

My Stories

Especially for my kids

**Stories of our family serving
Jesus on 3 continents**

**Memoirs
of C. W. Callaway, Jr.**

**You can view, download, & print
each of these chapters & others
as they are written & posted at**

www.motherteacher.org

Many pictures there are in color



1920's Texas



1948 England



1949 China



1959 Thailand



1961 Egypt



2008 California



C W – 2012

INTRODUCTION TO MY STORIES

**The memoirs of a missionary family
among the Mien People
by C W Callaway, Jr**



Lois – 1989

I plan to write of our family's experiences in several world locations. This first installment contains introductory information. I propose to write the chapters following this in chronological order as the Lord sees fit.

They are to be published semi-periodically on our web site <http://motherteacher.org/>.

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Introduction

When one gets to be my age (which is 95 as I am finalizing this section) he usually has lots of stories to tell – but no one wants to hear them! I have 16 grandchildren and 3 of them live near me. But when I say to them “Have I ever told you about the time that your Uncle Mark and I swam over the mountains?” They may say, “No, Granddaddy, not again. We’ve heard that story a hundred times already.” So where does an old preacher go to tell his stories?

About 15 years ago (in the early 2000s) I wrote the following:

My dear grandchildren and great grandchildren,

You will have to blame Aunt Cinda for these pages. She put me up to it. She said Grandmother had written a lot about our experiences but she knew I had some stories too and should write them for you kids.

So from here on you are on your own. Don’t blame me if you get bored. That will be your own fault if you keep reading.

*But remember I love you all,
Your old Granddaddy / Great Granddaddy
(a.k.a. – C. W. Callaway)*

*P.S. to Cinda,
How am I doing so far? I got all the above written in September 2002. Maybe if you keep pushing I’ll eventually get some at least of these stories written.*

*Love,
Daddy*

*P.P.S. to everybody else,
You are welcome to read these tales too – if you dare. They are not family secrets.
Jesus loves you and I love you too,*

C. W. Callaway

I dedicate these pages to:

My dear grandchildren:

Angela, Bethany, Joshua,
Rhonda, Ben, Robin, Melody,
Tina, Dorina, Enoch,
Michael, Rachel, Nathan,
Mindy, Jason, Joey.

And my precious great grandchildren:

Allen,
Sarah, Stephanie, Trent,
Nathanael, Caleb, Shyrah, Joel,
Janessa, Micah, Alysha,
Karina, Luke,
Alyssa, Jayden. Erika

And my great great grandchild:

Jasmine

And most of all to our

wonderful triune God:

Creator, Savior, and Guide --

Father God, Jesus Christ, and the Holy Spirit

I want to thank all who helped in any way with this including:

My dear wife Lois who was the joy of my life and who kept me focused on the Lord.

My kids and their spouses – without them I would have had so few stories worth telling.

My granddaughter Bethany for compiling the basic facts for each decade.

All others who helped in any way

CALLAWAY FAMILY TIMELINE

SOME FAMILY DATES PRIOR TO OUR BIRTHS

- 1880'S** Lois' father, Harry McDonald Elkerton, was born in Rugeley, Staffordshire, England March 1, 1886
CW's mother Laura Alice Records was born in Peru, Kansas December 10, 1887
CW's Father Charley Watley Callaway Sr. was born in Kaufman County, Texas October 3, 1888
- 1890's** Lois' mother, Lura Genevieve Groves, was born February 22, 1893 in Milford Indiana
- 1910's** CW's parents married in Ochiltree, Texas November 6, 1910. Their first 3 children were born there:
Burl Cullen November 13, 1914, Lela Irene (Maggie) July 13, 1916; Cleo Arthur (Cert) June 30, 1918
The marriage of Lois' parents was probably in the mid-1910's

World War I: 28 June 1914 – 11 November 1918

- 1919** Most homes and businesses in Ochiltree moved north to become the new town of Perryton, Texas

TEXAS and COLORADO

- 1920** **8/12 C W born in Perryton, Texas** **First radio broadcast in Pittsburgh, PA**
- 1921** **11/24 Lois Nadine Elkerton born** in sod house in Adena, Morgan County, Colorado
- 1922ff** C W's 3 younger siblings were also born in Perryton:
Thad Avery on 4/3/22; Max Leron on 11/27/23, and Dallas Records on 4/28/27
Three of Lois' siblings were also born in Adena, Colorado: (June Laverne was born 6/8/20 but died 1/20/21) Keith Wyllis Elkerton on 10/26/1923 and Eunice Elkerton Bourquin on 1/28/1927.
First Talking Movie was in 1927.
- 1923** Dorothy Uhlig born 11/19/1923
- 1925** 4/25/25 Imogene Williams born near Hodgenville, KY
- 1929** Elkerton family moved to Ft. Morgan, Colorado. before Dec. 1929
since Lois' youngest brother, Elmer Kenneth Elkerton, was born 12/12/1929 in Ft Morgan CO
The Great Depression 1929 to early 1940's. Began on Black Tuesday, 9/29/1929
- 1931** **CW was baptized into Christ in Perryton, TX**
Lois spent 2 years with Aunt in Indiana around this time.
The Dust Bowl was through much of the 1930's. Worst was Black Sunday, 4/14/1935
- 1932** **Callaway Family moved to Canadian, Texas**
- 1937** CW's sister, Lela, married Wallace "Jiggs" Caldwell Nov 6, 1937
- 1938** **C W graduated Canadian (Texas) High School as valedictorian**
CW's brother, Burl, married Mildred Johnston on Jun 3, 1938
- 1939** **Lois graduated Ft. Morgan,. Colorado high school**
World War II: September 1, 1939 – September 2, 1945

OKLAHOMA

- 1938** **Fall - CW entered Phillips University, Enid, Oklahoma.**
- 1939** **Fall – Lois entered Phillips.** Lois and CW met in Student Volunteer meetings
- 1940** CW student-pastor at Christian Church, Cache, OKLAHOMA
- 1941** CW student-pastor at Christian Church, Glencoe, OKLAHOMA
Japan attacked Pearl Harbor on December 5, 1941. Then US entered World War II
- 1942** **5/28 CW and Lois married in Davis Park Christian Church, Enid, Oklahoma**
- 1943** **5/8 First son, Lelan, born in Stillwater, Oklahoma**
CW received BA degree end of May at Phillips.
We visited family in Canadian, Texas and Ft Morgan, Colorado

OHIO and INDIANA

- 1943** August – Traveled by train Colorado to Ohio; **CW entered Cincinnati Bible Seminary**
- 1944** **CW was student-pastor at Syria and Bethel Christian Churches, Orleans, Indiana**

1945 **U.S. dropped atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki.**
 Germany and Japan surrendered ending World War II

1946 **CW and Lois received BSL degrees from Cincinnati Bible Seminary.**
Family traveled in old Model A Ford from Indiana to Ft. Morgan, Colorado
Second son, Mark, was born in Brush CO June 22nd.
CW visited many churches seeking support. We sailed from New York, Dec. 27/46

ENGLAND – Began first term abroad

1947 **Stormy seas. 8 days to England. January 5, 1947 arrived Southampton, England.**
CW studied at Missionary School of Medicine, London Homeopathic Hospital,
Great Ormond St., London, England. Both studied Burmese with Burmese teacher.
Lelan in pre-school and learned some French! **Cinda Lott Callaway born in Boise, ID 7/21/47**

BURMA

1948 Sailed from Liverpool, England on SS Burma Feb. 11, 1948. By Gibraltar.
Stopped Pt. Said, Egypt and Sudan. In March stopped in Aden and Colombo, Ceylon. Due to
propeller problems got free vacation there. **After total of 55 days from England arrived Rangoon,**
Burma (Now Yangon, Myanmar) on Apr. 6, 1948. Permission to work in Kachin state of Burma
was refused so we had to move on. Lois & boys had 4 months in Burma & CW 5 months.

CHINA

1948 **Lois, 2 boys on 8/10/48 flew Rangoon to Kunming.**
CW left Rangoon 9/7/48 by truck to Pegu, train to Mandalay, then by another truck via Lashio to
China border over Burma Road and **he arrived Kunming on 9/23/48**
We began study of Chinese and helped with village witness there.
Lora Banks & Imogene Williams sailed for China 12/48 arrived Kunming 2/49

1949 We hired workmen to build boxes with expectation of moving by horse to tribes near
Burma border. **Third child, Joyce, born in Lutheran hospital on July 5, 1949.**
Lois began teaching Lelan first grade at home.
9/7/49 flew to Canton, Kwangdong, China. Could not land in Hong Kong –typhoon!

HONG KONG

1949 **9/8/49 by train Canton, China to Hong Kong.** Still very windy from typhoon!
Spent September seeking direction as to next move – Calcutta, India or Thailand?
Imogene & Chien Li Ping later joined us in Hong Kong.
Communist takeover of China completed in Dec. 49

THAILAND – Still in our first term abroad

1949 After 21 days in Hong Kong we, plus Imogene Williams and Chien Li Ping, boarded SS
Hoi Wong about 10/8/49. Sailed by Hainan Island to Haiphong, up Saigon River to Saigon, then
arrived Bangkok near Silom Road on Oct. 18th. Stayed 2 weeks at YWCA, then rented a house
in Bangkok and began Thai studies with Kru Tat.
In Dec. CW made exploratory visit to Chiangmai and Chiangkham.
Korean War was 1950-53

1950 After 6 months in Bangkok we all traveled by train, truck, and then ox cart to **arrive in**
Chiangkham on May 10th Lelan's Birthday enroute. Stayed Paw Plang shed in market for week
or so (to provide entertainment for the locals) then rented house at Sam Yaek (T junction). We
studied Thai there with Kru Sing Gao. I made first trip to Phulangka Mien village.

3/10/50 John Goddard born in Georgia; 4/10/50 Nick Nicholson born Ashland, OR;
6/6/50 Jan Rhoades Callaway. Lois was teaching Lelan 2nd grade at home.

1951 Dorothy Uhlig arrived Bangkok on March 30th. She had graduated from Biola (Bible Institute of Los Angeles) and from nursing and later a midwifery course. Dorothy and Imogene lived then at the Sam Yaek house and later opened clinic there. We moved south a few doors to a house where there is now a bank at the corner of the lane into CYDC.

Fourth child, Jeni, born in Chiangkham June 15. Dorothy delivered her with Imogene's help. We studied Thai, Northern Thai, and later some Mien. In October Lois & I with few carriers & Jeni in a basket walked 10 days through Thai, Hmong, Mien villages via Ban Huak to Tzanfuville & back via Ban Ngao & through "Jeni's creek"

Later I with Thai workmen started building a bamboo and thatch house in Tzanfuville.

On November 29, 1951 Garland and Dorothy Bare arrived in Bangkok. They lived with us there until we made our first move to the Mien mountain village in 1952. In Dec. 1951 or early in 1952 Garland and I made an exploratory/evangelistic trip through the border mountains north of Chiangkham to Chiangkhong and south to Pua in Nan Province.

1952 We lived 7 months in that bamboo shack in Tzanfuville. When we moved back down to Chiangkham at the end of that year prior to David's birth then we lived with Bares until leaving for our first furlough in 1953. **Lelan was in grade 4, Mark grade 1 at home.**

Mel & June Byers arrived in Chiangkham in 1952. They rented and lived in the house which years later became the Christian Clinic. Mel & Garland on a mountain trip met Nai Jan Tha, a N.Thai Shaman, whom they later converted & who became a clinic helper.

1953 Fifth child David born in Chiangkham Feb. 17. Dorothy delivered him with Imogene's help. May 7 we flew to U.S. via Tokyo, Japan. We were separated on plane so Jeni dismantled a lady's corsage while going between Lois and me while we were sleeping. P.S. The lady was not happy at all! We celebrated Lelan's 10th birthday in Japan and Honolulu enroute and arrived that day May 8 in San Francisco.

