Shortly after we were on our way, it started raining. By the time we reached there, the torrential pouring began.

We did not have an umbrella. The taxi could not drive up the little hill to approach a small shack of Oh Bar Sang's parents. We waited

in the car until the rain slowed down a little bit, then we braved ourselves and ran up the hill.

Setting inside a rundown wooden house was simple and minimal. There was a makeshift stand supporting a casket with corpse at the center of the main room. Oh Bar Sang and her sister were kneeling down murmuring their prayers. Ah Lan, standing by the door, was carrying Lise on her back with a cloth sling.

Lise was kicking and crying. Probably she was hungry.

Immediately, I released the sling from Ah Lan and held Lise with me tightly.

Oh Bar Sang rose up from the floor, wiping her eyes.

"Sorry I did not have time to tell you." She apologized. "I did not know where to find you before I had to leave with my sister."

"I understand." Holding her hand, I replied. "How long are you going to stay here?"

"The monk is coming early tomorrow morning. After the ceremony, we will bury her."

Suddenly, she bursted into a loud cry uncontrollingly.

She told me it would take her a few days to settle down everything before she could go back to Taipei and help me again.

"Take your time." I comforted her with sincerity.

I gave her a few hundred dollars Taiwan paper currency as condolence gift, then left with Jack and Lise into our waiting taxi. The round trip by the cab cost me a fortune.

By the time we got home, it was late into the night. Good thing we had some leftover from the previous day for our supper.

Lise did not have a nice sleep as I had expected. She wriggled very

much restlessly, and woke up a few times with low cry.

I changed her diaper, then felt her forehead.

My goodness, she had a fever. It must be from the spring chill in the villege.

Next morning, I checked her again with a thermometer. He temperature ran up to 100.08 degree, fahrenheit.

The closest clinic, Liang's Clinic, opened Sunday in the afternoon. I took my little girl there.

Dr. Liang gave her right hip a shot and prescribed a package of powder medicine with instruction. It was almost impossible to force her drinking the mixture of powder and water. Afterward, she fell asleep peacefully like an angel.

With no nanny helping me, for five days that followed, I had to take off from work. Also, Jack had to miss his schooling for that week. Mary a time, I had to carry Lise on my back with a sling as I had to do the house chores or cooking.

One of my fellow reporters, Edward Chow, who covered military stories stepped in temporarily for that period, filling up the gap of news reporting for me.

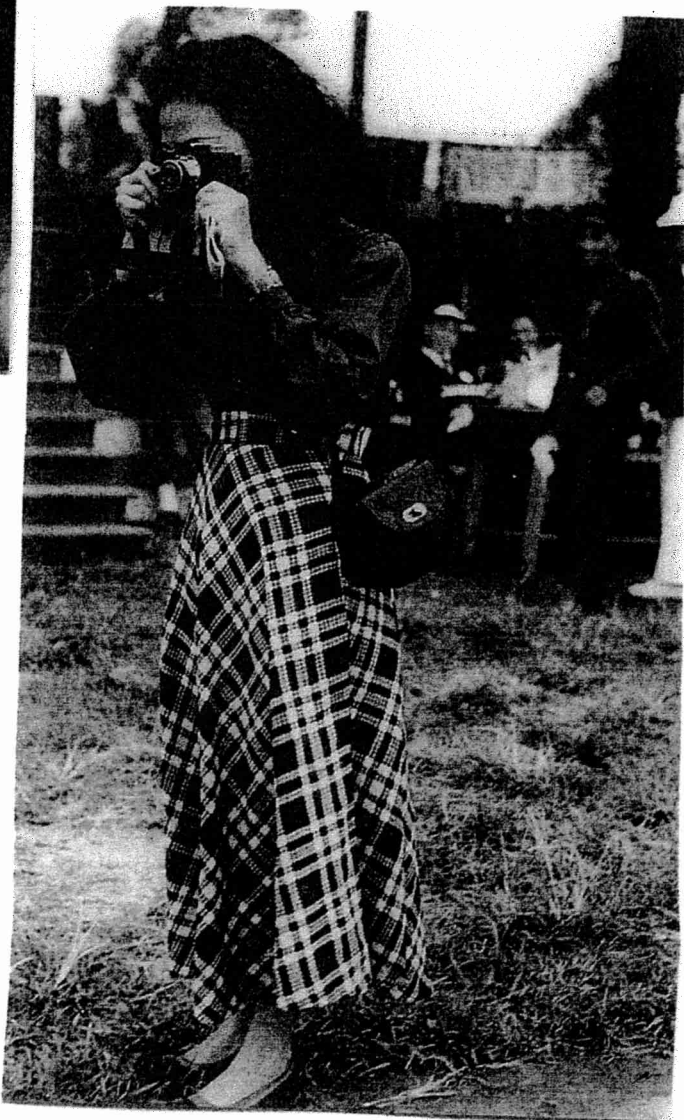


On a day off from work, Lulin enjoyed quiet moments strolling in the sun with her children, Jack(standing), and Lise.



(Left): Waiting ahead for incoming VIP's arrival, Lulin was taking notes at the courtyard of Taipei Guest House.

(Right): Stepping in for her newspaper's regular photographer, she was taking pictures at the international athletic meet in the late summer, 1951, in Taipei.



TWENTY TWO

Safety on Taiwan Strait

The United States had been a great friend to the Republic of China during the courses of World War II and the Chinese civil war through economic and military supports.

After the fall of Tientsin on January 15, 1949, following Peiping (Beijing) peace negotiation between the National government and the Communists were on and off for several times, but did not come to successful term. The National capital was compelled to move from Nanking to Canton in early May. Then came the evacuation of Hankow, Wuchang, Sian and Shanghai, one major city after another.

U. S. President, Harry Truman, was disappointed about the ignominious failure on the Chinese National part.

On July 30, 1949, he had his Secretary of State, Dean Acheson declared that "nothing the United States did or could have done withing the reasonable limit of the capabilities could have changed the result; nothing that was left undone by the United States had contributed to the present situation. "

In other words, Truman wanted to wash the hands of the United States when the Nationalists continued to struggle in the bloody wars.

Prior to Acheson's statement, on July 10, President Chiang Kai Shek had flown to Baguio, the Phillipine Islands, at the invitation of Phillipine President Elpidio Quirino, to discuss formation of a "Far Eastern Anti-Communist Alliance."

On August 6, President Chiang flew to Chinhae, South Korea, at the invitation of Korean President Syngman Rhee. They conferred on the formation of a "Pacific Alliance."

Mao TzeDung proclaimed the establishment of the People's Republic of China on October 1, 1949 in Peiping. The name of the Communist capital was then changed into "Beijing."

However, two days later, the U. S. State Department reaffirmed that its government recognized National government as the only legal government of China. Ambassador John Stuart Leighton was recalled to Washington for consultation shortly afterward.

Misery never came alone. After severing diplomatic relations with the USSR, on October 12, the National government seat was moved again from Canton to Chungking, the former wartime capital. Finally it was settled down on Taipei on December 7, 1949.

At the end of the year, the U. S. State Department once more asserted that Taiwan could not be held against a determined attack from Beijing without the use of American forces, and that the island probably would fall during 1950.

This prediction shocked the government and the people of the Republic of China, terribly.

Apparently, the U. S. government felt that the Chinese National government was at the demise, that whatever would happen to Taiwan was none of the business for the U. S. A.

As tension on both sides of the Taiwan Strait grew higher and worse, on January 5, 1950, Truman expressed at a press conference that the United States had no plan on Taiwan or any other Chinese territories; that the U. S. had no desire of establishing military

bases on Taiwan. Nor did it have any intention of utilizing its armed forces to interfere in the situation.

What was going on at that time seemed to be very unfavorable to Taiwan. The American embassy took the "wait and see" position and did not follow Chiang Kai Shek's government to Formosa Island. Karl L. Rankin, Charge D'affaires, stayed in Hong Kong to conduct whatever business necessary with Taiwan.

Great Britain was the first country of the western world severed diplomatic relationship with National China the day after Truman's press conference as it had just recognized the Communist regime in Beijing.

Despite of the American temporary position, majority of the eastern and western countries around the globe complied with their courtesy and moved their embassies or legations into Taiwan.

More works were loaded onto me. Many times, Edward Chow came to my rescue, and lightened up some of the burdens.

When I had to work late at night Oh Bar Sang and Ah Lan stayed overnight. We shared our little room together like a close family. I would not know what could I have done without them.

The outbreak of Korean War on June 25, 1950, changed the American lukewarm attitude. On the invasion of North Korea toward South Korea, Chinese Communists drummed up with North Korea at the east of Yellow Sea. This condition threatened the security of Taiwan at the East China Sea, as well as the U. S. interests at the Pacific area.

Two days later, Truman declared his points of view and steps as the following:

"The attack upon Korea(South Korea) make it plain beyond all doubt

that Communism has passed beyond the use of subversion to conquer independent nations and will now use armed invasion and war. It has defied the orders of the Security Council of the United Nations issued to preserve international peace and security.

"In these circumstances the occupation of Formosa by Communist forces would be a direct threat to the security of the Pacific area and to the United States forces performing their lawful and necessary function in that area.

"Accordingly, I have ordered the Seventh Fleet to prevent any attack on Formosa. As a corollary of this action, I am calling upon the Chinese Government on Formosa to cease all air and sea operations against the mainland. The Seventh Fleet will see that this is done."

According to Truman's request, President Chiang ordered his navy and air force to stop attack against the China mainland.

Taiwan was then neutralized and protected by the United States. To say the least, Taiwan's safety was benefitted by the Korean war.

For decades before and during World War II, Korea had been ruled by Japan. In the Cairo Declaration, 1943, Chinese Generalissimo Chiang Kai Shek, British Prime Minister, Winston Churchill and U. S. President Franklin D. Roosevelt pledged that in due course Korea would become free and independent. Again in 1945, the Potsdam Declaration reaffirmed the principle.

Two days after the atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima on August 6, 1945, the USSR declared war upon Japan and officially subscribed to the Potsdam Declaration.

Japanese troops in Korea were accepted by the U.S. and the USSR. Japanese forces south of the 38° parallel latitude were directed to surrender to the U. S. commander; while those on the north directed

to the Russians. As a result, Korea was divided into two parts at the 38 degree parallel.

It was, originally, purely on a temporary basis to facilitate the operation. But on the contrary, the 38 degree parallel divided Korea into two countries unexpected.

The Republic of Korea in the south is known as South Korea; while the Democratic People's Republic of Korea on the north is known as North Korea.

When the North Korea armed forces struck across the 38th parallel to South Korea on June 25, 1950, upon Truman's declaration, the United States immediately asked for a meeting of the United Nation Security Council to discuss the situation. At the meeting which took place at the same afternoon, the Security Council adopted a resolution observing that the government of South Korea was lawfully established and was the only government in Korea.

This resolution noted with serious concern about the South Korea being attacked by the North Korea, and stated that the act constituted a breach of the peace. Therefore, the Security Council called upon all members of the United Nations to refrain from giving assistance to North Korea.

Two days later, a second Security Council resolution recommended that the members of the United Nations furnish such assistance to South Korea as was deemed necessary to repel the armed attack and restore international peace and security in the area.

On June 29, President Truman authorized General Douglas MacArthur to use certain supporting ground units in Korea and authorized the U. S. air force to conduct missions on specific military targets in

North Korea. He also ordered a naval blockade of the entire Korean coast in the meantime.

The Security Council requested the United States, on July 7, to designate the commander of the unified forces. On the following day, Truman appointed MacArthur as commander in chief of the United Nations command, supreme commander of Allied forces.

General MacArthur arrived in Taipei from Japan on July 31. Next day, he held conferences with President Chiang. After several private meetings with President Chiang and the Chinese high ranking officials, he told the press that the plans had been made to coordinate steps by American and Republic of China with their forces to meet any attack that might launch against the island of Taiwan. In addition, he expressed confidence that such attack, if any, would have no chance of success.

In the meantime, President Chiang announced that an agreement had been reached on all the problems being discussed, that the foundation had been laid for joint defense of Taiwan and for military cooperations with the United States.

U. S. Charge D'affaires, Karl L. Rankin arrived in Taipei on August 10 to open up the embassy. He was in the capacity of a minister at that time, later on was promoted to the rank of ambassador.

Seventh Fleet followed suit afterward with its battle ship commanded by General Van Fleet, patrolling over Taiwan Strait.

Based on the survey made by a special MacArthur mission, the U. S. Joint Chief of Staff had recommended and was accepted a program for military assistance to the armed forces on Taiwan.

The Pentagon in Washington D. C. announced on April 20, 1951, that

it would send a military assistance advisory group(MAAG) to Taiwan. This group would be led by Major General William C. Chase. It would consist of 116 officers and their assistants.

Pentagon further stated that the MAAG would operate as a part of the U. S. Embassy in Taipei, and would perform the duties connected with the furnishing of military assistance by the United States to foreign governments.

General Chase arrived in Taipei on May 1 to take up his duty. Along with him was his right-hand man, Colonel William Jenna. On the days that followed, came the rest of the group of 116, including many lieutenant colonels, majors and captains from the U.S. army, navy, and air force. Later on, a few hundred additional military instructors and advisors were sent in. They were distributed to military bases on the island working on training and advising with Chinese soldiers.

Jen Wu Li, my newspaper photographer, and I were kept extra busy running back and forth to the airport, the MAAG headquarters, the different embassies, legations and consulates as the foreign diplomats kept coming.

Shortly after the U. S. battleship, Bloomington, sailed into Keelung, northern harbor of Taiwan, a group of newspaper photographers were invited to tour the ship. I was fortunate to be one of the group even though I was only an armature in line of professional photography. Other members of the group were all gentlemen. I couldn't think of why Jen Wu Li was not there.

Needless to say, the high power machineries, the system of longrange missiles were up-to-date and very impressive. Our host, Captain Cook, guided us around and explained everything to us. He told us that all of the members on board of the ship were well trained and ready to meet any challenge of attack from the Communists.

We could take only pictures on a few of the un-classified objects. No notes taking. We met some of the officers as he introduced them. We had a very enjoyable visit with soft drinks.

My story on the tour was rather light-hearted without risking the security measure of the time.

In the capacity of a lady reporter for two major newspapers, I was privileged to receive special attention and friendship inside of the diplomatic circle in Taipei.

From time to time, besides official interviews in their offices, some of the warmhearted diplomats invited me to their homes meeting their families and had tea or coffee with lunch. Just to name a few of them, such as Consul General of the American Embassy, Howard Jones, from Tulsa, Oklahoma, U.S.; Ambassador Narciso Ramos from Manila, the Phillipine Islands, and Colonel William Jenna of the MAAG. With the family of Jenna, I still corresponded after they returned to Coral Gables, Florida, years later.

There had been a number of times, I was invited to be a dancing partner by a major from the MAAG. Once was on the celebration of the American National Day, fourth of July, at the American Compound.

The occasion drew hundreds of international and Chinese national tuests with formal attires and fanfare.

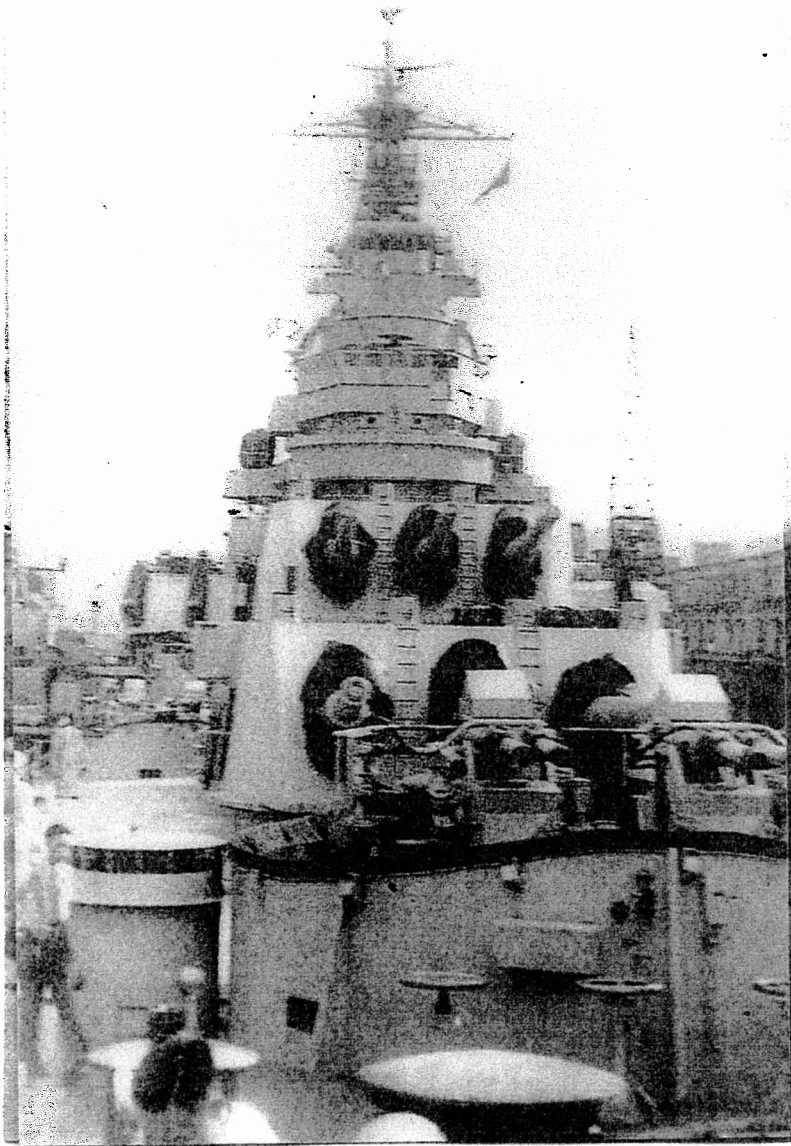
Following champagne, cocktail, and refreshment, the dance began outdoor on a slippery, large patio. I was in a floorlength lemon-color dress which was ordered from Sears Store catalog. With a pair of 4 inch high heeled black shoes, my partner led me whirling on the floor without difficulty.

On those old days, any Chinese young lady seen in companion with

a western foreigner, particularly a U.S. military man, would be despised on. I was well aware of the Chinese old tradition and the stereotype of thinking. To be very proud of it, I never crossed my professional line of duty at any time.

My bosses and my colleagues never questioned me on my tactics of news covering.

I deeply appreciated them for their confidence on me.



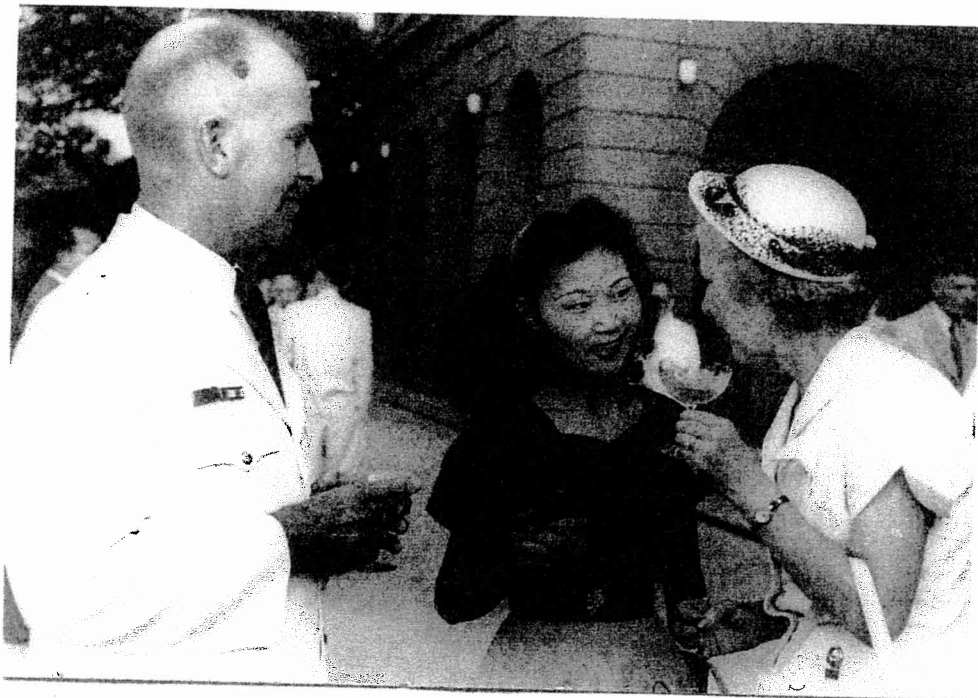
Left: One of the American 7th Fleet battle ships, Bloomington, patrolled Taiwan Strait during the Korean War for security of the area.

Below: A group of Chinese newspaper photographers was invited to tour the ship. Lulin (at right) was one of the group being honored.





US Major General William C. Chase arrived in Taipei on May 1, 1951. He was appointed by President Truman as the first chief of the Military Assistance Advisory Group (MAAG) in Taiwan. Picture showed a press interview at the airport. Chase at the center. Lulin at left.



An outdoor reception for General Chase and his wife was held at the Taipei Guest House. Lulin (center) was doing interview.



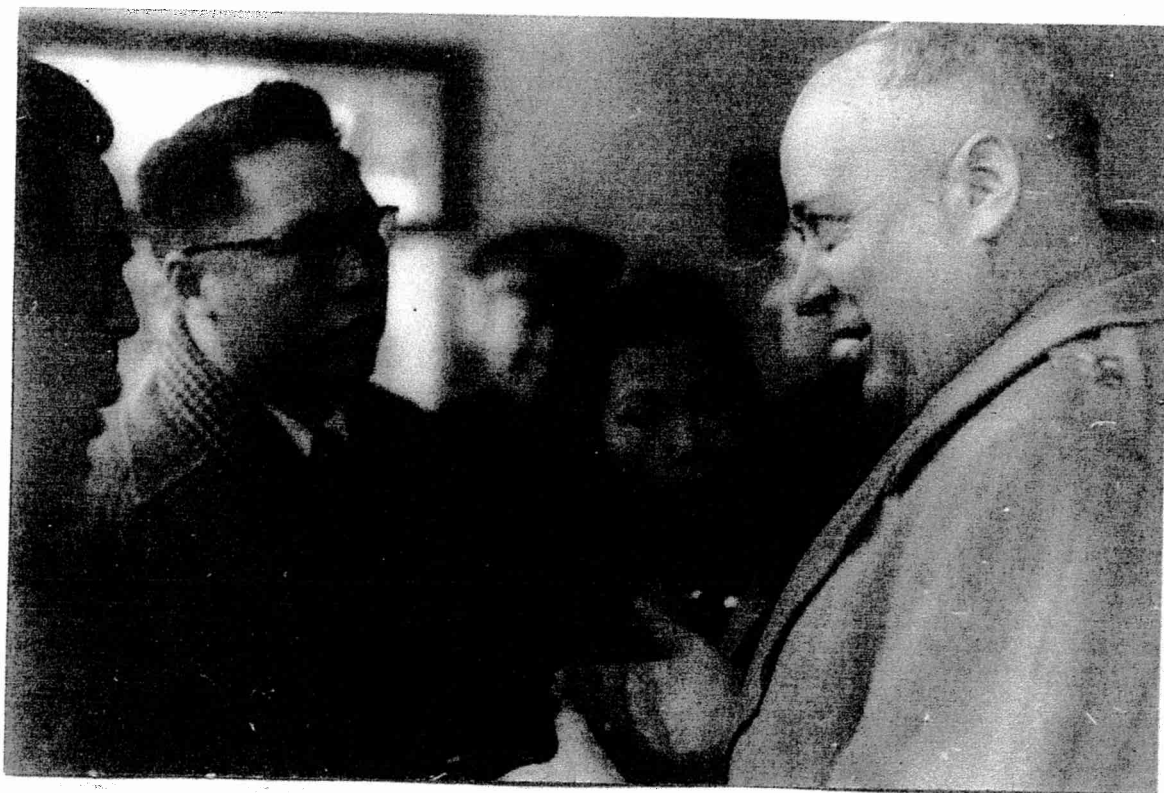
American Charge d'affaires, Karl Rankin arrived in Taipei from Hong Kong on August 10, 1950. He was later promoted to the rank of ambassador(second from left,next to Lulin.



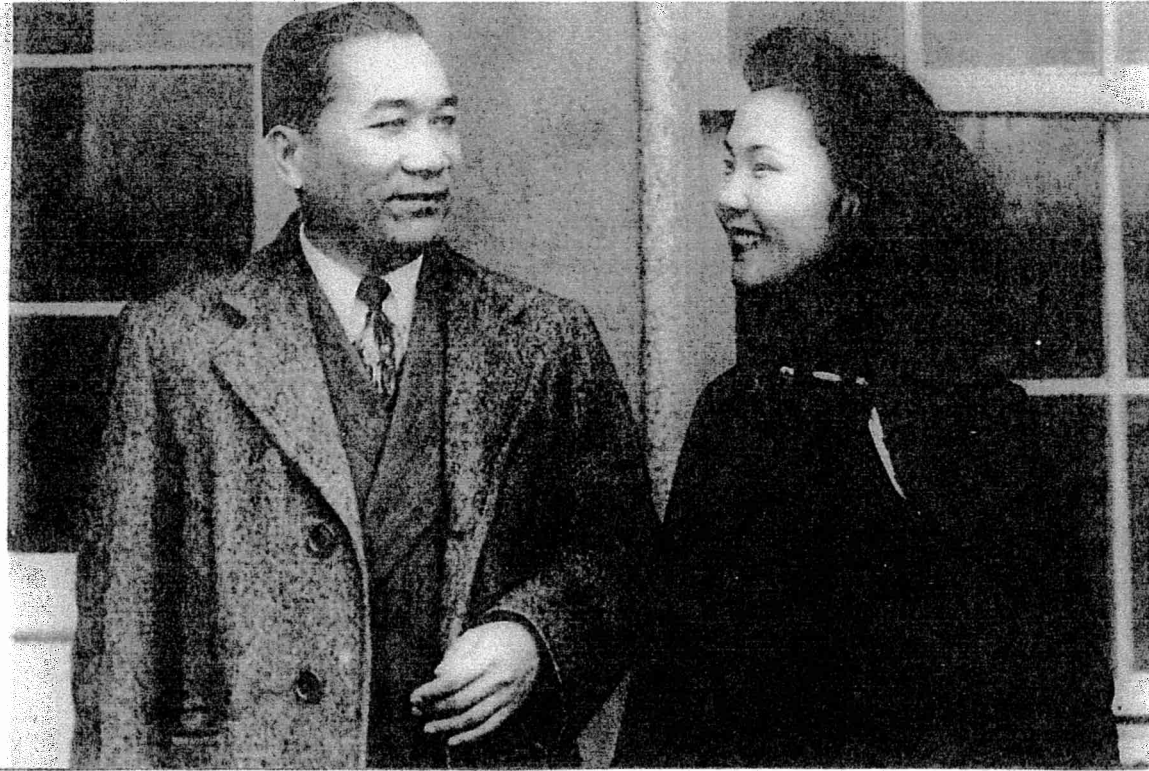
ROC Representative, to the United Nations, S. J. Hu, returned to Taipei was being interviewed by Lulin at the airport.