That ended our first term abroad. Left NY 12/27/46. To SF 5/8/53 = 6 yrs 4 mo +

Had lived in England 1/5/47 to 2/11/48 = 1 year, 1 month +; In Burma 4 mo.+;

In China 8/10/48 to 9/7/49 = 1 yr+ 27 days; In HK 21 days; Voyages & flights = 75 days;

In Thailand 10/18/49 to 5/7/53 = 3 yrs, 6 ½ months.

When leaving NY in 1946 we had only 2 sons. When we returned had 3 sons & 2 daughters.

USA – First Furlough Fast Track

1953 5/8/53 arrived SF. Visited Ft. Morgan & Canadian. Then for 3 months from 6/8/53 Attended Summer Institute of Linguistics, Norman, OK. – lived in college dormitory.

For 6 months from 9/53 Lived in rented apartment in Canadian, TX. Lelan in grade 5, Mark grade 2 (their first public school) in Canadian, TX. to Mar. 54 I visited many churches.

1954 First furlough in U.S. was 5/8/53 to 3/?/54 = about 10 months

THAILAND – Term 2

1954 We sailed 3/54 on M/S Steel Executive from Oakland, CA for 3 or 4 weeks via Saigon, Vietnam and arrived Sichang, Thailand on 4/11/54. In 1953 Garland & Mel had explored Hmong areas in Nan province. Bares then moved in March 1954 to Pua in Nan Province. Don & Roberta Byers arrived and lived in Ban Gorm, Chiangkham

For about 5 months + our family lived in Chiangkham at corner of road to Nan & lane to Christian Clinic where we and Bares had lived previously. I with workmen was building our house in Tzanfuville. **Lelan in grade 6, Mark grade 3 at home.**

1955 **We moved to Tzanfuville.** Geoffrey Bare was born in 1955 and Corinne Bare in 1956.

1956 Lelan finished grade 7, Mark grade 5, Joyce grade 2, & Jeni kindergarten at home.

I took Lelan & Mark (10 day trip!) to Chiangmai Children's Center in rainy season.

Don & Roberta Byers moved to Nan Province to work with Khamu tribe.

1957 Lelan finished Grade 8 & Mark grade 6 at CCC; Joyce did grade 3 & Jeni grade 1 at home. Mark, Joyce, Jeni went to CCC that fall.

1958 Lelan started Freshman year of High School at home. Mark entered grade 7, Joyce grade 4, Jeni grade 2 at CCC. That fall Lelan & David went with Lois & me on a 10 day plus mountain trip to Pua, Nan Province. It must have been part of that school year that we lived in a rented home in Chiangmai?

Dorothy Sterling arrived in Thailand in 1958. She worked with the T'in/ Lua tribe in Nan for awhile and then worked in Chiangmai until her death in Nov. 1972.

1959 It must have been early in 1959 that our 3 youngest (Joyce, Jeni, David) and Rinda Byers were baptized at Hidden Valley pool. **6/3/59 Lois took Lelan & Mark from Bangkok to Woodstock School in Mussoorie, India.** Lelan was Freshman. Mark in 8th grade, They had 3 days in Rangoon enroute. Other children in Chiangmai Children's center. Joyce grade 5, Jeni grade 3, David first grade. **8/30 Cathy Connelly Callaway born St. Paul, MN**

1960 5/29/60 Lois took all 5 kids to India. I followed to there on 6/29/60. While we were there Lela called to say that my brother Thad had died on 8/20/60. Lois & I flew back from Calcutta to Bangkok on 9/10/60. That winter Nai Amphur asked us to move from mountain area due to communist advances so we moved back down to Chiangkham. From 9 or 10/54 to late 1960 or early 1961 = 6 years + our home had been in Tzanfuville.

After that we lived in a house on East side of Road to Nan but opposite the lane to Christian Clinic until we had built our own house in Chiangkham?

David & Deloris Filbeck arrived in 1960. After two years of language study in Bangkok they moved to Nan Province to work with the Lua people. Harry & Lillie Schaeffer upon having to leave India worked among Indians in Bangkok from 1960-63.

1961 Lelan brought his siblings back to Thailand on 5/?/61. He had finished 10th grade at Woodstock in India. Mark finished 9th, Joyce 6th, Jeni 4nd, David 2nd grade

4/11/54 to 5/21/61 = 7 years 1 mo + in Thailand during second term.

LONG TRIP VIA MID-EAST & EUROPE TO USA

1961 5/21/61 to 7/5/61 = 6 week sight-seeing trip. Whee!

Can you imagine anybody being so stupid? 2 grown adults taking 5 kids from 8 to 18 years of age on a whirlwind trip to 15 + countries in 42 days? Well once was enough. We were the typical American tourists – i.e. aim to see 1 (or more) countries per day & take lots of pictures! We made stops in India, Iran, Lebanon, Syria, Jordan, Israel, Egypt, Greece, Italy, Switzerland, Austria, Germany, France, Holland ?, Belgium, England, Scotland, Greenland, & to New York. Saw Hamlet at Stratford on Avon. Failed to even see the Lochness Monster! Saw all the museums in Europe. (Or so the kids grumbled!). Arrived back on U.S. soil in New York on 7/5/61 thus:

Second term abroad was 3/?/54 to 7/5/61 = 7 years & approx. 4 months

Was mainly in Thailand but included travels & times in India.

USA – 2nd Furlough Fast Track

1961 We had arrived back in U.S. on 7/5/61. From Fall 1961 we lived in Ellettsville, Indiana. Lois went 2 semesters to Indiana Univ. I studied fall term then did deputation in churches across the country.

1962 In spring Lelan completed grade 11, Mark grade 10, Joyce grade 7, Jeni grade 5, & David 3rd grade at Ellettsville, IN. **Lelan remained in U.S. & entered Navy on 8/15/62. For most of the next 4 years to 8/31/66 he was based in San Diego, CA**

THAILAND – Term 3

Vietnam War was going on for much of 1960's & 1970's

1962 5/17 to 18/62 Lois & I with 4 children flew from San Francisco via Haneda, Japan & Hong Kong to Bangkok. From 6/14 to 8/7/62 Lois took the 4 children to Woodstock School, India. & stayed nearly 2 months with them there. Mark entered 11th grade, Joyce 8th grade, Jeni 6th grade, David 4th grade. We must have started building house in Chiangkham about this year. 9/5/62 Rhonda Bolton Callaway Corder born = 1st grandchild.

The basic revision of the Thai Old Testament was completed. Garland had helped especially with Flora & Fauna terms.

1963 4/30 to 6/6/63 Lois went to pick up children in India (Via Calcutta) She was gone almost 5 weeks. **Year of 63-64 children in Bangkok International School.** Mark graduated 12th grade, Joyce completed 9th, Jeni 7th, David 5th. **We rented house in Bangkok and Lois stayed with kids there. Lelan was in Memphis & San Diego Passed GED & attended San Diego Jr. college & graduated from Ellettsville HS after few college credits.**

Imogene moved to Pua, Nan to become the housemother of 7 Hmong children in dorm there. Garland was in hospital enroute to have surgery for kidney stones when he passed the stones while on stretcher – so surgery canceled! They spent 1 month plus in Israel studying flora & fauna of Bible. Hosted by American Bible Society in New York and society helped to complete his book on that subject and to publish it. Spring of 1964 Garland did pre-med in Wheaton, IL. That fall they returned to Thailand and Garland entered Chiangmai Medical Center.

1964 Mark started work with US advisors to the Thai Border Patrol.

64-65 Joyce in 10th, Jeni in 8th, David in 6th at ISB. All 3 stayed at Baptist Hostel.

1965 Joyce completed 10th grade, Jeni 8th, and David 6th. Jeni in 9th grade ISB for 1st semester. Then out 2nd semester with Amoeba.

7/14/65 Robin Bolton Callaway born = 3rd grandchild

1966 Lelan out of navy 8/31/66 & in Amarillo College 9/1/66 to 6/67.

1967 Joyce graduated ISB. Jeni completed 9th grade, David 8th grade. Stayed Hostel.

Filbecks moved to Chiangmai and later opened Bible College there.

Mark began with MRDC and stayed in Thailand while the rest of us went to US.

6/19 to late July = 4 weeks on a ship SS Laos. In Hong Kong 6/24, Yokohama 7/1-5, Honolulu 7/12. Changed ships in Yokohama.

Third term 5/17/62 late July 1967 = 5 years + 2 months.

USA – 3rd Furlough Fast Track

1967 7/20+/67 to 6/13/68 = 10 months + furlough in U.S. – We again lived in Ellettsville, IN Joyce, Lois, & I studied at Ind. Univ. I also did much deputation in churches. Robert & Betty Morse & 3 sons lived in Bloomington & he also attended Ind. Univ. **Lelan in Texas Tech 9/67 to 5/31/69.**

THAILAND – Term 4

1968 6/13/68 Just Lois & I left U.S. by air. Stops in Haneda, Japan & Hong Kong

6/16/68 arrived in Bangkok. We stayed 11 months in Thailand.

Spring of 68 Joyce completed Freshman college at IU, Jeni grade 10 & David grade 9 at Ellettsville High. Joyce stayed summer of 1968 with Paul & Helen Records & fall term stayed in dorm as Sophomore at Texas Tech Lubbock. 1968-69 Jeni did 11th grade at Canadian High and David 10th grade at Coronado HS, Lubbock & lived with Lelan in mobile home at Records house.

Imogene adopted Tina (father N. Thai, mother Lue).

March 1968 Garland graduated from medical course. King Phumiphon Adunyadet conferred his and other medical degrees. Lois and I served as 'in loco parentis.' Later he served for a month at Tom Dooley hospital in Houei Sai, Laos. Then in 1969 he interned in Omaha, Nebraska.

USA – 4th Furlough

1969 5/15-19/69 Lois & I (& Mark) returned to U.S. Stops in Hong Kong & Haneda, Japan. 5/19/69 arrived SF for short 4 month home leave. Lived in Amarillo mansion arranged by Burl just south of golf course. Celebration meal there. **Celebrated Lelan's Graduation in Lubbock 5/31 and Lelan & Cinda's wedding at WACC, Amarillo on June 6, 1969. I officiated. Lelan began with Amoco June 16.**

Mark studied at U of Plano near Dallas, TX & North Central College Naperville, Illinois
Joyce had transferred to West Texas State University in Canyon Texas for Spring semester as sophomore. Cinda had lived close to the dorm in Canyon & was doing her masters? Jeni University of Plano & met John Goddard there
David – was in 11th grade at ISB and lived in hostel.

THAILAND – TERM 5

1969 8/26-28/69 = 2 days. CW by air to Bangkok via, Hong Kong. 9/24-30/69 = 6 days Lois, Joyce, David by air to Bangkok via Haneda, Taipei, Manila, Hong Kong.
Mel & June Byers family returned to U.S. from Thailand ministry. Don & Roberta Byers had returned previously.

1970 Joyce Helped sew handbags etc for Embroidery project took some Maryland University extension courses and an Ozark Bible College class. Jeni In Thailand. Made trips to Laos, Malaysia, Singapore. David entered 12th grade at ISB Stayed with Mom in Apt in Bangkok. Virgilio and Esther de los Santos arrived in Thailand from the Philippines to work in Nan & Chiangmai. Garland in charge of C&MA Maranatha Clinic in Khon Khaen, N.E. Thailand.