Chinese reporters interviewed U.S. airforce General Hardy at the Sungshan Airport, Taipei. The General just flew in for consultations with Chinese government and the U.S. personnels serving on this island.



French Minister G. Cadon (right) arrived in Taipei from Paris. He was to take over duty at the French Embassy as charge d'affaires following Joseph Siguret, 1953.



A one-on-one interview with Philippine Ambassador, Narciso Ramos, at Sungshan Airport waiting room, 1952, by Lulin.



A group of Philippine VIPs just landed on Taipei for conferences. 1952.

TWENTY THREE

A Surprised Friendship

One late summer day in August, 1951, the typically sub-tropical climate hit very hard all over the island of Taiwan. In Taipei, it was humid. The air seemed to stand still having no movement. The scorching sunlight was so intense that it seem to be milting the tar patches on the pavements of the highways.

At the Sungshan Airport, I was among a handful of Chinese protocol officers from the Department of Foreign Affairs and reporters from other newspapers with their photographers. We were waiting for the arrival of French Minister, Joseph Siguret, coming from Paris and accompanied by his wife, Solange.

I knew the Siguret couple and had become acquainted with them when I was covering diplomatic news in Tientsin from 1947 to 1948. Mr. Siguret was Consul General leading the French Consulate there. This time, he had been promoted to the rank of a Minister as Charge D'affaires for French Embassy in the Republic of China.

The flight of a commercial airlines was a little behind schedule from Paris. As we were waiting patiently and wiping perspiration from our foreheads, the twin-engine jet, Air France, roaringly approached from the end of the runway.

First stepping down the plane was Minister Siguret, followed by his wife, Solange, waving hands.

After the Chinese officials greeting them with hand-shaking and courteous compliments, I moved forward.

"Bonjour Monsieur. Bonjour Madame."

I uttered out what little French I could speak, and added: "Welcome to Taiwan."

Mr. Siguret was surprised to see me there.

"Oh, oh, Lulin !"

He stretched out his hand to me.

"What a pleasure to see you again. When did you come to Formosa ?"

Before I could answer his question, he and his wife were led into the airport special guest waiting room. He answered a few questions from the press group, then was whisked off with his wife to the newly established French Embassy in the center district of metropolitan of Taipei.

Siguret wasted no time on putting his office in full-swing operation with in a few days after his arrival. Among his staff, there was one Chinese lady who worked as a liaison officer helping to run the business from time to time.

Usually, I had a one-on-one interview with incoming top diplomats after they settled down. With Mr. Siguret, there was no exception. My request was granted a few days later.

I observed that on the walls of his office, there were a number of classic paintings by French master painters including Edouard Manet (1832-1883), Claude Monet(1840-1926), and Pierre Auguste Renoir(1841-1919). Among them, was the calligraphy by Dr. Sun Yet Sen, founding father of the Republic of China. This priceless piece of art had been displayed in his tientsin office years earlier.

His keen interest in China was remarkable.

He gave me a full view of French government's foreign policy and attitude toward the new development of National China. He expressed confidence that the Nationalists would be steadfast in the long run.

This was why he was sent to Taiwan regardless the withdrawal of some other countries.

At the end, he asked me:

"How is Huang, your husband?"

"He is gone. " I pointed up to the ceiling, "onto Heaven."

Sadness instantly grasped me.

"What happened?" He went on, "I am sorry to hear this."

I told him about the Tai Ping ship accident, about the birth of Lise after her father died. She was at that time of the interview two years and three months old.

"Don't you have a little boy?"

"Yes. He is 8 years old."

Siguret stopped a moment, putting his right hand on the forehead as if he was thinking.

Moments later, he said:

"I would like to see your children. My wife would like to meet them too, I believe."

The Siguret couple were in their early 50 year of age. During their almost three decades of marriage, they had produced no child. I could understand why they loved to see children.

"Next Sunday," he suggested, "how would you like to bring your children to my residence and have lunch with us?"

I was amazed that he would go out of his way to invite my children

and me to his home for a meal, so soon after he took over his office.

" I will have my chauffeur come to pick you and the children up."

He continued.

Of course, I accepted his invitation and expressed my appreciation. I had been invited by some other diplomats to their homes for tea or coffee a few times before, but not with my children along.

The shiny black limousine with a small French flag on the front fender stopping in front of the dormitory where we lived surely drew some attention and curiosity.

I dressed up both Jack and Lise with the best outfits I could give them.

A smooth ride in the car took about twenty minutes to reach the Siguret's residence which was at the back of the French embassy building. It was tastefully and contemporarily well equipped.

For lunch, we had French onion soup, ham and hard boiled eggs with cheese salad, plus freshly baked bread done by their chef. Chocolate pudding ended up the delicious meal.

It was the first time my children had a western style lunch, and first experience to handle knife and fork. Lise became the center of attraction as she giggled a lot and spilled foods here and there. We all had fun together for it.

From then on, almost every other Sunday noon, my children and I were driven to the Siguret's home for lunch, with the exception of our host and hostess had other appointment, or I had to run for my news interviews.

I could not figure out why we were given such kind of special favor. Certainly, they did not ask me to write any special report that would

be favorable about France, as far as I was concerned.

They liked Chinese people. That's for sure.

Jack, a third grader, showed his talent in art at his early stage of life. He liked to draw pictures of people with pencils and crayons in school for fun. His homeroom teacher adored him very much.

To help Lise developed learning ability at her tender age, I enrolled her into an "early child school," the Fushing Kindergarten, which was located inside of the beautifully palm-lined Taipei New Park.

Other than the kindergarten, the park was equipped with all kinds of facilities for visiting children to play.

Fushing Kindergarten was a private owned educational institution like Montessori Method(also named "Montessori System"), created by an Italian educator, Maria Montessori, during late 19th century. It is a system for training and instructing young children fundamental senses and skill of learning.

I met with the teachers there as I registered in Lise. It was very interesting to know and got my little girl in it.

Monday through Friday, each morning after breakfast at 8 o'clock, Oh Bar Sang took Lise in a hooded commercial tricycle heading for the kindergarten.

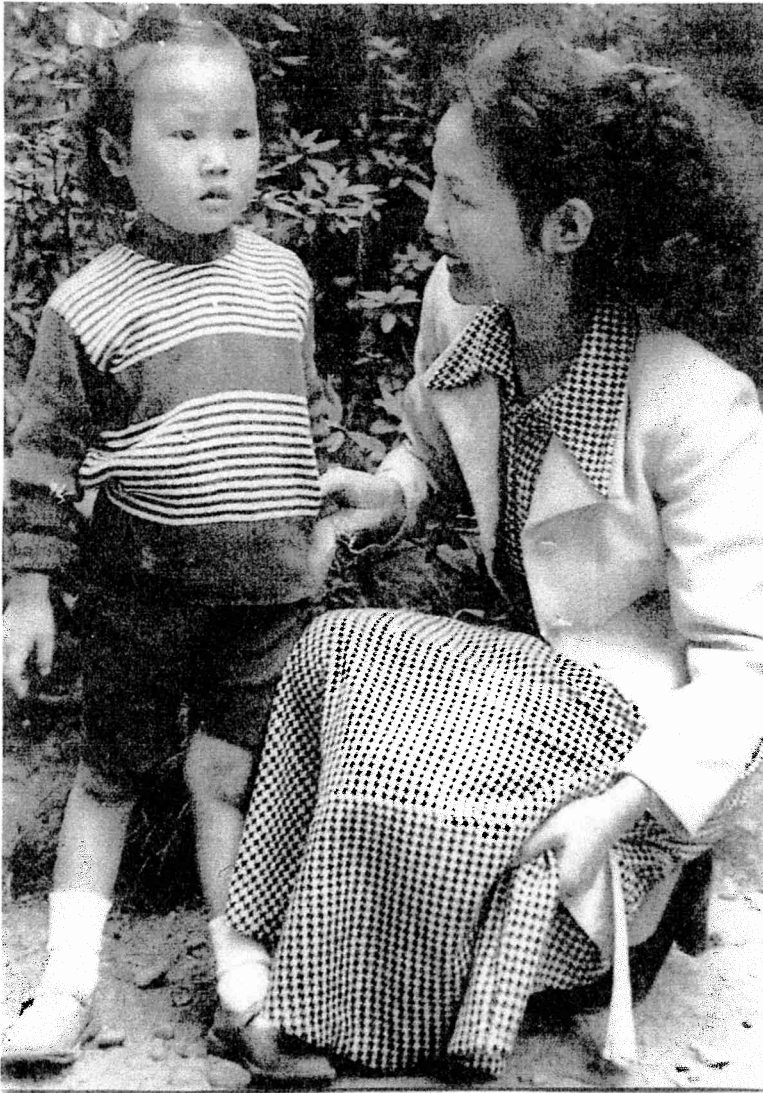
Before they left, I dressed Lise in her cutest outfit and carefully pinned her name tag on her chest. Never forgot to give her a squeezing big hug and kiss.

The two and a half hour class sessions began at nine-thirty A.M. The children learned to listen, to recognize letters on the square wooden blocks. Some times they learned to do a little dance. There

was a twenty minutes recess in between for snacks or use of the wash-room.

Like other nannies, Oh Bar Sang sat in a waiting room close by. She had good time chatting with other ladies, or doing some needle works until time to take Lise home at noon.

My little girl enjoyed every bit of the class activities, particularly, the dancing and singing.



Top left: Lulin chatted with Lise before sending her to kindergarten. In spring, 1952.
Top right: Jack and Lise at play.
Bottom: A name tag was being pinned on Lise's chest.



TWENTY FOUR

More Valuable Experience

As the tempo of my career seemed to be increasing on a steady crescendo, another episode came across into my professional life and friendship which lasted more than four decades.

Busy as I had been, by chance, I met a wonderful lady, Nancy Yu Huang, whom most of the reporters called "Big Sister Yu."

One early evening in the fall of 1951, I was writing my reports at the editorial department of the China Daily News. It was earlier than my usual time since there was not much to be reported at that particular day. I wanted to leave sooner for home and enjoyed supper with my children.

Before I finished my stories, one well dressed and smiling lady was escorted in by the newspaper publisher, Ming-shun Yeh.

She had on a very fashionable black woolen suit with white blouse. A shiny black leather purse was hanging on her left arm which was perfectly matched her black shiny high-heel shoes.

Mr. Yeh brought her to my desk.

I stood up.

"This Mrs. Huang, Nancy Yu Huang." Yeh introduced her.

I shook hand with her and expressed my greetings.

My colleagues in the same room who had the early shift were also introduced in the same manner.

She was then led away swiftly through the door.

My managing editor stared at me.

"From now on", he announced, "all important activities in Taipei's diplomatic circle and those of visiting foreign VIPs will be covered by Mrs. Huang."

He said it with such emphasis and sternness that hit me with a heavy blow from a hammer.

I was stunned. I felt blue because I had spent almost three years previously in building up a "net" of friendship from embassy to embassy and from legation to legation. Now the territory of my story coverage had to be narrowed down to the national events, as well as national government offices and their branches.

Later on, I found out that Nancy had just returned to China with a brand new and flashy Master Degree of Journalism from Columbia University of New York, the United States. During World War II and the Chinese civil war, she had been a brilliant journalistic major in the Yenching University of Peiping, one of the most renowned universities in the world. Her husband, Y. P. Huang, was at that time the manager of the newspaper I was working for.

With all of her topnotch qualification, how could I ever compete with her? I had to be content knowing that I was not fired. This sudden change also effected my job with the Hong Kong Industrial & Commercial Daily Press.

However, my worry was soon over.

Nancy had a burning ambition. She was not satisfied with the level of position she was offered. Nor did she like to play the second or third fiddle with the newspaper for any longer period of time. She would

not let the "resting stand" on China Daily News to be a stumbling block on her driving stride for distinction and excellence. A few month later, she and Y. P. both resigned from CDN. They announced the creation of their own newspaper, China Post, the only English language newspaper on Taiwan.

Their explosive adventure was a tough task. With only five thousand U. S. dollars life saving, which was a substantially large amount of money comparing with Chinese dollars, they rented a half rundown building on a side street of North Chungshan Road, Third Section, to be their office. Behind it was an old garage as a printing shop. A great deal of abandoned automobile parts made of leads were collected and melted down to make type letters.

Inside of the building, upstairs was set up as the office for the editorial department and city room; while the office of management and circulation was settled down stairs. Most of the office furnitures were second-handed items.

"Big Sister Yu," Nancy, was very gracious and generous to ask me if I would work with the Post on a part-time basis in addition to my two other newspapers.

Of course, I was highly delighted to have a chance jumping on her "Wagon" for adventure so long as my two bosses did not object to the offering since there was no conflict of interest among the three of them.

In the meantime, I got back my international territory of news coverage since Nancy left CDN.

From China Post, my third job, I was given an opportunity to practice my English writing skill I did not have before.

Coincidentally, a few months earlier, for desire of improving my learning and working abilities, I bought a second-hand compact typewriter by the brand name Remington from a resell store. It came with a little book of instruction for operation. This too far out-dated model machine, year of making not shown, must had been in the store for ages, because it was rusty on some parts of it. But the price was right for me.

Deep into the nights, after the children were sound asleep, I sat by a low table on the ta-ta-mi mattress under a dim electric light, enthusiastically, tried to type according to the instruction.

At the beginning, it was difficult to position certain finger on certain key. After my constant effort, night after night, week after week, I finally "graduated" myself, even though my typing speed was far from compatible.

Now, it was handy for me to show off my skill.