1971 9/22-10/11/71 = 3 week vacation in Penang/ Malaysia for CW & Lois.
I officiated at wedding of Noi (Warunya/Nola) to Sompong Potikom 10/30 in Chiangkham.
Mark married Beverly Lewis/McCulla in Hatch, New Mexico & started working construction jobs. She had 3 children, Ben, Robin, & Rhonda
Joyce married Max (Nick) Nicholson at Kao Yai (Big Mountain) National Park, Korat, Thailand on 4/21/71. They later went to Del Rio Texas where Nick was stationed in US Airforce
Jeni Worked Univ. of Plano Library & studied Montessori. **Jeni & John married in S. Carolina 10/17/71. David Graduated HS ISB 6/2,** Traveled to Europe and back to Thailand
Garland in charge of Pua hospital 1971-74.

1972 2/24 to 3/9/72 = 2 weeks CW & David only via ? & Gatwick, UK to N.Y.
6/7/72 = 1 day Lois flew to U.S. Term 5 for Lois = 2 years & 8 months + CW=2 ½ years
Dorothy Sterling died in Chiangmai in November.

USA – 5th Furlough

1972 Mark started his own construction framing business, followed jobs in Albuquerque; Kyle, South Dakota; Medford, Oregon; and others
Joyce – Nick out of Airforce. They moved to Medford, OR
Jeni/John lived Darlington SC Substitute teaching & Damascus House Ministry
7/13/72 Koi Lin Saeyang-Goddard born in Laos.

David traveled and worked with Mark to Albuquerque, Kyle SD, Medford OR. Family reunion July(?) Medicine Bow WY. **Angela born in Wheaton, IL 10/1/72 = 4th grandchild but 1st of our blood line.** We and Bess Lott visited her soon after.
CW & Lois returned to BKK on 11/16 to 18/72.

THAILAND – TERM 6

1972 11/18/72 CW & Lois arrived Bangkok from US

1973 1/27 to 2/20/73 = 24 days **LOIS TO S. VIETNAM** for SIL literacy workshop in Nha Trang (?) Via Saigon. Visited Mien at Ban Methuot.

Jan. 28/73 cease fire went into effect in Vietnam War.

Lelan/Cinda in Wheaton, IL. Mark in Wheaton & Chicago, IL He did construction work & Building methods/materials and attended College of DuPage.

Christina born in Medford, OR 3/3/73. Michael born in Darlington SC 10/29/73

David Medford OR, Then Wheaton IL with Lelan and Mark. Worked for Plastofilm Industries.

1974 Lelan - **Bethany born in Wheaton 3/16/74.** 5/1/74 to 2/28/75 family was in London, UK. Lelan worked for Amoco accounting Dept.

Mark bought and moved to 40 acre property in Martinstown Missouri. Worked for Lick-Skillet & Button-Ridge more construction work for farmers and lakefront vacation homes. Then with CAPP & Wausau. Got involved with Earth Shelter & energy efficient construction methods.

Joyce **Dorina born in Ashland, OR.** Jeni/John in Darlington, SC

David Went to Martinsville MO worked with Mark then went to Miami for about 3+ months with stops in SC and VA. Went back in Oct to MO and worked with Mark.

The Bare family returned to U.S.

The Fall of Saigon on April 30, 1975 marked the end of the Vietnam War

1975 7/5/75 Both left Bangkok. Visited Lelan & Cinda in Manila (7/5-12) then via India, Germany, Denmark, Norway, Netherlands, Dover, Gatwick, Paris, to NY on 8/3/75 = 1 month

Term 6 was 11/16/72 to 8/3/75 = 2 years, 8 months +

USA – 6th Furlough

1975 8/3/75 to 2/25x/76 = 6 months in US. Did we live in Missouri then? Lelan 3/1/75 to 7/31/75 in Manila Amoco Exploratory. Then 8/1/75 to 6/15/78 in Bangkok Explor.

Mark Northeast Missouri farm years 1975 to 1978

Jeni **Rachel born in Darlington 7/20/75.**

David Worked for Kirksville Osteopathic Hospital Kirksville MO

1976 5/5/76 Melody born in MO. Jeni & John moved to Florence, SC

David Joined US Navy, Boot Camp Great Lakes Ill, Hospital Corps School Great Lakes Ill, Field Med School Camp Lejeune NC, Stationed in Camp Lejeune NC

THAILAND – TERM 7

1976 2/25 to 2/27/76 76 = 1 day + Lois & CW flew back to Bangkok

Mid 1976 Began working Chiang Kham & other refugee camps.

7/7-to 8/1/76 Vacation in Cameron Highlands, Malaysia

1977 Main work 1976 to 1979 was in refugee camps in Thailand.

Lelan/Cinda in Bangkok **Joshua born in Bangkok, Thailand 9/11/77**

Jeni **Nathan born in Darlington, SC 8/22/77.** David Stationed in Camp Lejeune NC

1978 CW's Daddy died in Amarillo 10/31/78

Lelan 6/16/78 to 3/31/81 in Chicago @ International Construction, Amoco

Jeni/John still living in Florence. David Attended Biomed School Fitzsimmons Army Medical Center, Aurora CO. Then transferred to Memphis TN 1/78 - 5/78

1979 4/26 to 5/16/79 = 3 week trip Via France & England to Chicago. Visited Mien in France
Our Term 7 was 2/25/76 to 5/16/79 = 3 years + 3 months

USA – 7th Furlough

1979 5/16/79 to 4/18/80 = 11 months. We lived in Missouri ? Traveled much.

Mark moved to Dallas, Texas working for Simmons construction

Jeni/John still in

Florence but John started job in Myrtle Beach AVX

David based in Memphis, TN

THAILAND – TERM 8

1980 4/18 to 20/80 = 1 day + Flew from U.S. (via France ?) to Bangkok

4/20/80 to 10/29/80 = 6 months in Thailand.

USA – 8th Furlough

1980 10/29/80 Flew BKK to Seattle. Left 9/?/81 = 11 months furlough.

Visited Mien refugees in U.S. then from 7/? To 8/3/81 with those in Canada.

Lelan/Cinda 4/1/80 to 3/31/81 in Houston still @ Intntl Constr.

Jeni/John moved to

Conway, SC

David Attended Biomed School Fitzsimmons Army Medical Center, Aurora

CO 3/80 - 10/80 He was Transferred to Portsmouth VA,

Mindy Born 6/5

THAILAND – TERM 9

1981 9/?/81 left U.S & 10/24/81 arrived BKK. Enroute had 1 month in India & 3 days in

Singapore. 10/24/81 to 4/30/82 in Thailand on term 9.

Lelan 4/1/81 to 11/15/82 in

Sharjah.

Mark was traveling for construction jobs.

David was based in Portsmouth, VA

USA -9TH Furlough

1982 **SURPRISE!!! As we came out door of elevator after customs check in Seattle there was Joyce and Nick was holding Enoch. Enoch had spoiled our plans by making his appearance 2 weeks early. He was born on April 23rd in Ashland, OR. We had left Bangkok 4/30 and arrived Seattle on 4/30. Lois had planned to get to Medford in time to help Joyce for a week after delivery of their 3rd child. We were in U.S. 4/30/82 to 4/15/83 = 11 months + for that furlough.**

7/31 to 8/?/82 CW was in France with Prasarn (& Ian Bevington?) with Mien.

Lelan 11/16/82- 12/20/85 Tunis, Tunisia Exploratory drilling.

Joyce/Nick bought Magnum

Wreckers 10/82 in Wisconsin.

My Mother died 9/12/82. David & Cathy married 9/25/82

THAILAND – TERM 10

1983 4/15 to 7/8/83 = almost 3 months there this term.

USA – 10th Furlough

1983 7/8/83 to 8/?/83 = 1 month ?? in US

While Mark was traveling with construction jobs he got "dear Jon letter" "What do you need with a man that is gone all the time." This marked the end of his first marriage.

Joyce worked with Nick in Wrecker business.

Jeni/John lived in Conway, SC

David Discharged from US Navy 3/16 (actually left Navy in Feb) Moved to Minneapolis MN,

worked for SIS in St Paul for Approx 3 months, then worked for Transhealth in Minneapolis, MN

THAILAND – TERM 11

1983 8/?/83 to 10/2/83 = 1 month ?? in France then India then BKK
10/2/83 to 4/27/84 = 6 months in Thailand. 7 months + abroad

USA – 11th Home Leave

1984- 85 April 27, 1984 flew BKK to US. MOVED BACK TO U.S.
Aug. ? to 10/22/84 = 2 months. Flew U.S. to France then Tunisia by Ferry then via France back to U.S. In U.S. 11 months to 3/21/85 including trip to France & Tunisia above in 1984
Mark Working for Oklahoma Fixture & Installation company working on Dillards stores
David & Cathy adopted Mindy in Minneapolis

TERM 12 Abroad

1985 3/21 to 23/85 Flew US to BKK stayed 6 weeks
Left Bkk 5/9/85 visited Lelan & Cinda & family in Tunis then 1 month in France?

USA – 12th Home Leave

1985 9/1?/85 to 2/18/86 = 5 months + in US
Lelan 12/21/85 to 11/13/95 in Katy TX for International trips.
Mark moved to Phoenix, Arizona. Daughter Melody Callaway came to live & go to school in Scottsdale, Arizona. Jeni started home-schooling kids. David & Cathy moved to Lakeville, MN

TERM 13 Abroad

1986 2/20 to 4/3/86 = 6 weeks in Thailand or ?

USA – 13th Home Leave

1986 4/3 to 7/?/86 = 3 months in US; 6/20/86 I officiated at Rhonda & Paul Corder wedding
Mark The Arizona years, mostly working Tucson and Phoenix area
Joyce moved to Cle Elum, WA. Jeni started home schooling kids
David went to work for VA Medical Center. **Joey & Jason Born 2/12 Mankato MN**

TERM 14 Abroad

1986 7/?/ to 9/19/86 = 2 months ? In France?, England, Canada. 7/19 in Gatwick, 9/9 in Toronto. 9/19 Houston

USA – 14th Home Leave

1986 9/19/86 to 2/28/87 = 5 months in US

TERM 15 Abroad

1987 2/28 to 4/8/87 = 6 weeks in Thailand

USA – 15th Home Leave

1987 4/9/87 to 1/14/88 = 9 months in U.S. (except 7/29 to 8/15/87 = 2 weeks + in France)
In Fall Lois & I moved from El Sobrante apartment to mobile home in Vallejo, CA
Mark more construction mostly millwork installations high-rise office tenant improvements and retail mall stores. **4/18/87 Stephanie Lynch born in ? First Great Grandchild**
Joyce/Nick Moved back to Medford, OR

TERM 16 Abroad

1988 1/14 to 3/30/88 = 2 ½ months in Thailand ?

USA – 16th Home Leave

1988 3/30/88 arrived U.S. Lois by-pass surgery on ??

Mark - More architectural millwork installation & construction projects

Joyce/Nick - building SF Cable Car chassis?

Jeni/John In Richmond, CA. David/Cathy- **Adopted Joey & Jason in Hastings MN**

1989 Mark working in Phoenix and Tucson. Jeni/John back in Conway

1990 3/30/88 to 1/10/90 = 1 year + 9 ½ months in U.S.

The Gulf War 2 August 1990– 28 February 1991

TERM 17 Abroad

1990 1/12 to 2/6/90 = 3 ½ weeks in Thailand

USA – 17th Home Leave

1990 –We in Vallejo. Jeni/John in Seattle, WA serving Mien youth

1991

1992 Jeni/John in Seattle then Conway, SC

1993 Mark - first dance with Jan Rhodes at the Rocking Horse venue Scottsdale Arizona

Jeni/John & kids moved from Vallejo, CA to Thailand in March 93

1994 2/6/90 to 12/7/94 = 4 years + 10 months in US. 6/30/94 Burl died.

8/6/94 Tina & Brandon married in Portland, OR. I officiated. Imogene & Dorothy U attended.