Prior to the Post's grand opening, we had a few weeks for tryouts. Every evening after I finished writing my articles in Chinese language for China Daily News and Hong Kong Industrial & Commercial Daily Press, I rushed to China Post at No. 8, Fushun Street, a side street along North Chungshan Road, Section 3, where I joined Nancy and her staff for work.

The few typewriters in the editorial department were uniform in manual style. There was no automatic carriage on any of them, unlike the expensive and convenient electric typewriters. One had to move the carriage by hand after each line was finished.

Nancy sat at the head desk working on her machine with fantastically fast speed. Her fingers were flying on it sounded musical. She

wrote major editorials every night. The other members of her staff also had no problem with their typewriters.

I was such a "slow poke" on my typing, it took me much longer time to finish one article. Some times I was ashamed of myself. But Nancy understood. She was very patient on me.

"Take your time."

She consoled, flashing her ever-present smile.

I was grateful for her encouragement.

Working with China Post, I had one good advantage. I could use the same stories I covered for my two Chinese language papers. All I had to do was just translated the stories from Chinese into English.

First public issue of China Post came out of press on September 3, 1952. It was instantly successful and became hot commodity overnight on Taiwan. Thousands of foreigners welcomed it with enthusiasm.

Obviously, credit was due to the wisdom and foresight of Nancy and her husband, Y. P.

From the end of 1949 into early 1950s, the Republic of China had maintained diplomatic relationship with most of the friendly countries at four corners of the world. Countless English-speaking foreigners, who were working or doing business on the island were thirsty for a newspaper they could read and know what was going on in their host country, and the rest of the world.

Circulation of this 4-page newspaper increased from the very beginning. However, there was one unpredictable shortcoming. Unlike the Chinese newspapers, the Post had very few commercial advertisement in it. Income from the circulation of paper could hardly meet the demand for the cost of publication. Something had to be done.

Late on one October evening, close to the deadline of my articles, Nancy told me to hurry up, because she and Y. P. would take me out for a ride.

Such an unusual suggestion startled me.

"Why?" I puzzled.

How could she afford the leisure to go out for a ride during her newspaper rush hours? Did she finish her editorial writing for the night? Who was going to supervise the paper format before it went into the press?

"The ride will be on our truck."

She explained as firmly and calmly as possible. "We have to sell it tomorrow to pay off a part of our debts."

She informed me that before this decision, she had sold some of her personal valuable belongings for such purpose.

Y. P. was behind the wheel when Nancy and I mounted on the two seats next to him.

That last drive on their pick-up truck was rather sad and sentimental. But none of us spoke a word.

Into the chilly, deepening midnight, under the dimness of the street lights, we rode up and down all sections of North Chungshan Road. In addition, on East Chung Cheng Road and West Chung Cheng Road. Finally, we returned to the office with a heavy heart, and unspoken sadness, and sensation.

That nice truck had been the main transportation vehicle for distributing the newspaper every morning. I could not remember how did the distribution department resolve the problem on the daily chore of delivery out its product.

The Huang's dedication on their brilliant ideal for professional journalistic service to the public inspired me deep down. I highly appreciated for being made one of its original staff.

Ever since that time, for more than half of a century, the Post stands firmly and rigidly as a fortified castle in mass communication serving the public on the island of Taiwan.

After I left Taipei in January, 1954, for the United States, I am still privileged to receive this newspaper airmail edition every single day through all of these years. In return, from gratitude, I submitted my stories to it from time to time whenever there was something of interest to the readers there.

In the summer of 1957, I was assigned by my scholarship sponsor, the Hong Kong Industrial & Commercial Daily Press, to Europe as a special correspondent covering England, France, Switzerland, Spain, and West Germany. Besides writing my articles in Chinese language, I also typed up those important and exciting happenings for the Post. The portable typewriter I bought from Sears was my helping companion during my entire trip.

Nancy once wrote me: "You may always have one corner in the garden of the Post. Take care of it whatever way you may like to."

I was withered with words by her generosity and encouragement. I missed my professional career for which I was trained in China.

At the end of May, 1967, I turned down another teaching contract from St. Sylvester Catholic School, surprising Pastor Rev. Frederick Schmidt and the school principal, Sister M. Niceta. I requested for a one year leave of absence from June, 1967 through June, 1968

The most difficult task was to discuss this matter with my husband,

John S. Walter. For numerous times, we played games. I was put to test through different channels and approaches as to my loyalty toward our marriage: "China Post or I?"

"How could you leave for such a long time?" Another question was put forth: "What about Alex(our son)?"

Alexander, our only son, was eight years old.

"He will go with me." I determined. "I could make arrangement for him attending American School in Taipei."

After a great deal of considerations, he finally agreed with me on reluctance.

"Enjoy your vacation." He hugged Alex and me together.

During our long "vacation" on Formosa, I worked for the Post as hard as busily as I could. I wrote a weekly by-line column, "Profile of Time", life accounts of Chinese VIPs and those of foreigners on Taiwan. For this part, I had to interview people on the upper classes week after week.

In addition, I was the editor of "Community Calendar" section of the paper which, too, kept me busy in the evening until all prove readings were done and ready to go into the press.

Alex attended third grade at Taipei American School in the outskirts of Taipei. He took the school transit bus back and forth. Around three thirty or four o'clock every weekday afternoon, he got off the bus at the Post to join me.

We were provided free with an apartment behind the Post's new building. A pretty girl in her mid 20 years of age, Siu Lane, was hired to do our house-keeping chore.

TWENTY FIVE

Mission To South Korea

At the outbreak of Korean War on June 25, 1950, when the armed forces of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea (North Korea) struck across the 38th parallel into the Republic of Korea (South Korea, also named ROK) in strength without warning. It was a complete surprise that the North Korean Communist infantry was let by about one hundred Soviet-made tanks.

The Korean Communists' overwhelming superiority in weapons drove South Korean forces back from Kaisong below the borderling to Seoul, the ROK capital. Fortunately, at the time, the South Korean government had moved southward to the city of Taejon.

Under the leadership of United Nation Commander in chief, General Douglas MacArthur, the U. N. forces had seventeen members fighting troops including the United States, South Korea, United Kingdom, Australia, Canada, France, Phillipines, Thailand, Turkey and New Zealand. Five nations had provided medical aids, and forty six nations had offered economic assistance.

From the beginning, United Nation air power played a vital role in the success of the ground forces. In the U.N. defensive operation from June 27 to September, 1950, air crafts flying from Japan, South Korea, Okinawa and from the carriers of the Korean coast primarily

gave close air support, bombing and strafing, attacking the Communist troop and equipments.

Navy units from the United States and ten other U.N. countries participated in a complete blockade of both coasts to deny the use of sea routes to the Communists. U.S. air force and marine corps aircraft of all types had taken parts in the operation as well.

In the U.N. offensive, during September through November, 1950, heavy bombing by naval aircrafts and bombardment by naval ships had paved the way for the success of the Inchon landing. And, the close support of ground troops played a most important part in the success of the operation.

Units of the United States 7th Fleet began operation off the coast of Korea south of the 38th parallel immediately after the beginning of the war. Other units of battleships from the 7th Fleet were assigned to patrol the Taiwan Strait shortly afterward.

In the Communist army, largely Chinese, were deployed to North Korea from November 3, 1950. Those men were organized into well equipped divisions with supporting artillery, tanks and heavy equipments. The Chinese air force consisted of more than two thousand planes, mostly jets, based on Manchurian fields near the Yalu River. There was no Communist navy in Korean waters.

On January 1, 1951, a Communist offensive directed toward Seoul in the west and Wonju in the center achieved penetrations of ten to twelve miles in the United Nation lines. Three days later, Seoul was occupied by the Communists and the U.N. forces were then organized on a line south of the Han River.

In a series of limited attacks on the east, U. N. forces moved

northward across the 38th parallel 50 miles north of the stabilized line on the west. Seoul was retaken by the United Nations forces on March 14.

The United Nations battle plan consisted of constant movement keeping the Communists off balance. The effort of General Matthew B. Ridgway, Commander of the U.S. army, and the United Nations attacks on the Communists were aimed to prevent a build-up for any large scale of Communist action.

U.N. ground forces, with the assistance of support aircrafts, were fighting a determined defensive battle for Seoul. By the end of April, 1951, Communist thrust had been halted. The U.N. line was pushed back on various parts of the front area.

Since the front lines were stabilized in November, a constant battle for observation had occurred. In the second period of 1952, the battle for the peaks became particularly intense. Opposing front lines were as close as 50 yards, while in some places were as far apart as 10 miles. Stubborn fighting and seesaw actions with one side gaining control, then being pushed off caused the important terrain features to change hands many times.

As early as June 23, 1951, Jacob Malik, Soviet representative on the U.N. Security Council, proposed that discussion should be started between the North Korea and South Korea for a cease-fire and an armistice providing for the mutual withdrawal of forces from the 38th parallel.

President Truman had instructed General Ridgway to make preliminary arrangement for talks. After a number of messages back and forth, liaison officers of the two forces met at Kaesong to discuss arrangement for the first conference on July 10. Prior to the talks, Kaesong

had been in a no man's land, but when the Communists occupied the town, its status was no longer neutral.

From late summer 1951 on, for months, U.N. command and the Communists negotiated back and forth through liaison officers on the provision regarding the neutrality of the truce conference zone. Until the end of October, both sides agreed to shift the site to Panmunjom where the United Nations and the Communists had talked on military demarcation line and armistice through the following spring.

Up to that period of time, newspapers on Taiwan island heavily depended on wire services of news from both North Korea and South Korea provided by Central News Agency, United Press, Associated Press and Reuters. Reporters on Taiwan who covered international events were itchy for first-hand reporting at the location.

It so happened, out of expectation, that the South Korea government issued an invitation for the press media of the Republic of China to visit its war-torn country, mainly, to Seoul which had been restored months earlier.

Co-incidentally, the China Airlines was scheduled to initiate its direct flight from Taipei to Seoul at that time. Graciously with generosity, the airlines offered a charter plane to transport Chinese reporters round trip, all free. It was in March, 1952.

Members in the press corps were carefully chosen to take parts for this "mission" that would be expected to further promote the closer diplomatic relationship between the two countries.

We had ten reporters including those from Central Daily News, China Daily News, New Life Daily, Public Forum Daily, United Daily News National News, Great China Evening News, All People Daily News, Central

News Agency, and Taiwan News Agency.

I represented China Daily News. In addition, we had a photographer, Chin-Fang Kaw, from Central Daily News, who had to provide pictures during the trip for all of the newspapers and agencies. My paper's photographer, Jen-Wu Li was not included for the flight. Naturally, I carried my own camera along in case of something extra.

One member of the Government Information Office(GIO), K. J. Pan, and his assistant accompanied us. Pan was designated as leader of the group. A representative from China Airlines, R. Chan, played host to us for the journey.

Since I had to leave the country for a little while, Bob and Ching-hwa gladly took Jack and Lise with them for temporary custody. My house keeper, Oh Bar Sang and her daughter, Ah Lan, were very happy to have a short vacation back to their hillside home.

The morning we left Taipei, the weather was gorgeous. The gentle spring breeze had swept up the cherry blossom on the island, particularly on Young Ming Mountain with its sweet and fresh scents competing with the majestic plum blossom, the Chinese national flower.

The early brilliant sun flashed down its glorious luster on the peaceful island of Formosa. What a beautiful day for us to travel through the mysterious, ever changing white cloud in the sky!

At ^S Sungshan Airport before we went aboard the plane, Mr. Pan gave us a briefing. A few printed sheets were distributed to inform us a number of DOs and DON'Ts in terms of etiquette in the host country.

During the long flight from Taipei northeastward, crossing East China Sea and Yellow Sea, the group members pulled wits together. Owing to the lack of full knowledge of the military situation there

and knowing that we would visit South Korean President, Syngman Rhee, we had to figure out what kind of intelligent questions we should present. There would not be any chance for special scoops by one-on-one interviews in this case.

With both anxiety and excitement, I could not sleep for the night. I wondered would I be able to write a series of worthwhile articles that might satisfy my readers? Would there be a faster way of sending my stories other than the airmail service? How could I avoid the stereotype of reporting? As it was then, only the Central News Agency had the tactics of firing out day to day events by cables. The rest of us had to be content with a slow way.

Upon a smooth "Three point landing" at the International Airport in Seoul shortly before noon the next day, we were greeted by a few Korean government officials and two representatives of Korean Airlines. After exchanging compliments and hand shakes, we were whisked toward our hotel where we enjoyed an exotic and highly delicious Korean meal. A sightseeing tour in the afternoon gave us a general view of the newly restored capital.

On schedule the following morning, we were first taken to the City Hall of Seoul. Surprisingly, we were welcome by a band at the entrance with delightful music and great fanfare.

At the point, we realized the degree of friendship South Korea had valued the Republic of China. We were not our own individuals. We had the duty of a mission. We realized how much and in what ways we should perform during our visit on the days to come.

Mayor Kim gave us a brief but enthusiastic reception inside of the brilliant hall with speech.

In his fifteen minutes speech, Mayor Kim told us that Seoul became the capital of Korea late in the 14th century. In the zone north of the 38th parallel, occupied by the USSR after World War II. The Peoples' Democratic Republic of Korea (North Korea) was established in September, 1948, with its capital at Pyongyang. When the US zone of occupation, south of the 38th parallel, was formally inaugurated as the Republic of Korea on August 15, 1948, Seoul became the capital.

Next, President Syngman Rhee received us at the presidential Building. In his conference room, he gave each of us a very warm and gripping handshake. After we were seated alongside of an oblong table, he expressed his deep feeling about the close friendship between his country and the Republic of China. He mentioned about the visit of President Chiang Kai Shek in Chinhae, Korea, upon his invitation on August 6, 1949. It was the most serious period of time for Free China struggling against the Communists during Chinese civil war.