TERM 18 Abroad

1994 12/7/94 to 1/9/95 = 1 month C W went alone to Thailand. Returned to SF on 1/9/95

USA – 18th Home Leave

1995 CW on 1/9/95 Returned to SF. In U.S. 9 ½ months to 10/20/95

Lelan/Cinda - 11/14/95-12/7/96 Baku, Azerbaijan

Jeni/John – moved from Chiangmai to Chiangkham, Thailand

TERM 19 ABROAD

1995 10/20 to 11/10/95 = 3 weeks CW went alone to Thailand. 12/1/95 Cert died

USA – 19th Home Leave

1996 **Sept.5 – Lois' died in accident on Silverado Trail 3 miles north of Napa, CA**

Joyce/Nick - bought land with mobile home 2355 and 2327 Camp Baker Rd, Medford, OR.

David – had neck fusion surgery

1997 Lelan/Cinda – retired from Amoco in Feb. Living in Katy, TX

Mark – “married Jan Rhodes/Callaway at the Encanto Ballroom, Phoenix, Arizona November 15 -hundreds of dance friends & family in attendance & I still like to thank people for sharing that experience with us.” Joyce/Nick - bought shop property on S Pac Hwy

Garland & Dorothy made short visit back to Thailand in 1997 after 23 years back in U.S.

1998 **C W by-pass surgery on ?**

Mark - **1/21/98 Trent Callaway Kroncke born in ?**

Joyce/Nick - **10/28/98 Nathanael Douglas born in Portland, OR**

1999 Joyce/Nick - out of Cable Car business

TERM 20 Abroad

2000 3/7 to 4/11/2000 = 1 month + CW in Thailand. 4/11 to 13 CW in Taiwan

USA – 20th HOME LEAVE

2000 4/13 back to U.S. Our family reunion for M/K wedding and then at Yosemite Park.

I was not again out of US except for 1 day visit to BC Canada @ J & N & family in 2005 ?

Joyce/Nick - Enoch graduated from Cascade Christian HS June. 10/10/00 Janessa Colburn

born White Salmon WA Jeni/John - 7/29/00 Michael & Koi Lin married in Richmond; CA

David/ Cathy - 8/28/00 Alyssa Callaway born in MN .

2001 Lelan/Cinda – Josh & Brandy married. L & C lived in Katy 12/96 to 4/23/2001 then in Brookshire 4/24/01 to 7/31/05

Mark/Jan – Purchased 10 acres of nothing of Arizona desert property near Stanfield, AZ & started collecting materials to build a home.

Joyce/Nick – 12/26/01 Caleb Douglas born in Portland, OR

Jeni/John - 6/18/01 Rachel & Jeff Gilpatrick married in Richmond, CA;

David - Trip with boys to Ariz, Calif, Mexico.

September 11, 2001 Terrorist Attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon.

Invasion of Afghanistan Operation "Enduring Freedom"

2002 Joyce/Nick – Sold shop property. 9/26/02 Micah Colburn born in White Salmon, WA.

2003 Joyce/Nick – Summer in Ferndale Calif where Nick was working for a road construction company David/Cathy – Rock hounding trip with boys to NM, Callaway Reunion in Amarillo, Stent put in 8/13. 10/7/03 Jayden Braxton Callaway born in MN.

Occupation of Iraq, 2003-2004

2004 Joyce/Nick - 2/11/04 Alysha Colburn born in White Salmon, WA. Joyce worked as employee for Nick in his construction company

Jeni/John – 12/4/04 Karina Goddard born in Vallejo

2005 Lelan/Cinda – Moved to Amarillo, TX on 8/1/05

Mark/Jan – 5/3/05 Jasmine Lynch Powell first Great Great grandchild born in VA ?:

Joyce/Nick – 8/8/05 Shyrah Douglas born in Oregon;

Jeni/John – 12/24/05 Luke Goddard born in Vallejo, CA

David/Cathy – Rock hounding trip with boys to NM, Callaway Reunion in Amarillo, Stent put in 8/13

2006 Mark/Jan – 12/27/06 Robin died in Amarillo

2007 Lelan/Cinda – 10/17/07 Allen Spencer born in Houston, TX

Mark/Jan – 6/14/07 Ben Callaway & Gayla marriage;

Joyce/Nick – Summer with Tina & B through her surgery and recovery

Jeni/John – Moved to Fairfield, CA

David/Cathy – Jason started at Sam's, Joey started at Home Depot

2008 Mark/Jan –. Poor Economy multiple lay-off's gave me time to work on the Stanfield home

Joyce/Nick – "Jeni said I won the Nobel Peace prize." 8/12/08 Joel Douglas born in OR

Jeni/John – moved from Fairfield to Vallejo, CA "Jeni dreamed she ran as Vice Pres on

David's ticket" David/Cathy – David said, "I was Elected President of USA" I said, " Don't

we wish!" He said, " Considering a recount." 3/8/08 Erica Minafee born in MN;

2009 Mark/Jan – "reinventing how I make a living "

Joyce/Nick – Got contractors license under JNBuilders LLC remodeled Tina & B's house

Jeni/John – living in Vallejo with M & K.

2010 Most of my family & G.Kids came to Vallejo for my 90th birthday celebration!
Mark/Jan – work as preceptor at Central Arizona College In the energy efficient construction methods & materials program until grant funding end then another job as Project Manager "Pathways" Green Awareness Program also, grant funded with limits
Joyce/Nick – work opportunities in Medford slim
Jeni/John – Living in Vallejo with Daddy after R & J bought house and moved.
2011 Mark/Jan – completed home construction (more or less) On 5 acres of land
April June Byers died.
David/Cathy – Retired from VA. Had liver Transplant 8/8/11

2012 5/19 Enoch Nicholson & Elizabeth Hall married.
4/9/12 my sister Lela died, 5/9/12 my brother Max died
6/13 I had laser prostate surgery
Mark/Jan – still working construction, but mostly side jobs
Joyce/Nick – Joyce assisting Nick on remodel jobs
David/Cathy – David started online classes in theology with Liberty Univ.
2013 May 15 Co-worker Liza Lai died. Dorothy Uhlig died 6/24/2013 after a long illness.
Buried at Sope Waen cemetery
Joyce/Nick – She did odd handyman jobs assisting Nick.
David/Cathy – visited dad in Vallejo in Sept.

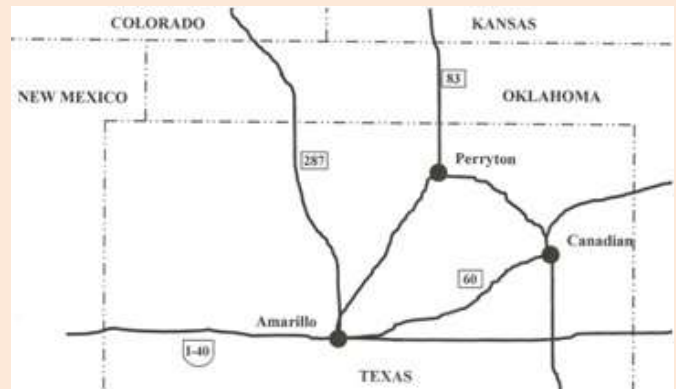
2014 Mark/Jan – still trying to reinvent how I earn income and still mostly side jobs construction related.
1/6 ?/14 – Granddaughter Rhonda's departure from this life.
Joyce/Nick – 4/1/14 after many months of back pain & 3+ months of hospitalization, surgeries, and chemo Nick got to go as he desired to be with Jesus in Vancouver, WA.
David/Cathy – July visit with me in Vallejo
8/24 6/1 earthquake in nearby Napa.
2015 Youngest brother, Dallas, died May 19. I was middle of 7 children and am the only one left now besides 2 of the spouses: Lee (Max's widow) and Willa Dean (Dallas' widow)

Chapter 1

MY TEXAS STORIES

8/12/1920 to fall 1938

**Perryton & Canadian
in Texas Panhandle**



PERRYTON, TEXAS August 12, 1920 to May, 1932

It is really too far back for me to remember anything about that particular day but eventually I was told by my parents that my appearance in this world was on August 12, 1920 in the North Texas Panhandle town of Perryton – 7 miles south of the Oklahoma Panhandle. Perryton was a new town formed one year earlier when the 300 people of Ochiltree, Texas moved north 8 miles to the new site.

My older siblings Burl, Lela, and Cleo (Cert) had all entered this world before me in the old town of Ochiltree. Thad, Max, & Dallas all made their debut in the next few years after my birth. That means that I was the middle child of seven. For some reason I was the one chosen to bear my father's name. Thus I became Charley Watley Callaway, Jr. – Now that's a hefty mouthful for you! Just try to say that in one breath! Anyway I usually don't have to go through all that but for the most part have just been called "C.W." And as you grandkids know, to many family and friends I am known simply as "Dub." I've been so grateful that I was not called "Junior." I suppose I was just too proud for that term.

Daddy had his own special names for each of us kids and to him I was always "Stick in the mud." And that by the way is my first story. They tell me that one day when I was quite small I chose to go through a mud puddle and came out of it minus one shoe. It seems that I had to be rescued from the puddle in fact. And why did I ever go in there in the first place? Surely you don't expect me to remember that far back now do you? But I am sure it was because it looked like a great place to play.

I was horrified many years later to find a picture of me as a baby in which I was wearing, of all things, a long white dress. I assure you that was not my idea but it seemed to be the custom in those days to put dresses on boy babies as well as little girls. I surely would have done some loud protesting if I had realized what they were doing to me! In his own memoirs my daddy gives this description of my arrival in the family:

"NUMBER 4 - YOU GUESSED IT, ANOTHER BOY In August 1920, I was trying to get in touch with Dr. May by phone, mama was in labor, I learned he was out of town, had gone to New Mexico. He had been looking after her, and of course, he knew the baby was about due. He had not told us he was leaving, and we had no doctor that we knew to call. So we decided to call in Doctor Brewer, he lived fairly close, so I dressed and walked down to his home. It was some after midnite. The doctor came quickly, he was so nice about it, he just acted as if he had

been taking care of her all during her pregnancy. Within a day or so Dr. May showed up and he saw me and asked to take over, I refused, he got mad and I told him I was the one that should be mad. To say the least there is when we gave up on Dr. May, he did send a bill for the calls she had made to his office and I paid the bill. Dr. Brewer always spoke of C. W. Jr., as his boy. C. W. was born just about a year after the birth of Perryton, and in the moved home. We welcomed him as we had the others before him, however, we were expecting a girl. It was after C. W. got to talking that he got the nickname of Dub, he really coined that himself, as he could not pronounce the "W", called it "C. Dub", He too has blessed our home and our lives as the rest of you have."