For almost two years, he said, his country was also fighting against the Communists of North Korea. He appreciated the spiritual and material supports sent from Taiwan even though ROC was not able to send troops there due to Chinese limitation and agreement with United States.

We had a "question and answer" period for an hour. Then he led us to a small library where he showed us reference documents of his country from the early history to the present war with the Communists.

"The truce negotiation is going on in Panmunjom by the 38th Parallel", he said. "I hope there would come a fair settlement within a reasonably short period of time."

We asked whether we could visit Panmunjom.

His answer was "No."

"Because," he added, "it is very dangerous there. Sporadic fightings are still going on. It is not a place for unprepared civilian group to visit. Particularly," he pointed at me, "not for a young lady."

We all had a hearty good laugh.

As gentle and as kind as a grand-father, instead of the head of a supreme sovereignty, President Rhee took us for a little walk at a garden behind the building.

When my group was following him, I sneaked up beside him and uttered out a few impromptu questions. Our group photographer, Chin F. Kaw, gave us a snapshot making me a "VIP" of the day.

During five days that followed, we were escorted by two Korean government officers as tour guide and translator on fact-finding tours to a few cities not too far from Seoul. They included Inchon, Taejon, Taegu, and Pusan. Taejon had once been the temporary national capital when Seoul was occupied by the North Korean Communist at the first stage of the war.

In our collective interviews, I found many human interest stories that would make people laugh or cry. The people whom we visited were very friendly and appreciative.

On the way, we were entertained respectively by Chinese consulates at each place. In the Pusan official residence of Consul General Dung-Yi Wang, by the table, a sudden episode almost caused me a panic. One of our members, Fang Yuan, who was sitting to my left, accidentally dropped his burning cigarette on my embroidered evening purse which I bought from a gift shop the day before.

Smokes instantly shot up. Without further thinking, I quickly grabbed a cup of tea from the table and poured it on my beautiful purses. The

damage was beyond repair. Luckily, I did not have any of my notes in it. My notebook was in a large leather bag that was laid on a couch nearby, intact.

On sub-tropical weather in Taiwan, farmers could not grow and produce apples which belong to the colder climate zones. Some of them in the markets were imported from Japan or Korea. They were very expensive. When we were in South Korea, we enjoyed that delicious fruit every day.

The morning we left Seoul, our host government presented to each of us a large carton of apples as another good-will gesture. We were surprised and delighted. I shared the fruit with all of my colleagues at work, and everyone in my family including Bob and my older sister, Kuo-jen Nung with their families.

Back to Taipei, my series of interpretive reports from this mission was printed in the China Daily News. It was well received and commented. This encouragement convinced me that journalistic profession would last in me for the rest of my life.

As everyone involved in the free world was praying for, the Korean War was finally ended. Cease-fight documents were rectified and signed on July 27, 1953, at Panmunjom.

It was three years, one month and two days after the first outbreak of the war on June 25, 1950.

Mission to South Korea
during Korean War, 1952



A group of Chinese reporters leaving Taipei for Seoul, South Korea. Lulin in front center.



A surprised welcoming ceremony in front of Seoul City Hall.

Mission(contined)



Press conference given by South Korea President Syngman Rhee.
(Photographed by Lulin Walter.)



Lulin with President Syngman Rhee after an interview.

TWENTY SIX

Slight Health Problem

In the international political arena, 1952, spotlights focused on several significant events. First, on February 1, the United Nations General Assembly found the Soviet Union guilty of violation of the 1945 Sino-Soviet Treaty of Friendship and Alliance after the United Nations rejected a Soviet proposal to discuss the "question of China's Representation" in its 6th session. Subsequently, this led to the abrogation of the Treaty and its related documents in January, 1953, by President Chiang.

On April 28, after six and a half years of ending hostilities, after so many years of human sufferings and the loss of life of Chinese people during long battles, the Republic of China finally signed the "Sino-Japanese Peace Treaty" in Taipei.

To the majority of Chinese people, this was a bitter-sweet occasion. Reactions among ordinary people were various, especially, by those of the mainlanders. How could it be justified on their huge lost of life and years of mental endurances? No one could answer.

The signing ceremony was solemn and impressive which took place in the hall of Legislative Yuan. Only a few reporters including myself were invited with permit to witness the significant event, the ceremony.

However, for some reasons, the Legislative Yuan did not retify the

Treaty until July 31.

As the People's Republic of China (PROC) regime gained its firmer ground, some of the foreign countries became shaky on their belief in the Republic of China on Taiwan. A handful of them began to switch their diplomatic relationships in favor of Beijing. Gradually, it cast a shadow over the island. There was nothing else for the ROC to do but trying very hard in every way to persuade those democratic friends to stay.

One heart-warming event was the "home-coming" of hundreds of overseas Chinese people from more than sixty western and eastern countries. They, young and young at heart came to Taiwan for a visit and paid respect to their motherland. On October 22, the first Worldwide Overseas Chinese Conference was opened in Taipei.

These people pledged their support for democracy and freedom on Free China. Afterward, the government established a "Committee For Overseas Chinese", which began regularly to communicate and assist Chinese people living overseas or those on Taiwan visiting other countries. This committee functioned under the Executive Yuan of the national government.

What disheartened the islanders was the case of former Vice President, Tsung-jen Li, an Acting President during the crisis on December, 1949 when President Chiang was in Chengtu, Szechuan Province. Unbelievably, Li fled from Nanking to Canton, then from Hong Kong to the United States. He had lost the face of ROC.

The Control Yuan, watchful body of the central government, and the supreme judicial organ of the country, decided to impeach Li "in absentia" for violating the law of the nation and dereliction of his duty.

At the first stage of the impeachment, before the ROC and US governments could take step to transfer him back to the Republic of China, Li fled again. This time it was from the US to the Chinese Communist mainland, where he died years later of reason unknown.

To further attract attention from foreign countries, an international track and field meet was sponsored by the Athletic Club in Taipei in August. I was never a good athlete, let alone with the track and field games. Somehow, I was drafted to help as one of the judges and stand-by photographer under the scorching sun. Silly as it could be, I was in full attire with long skirt and long sleeve blouse on the first day. The games last for three days. In between those honor of volunteer contribution of service, I had to dash out for whatever happenings on my regular news beats.

By this time, the American Military Assistance and Advisory Group (MAAG) had operated on Taiwan in full swing with different levels of officers from the army, navy, airforce and marine, stationing over the major cities on Taiwan including Taipei, Taichung, Kaoshiung, Goungshan, Pintung and Keelung. American high ranking officers, such as generals and admirals, kept coming and going. It surely had sent the reporters busy running.

The advent of China Post in September provided me with another opportunity to advance my career. I was so happy I could show off on the papers with both languages, Chinese and English.

Nevertheless, working for three jobs, two full-time and one part-time, was not easy. The demand of performances graduately took away my attention, though not love, for my children.

Every so often, I felt guilty for not being able to give them full-

time care. Jack, age 9, preferred visiting his uncle, Bob, and aunt, Chinghwa, with his cousins after school by walking to their residence not too far away. Lise, almost 3 and a half, was mostly with the house keeper, Oh Bar Sang, and her daughter, Ah Lan. Five morning per week at the Fushing Kindergarten was not enough for her during the course of physical and mental development.

How could I reduce my work loads? The three Jobs were related together. I could not quit one way or the other. By the way, keeping my jobs was necessary for me to make the financial ends meet.

I had overwork by late winter, 1952. I began coughing, losing weight and sometimes lost appetite.

One Sunday noon, my children and I visited my older sister, Kuo-jen, and her family at the other side of the city. She was three years older than I, and always played the role of a big sister. Both she and her husband, Che-po Nung, worked at the Bank of Taiwan, department of accounting.

With my busy working schedules, I did not have much chance to see them. Once in a while, I visited them with my children. My brother-in-law would cook his prized dish, stuffed bean curd with ground meat. We enjoyed it with double appetite.

"You look thin and tired."

Kuo-jen remarked after we entered her house. "How come? Working too hard for the newspapers?"

"Yes. But I am all right."

"No, you are not all right. You look like losing quite a bit of weight here."

She patted on my stomach. "It is so flat."

I laughed. "So, I look pretty."

She laughed too. But I coughed instantly.

"No kidding. " She held my hand. "You see, now you are coughing. You must go to see a doctor and take care of yourself."

I did not want her to worry.

"I don't always cough. The symptom does not bother me. I am hungry. Now shall we eat?"

We had a very pleasant afternoon together.

I took her advice the next day. My colleague, Edward Chow, a military reporter, agreed to stand by the news line for me in case of any worthwhile happening for reporting.

I registered into the hospital of Taiwan University to see Doctor Lin Ching, a famous specialist of the internal diseases. I happened to know him through a lady friend who had chronic bronchitis for years and later was cured under the care of Doctor Lin.

Inside the laboratory, I had to go through a number of tests including extensive chest X-rays.

"You have a small black spot on the tip of your right lung."

Lin told me after checking on a stack of X-ray films.

I was startled.

" Is it T.....B.....?"

I was so afraid of spitting out this terrible word that almost made me tremble.

"It does not seem to be ." He replied with a smile of assurance.

"Because your skin test was negative."

I breathed a sign of release knowing that I did not have that awfully contagious disease.

He informed me that it appeared some sort of virus, probably of bronchial origin, was settling on my lung. I should take medical treatment right the way with special medicine prescriptions. Since my condition was not serious, I could continue my work; but in the meantime to reduce heavy work loads. I must take in food with balanced nutriments every day. Red meat, eggs, liver, beans, oatmeal, and spinach are highly recommended. Enough rest was essential.

"Don't expect overnight miracle," he added. "It would take some time to get rid of the infection and heal the wound. I like to see you again next week."

I left the hospital with a few packages of medicine from the pharmacy there. Also, with a mixed feeling.

Both of my bosses of the newspapers granted me two weeks "vacation." Longer if I really needed it.

"This comes from your good merit." Ming-shun Yet, publisher of China Daily News, gave me this complement.

Instead of chasing for news around town, I took the pleasure of spending more time with Jack and Lise, in a sense of making up my lack of attention for them during the months and years earlier.

We took a boat ride on the Danshui River at Bitan. We admired the skyhigh waterfall at Wulai. We went up the Yangming Mountain to admire the plum blossoms and watched the brilliant sunset. We visited the New Park and the Botanical Garden to smell the sweet fragrance of fresh flowers and palm trees. We drank coconut juice out of the coconut shell. We visited the zoo on the Round Mountain to learn about the habitation of animals.

All in all, we had such good times together that I forgot I was a

patient from the hospital. Poor Oh Bar Sang had to keep busy making all kinds of nutritious food for us every day. Her daughter, Ah Lan, could have gone to junior high school as I had offered to pay for. However, Oh Bar Sang preferred her daughter staying with us during the day to help taking care of Lise.

My cough was reduced next to nothing at the end of my vacation. It was due to the effect of the medicines I took, plus nutritions from the food and enough sleep.

Through follow-up X-rays, Dr. Lin was happy to tell me that the black spot on my lung was shrinking, later on it would form a scar, and it would stay there for the rest of my life.

"Don't overwork again to kill yourself." He advised. "Keep taking the medicines. See me again six weeks later."

Happily I felt good enough going back to work. Happy too was Edward as he could be released from the additional loads of work from me.

My vacation was over at the beginning of the third week.

TWENTY SEVEN

Death of A Giant

One of the most significant stories I ever covered on Taiwan was the death of Joseph V. Stalin, leader of the Communist party of Soviet Union, prime minister, generalissimo and dictator of the USSR. Even though I was not personally in Moscow.

Late in the evening of March 5, 1953, as I just finished my last reporting of the day at China Daily News and ready to head for China Post, a teletype in the radio room sprang up this message from the Associated Press in Moscow:

"Joseph Stalin died of cerebral hemorrhage in Kremlin at the age of 73. He was one of the most complex, powerful and controversial figures in world history."

My managing editor, Dick S.C. Chao, was not satisfied with only these few lines. He wanted more. Right the way, he directed my and Edward Chou to go out interviewing or calling people in the diplomatic circle whoever we could get a hold of for reactions on this event.

It was after 10 P.M. I picked up the phone, dialed the numbers of a few western diplomats with whom I used to be acquainted. But it was so late in the evening, some of them only answered my questions very briefly through the lines.

I dialed the number of Chinese Minister of Foreign Affairs, Dr. George K. C. Yeh. His tone of voice was rather pleasant transmitting over the wire.

"You may come."

I was fortunate to be a "native daughter" of Nanhai, Canton, Kwang-

tung Province where Dr. Yeh came from. We spoke the same Cantonese dialect when I saw him. Accordingly, it seemed that I often got a little favor from him whenever there was something happening at the international scenes.

Why were we so fussy about Stalin's death?

During my 40 minutes long interview with Dr. Yeh, plus the finding from materials in the reference room of China Daily News, I was able to put together a clear picture of this dictator of Soviet Union in my reporting.

In the course of the first half of 20th century, Stalin was one of the most influential figures on both of the eastern and western hemisphere in the international politic and military arenas. He was one of the four world powers to sponsor the United Nations organization in 1943, along with Chiang Kai Shek, China; Winston Churchill, Great Britain; and Franklin Roosevelt, the United States.

Born in the town of Gori, Georgia, to a shoemaker on December 21, 1879, Joseph V. Stalin had a poor father, Vissarion Dzhugashvili, who could hardly make a living for the family. His mother, Ekaterina, the daughter of a serf, was an illiterate and deeply religious washed woman. His father died when he was eleven years old. His mother brought him up with much tenderness and devotion choosing for him an ecclesiastical career in the Georgian Orthodox Church. He attended the parish school at Gori.

In the fall of 1894, at the age of 15, he enrolled into the theological seminary of Tiflis. Four years later, while he was still at the seminary, he joined the rank of Messame Dassy (the "Third Group"), a Georgian patriotic and socialist organization and came under the

influence of Marxism which was rapidly spreading among the Russian and Georgian intellectuals. The following year when he was about to graduate, he was expelled from the seminary because of his disloyal views.

At the turn of the century, the revolutionary movement in Russia shed the ideas of agrarian socialism preached by the Narodniks and adopted the Marxist social-democratic program, advocated by G. V. Plekhanov and Nikolai Lenin in Iskra. Lenin was the leader of the 1917 Russian Industrial Revolution and head of the Soviet government from 1917 to 1924.

Stalin was so overwhelmingly under the influence of Lenin's writing in periodicals that he translated Lenin's ideas from the Russian language into that of Georgian.

He was elected member of the Social Democratic committee of Tiflis and was arrested for his activities. While in prison, he was elected member of the Social Democratic committee guiding the movement in the whole of the Caucasus. Deported to Siberia, he escaped from there and returned to Tiflis early in 1904. Shortly after the Social Democratic party splitted into bolsheviks and mensheviks, he joined the bolsheviks.

Stalin first met Lenin in 1905. Later, in opposition to Lenin, he advocated a policy of agrarian revolution identical with that later adopted by the bolsheviks in 1917. After the defeat of the 1905 revolution, he distinguished himself as the bolshevik leader of Baku. Many times arrested and deported, he succeeded each time in escaping from the places of exile.

Prior to Lenin's death in January, 1924, Stalin was the secretary general of his party. This was a turning point in his career. As the

secretary general, he soon came to control the whole machinery of the party and through the government. He formed a triumvirate with Sinoviev and Kamenev on the purpose of debarring from power of Trotsky, who was generally regarded as Lenin's successor.

But in his last will, Lenin advised his followers to remove Stalin from the general secretariat of the party on the ground that Stalin was rude and inclined to abuse power. Supported by the other triumvirs, he retained his office nevertheless.

In the autumn of 1924, he expounded the theory of "socialism in one country" proclaiming self-sufficiency of the Russian Revolution. During 1928 to 1929, after he had defeated and expelled his enemies, he began to industrialize the USSR and to collectivize agriculture with a speed and ruthlessness. He expelled Trotsky from the USSR and forced all opposition leaders, right and left, to surrender and recant. He had become undisputed master of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republic from the late 1920s through early 1950s.

As far as foreign policy was concerned, in 1941, Stalin grappled with the dilemma between anti-Hitler coalition with the west and agreement with Hitler. At first, his diplomacy aimed at building up the anti-Hitler coalition, but finding the west reluctant to commit to an alliance with the USSR. In August that year, he struck a bargain with Hitler under which the USSR and Germany divided their spheres of influence in eastern Europe, and avoided immediate involvement in war.

The twists and turns of Stalin's foreign policy affected closely the attitude of the Communist International. After a long series of purges and expulsions, he succeeded in transforming the International

into a "monolithic" organization identifying with the interests of world Communism with his doctrines and policies. Accordingly, the Communist International supported Chiang Kai Shek during the Chinese revolution in 1925-1927 when Russian dipomacy regarded the Chinese generalissimo as its ally.

Historical records showed that Stalin's personal role in the conduct of Soviet foreign policy from 1945 to 1953 remained somewhat obscure. Communists and anti-Communists alike had seen in him the architect of the revolutions in eastern Europe and China. From the beginning, he was opposed to Tito's revolutionary policies in Yugoslavia, and he viewed without sympathy Mao Tze Tung's revolutionary strategy and tactics in China.

He was friendly with the Republic of China when he joined the Allies in 1941 against Germany. But he changed his attitude during the Yalta Conference, also known as the Crimea or Argonaut Conference.

This secret conference was jointly held by the "Big Three", Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin, at Yalta, a seaport in the southwest of Soviet Union in the Crimean Republic on Black Sea, from February 4 through 11, 1945.

A series of secret agreements was reached that was not made public in its entirety until March 1947. Among major agreements were provisions concerning the dismemberment of Germany and German reparations. On the final part of the decisions, which Stalin had bargained for, and most damaging to China were:

(1) Internationalization of the Port of Dairen, a seaport on the Liaotung Peninsula, Liaoning Province, China.

(2) Restoration to the USSR of the lease of Port Arthur as a naval

base. Port Arthur is a seaport on the Yellow Sea in northeastern China.

(3) Joint Soviet-Chinese operation of the Chinese-Eastern Railroad forming an outlet to the Port of Dairen.

In the absence of Chinese leader at the conference, such unfair decisions were brought up had stunned the Chinese people throughout the country. Chinese government strongly protested against the conference and the USSR. Of course, China refused to cooperate these decisions.

Soviet Union withdrew its diplomatic relationship with the Republic of China shortly after the Chinese National Government moved to Taiwan. On February 1, 1952, the United Nations General Assembly found the Soviet Union guilty of violation of the 1945 Sino-Soviet Treaty of Friendship and Alliance.

Eventually, just less than two months before Stalin died on March 5, 1953, President Chiang Kai Shek announced revoke of the Sino-Soviet Treaty of Friendship and Alliance and its related documents.

Unanimously, public opinions from the East and the West indicated that Stalin's passing would give the free world a good chance of deep breathing.

TWENTY EIGHT

An Adoption Shook My World

Totally exhausted in the morning of March 6, 1953, the day after I had worked myself so hard, like "finger to the bones", for the Stalin story that I barely had three hours to sleep. I wanted to stay in the bed when my children had long finished their breakfast and played around at the yard. It was Saturday, they did not have to go to school.

The only telephone at the hallway of my dorm rang.

"Telephone for you."

One of the dorm residents, Mrs. Fung Leng, called me.

On the other end of the wire was the assistant of French Minister, Joseph Siguret, Mary.

"Mrs. Chang, Mr. and Mrs. Siguret like to have you and your children for lunch at the embassy today."

"Oh.....?" I was puzzled and reluctant. Because the Sigurets never had us for lunch other than Sunday before.

"Because," Mary explained, "They will leave for France within a few days."

"Are they going on vacation?" I asked.

"No." Came the answer. "Mr. Siguret had been recalled back to Paris for other assignment. Our limousine will pick you and your children up at twelve o'clock, noon."

We had skipped three Sunday lunches at the French embassy because of my pulmonary condition and vacation. Of course now I felt obliged

to accept.

"Thank you for calling. We will be ready."

I hung up the phone.

Among a dozen reporters who covered stories around the diplomatic circles in Taipei, I was often singled out to receive special treatments that made me humble and appreciative. I supposed because I was the only lady in the group, and people tended to cast a gentle light on me.

In the case of friendship with the Sigurets, I could bring back the old days in Tientsin from early 1947 through the end of 1948. Mr Siguret was the French Consel General there. He loved Chinese music and culture. My late husband, Huang Chang, a novelist, playwright, stage director, and reporter, had struck up a strong friendship with him despite the difference of ages. Now in the capacity of Charge D'affaires of French Embassy with the rank of a Minister, he believed he should lend a protective hand for his old friend's widow, me. I was very grateful for it.

During the early 1950's, as the Chinese Communists were continuously building up powers on the mainland, some of the western countries began a cooler attitude toward Free China. France was not one of them. The way Siguret conducted his business in Taiwan for his country, very friendly and out-reaching, seemed to identify with his feeling for Free China whom he was very proud of.

On that special afternoon, he expressed sadness that he and his wife had to leave Taiwan so soon before he could start some of the projects he had in mind, such as a friendship center, and a small Chinese-French kindergarten where Chinese and French children in Taipei could learn

and play together.

Joseph Alphonse Siguret was born on September 27, 1901, in chateaux, France. His wife, Solange Si Siguret, was born on August 11, 1903, in Tours City, France. Ever since they were married in September 1932 in Hanoi, Vietnam, they were still childless.

At his golden age, Mr. Siguret once told me that he wished he and his wife had produced an heir or two, so that they would not be lonely when he retired and inevitably approached old age.

At the lunch before the chef served the main course, a dish of steamingly broilled fish, he tossed a large bowl of salad.

Abruptly, he stopped.

"How would you like us taking Siao-Mei-Mei ("Little Sister", Lise) with us to Paris?" He asked with a gleaming smile.

Such unexpected question caught me off guard.

His wife gave him a blank look as if she had never thought about it.

"What did you say?" I asked, at a loss.

"I mean giving her a long vacation in France, so you may ease up your burden for a little while."

He put down the utensils on the salad bowl, reached Lise and lifted her chin. Then he stroke her silky hair and the little bow on it, very gently.

"We love her very much," he continued. "She is such a pretty girl."

Lise returned this compliment with an amiable gaze.

I was still puzzling. Jack looked at him with curious open eyes, but listened with interest.

Since Huang passed away a little more than four years ago, I had found solace and consolation from my children. They rewarded me with happiness and comfort. I had never imagine life without them before

I could give them good education and they could grow up to have a better life of their own.

I often shed tear when I thought about Elizabeth(Beth) being left behind the bamboo curtain of the Communists on the mainland because I had to leave Tientsin without her.

"What and how do you think about my suggestion?" The minister went on continuously.

"I.....I don't know." I hesitated.

"She could be our foster daughter," he kept on. "For two years. We would take good care of her. She would be able to start ballet lessons in France at her early age.

"What? Two years?" I could not believe what I had just heard.

"Yes, two years. Take it easy." he looked straight into my eyes. "She would come back to you afterward."

It appeared that he would not stop his fancy idea. I, of course, appreciated his love for Lise and concern about me and Jack. He often treated me like an uncle to his niece. But, two years was certainly too long to set us apart.

"After two years, we will definitely send her back. Or, you may go to France and pick her up.

"I will think about it."

It was my compromised reply.

I sensed thousands of ants crawling in my head. I told him that I would have to discuss this matter with my brother, Bob, who always gave me good advice when I needed it.

I did not feel any taste at the lunch. But we finished the conversation in pleasant mood.

Luckily, there was nothing significant happening in the area of my news coverage that day. It was the less productive day of my news reporting. I could no even remember what stories I had written for my newspapers.

The following morning, I called Bob before he went to work and told him the Siguret's offering.

"That is wonderful !"

I could hear him chucking on the other end of the phone.

"You could not find such an excellent opportunity any where else or any time even if you light a lantern looking for it."

He was quoting a Chinese proverb meaning it was not easy to have such a good opportunity.

Other than this, he said nothing else.

The Sigurets were more than happy when I reluctantly gave them my agreement. Mrs. Siguret informed me she would like to take me and Lise with her shopping along during the weekend of March 7, 1953. It was Thursday when she suggested the shopping trip.

Things further developed the next day, Friday. At about six o'clock in the evening, I was sitting in the editorial department ready to do my daily reporting. A call came from the Franch Embassy for me. This time was by the Minister himself.

"Lulin, would you please come this evening?" He sounded urgent.

"My wife wants to talk to you."

Why couldn't she talk when I was there the day before? I wondered. What else was going to be said about?

"Can you take the taxi?" Mr. Siguret asked. "My driver is not available this evening."

"Yes." I felt obliged to comply. "But I have to finish my stories."

"It will be fine. We will be waiting for you."

It was almost nine o'clock in the evening. The Sigurets greeted me in their living quarter behind the office of the embassy. The living room was well lit. They appeared serious.

"We like to adopt Shiao-Mei-Mei."

Mrs. Siguret told me with a rather harsh tone of voice. She looked stern with a straight face.

"Adopt?" I almost fell out of the chair.

Adopt, what an ugly word!

I never forgot I was adopted by a pair of strangers right after I was born, even though they were my parents' friends. Two years later they died one after the other. My birth parents claimed me back and raised me with my real siblings, but the bond among us was never the same as I would like it to be. Owing to the family superstition, I was never allowed to use the surname, "Huang", and had to address my parents in their faces as "God-father" and "God-mother". Decades later, I still felt bitter about it.

"It would be only a formulation," Mr. Siguret explained. "My wife feels that we have to establish a family relationship with your little girl, so we may have a reason to take her to France with us."

"Because she is a Chinese," added Mrs. Siguret, "she does not look like us. We should have an official document to prove the bond between her and us. "

"She is your daughter, nobody could deny it." Mr. Siguret tried to convince me. "Only two years. We like her to stay with us."

"Why two years?" I further inquired persistently. "It would be such

a long time."

Mr. Siguret's large amber eyes flashed a quick gleaming at Lise and complimented her:

"She is very pretty and have a pair of long legs. She should begin learning to dance in France. Like ballet, I believe."

The way he talked, like a grand-father to his grand-daughter.

Lise was almost four years old at the time. She did have a pair of long legs comparing with other girls her age. I realized with my jobs and incomes from the newspapers I could never have a chance sending her overseas to study dancing for which I had dreamed in fantasy during my teenage years. For the past years, the warm friendship from the Sigurets toward me and my children appeared to be genuine and sincere. However, at this moment, it was serious decision for me to make.

We kept silent for a while.

"I have to think about it carefully." Finally I spoke. "I have to discuss this matter with my brother, my sister, and my bosses."

"Time is short," Mr. Siguret urged. "You should let us know by tomorrow. We have to prepare for leaving in a few days."

"Tomorrow?"

"Yes, please."