Daddy and 2 other businessmen had been the main promoters and leaders in relocating the entire town of Ochiltree several miles north to a new site and giving it the new name of Perryton. This move was made because a railroad line, important for progress in those days, was being put through the new location. After describing how he met and married my mother he describes the struggles to survive through World War I and then the moving of entire homes and other buildings to the new place. Here I include a few selections from his description of those challenging years:

"After our engagement, I put in about three months of building a one room house, it was 16 x 16', built it in the lumber yard, so as to save buying a lot. The cost of the material was approximately \$175.00. My carpenter friends gave some help on it, I worked on it ever spare hour. No built-ins, one door, two windows, I could not pay for it all. The furnishings were mostly second hand..... Our wedding on November 6, 1910 was at her folks home, 15 miles north of Ochiltree. There was no minister that we wanted, so we decided on the County Judge. A Mr. Hannah, who we both liked very much, on the evening before the wedding, I took off on my bicycle riding it that distance. The next day was Sunday, Judge and Mrs. Hannah came out in their two seated hack. We tied the bike on the back of the hack and they took off near sundown taking us to our new home. ... Two years in our little home and we sold it for \$200, to be moved. The bank had a bungalow we bought for \$500, it had four rooms. By that time we had saved up enough to pay the difference. Before we moved that bungalow needed quite a bit of repair. It had been papered and had to be redone. As we began to strip the old paper off, it was discovered that the house was loaded with bed-bugs. Someone had told us to use red pepper in the paste we did and after the new paper was put on, it never had a bedbug while we lived there. We did a lot of fixing up, and a picket fence added to the home. We were very proud of the home..... At that time, we had a motorcycle and a side car

"WORLD WAR I World War One was on big and all Americans were doing their part in the war effort. There were very few who were not loyal, and if they showed up as traitors, they were put to work for the country and if necessary thrown in prison at hard labor. Previous to America entering the war, there was big job of getting ready and we had to cut down on many items of steel, copper, lumber, and many items of food, sugar, flour, rice, and many more were rationed. We used quite a few substitutes. We ground up maize and found various ways of cooking it, mainly for a breakfast food, usually when we couldn't get sugar, we used syrup. We didn't suffer for plenty to eat, it was just a different batch of food. We didn't suffer for beef or pork.

During the years of 1916-17-18, we just rocked along best we could, hoping the war would soon be over and we could be getting the Railroad. ... The war was about over, and the Santa Fe was getting ready to start building again. There was much talk of the day we would all get moved and settled in Perryton.

“MOVING TO PERRYTON That day arrived in June 1919, when George Perry, W. B. LaMaster and I ask all in Ochiltree that expected to move to come in and select their location. ...But fast work with good civic help, we got it ready. I furnished the lumber for the arbor, seat lumber, etc., and what a celebration it was, and yes we even had plenty to eat, entertainment, etc.. our first passenger train and it came in loaded, what a "dream come true" for all Ochiltree County folks.

It took a year or more to do all the moving, but right off building, remodeling all that we had started. A home moved eight miles is somewhat wrecked, we know, as it takes time to get it settled on a new foundation. I spent a lot of nights under our home trying to get it up here, down there to take the rocking out. Within a year however, we were fairly well settled ourselves. I never did care to make another move like this.”

Well all of that last section happened in the few years before I made my own appearance in Perryton. Then the following are some of Daddy's comments of family happenings there in the 1920's during the first decade of my life:

“OH MY! ANOTHER BOY Thad, another boy had arrived in our home, April 3, 1922 so at the time of mother Records death, we had four fine boys and a fine girl. We were kinda over growing our old moved in home. We had already began to think of more room. Sometime along in 1922-24, we had bought 175 foot frontage out the edge of town - close to the new high school, we thought that was the location most apt to grow, so we started our plan to build. We were doing right well financially, and would we thought be able to build a home big enough for all who came along. So in 1924, the latter part of that year, we started the full basement. Early in the spring of 1925, we had a modern home ready to move into. Up to that time we had never lived in a home that was modern in all respects. Our bathroom was of the best it was possible to buy. I had made a trip to Amarillo to select the fixtures. There were three bedrooms, a combination living and dining room, and a music room. All were what we called big rooms in those days, the kitchen was ample and we had built a breakfast nook off that. Hardwood floors were sanded and polished, carpets were not in use, but room rugs were. We bought those later, also had linoleum on the kitchen and breakfast room floor.

“MAX - NUMBER SIX # 5 BOY We had sold the old home late in 1924, and had to rent a house for a few months. But here I have got ahead of my story, as I have overlooked another boy, yes another boy as Lela would say. Max was born November 27, 1923. Mama was having a time handling all that bunch so we were lucky to have the help of Velora Murray, and others. We also had various others along, that I do not recall their names, and no reason to recall as some were more in the way than helpful. Max was not too well for a starter. Dr. Blank was helpful in his case. But Burl and Lela were in school, and of course if the mumps or measles, you name it, showed up, they got it;. Lela was the only one to escape the mumps. C. W (Dub) had the chicken pox.

“...1925: The new home was ready to move in. We had Jewel along to help, but lost her back to her family after school was out. They lived out in the country. We likely had two or three girls during school vacation, but along came Venita Collins, later married Arthur Townsend. At the time of moving in the new home, we had to have a cess pool, no sewer, but we expected to have a sewer connection in time and that had been taken into consideration in the plumbing of the home, so we could connect when the time arrived. That time was likely a year later and when we got on the sewer it sure was a welcome change. At the new home, with all that room we were soon putting in play things for our children, and their friends. We had a lighted croquet and combination tennis court. We got at Christmas a small pool table, other items, things to the enjoyment of all who came. Not only our children, but neighbor children, school teachers, etc. We always knew where our bunch were, as we enjoyed that new home and their friends who came.

The latter part of 1928 was a record breaker in our business. All items of merchandise were moving out. The lumber business was fast, plus the regular every day trade, we were building homes fast, all machinery was moving, the hardware store was a going thing. We had sixteen regular employees, had to ...1929, business continued strong, so strong that the demands on me were really sapping my strength."

I should add in here that my parents had one more son, my youngest brother Dallas, was also born in Perryton. After that Daddy used to tell people *"I have six sons and each of them has a sister."* Of course all 6 of us boys got to share the same sister. Even so the family was big enough that when guests joined us for meals Daddy would usually say, *"We have one rule at this table. If you need to reach for anything you must keep at least one foot on the top rung of your chair."*

Daddy was manager of the "White House Lumber Company" in Perryton. My Nephew, Steve Callaway and Lissa, visited a museum in Perryton in 2007. He said the best thing he saw there was a bill of lading dated 4/1/1914 which was signed by my dad and which read "Whitehouse Lumber Co., Chas. W. Callaway Manager." In the lumber yard Daddy sold John Deere tractors, hardware, - and even lumber. Chester Cooper had a wagon drawn by a team of horses and hauled wood from the railroad cars to the lumber yard. Seems I even got to ride on the wagon a time or two. Chester's wife Jewel was one of those who helped take care of us kids.

It may have been before my parents had any children that they went to a carnival and Daddy rode on the ferris wheel. Mama was watching from a distance. Mama told us that the wheel went around once and the operator went up and talked to Daddy. It went around a second time and again the man stopped it and talked with Daddy. Then on the third round when it stopped Daddy got off. As he walked over to where Mama was she said, *"Why did the man keep stopping it?"* *"He wanted me to hold on,"* Daddy replied.

As you can see from that incident there used to be (!) a bit of a stubborn streak in our family. Mama used to say that a fair share of that stubbornness was passed on to at least one of their sons. But as you know she surely couldn't have meant me - - - or could she?

There was one hill in Perryton. At least we kids called it "the hill." From a flat plain there was a gradual incline near a main road that may have gone up 8 or 10 feet and from that point the level plain continued for as far as a kid's eyes could see. Well that hill got really fixed in my mind one certain day. I must have been 9 or 10 years old by then. I was on that "hill" with some older boys who decided it would be fun to throw eggs at passing cars. The driver of one car happened to be a fuddy-duddy who didn't appreciate the fun. I don't know if he thought I was the main culprit or if it was just that I was the slowest runner. Anyway he saw which house I went into so he followed and I was pulled out from under my bed to face the punishment. Strangely my mother agreed with him that such behavior as we had been involved in was not appropriate.

Daddy smoked cigars for as far back as I could remember. One day Burl had decided he was grown up and should try that too. Daddy found out about it and made Burl smoke until he got sick and turned green. That experience cured Burl from ever wanting to try that again. It scared the rest of us so much that so as far as I know none of us kids ever smoked or drank from that point on. None of us were angels but on the whole we got along reasonably well together and I don't think we got into a whole lot of trouble.

Max used to say - proudly I think, "There are three redheads in our family: me, Daddy, and old Bossy." (The latter was our cow.) Even so Max didn't like to be called "Red." – So naturally, when we needed excitement, that is what we called him. I remember him chasing me around the house with a hammer after one of those occasions. With some encouragement from our parents we made up and got along well together after that.

Daddy mentioned above that business at the Lumber Yard was going strong in 1929 - but then came the crash. On what later came to be known as "Black Tuesday" September 29, 1929 the stock market crashed. That was followed by banks one after another across the country failing and many people losing all their savings. There was real suffering among many. Unemployment rose to 25% in 1932. The term "hobo" was commonly used in speaking of migratory workers or homeless vagabonds. Many "Hoboes" hitched rides on freight trains in search for work. Hosts of people had little if anything to eat. Daddy's business was hurt but survived and our own family did not suffer so much as most.

I do recall, however, that Daddy kept saying that times were hard and we would not be able to afford any expensive gifts for Christmas. Mama was economical normally anyway. So that Christmas she bought a small packet of razor blades as a gift for Daddy. He, however, bought an expensive (for those days) gift for her. She was upset for his having led her to believe that our family finances were even worse than they actually were.

In spite of the depression new inventions were appearing. The radio had been invented and the first broadcast was in 1920. It must have been in the late 20's that Daddy brought home our first radio. The sound was staticky and it was difficult to locate and stay on a station but it was a big attraction for us. Once in a great while we were able to see a silent movie. From 1927 onwards talking movies began to appear. What a novelty they were! Telephones were long boxes hung on the wall. You had to turn the crank handle on the side to call the operator and tell her what number to connect you to. Many people had "party lines." You could then listen in to the conversation of your neighbors on the same line – a good way to keep up on the news and gossip.

About 1930 my folks took us kids - from Lela on down - on a memorable vacation trip to the "Royal Gorge" and "Garden of the gods" in Colorado in their long Buick car. Mama kept pointing out mountain scenes to us kids but she usually quickly added "But Daddy don't you look!" I think my brother Burl may have already finished high school and was in college in Amarillo. It was while he was waiting tables in a restaurant there that he met Mildred whom he later married.

When I was quite young Daddy was a trustee &/or Sunday School Superintendent at First Christian Church in Perryton. But he and my Uncle Earnest got so upset by a certain preacher's actions that they quit going to church. After that Daddy hardly ever would enter any church—except at Christmas – until quite late in his life. Mama, however, remained active in church all her life and took us kids there regularly. I came to realize, especially after I became a preacher myself, that preachers too are not perfect!

I repented of my many sins and was baptized (I believe it was by Pastor Byerly) in the First Christian Church in Perryton when I was about 11. After that I never threw even one egg at a passing car.

CANADIAN, TEXAS – May 1932 to August 1938

Daddy was promoted to the Main Office of the White House Lumber Co. in Canadian about 46 miles southeast of Perryton. For several months he traveled periodically back and forth. Then when school was out that summer our whole family moved to Canadian.

Here is how Daddy described that move:

“1932 - Our move to Canadian had to be delayed on account of school, Burl was to graduate that year and too, Lela and Cert were both in High School and we didn't think it good to move especially them. We made the move the last of May. Previous to our move on the evening of May 10, 1932 Ben Tepe and Judge Hoover told me they were due in Perryton that night and ask me to go along. I was always ready to get back to my family, so I went along. It seems I got a little suspicious, that maybe they were pulling something on me, but said nothing. There was some kind of a meeting and sure as it turned out, it was 'Charley Callaway Night'. Perryton friends had planned a 'Going Away Party' for mama and me. There were approximately 125 in attendance, my good friend Cap Correll was the chairman-sponsored by the Perryton Lions Club, of which I was a charter member. They had several give talks, some singing, told the good things about me and my family, don't think they mentioned the bad part. Said Perryton's loss was Canadian's gain. I was presented with a gold case Elgin wrist watch, engraved on the back 'To C.W.C. by Perryton Friends 1932'. Mama received a large bouquet of red roses. It was a wonderful send off, I wore that watch about 40 years, the time had come when it gave out and parts to repair it could no longer be obtained. I gave it to our first granddaughter, Becky, for a keepsake. I hope others of you will be able to see that watch on down the years for many years to come and go. I really hated to see that watch go, as it had many memories for me and at this time of 1976, I miss it more than words can express.