Crazily like running a marathon, I called Bob and Chinghwa again. I called my sister, Kuo-Jen and her husband, Che-Po Nung. I talked in person with my managing editor of China Daily News, Wei-Hsin Lee, as well as to China Post publisher, Nancy Yu, and the wife of my big boss of the Hong Kong newspaper, Mrs. S. L. Ho, who happened to be in Taipei at that time.

They simultaneously gave me the same courage.

Mrs Ho also encouraged me.

"Go ahead. You would never find another chance to benefit your daughter like this, even if you 'light a lantern looking for it'."

In terms of Chinese old philosophy, people thought "adoption" was only a symbol, not a permanent result. It was only a name. Besides, the Sigurets had suggested a period of two years only. Hopefully, the event would not interfere my mother-daughter relationship with my little girl gone for a short while.

I was overwhelmed by the unanimous opinion from my relatives and friends. The Sigurets were overjoyed from my final decision on Saturday night.

"I would comply."

To follow official procedures, the Sigurets, their interpreter, Mary, Lise and I went to Taipei District Court on South Chungking Road on the following Monday morning, March 11, 1953.

Since this was not a case of judicial trial at law, instead of going into the court room, we were led into the Division Section of Notary Public. Inside of the large room with marble floor, it was very chilly. We stood in front of a long bench behind which sat the Notary Public representative, Yao-Hsiang Lu, and his assistant, Chung-hsi Chan.

They seemed to be curious seeing a pair of western foreigners and three Chinese standing there.

"Why are you all here today?" Lu asked in Chinese language.

Mary stepped forward, then did the translation for both Lu and the Sigurets.

Speaking in English, Mr. Siguret stated his intention and that of his wife's for adoption. He emphasized their love and respect for Chinese

people, but did not mention the term, "two years."

Tensely, I listened with anxiety. I was terribly nervous

Assistant Chan wrote down everything from the conversation on an empty form in Chinese language. Then it came to my turn for the inquiry.

I had to tell my personal background as required. I made it as briefly as I could.

"Do you agree with everything Mr. Siguret had just said?" Mr. Lu asked, looking straightly right into my eyes.

"I guess so." I answered.

The word "yes" was hard to be spat out of my mouth. I was so frustrated.

"You mean you agree?" Lu wanted to make sure what I meant.

I nodded my head.

The next thing was signing an ADOPTION PAPER.

On the high counter, the Sigurets and I had to put our signatures on the end of a Chinese form. Lise was too young to write her own name properly. Mary had to hold her up, inked her right thumb, and pressed it on the paper below her name.

The little girl giggled as she withdrew her hand from the counter knowing not what actually happened.

"Congratulations ! "

Both of the Notary Public Lu and his assistant Chan left their seats and came down to shake hands with all of us.

My little girl was going to take a trip to France. What was there anything to be celebrated for? I was confused.

Absentmindedly, I went to work the same afternoon. But there seemed to be one thousand questions in my head that needed to be answered.

Everything took place in such a short time.

As if it had long been planned, three days later, on March 14, I was invited to an evening cocktail party at the French Embassy from 6:00 P. M. to 8:00 P. M.

When the chauffeur dropped me off by the door, what a surprise to see the parking lot of the Embassy was in full occupancy.

Within the spacious hall, a crowd of numerous well attired foreign diplomats having champagne glass on hand, chatting and moving about. They were high ranking eastern and western diplomats accompanied by their spouses. There were also a few Chinese officials from the Department of Foreign Affairs.

"Congratulations !"

As I entered the hall, I got an ovation from the crowd I never had dreamed of. Some of them moved forward to shake my hand. I was really at a lost.

"What's this for?" I whispered to Grace Jenkins, an assistant at the American Embassy who was standing by me. I knew her since I covered news from the U.S. Embassy.

"Because you had found your daughter a wonderful home."

Before I could say anything else, Mr. Siguret called:

"Come and join us, Lulin."

During most of the time at the party, the Sigurets positioned me at the center with them as one of the hosts. I was rather uneasy and embarrassed about it.

Why did they "make a mountain out of a molehill?" I thought. This was the old saying with eastern and western people alike, "Do not exaggerate something small and un-important to become big issue."

In my mind, I firmly believed, in Chinese sense, "adoption" was only a term for "temporary" engagement. But now, I realized it was a permanent thing.

I could not sleep all night. Lise and Jack were sound asleep like two angels.

My head seemed to be pounded by a heavy hammer. How could I be so naive and so stupid? How could I sign that piece of paper unconditionally without mentioning about "two years?" Could I retract what had been done? Why did people think I had found my daughter a wonderful home? As a loving mother, did I provide everything my children needed? Would my daughter be happy with them? The Sigurets were in their 50's of age, old enough to be Lise's grand-parents, would the difference of age interfere with their day to day living?

No doubt about it, the Sigurets had good intention. They loved Lise. But it was too much for me to bear.

I was a news reporter, however, the day after our court appearance, I became a news maker in the newspapers including the ones I was working for. Majority of my associates reacted with positive attitude. Some even thought it was a good decision for the East and West to meet.

I painfully considered if I asked for retraction, I had to bring the Sigurets to the court. It would be a terrible international scandal, and I could not afford to "lose my face" for it. Besides, the Sigurets were going to leave with Lise within a couple of days. They would not be available to go through the ordeal with me.

As a result, I had to lick my wound and "swallow the bitter medicine like a dummy." (Chinese proverb, meaning unable to complain.)

Lise got her passport from the Chinese government with the name of

"Lise Chu-fang Chang Siguret" on it, in Chinese and English.

Next day, Mrs. Siguret and I took her to go on a shopping spree for her new outfits and toys.

The day of departure I dreaded for was on March 16, 1953, Saturday.

Instead of flying directly to France, the Sigurets decided to take a steamship to Hong Kong first for a week or ten days. They wanted to do their own shopping there and to hire a Chinese nanny there for a short time in an attempt to let Lise get used to her caretaker like our amah, Oh Bar Sang, at home. After a temporary stay in Hong Kong, they would take the airplane for Paris.

Lise had stayed with the Sigurets at their residence overnight. They expected Jack and me to see them off at the pier. Of course, we would not want to miss the last chance.

Keelung, the bustling seaport of Taiwan less than one hundred miles north from Taipei, was extraordinarily busy and noisy that day. Huge crowd of people were standing on the dock bidding their love ones farewell bathing in the bright sun.

Bob, Chinghwa, Jack and I set off in Bob's limousine all the way from downtown Taipei. When we arrived at the harbor, the Sigurets and Lise were already on board of the ship. I was so anxious and nervous that I did not even look at the name of the ship.

The three of them were leaning against a railing waiting for us. We inched through the crowd upward on a shaky long plank. As I reached the end of it, Lise dropped her stuffed little doll and ran toward me.

"Mama, Mama....."

I picked her up, squeezed her against my body. My tears ran down on her pinkish cheek.

"Did she cry and look for me last night?" I asked Mrs. Siguret.

"A little bit." She replied. "But not to worry. She would be all right."

It had been more than three years since we frequented with the French couple. Apparently, Lise was familiar with their grand-parent like attention and friendship. She was always the center of attraction when we were at the old folks' lunch gatherings.

She did not cry much. I guessed in her little mind she thought she was going for a vacation overseas and having a good time with the Sigurets.

Momentarily, we had a little chat.

The whistle of the ship sounded off. It repeated a couple minutes later. It signaled the visitors of the passengers must leave.

I put her down, squeezing her on my legs, bending down to kiss her.

"You be good. Have a wonderful time." That was all I could utter, and force myself to murmur out this wish.

The crystal drops in my eyes blurred my vision. I could not clearly see the Sigurests when I shook their hands. Both of them returned me with a bear hug.

I nearly collapsed. Chinghwa had to help me descending from the ship. We waited on the dock until the ship disappeared out of the harbor.

I was compelled to leave Tientsin without Beth. I lost my late husband, Huang Chang, in the sea by a tragic accident. Now Lise was gone even if she could come back to me after two years.

All of these heart-breaking happenings led me to reflect a most famous and well read poem by Emperor Tang Ming of the Chinese Tang Dynasty after he lost his empire to anothe emperor.

Here was the poem:

小樓昨夜又冬風
 故國不堪回首
 雕欄玉砌應猶在
 只是朱顏改
 向君還有幾多愁
 恰像一江春水向東流

唐昭宗李後主

(Calligraphy by Reverend Charles Ho)

During Tang Dynasty's 289 years long ruling in Ancient China(618-907 AD), one of the rulers, Tang Ming Huang(Emperor Tang Ming), was a great poet with the pen name "Le Ho Chu" whose poems were highly popular and well recited.

Under his reign of 44 years(712-756), the empire had flourished with art and music, as well as economic achievements. Many distinguished poets at that time such as Li Po, Tu Fu, and Wang Wei were under his wings. But at his middle age, Emperor Tang Ming indulged with a life of extravagance and gaiety surrounded by beautiful concubines including Yang Kwei Fei.

He lost his throne to another emperor in the year of 756 AD. Badly stricken and in exile, he penned a special poem expressing his feeling of deep grief.

For some times, Emperor Tang Ming's emotional piece had touched my bleeding heart. With profound sorrow from another terrible loss in my life, I quoted his famous stanza in Chinese, and translated it into English with rhymes as closely as I could here:

"Winter wind again blew the little shanty last night.

"I couldn't bear to recollect the old country during moon bright.

"Sculptured railings and jade mosaics there should be intact,

"Only the beauties(palace ladies) change was in effect.

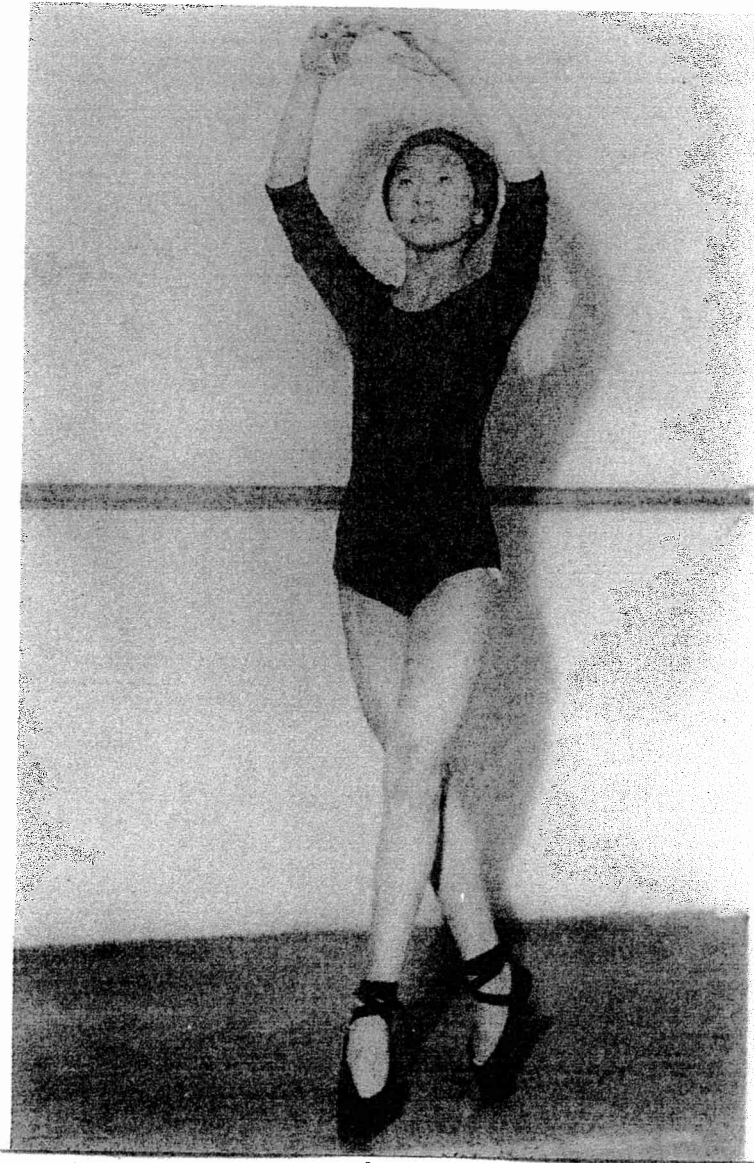
"How much more sorrow do I still have for this?

"Just like one stream of spring water rushing toward the east."

(Original Chinese version of this poem had no punctuations)



Lise Chang Sigurèt was married to
Serge Gauthier in Paris, France, on
December 20, 1968.



Lise took up ballet lessons before her teenage in Paris, and afterward. Picture showed she was in one of the practices.



Mrs. Solange Siguret took Lise for a shopping tour in the center of Paris. At the background was the famous Madeline Roman Catholic Church. 1953.



The Sigurets, Lulin and her children in Taipei on a sunny day before the Sigurets and Lise left for France, 1953



Lise with Minister Joseph Siguret at a park in Paris



Lise with Mrs. Solange Siguret at a park in Paris.



Upper: Lulin and Jack were having good time on a Sunday afternoon in New Park, Taipei, 1953.



Left: Jack showed off his boy scout uniform in a studio. He was 10 years old in Taipei.

TWENTY NINE

Impromptu Interview With Nixon

Four years after Chinese Communists set up a regime in Beijing on October 1, 1949, as the People's Republic of China, the steadfast relationship between the Republic of China on Taiwan and the United States was growing rapidly in evidence. Other than patrolling on Taiwan Strait by the 7th Fleet and the military assistances of MAAG, a number of US high ranking officials came to Taiwan for consultation or goodwill visits.

Among those people, Vice President, Richard Nixon, was the topnotch visitor set foot on the island with his wife, Patricia.

After taking over the White House office in January 1953, President Dwight D. Eisenhower sent Nixon out on a round the world junket to promote further friendship with most of the eastern and western countries. The Republic of China was one of the favorites in this respect.