“Leaving Perryton was hard to take for us all. Our friends were our standby. Our new home, which we so enjoyed for such a few years, and by reason of the depression could not be sold for anywhere near its cost. We had to rent the home and also had to rent a home in Canadian, we had gotten in debt owed some on the home and owed otherwise as previously told by speculation on lots that could not be sold. At Canadian our hands had been tied on account of the debts until around the 1940's, so continued to rent, and did not own another home until we bought and paid cash for the one we are now living in. But early in the 1940's I was out of debt, and never have had to go in debt again.

“All of the 1930's were tough to some extent, but we made the best of it. My job was a complete change, I had to travel quite a lot. I was assistant to Ben Tepe, general manager of the Company. He was sick quite a lot and I was doing the buying for the yards, two to twelve of them. Called on the Oil companies, went to the lumber mills, tried to make most conventions. This gave me a chance at times to take the family along, usually what could go.

*“**COUNTRY CLUB** The company had a country club six miles out of Canadian that came in handy for our family, there were three small lakes, a boat, the lakes stocked with fish, mostly cat and bass, and there were always deer and wild turkey on that place of some 200 or more acres, or on near by places. Also, good for swimming. At one time Captain Mosely, a fine head game warden, for that district told me that Hemphill County had more game than any other county in Texas. Hard to believe, yes? But to name the different kinds makes one think he might be correct, as I remember here are some that he named: Deer, antelope, wild turkey, wild bobcats, fox, beaver, porcupine, rabbits, both the jack and cotton tails, skunks, coons, opossums, armadillo, quail, prairie chicken, pheasants and watch out for the snakes. Captain*

Mosely was a fine warden, he wanted to help the hunters and did, but watch out if you disobeyed the law, he seemed to be at the right spot at the right time. We, of course, were well pleased with our surroundings in Perryton County, but must admit that Canadian had all to offer that Perryton had, Hemphill County much more."

Lela added that Daddy was made vice president of the "White House" line of lumber companies. Later when Ben Tepe retired Daddy became president. Later Daddy & Speck Fry bought the line of lumber companies and changed the name to "Modern Lumber Company." They had branches in Wheeler, Odessa, Shattuck, Follet, and Higgins, Texas.

PRE-TEENS

I lived in Canadian from age 11 to 18. In my pre-teens, according to my sister, I seemed to be always reading. At the town library I would check out one Horatio Alger book after another. After a long time I finally caught on that the story line was always the same. Each of Alger's books was about a poor boy who made good. I suppose the reason I kept reading them was that the name of that boy was different from one book to the other.

One thing we kids did for fun was to make tin can telephones. We fastened a tin can to each end of a long string. It was amazing how well you could hear one another talking even when the friend was around the corner of the house out of sight. At least you could hear if you yelled loud enough and the string was not too long!

As a young boy I came to have a strong desire to own a bicycle. I finally managed to get an old cast off bike but the tires were played out. I figured I was never going to be able to afford to buy tires but I found an old garden hose which I managed to put inside the tire by making a number of incisions in it. It did work after a fashion for a little while but it took a lot of effort to peddle and was not a smooth ride by any means!

On Halloween some kids would get together and push outdoor toilets over on their sides. I don't think I ever helped with the pushing but by going along with the crowd once or twice I was guilty by association - so I've asked the Lord to forgive me for going along. I'm not sure now just why any felt it necessary to do that. It seems to me the owners were not especially happy about it.

Early on I joined the boy scouts. I was quite active for a number of years and gained much from that program. One thing I and a friend tried but never did learn was to start a fire by friction. Then we were told to demonstrate that act at a scout jamboree in Pampa. I was quite nervous about how we would show off prowess we didn't possess. However just before time for our stunt it started to rain, the crowd quickly disappeared – and we were saved!

One thing my parents insisted upon was that I and my siblings take a bath regularly – every Saturday night in fact. I don't recall that anybody thought of bathing every day. What a waste of water and energy that would have been. We had a bath tub and indoor plumbing by then but many didn't. Since we hadn't heard of deodorants I suppose there was some body odor. But since most were in the same boat it wasn't noticed – or talked about any way. It's amazing that we lived through those days without all the superfluity of soaps, disinfectants, body lotions, etc. that there are today!

I do recall times when I would be so bored that I would plead with my mother, “Mama, can’t you think of anything I can do?” But things changed in my teens and I don’t remember ever being bored with nothing to do since then!

HIGH SCHOOL YEARS

With 7 kids to support in those dark depression years my folks could not afford much in the way of spending money for us kids so I worked at a variety of jobs in my teenage years. For a time I worked at sacking and stocking groceries. Several times I delivered newspapers. One summer I did odd jobs like housework, mowing lawn, and cutting firewood for a lady. For that I got paid 8 cents per hour! Minimum wage had not been heard of then. At one point Daddy hired me to pull “cat tail” plants out of the lumber company lakes he mentioned above. I also remember going swimming there and at the swimming pool downtown in Canadian.

We lived at first in big brick house across the street from Baker School. I well remember one dust storm of the “**dust bowl**” era. We were in front of that house looking north and saw a dark cloud on that horizon. But it was moving rapidly toward us and getting higher and darker each moment. Then we could see the dust swirling around in the clouds. Our folks rushed us into the house closed the doors and put towels at cracks in doors and windows. Still the dust piled up around all those openings and filled the air. I wonder how any of those who were caught outside managed to survive. That must have been about 1935.

For part of my high school years we lived in an apartment down town over the Canadian Record print shop. It was on the highway and very near Daddy’s lumber yard.

With the large family my mother called on us kids to do our share of the housework. We boys particularly were paired off to do the dishes. We felt that Lela got off easy with just having to help cook, clean house, and look after the younger kids. She made her escape however in 1937, while I was still in high school, by her marriage to Wallace “Jiggs” Caldwell. My brother Burl married Mildred Johnston the following June.

Tuesdays were “laundry days” in our home so we could count on eating cornbread and pinto beans those days.

My main friends were Jamie Spiller and Bill Lindley. We enjoyed exploring the rolling hills around Canadian. Sometimes we walked across the railroad bridge over the Canadian river. Once we heard a train coming so we quickly jumped down onto the nearest bridge support pier and then on 10 feet or more to the sandy riverbed. At times when the snow had melted in the Colorado mountains that river bed was full of water but most of the time there was just a small stream which we could easily walk across. We did that very hesitantly though because of tales we had heard of people being trapped in the quicksand.

On the road out to the lumber yard Country Club there were some wild persimmon trees. Those persimmons would really make your mouth pucker up. Once we gathered a bunch of those persimmons and my brother Cert made a persimmon pie but it was not that tasty. I was so pleasantly surprised and pleased 10 years later to find big sweet juicy persimmons in Kunming, China.

In my teens I loved all the old cowboy songs and had a book or two of them. I loved to sing those songs at the top of my voice to myself - when alone. One of my favorites was,
Home, home on the range,
Where the deer and the antelope play;
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.
Our home was calm and peaceful compared with many. I did later come sadly upon many homes full of those “discouraging words.”

Mama faithfully took us kids to Sunday School and church. She served as Sunday School Superintendent for many years and developed some strong opinions as to how things should be run. At least one of my brothers referred to her as “the General” because of her tendency to want things done her way. Daddy was not involved in church at that time but many years later when he retired and they moved to Amarillo my parents became active members of Washington Avenue Christian Church there. Once she wrote to us in Thailand that the preacher there at that time was having the communion at the end instead of the middle of the service as she had always been accustomed to it. “He has messed everything up,” she said, “but we are working on it.” I never heard the outcome of that but I’m afraid she battled strongly to get it the way she thought it should be done.

I served for a time as the janitor at First Christian Church in Canadian and recall how hard some of us worked to dig out under one end of the church to make a basement. We hauled the dirt up and out in a wheelbarrow. I became much involved with “Christian Endeavor” – a youth program of that era. Most of my friends were in that program and my participation helped prepare me for my life calling. Our Pastor Roy Davis became my idol and inspired me to go on to Bible College.

I did get to travel with my daddy once to East Texas lumber yards and once with my siblings to Dallas. I think I was only outside of Texas 3 times before I was 18. One of those times was a trip to Carlsbad Caverns in New Mexico. When we got down into the heart of the cave and the lights were turned off it was about the darkest dark I have ever experienced. It must have been like that which the Egyptians felt in the 9th plague. It was so comforting as lights were gradually turned on from distant spots and as the rangers came singing, “Rock of ages cleft for me.”

In later years of High School I learned to drive. I don’t think anybody had thought up having driving education back then. In about my first week of driving I banged up a fender getting out of a parking space and since then have had some more fender benders but no serious accident myself. The Lord has surely taken good care of me because I was never

As a matter of fact one of the most foolish things I ever did was with a car. Bill Lindley and I each had borrowed our parents’ car and with a lot of friends in tow had driven out toward Miami. We felt we needed to impress our friends so decided to race and came barreling down that last long hill into Canadian at 80 or so miles an hour. Cars weren’t built all that strong back then and there were frequent blowouts with tires in those days. I’ll bet our guardian angels were sweating after seeing us safely home that night. I have hesitated to tell anyone about that incident – and certainly not my folks! So if any of you get to heaven before me please don’t tell my Mama and Daddy! I sure don’t plan to tell them when I get there.

It must have been the summer after my Junior year in high school that I ventured into the business world. My Daddy co-signed the note at the bank so I could borrow \$70 and with that I bought a little ice cream stand, called "The Period." down at the bottom of Main Street. I don't think I made any money that summer but I learned a valuable lesson. **DON'T HIRE YOUR YOUNGER BROTHERS TO HELP YOU SELL ICE CREAM IF THEY HAVE A BIG APPETITE AND LIKE ICE CREAM!!!**

A time or two some of us managed to climb up into the belfry of the Presbyterian Church to ring the bell at Halloween or New Year's. Surely that made an impression on the townsfolk – one way or the other.

I happened to be valedictorian of my 1938 graduating class from Canadian High School but that wasn't because I was smart. It was partly because the class was small (about 46). Also I was shy and afraid of teachers so felt I had to study a lot to keep on the right side of them. I think the other students just didn't study the way I felt I had to. One class I took was Public Speaking. We had to get up before the class and give a two minute speech. I was so nervous that my 2 minutes seemed like an hour. I enjoyed being in the class play at least once in high school. Got a lot of ribbing for having to kiss the heroine – but it was worth it!

That summer after graduation I worked in the lumber yard in Canadian and the following summer, after a year in college, I worked in the lumber yard in Perryton. I did everything from loading and unloading lumber to selling to bookkeeping. My Uncle Leonard was chief accountant in the General office. One day we came up 10 cents short. Uncle Leonard made us keep looking most of that week until we located the mistake.

I now realize that my folks worked hard to raise us kids through the years of the great depression. But to me those were for the most part happy peaceful years. We seldom heard such words as divorce, gangs, illicit drugs. Once I said something about a person being gay (meaning happy). Burl cautioned me that that could also mean homosexual. But in those days we seldom ever heard of homosexuality.

With our preacher as my role model and through participation in church, Sunday School and "Christian Endeavor" by my later high school years I began to sense God's call to Christian service. Daddy wanted at least one son to be a public speaker – particularly as a politician. I don't think he was too pleased at first that I went off to be a preacher. That wasn't the kind of public speaker he had in mind! But in later life he mellowed on that and I think was pleased that I entered that field.

My good friend, Bill Lindley, had a similar call and went for a time to a liberal Presbyterian Bible college. During World War II he joined and served in the military. I was grieved to hear that he had died when his plane was shot down in Europe.

While I was in high school the school superintendent decided to have social dances for students at the school. The reason given was that it would keep the kids from going to the rowdy dance hall downtown where there was much drinking and carousing. I respected the school and superintendent and did attend the school dances for at least a time or two. But then I decided that was not a good place for a future preacher so quit going and persuaded Bill to do likewise. As it turned out those school dances just gave many of my peers the desire for something more wild so those wound up going to the downtown dance hall.

It must have been during those days in which I was seeking God's calling for my life that I was blessed to attend a week at a "Christian Service Camp" high in the Sandia mountains of New Mexico. At one point as I was enjoying a few quiet moments alone I stood and looked out over Albuquerque and the expansive valley below and mountains on beyond. I felt closer to God than at any previous time in my life and made a commitment to let Him use me as He willed. There in the stillness God spoke to my heart and reassured me that He would guide me through the unknown future. AND HE HAS!

If you would like to know more about those days and my family background I encourage you to read my Daddy's memoirs at <http://lelancallaway.com/cwcsr.pdf>. Lelan also has memoirs of my brother Max and a brief summary about my grandfather.

Some Pictures from 1915 to 1939 are on the next page



1915
Daddy, Mama wheels



1919
The 8 mile move from Ochiltree to Perryton with folks in homes



1920
Burl holding me. Cert (left) & Lela



1925 Cert, Burl, CW, Lela, Thad, Mama, Max at home in Perryton



1930
Dallas, Mama, Cert, Lela, Thad, Max, CW On vacation in Colorado



1930
Daddy & Mama with all 7 of us kids



1935
Dust storm rolling into Texas from Kansas



1938
Thad, Cert, Burl, CW, Lela Front: Max, Mama, Dallas, Daddy



1938
CW Graduation



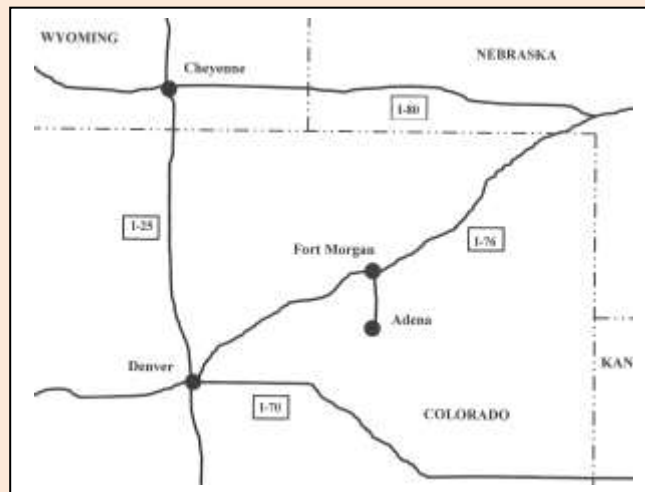
1939
CW, Cert, Burl, Dad, Thad Front: Lela, Dallas, Mama, Max

Chapter 2

MY STORIES

OF LOIS

1921 to fall 1939



N.E. corner of Colorado
Lois born in Adena, high school in Ft. Morgan

When I would start bragging about the huge size of Texas (as all Texans feel they must do) Lois would always calm me down with “If Colorado were as flat as Texas it would be twice as large.”

Colorado is indeed very mountainous with a portion of the Rocky Mountain range covering the western 2/3rds of the State. The eastern 1/3rd however is for the most part fairly flat and is part of the central high plains portion of our country.

The dear lady who eventually became my wife was born in that prairie area. Here I want to give some insights into her early life as well as into the godly woman she became.

Adena, Colorado and the Groves and Elkertons 1921 to 1930

Lois Nadine Elkerton was born November 24, 1921 in a sod house in the scattered community of Adena around 21 miles south of Ft. Morgan, Colorado. An older sister June Laverne was born in June of the previous year but had lived for only 7 months. Her brother Keith and sister Eunice were also born in Adena in the 1920's. Her youngest brother Kenneth was born in Fort Morgan on Dec. 12, 1929 but I think the family may possibly still have made Adena their home into the 1930's.

In those days only people with hardy pioneer spirits would venture to homestead land in the Adena area. I will quote here from an article written in 1976 by Lois' mother, Lura Groves Elkerton. I presume this was probably published in the Fort Morgan paper. She says:

“...I suppose the most important date for Adena was 1909 when the homestead rush started...In that year the San Arroya Dam was under construction – three miles north of where the Adena Post Office and store stood for many years. This project was a big drawing card for the real estate men – a big irrigation project. It drew people from Iowa, Indiana, ...Chicago (etc.)...Why did they come? Health reasons, new rich land with irrigation, ...a dream of get rich quick...a home of their own...”

“And the government GAVE it to them! But DID they? They found when they arrived nothing but a sea of prairie, no roads, no houses, no wells, a sheepherder's shack now and

then, maybe a windmill...A majority of the homesteaders spent most of their savings on filing and getting there...

"After having filed in the fall, the moving in process started in the spring of 1910. Neighbor helped neighbor, they pooled practically everything they had. Sod houses were put up—but the sod had to be just right before it was plowed and cut. There still had to be lumber for doors, windows, and roofs. The wind blew hard with nothing to stop it..."

(She describes here how a tornado blew away a man, his tent, and all his belongings.)

"My father found after surveying, that he had filed on an old sheep ranch. There was a small shack, maybe 10 feet by 12 feet... with a corrugated iron roof, with a hole for a stove pipe, dirt floor, one window, one door, two bunk beds, a crude table and laundry stove..."

She then describes a night when her father, Elmer Groves, was working in Sterling and her brother, Gage, had gone to Fort Morgan for supplies. Only she, her mother, Nellie Groves, and a neighbor lady were at the shack:

"As we were eating supper we heard something we thought was a hiss. Mrs. Durbin looked at me and I looked at her, but mother said it was only the flies...the flies were real bad that August..But soon we heard another hiss and the cat backed out. Then mother said 'That's a snake.' So—Mrs. Durbin held the lamp, mother got Gage's 22 rifle and I started moving the furniture out. When the last piece was moved—there laid a gunny sack. We knew the snake was under it. I moved the gunny sack, mother shot and missed, Mrs. Durbin almost fell over the furniture getting away. The snake crawled under one of the bunks where we had boxes of books. So--- we took her cat and our bird and walked the half mile to her house and slept three in a bed."

"The lumber? It took two days to go the 21 miles to Fort Morgan and back with horses and wagon, no roads, some places not even a trail. Wells had to be dug and sometimes after the long hard digging—no water. Water had to be hauled for miles, in barrels, cream cans or anything available.

"There were plenty of bullsnares, prairie dogs, badgers, coyotes, swifts, jack rabbits, antelope, some porcupine, weasels, gophers, sand-turtles, horned toads, chameleons and rattlesnakes. The latter we killed, skinned, dried and made belts, handbags or hatbands. Some were sold in Denver. Oh yes, there were plenty of flies and flying ants. There were thousands of cattle on this free range, horses too and further south, sheep.

"But hearts and minds were full of hope and determination and like the little girl 11 years old and small for her age, who walked two miles on a coal black night at midnight to get help for her parents when her brother became a raving maniac and she was asked what she would have done if she had met a coyote, she said, 'Oh, I don't know, kicked him out of the way and went on, I guess.' Thus the homesteaders did—kicked the obstacles out of the way and went on.

"There were no telephones, no radios, no cars, no mail. Whoever was compelled to make the two day trip to Fort Morgan for supplies brought back mail for everyone. "The first year was a hard one—very little farming was done...It was so dry that some of the seeds planted that year came up the next year making a veritable 'vegetable salad' garden.

"But wet or dry there were always plenty of wild flowers. There was the flat cactus with their yellow and pink waxy flowers or the barrel cactus with its dainty little red flowers, lots of wild sunflowers and rosin weed, white flowers that mother always called moon flowers and little red flowers that she called a wild tomato because she said it looked so much like a ripe tomato,

wild sweet peas, snow on the mountain, and in the sandhills, the gorgeous soap weed and even the sage brush was restful to the eye with its gray-green, and the lovely downy purple thistle.

"But things progressed in the summer of 1910. Mrs. Fryar started a Sunday School in her home which was later moved to the sod school house which was built by the community men in 1911. This was located on the northeast corner of the Fryar homestead. The first school was taught the winter of 1911-12 with 9 pupils enrolled with Lura Groves (i.e. Lois' mother) as teacher.

"That year the winter was hard. A blizzard came on December 11...The teacher stayed in the school house that night, her father couldn't get the horse to face the blizzard. When he came horseback the next morning the horse waded snow shoulder deep. ... When we walked to school as most of us did, the snow seemed frozen but when we stepped on it let us down into water above our ankles. When we got to school we took off our shoes and stockings and dried them by the fire.

"A store and post office were established on the Carl Hawthorne place in 1911..."

At this point she went on to explain about the occasional community picnics, Christmas programs, special celebrations, square dances, etc. Then she says,

"Pleasures or tragedies of any family was a community concern. If a prairie fire broke out, it was soon published by the grapevine, work was left, everyone took whatever they could, old brooms, wet gunny sacks, plows—all worked until it was out. Sickness? Neighbors took turns helping. Death? The grocery truck was even used as a funeral car. I know. I drove it. Wedding anniversaries? All helped on that too. A wonderful community spirit."

After mentioning the birth of the first child in the community and the establishment of Adena Women's club she mentioned that her father was chosen as first president of a Farmer's Union organized in 1919. She says that that union:

"had many outstanding fairs and rodeos and ball games for entertainment...."

"During the first World War a Red Cross Unit was organized under the leadership of Mrs. E.H. Groves (Lura's mother). Scores of sox, sweaters, scarves and helmets were knit besides the many sewed garments that were made at the Adena School house with the two sewing machines."

"Through the untiring efforts of E.H. Groves (Lura's father) a telephone line was installed on the fence posts in 1924 and later joined to the Fort Morgan office. The Adena Chapel was built and the untiring efforts of E.H. Groves were in evidence as they were in any worthwhile project in Adena. He was an A-one booster and helper. To him Colorado was the best state in the Union and Adena the best spot in Colorado.

"During the many years he had the store 'Service to all' was his motto. When the snow got deep if Groves couldn't get through, no one else tried. At times he took a bob-sled as far as the 9 mile corner, borrowed a wagon for the rest of the way to Fort Morgan, came back to the 9 mile corner, transferred to his sled to go the rest of the way home. He took cream and eggs for the community to town and brought back many odds and ends for them."

After reading the bits above about Adena what was your impression of Lois' grandfather Elmer H. Groves? To me it was very obvious that his daughter idolized him. And that daughter, Lura Groves, endured a lot heroically herself. Elmer and Netta Groves had moved from Milford, Indiana in 1909 with their two children Gage and Lura to homestead in Adena. Lura, Lois'

mother, would have been only 16 years old when that move transpired. Lois herself highly admired both her mother and her grandfather.

But now, after having that glimpse at Adena and the Groves side of the family, it is time to look at Lois' father and his background. From Lois' comments and other sources I have gleaned the following:

Her father's full name was Harry McDonald Elkerton but many people knew him by his nickname "Mac." He was born on March 1, 1886 in Rugeley, Staffordshire in central England. He married Lura Genevieve Groves sometime between 1910 and 1920 and I assume nearer to 1920 than to 1910.

He migrated to Canada at a young age early in the 1900's. He served in the Canadian Mounties in Siberia. I presume that was during the first World War for which the fighting did not end until November 11, 1918. He was awarded a gold or silver maple leaf insignia which he treasured. It was the one thing Lois asked for from the estate after her mother's death and I passed it on to Joyce later.