It was interesting to know how Nixon rose from an ordinary middle class citizen to a prominent statesman in the history of the United States.

Richard Milhous Nixon, 36th vice president of the United States was born at Yorba Linda, California on January 9, 1913. He graduated from Whittier California College in 1934, and Duke University law School, Durham, North Carolina in 1937

He practised law in Whittier for five years. After serving as attorney in the Office of Emergency Management in Washington D. C. January

through August, 1942, he was commissioned a lieutenant in the US navy. By 1946, when he was discharged, he had been promoted to lieutenant commander. He was elected as Republican representative from California to the 80th congress in November, 1946, and re-elected two years later.

In the House of Representatives, he helped draft the Taft-Hartley Act and as a member of the Un-American activities committee played a prominent role in the investigation of the former State Department official, Alger Hiss, who was sent to prison in 1951 for perjury during his testimony before a federal grand jury on charges that he had delivered official documents to a Communist agent, Whittaker Chambers.

In November 1950, he was elected U.S. senator from California. He ran for Vice-president with the Republican presidential nominee Dwight D. Eisenhower in 1952 and was decisively elected.

Nixon became a leading spokesman of the Eisenhower administration and presided over cabinet and National Security Council meetings in the president's absence.

Nixon and his wife arrived in Taipei at noon on a sunny and balmy day in early November, 1953, for a three days visit. After landing at the airport, they were welcome by a group of Chinese top officials including Minister of Foreign Affairs, George K. C. Yeh, and assistants, American Ambassador, Karl L. Rankin, MAAG chief, Major General William C. Chase, and their subordinates. A batch of local reporters and some western wire service correspondents.

Nixon was too busy shaking hands with those dignitaries who greeted him and his wife, that he had not spent any time to give reporters a brief statement as most incoming VIPs usually did.

The couple was whisked away by motorcade to Grand Hotel at Yuan Shan

(Round Mountain) for a private welcoming lunch and rest. Late in the afternoon, close to the evening, President Chiang Kai Shek and Madame Chiang received them at the presidential residence in the outskirts of Taipei for official dinner and meeting. They were accompanied by George Yeh and Karl Rankin. No newspaper people were allowed.

Discussions took place during the Chiang-Nixon meeting in the evening.

The following morning, a joint communique was issued to the public stressing on mutual interests and strengthening of friendship between the two countries.

No press conference was given by Nixon as we duly expected on his second day of visit. We were somehow disappointed.

Instead, after lunch, he and his wife took a little time for relaxation on sightseeing, again by motorcade, over Taipei City's wide-spread and palm-lined boulevards, and some of the tourist attractions such as the National Palace Museum. I was on a van full of reporters racing behind them. Some photographers were equipped with high technical cameras.

On the same day, an evening banquet in honor of the Nixons was given by Chinese President of the Executive Yuan (premier), Chen Cheng (later on a vice president of the country) at the Taipei Guest House. More than one hundred Chinese and foreign dignitaries and their spouses were invited. I was lucky enough for getting a special permit among a small group of reporters.

Inside the stately banquet hall, it was warm and cozy with holiday atmosphere. Champagne and d'oeuvres were being served around by white uniformed waiters. Under brilliant crystal chandeliers, the Nixons stood

on the reception line with Premier Chen and Minister Yeh. They were graciously smiling and responding compliments from other guests with handshakings.

Soon, dinner was ready to be served. As Premier Chen escorted his honor guests toward the head table, I braved myself up to Nixon and quickly blurted out a few questions.

Here's how the unexpected conversation went on at the spurt of a moment:

"Mr. Nixon," I asked, "besides the official Joint Communique made public this morning, what else would you like to tell the Chinese people?"

With a broad grin, he answered:

"Both of the Chinese and American people should work closely with their governments on democracy and defending safety around the area of Taiwan Strait."

"Are you satisfied with the present situation here?"

"Yes, of course." He then quickly added: "The 7th Fleet and MAAG are doing wonderful jobs."

"Would there be more projects coming our way in the nearest future?"

"It will depend on what condition would develop and if we need more things to be done."

"Within such a short time of visit, what impression do you get on Formosa?"

"This is a very beautiful island. The people here are working hard. They are very kind and friendly."

Time was up.

I could not ask more questions when he was politely urged to take

his seat next to Mrs. Nixon.

Still greedy, I asked him to sign his name on a piece of special dinner napkin for me. Gladly he did.

This was my one-on-one interview with the Vice-President of the United States. It was one of my news scoops before I left Taiwan for the U.S. on January 14, 1954.

Nixon had conferred with Rankin and Chase at the lunch in Grand Hotel. He got a earful reports with documents to be submitted to Eisenhower.

The third day, prior to their departure, the Nixons visited the American establishments in Taipei. And, again, had brief meeting with Rankin and Chase.

Nixon was elected as President of the United States in 1970. He and his the then national security adviser, Henry Kissinger, visited Beijing in 1972.

Subsequently, he was successful in persuading the Chinese Communists to open up the Bamboo Curtain for the rest of the world.

This historic and memorable event had enabled my re-union with Beth along with her children in Hong Kong, July, 1976.

The painful separation had lasted twenty seven and a half years.



Lulin Walter interviewed U. S. Vice
President, Richard Nixon, in Taipei,
Taiwan, the Republic of China, in
November, 1953.

THIRTY

Hello, San Francisco

With a background of thirteen years in literary and journalistic experiences over Mainland China and Taiwan, at the age of early 30's I suddenly could not think of where I should head for in the midst of a dilemma.

My sympathetic boss, General Sai-La Ho, owner of my Hong Kong newspaper, and its publisher, Te-Woo Hu, encouraged me to take up journalistic study in the United States. Based on my performances at work, the newspaper rewarded me with a lump sum of scholarship of US\$1,500.00. At that time, this was considered to be a large amount of money which was worth of \$12,000.00 Hong Kong dollars, or \$60,000.00 Taiwan dollars.

They believed a two years advanced studies in the United States would benefit me for my future work in Hong Kong and Taiwan after I return. I, in the meantime, thought this would be my opportunity to change paces for my career direction.

Through my college transcripts, I was accepted by the College of Journalism at Missouri University, Kansas City, Missouri. Also, by the College of Journalism, Marquette University, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Both admissions were for post-graduate schools. Both of them were renowned in the field of journalistic studies.

Reverend R. Murphy of the Jesuit Church on Taiwan strongly recommended that I should go to Marquette on account of its higher achieve-

ment and spiritual standard. Jesuit is a member of Roman Catholic religious order. Father Murphy had great confidence that Marquette, a Catholic university, would be of better advantage for me. Other than that, Missouri University had asked US\$600.00 entrance fee for which I did not have.

In the early 1950's, Chinese college students intending to study in the United States was neither a easy nor simple thing. Besides being accepted by a university there, passport applicants had to go through a comprehensive examination given by Chinese Ministry of Education that was much tougher than the U.S. SAT(Scholastic Aptitude Test).

Within the huge hall of a public building, approximately four hundred applicants including myself were sweating over our desks to work on the exam. In a high stack of papers, there were hundreds of questions to be answered, and hundreds of puzzles to be worked out. The subjects included Chinese and English literature, history, geography, mathematics, biology, physics, political science, and current events of the United States, and of the world as well.

A number of examiners patrolled around to make sure no cheating would take place. Test time was limited. We had to work as fast as we could. When the given period of time was up, the bell rang. Everyone had to stop, no matter whether you finished with the examination.

I was very nervous and anxious, but finished every item on the exam.

One week later, the result of the exam made public on the local newspapers. Among 300 winners, my name was listed Number 3. I was overjoyed. So was Jack. He took the page on China Daily News running around our dorm to show everybody there the good news.

I obtained my passport a few days later from the Ministry of Foreign

Affairs, The Republic of China.

Next step was to apply for a visa from the American Embassy. This time, the applicants had to go through an English oral examination given by the American Information Office in Taipei. The applicants were asked how much they knew about the country of the United States? What universities would they attend? In what fields were they going to study for? Could they understand English good enough for their studies? Did they have enough financial support while there so they would not become public subjects of issue? How long would they plan to stay in the U.S.? Did they plan to work while doing studies in school?

As expected, I had no problem on passing this last examination.

Now it came back to reality. What would I do about Jack? Would I be so selfish to leave him behind? To whom should I entrust for his care? Should I give up this once in a life time opportunity to study abroad? I was convinced I should not turn down my newspaper's generous offer of helping me for my future ahead.

Luckily, my avidly supportive brother, Bob, volunteered to take care of Jack for the entire length of time during my absence abroad. Jack, almost ten years old, did not mind about me leaving. For years he had been so close to his uncle, aunt and cousins, he seemed to become a part of the Huang's family since his father passed away. On the contrast, he was very excited about his mother going to the "Gold Mountain", San Francisco, as Chinese people called it. It was the destination of my first leg of journey landing on American soil. He might think some day he could also be there.

Honestly, deep in the bottom of my heart, I was looking forward to be back to the beautiful island after two years. I determined to "claim"

Lise back to me no matter the effort.

When I obtained the visa, it was well into the fall season in school. I had to wait until the following January to enroll into Marquette for the Spring semester.

Transaction of my jobs on Taiwan went smoothly. Du-shen Huang, my co-worker for the Hong Kong paper as chief of bureau, took over my assignments in addition to his own. Edward Chow covered my diplomatic territories in addition to his military beats for China Daily News. So far as China Post was concerned, I was only a part-time reporter. There was no problem for Nancy to find a replacement on me.

As the day of departure close by, a surprised going away luncheon party was given to me by a group of lady reporters at the famous "House of Reporters." They were the friends I came across every once in a while when they covered national news.

The staff of editorial department at China Daily News sent me off with a big "bang." We discussed what we had accomplished during the years gone by. We discussed what would lie ahead in the future of the journalism in Free China and in the world as well. I deeply appreciated their friendship, their understanding and their support all along.

On the Sunday morning of my departure, January 15, 1954, I did not want Jack to see me off at the airport, so that mother and son would not have to go through the agony of separation in the public. He seemed to understand.

After breakfast, Bob and Chinghwa came to my dorm. They were going to take Jack with them to their house.

My boy and I hugged together closely. We kept silent for a while. We walked through the yard toward a waiting taxi at the door.

Bob's limousine from the bank was parking alongside of the curb.

I did not have the heart to open my mouth first. There was a big lump in my throat.

Finally, Jack spoke first, waving his hand:

"Gijan(good-bye), Mama."

Again, I tried very hard to hold back my tears. But I couldn't.

This was another heartbreaking moment in my life. I could never forget.

I wiped his cheeks and mine with the sleeve of my coat, then forced out a weak smile.

"Have good time with Uncle Bob and Aunt Chinghwa. And your cousins."

It was the only thing I could utter out.

As he and Bob and Chinghwa sped away, I slumped into the taxi and told the driver:

"Sungshan Airport, please."

Inside the cabin of China Airlines, I was seated next to Anna Chennault, wife of General Claire L. Chennault, the famous boss of the US Flying Tigers. I met Anna when we were covering stories in Shanghai after the Japanese surrendered, occasionally at the office of Shanghai mayor, K. C. Woo, during press briefings. She was a correspondent for Central News Agency at the time.

Knowing I was a new visitor to the United States, during the trans-Pacific flight, she was trying to inform me some of the "Do's and Don'ts about the US custom and etiquette. However, I was pre-occupied by a million of other things.

In my mind, I asked myself:"What kind of a mother am I?" "How could I leave my last child on Taiwan and go so far away?" "As a widow, how

could I raise my children alone, yet, pursue a professional career?" "Am I selfish?" "Am I a beast?" "Are there people pointing their fingers to me?" "How could I explain what I am doing?"

Such self-examination went on and on. I felt sick when the food was served. Eventually, I fell asleep.

Early next morning, the plane landed on Honolulu, Hawaii, for passenger entry inspection and transfer. It took me, as well as the other passengers, a few hours before we could continue our flight to the inland USA, San Francisco, where I checked into YWCA for three days before taking the train heading for Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

By the end of my first year at Marquette, I was bitten by a love bug from an American bachelor, John Sidney Walter. He (now happily up on Heaven) was the younger brother of my schoolmate, Margaret L. Walter. Margaret was studying nursing at Marquette Graduate School. We met a few times at a mutual study course in the classroom. She was fascinated about the oriental culture. So was John.

I never dreamed of becoming a member of the Walter family until it actually happened on November 3, 1956. In a beautiful church, St. Francis Xavier, in Petoskey, Michigan, Reverend Karl Hugolinus officiated the simple ceremony of our wedding.

My younger son, Alexander D. Walter, came into our life on June 5, 1959. Thus, reluctantly, I had to close the chapters of my life in China, then began my new chapters in the United States.

Subsequently, years later, my three older children and I re-united, one by one, in the "golden mountain" USA.



Taipei lady reporters posed with Lulin (third from right, front row) after giving her a farewell dinner at the House of Reporters.



1951, Staff of the editorial department at China Daily News, Taipei, Taiwan. Nancy Yu Huang (back, second from left) and husband, Y.P. Huang (first left in front), later were founders of the China Post, an English language newspaper. Lulin was at the right side of Nancy.



Lulin had a parting shot with her boss, publisher Min S. Yet (4th front left, front) and her colleagues on the front ground of China Daily News in 1954.



LULIN CHANG WALTER
The author
1998



Older daughter, Elizabeth(Beth), was rehearsing ethnic dance in Urumchi, Sinkiang Province. She was sent there during the Chinese Communist's culture revolution. This picture was sent to Lulin through her cousin in Hong Kong. 1957.

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