After his release from the Canadian services (likely in 1918 or before) he moved to the U.S. but never took U.S. citizenship. He must have met and married Lura Groves in the Adena, Colorado area. He likely worked as a hired hand in that area. At some point he and Lura moved to near Laramie, Wyoming where he worked herding sheep. He loved animals and loved caring for them. He also drew nice pictures – especially of horses. Lura had an impacted tooth and returned to Colorado to see a dentist. She refused to go back to Wyoming so he moved back to Colorado.

Mac & Lura moved from Adena to Fort Morgan, probably around or before 1930. There he worked at the sugar beet factory, the local cemetery, and as caretaker for the city parks – but I am not sure as to the order and time periods at each of these jobs.

He and Lura made an agreement that he would discipline the boys (Keith & Kenneth) and she would discipline the girls. Lois felt that as a consequence she and Eunice got off easy but she felt sorry for her brothers who frequently got severely punished.

Mac was quite bald. I think it was Keith who one day made some comment about his dad's bald head. Mac replied, "Yes, grass can't grow on a busy street." To that Keith replied, "Yeah, it can't get through the concrete." Fortunately Mac took that in good humor. I suppose it must be the British genes of their grandfather Elkerton that have affected Lelan and David's pates.

Lois' youth & adult life 1930 to 1939

Lois' mother, Lura, as noted above, was the first schoolteacher at the small Adena schoolhouse. I presume she needed to be home with the children after their births though. Lois spoke about how she (and I believe Keith) would walk a mile or two through the snow to school and on occasion rode a horse there. But probably by at least her 3rd or 4th grade the family had moved to Fort Morgan. At some point she was sent off to live with her mother's uncle & aunt (Wilbur & Hattie Groves and their children Dorothea and Robert) in Milford Indiana. She was in school there for 2 years - presumably before high school.

Lois was an apt student. She took an avid interest in journalism and for a few years looked forward to a career in that field. She worked on the high school's journalism staff and also for a time, especially summers, on the town newspaper staff.

Lois' father never attended church services nor did he make a profession of faith in Christ as far as I know. Her mother and maternal grandparents, however, were faithful attendants at the community chapel in Adena. After the family's move to Fort Morgan her mother became a member of First Christian Church and taught a Sunday School class there for many years. Lois professed her faith in Christ and was baptized at a young age. While in high school in Fort Morgan she was active in "Christian Endeavor" and one weekend attended the 49th annual convention of the Colorado Christian Endeavor Union in Grand Junction.

As she became more involved in Christian worship and activities she began to sense God's call upon her life to serve in foreign missions she surrendered her journalism ambitions and began to prepare for training. She chose Phillips, University in Enid, Oklahoma. It was there we would meet and marry but that story along with our growing family and years of service abroad will need to wait for later chapters.

As I write these lines I am 93 years old and Lois went home to heaven 17 years ago. I want here just to summarize the character and accomplishments of the Lois I came to honor, respect, and deeply cherish.

Lois was one amazing woman! I still marvel at all she accomplished in almost 75 years of life here on earth. I have a one-channel brain. That means I can do only one thing at a time and have trouble focusing steadily on that one thing. She, however, was good at multi-tasking. I had trouble focusing on a lecture or sermon and remembering some of what was said. But she could knit or crochet at a conference while listening to a speaker and enter intelligently into discussions.

She had so many of the qualities of the **"wife of noble character"** described in Proverbs 31:10 to 31 that I think best to quote from that passage (using the New Living Translation) and insert my comparisons to Lois:

Verse 10 *"Who can find a virtuous and capable wife? She is more precious than rubies."*

Lois maintained high standards and morals both for herself and her family. I and my children valued her highly far above rubies. She had already learned good mother-ing skills from her own mother and anything she was not naturally capable for she quickly learned. I had to learn to be a "Jack of all trades" and she learned to be a "Jill of all skills."

¹¹ *"Her husband can trust her, and she will greatly enrich his life."*

¹² *She brings him good, not harm, all the days of her life."*

All of this was true of Lois.

¹³ *She finds wool and flax and busily spins it.*

¹⁴ *She is like a merchant's ship, bringing her food from afar.*

¹⁵ *She gets up before dawn to prepare breakfast for her household and plan the day's work for her servant girls.*

¹⁶ *She goes to inspect a field and buys it; with her earnings she plants a vineyard.*

¹⁷ *She is energetic and strong, a hard worker.*

¹⁸ *She makes sure her dealings are profitable; her lamp burns late into the night.*

¹⁹ *Her hands are busy spinning thread, her fingers twisting fiber.*

Lois kept busy. She was a night owl yet could get by on little sleep and got up and going early.

²⁰ *She extends a helping hand to the poor and opens her arms to the needy.*
Lois had a heart of compassion and was always ready to help those in need.

²¹ *She has no fear of winter for her household, for everyone has warm clothes.*

²² *She makes her own bedspreads. She dresses in fine linen and purple gowns.*

Lois bought clothes economically and patched or made from scratch many items of clothing for herself and our family. After we moved back to America I think she knitted an afghan for each grandchild and great grandchild.

²³ Her husband is well known at the city gates, where he sits with the other civic leaders.

Lois did not try to take over my own role but worked harmoniously with me. I've often suspected that respect many showed to me was because of her more than me.

²⁴ *She makes belted linen garments and sashes to sell to the merchants.*

Lois worked diligently for many years to promote handicrafts of displaced Mien and Hmong.

²⁵ *She is clothed with strength and dignity, and she laughs without fear of the future.*

²⁶ *When she speaks, her words are wise, and she gives instructions with kindness.*

Lois gave wise advice to our children and many others.

²⁷ *She carefully watches everything in her household and suffers nothing from laziness.*

²⁸ *Her children stand and bless her. Her husband praises her:*

There were many who pitied us and our children for living in an out of the way corner of the world but I think we were all happy and satisfied with the situations we were put into.

²⁹ *"There are many virtuous and capable women in the world, but you surpass them all!"*

³⁰ *Charm is deceptive, and beauty does not last; but a woman who fears the LORD will be greatly praised.*

³¹ *Reward her for all she has done. Let her deeds publicly declare her praise.*

I certainly honor and respect her and I'm sure all of my kids do also. As evidence of that here is the **testimonial which Lelan shared at her funeral in September 1996:**

"My Dad asked that I rise to speak on behalf of those of us who called Lois Callaway "MOM" and "GrandMother". Mom is birth mother to five of us, GrandMother to sixteen and great GrandMother to two. In addition to being mom, she was our teacher and taught me at home through the 7th grade.

Mom loved Jesus and spoke often with us about her desire for each of us to walk with the Lord. I know she prayed for each of us every day, not only for our present needs, but that each of us would accept the Lord as our personal savior.

Mom loved living things and often lived the words of the song "I come to the garden alone, While the dew is still on the roses ..." She often joked that we were her "thorns among the roses".

A song that is Mom is "My Jesus, I Love Thee"

My Jesus I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the follies of sin I resign; My gracious Redeemer, my Savior art Thou; if ever I loved Thee, my Jesus tis now.

I love Thee because Thou hast first loved me, and purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree; I love Thee for wearing the thorns on thy brow; if ever I loved Thee, my Jesus tis now.

I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, and praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath; and say when the death dew lies cold on my brow; if ever I loved Thee, my Jesus tis now.

In mansions of glory and endless delight, I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright; I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow; if ever I loved Thee, my Jesus tis now.

Last Thursday Mom went home and I know she is now waiting for us to join her.

Mom, we love you, we miss you but we're happy you are with your Best Friend Jesus."

The following is from Home page of www.mohteacher.org

The Mien called her Mother Teacher the two highest positions of respect that can be given a woman in Mien society. We knew her as Lois Callaway - loving mother and veteran missionary to the Mien tribe of Northern Thailand. She with her husband C.W. Callaway left America in 1946 and set out on a journey to take the gospel of Jesus Christ to a people group who had never heard the name of Christ. That journey ended when they arrived in a mountain village in Northern Thailand where she set out to raise her five children (Lelan, Mark, Joyce, Jeni, and David), learn the Mien language and learn to adapt to the hardship of isolation in a jungle village.

As a servant of Christ she saw the needs of the Mien were more than just conversion to Christianity but a transformation of a way of life. To lift the burden of hardship from poverty and addiction to opium and give the Mien a way of supporting themselves would help insure their adjustment to a quickly changing world.

The upheaval following the Vietnam War and the Communist take over of Laos accelerated the need for helping the Mien adjust to a new way of life. Fleeing into Thailand from the Communists many of the Mien and other tribal groups ended up in the United Nations refugee camps in Thailand. From there many were sent to resettle as immigrants in the USA and other countries.

There Lois and CW set out to share the gospel of Christ's love and forgiveness with the Mien. Many came to Christ as never before and the foundation of the present day Mien Church world wide was born.

In the refugee camp there was no way for the Mien to earn a living. So Lois decided to use the Mien women's skill in embroidery to produce products that could be sold to tourists and the foreign community. These hand crafted products were sold in foreign women's clubs, churches and at missionary meetings. But the real impact was the start of a new handicraft business which has grown to include all the tribal groups as well as Thai nationals. Now tourists from all over the world who travel to Thailand enjoy shopping at the large night bazaars in Chiangmai and Chiangrai. Not realizing that the idea for such a business came in part from the heart of this servant of Christ.

Here are 3 poems she wrote later but appropriate to her Colorado days

Dawn

*I realized His Presence,
The fullness of His Power,
In much the way I felt dawn
One early morning hour.*

*The mountains in the distance
Were capped with dawn-grey snow.
Then slowly up the hillside
I saw the sunlight glow.*

*The crimson line of dawnlight
Crept up its snowy path.
Then suddenly the sunshine,
A glorious aftermath.*

*My heart was clothed at dawning
Of soul's new day with doubt.
The crimson line of yearning
Soon compassed me about.*

*The Power of God came creeping
O'er hills of doubting soul.
Then burst the dawning Spirit
To take His full control.*

9-10-56

(Memories of dawn on the Rockies in 1939)

Gift for Mother

*Of all the million little things
That might be said or done,
There'd be not any fine enough
To send to you -- not one.*

*Of all the many bigger things,
Of gifts or flowers of love,
There'd be not any large enough
But yours would tower above.*

*God is the only donor
Whose gifts are made for you.
So I'll just send a prayer to Him
To bless and keep you, too.*

12-1940

ON YOUR BIRTHDAY

For Eunice – my sister Jan. 8, 1957

*"Birthdays are for younger folk,"
The 'aging' matron sighs.
But birthdays are for all of us
And treasured by the wise.
Childhood years of tinsel bright
Make birthdays gay 'tis true,
But mature years of silver pure
Give gaiety its hue.*

*Years of life of metals rare
Inlaid by months and days,
Are set with jewels of preciousness --
Of wee ones -- happy ways.
The Eternal Smith is fashioning
A gem of beauty bright.
The years He hammers as He molds,
And sets with jewels of light.*

**How are you going to understand these ancient stories of mine if
you don't know how different the world was then?
Well here are some of the strange things that were going on back
in the early twentieth century.**

**This was the world from 1920 to 1940:
The Roaring Twenties & the Depression**

US Presidents

1913-1921 Woodrow Wilson	1921-1923 Warren G. Harding
1923-1929 Calvin Coolidge	1929-1933 Herbert Hoover
1933-1945 Franklin D. Roosevelt	

Events

World War I had ended in 1918

Women won the right to vote in 1920 with ratification of the 19th Amendment to the U.S.
Prohibition (1920-1933). In 1920 the 18th Amendment to the U.S. Constitution went into effect.
Charles Lindbergh's solo flight across the Atlantic in 1927 captured the imagination of a nation.

On **Black Tuesday** (10/29/1929) the market collapsed in a single day and by the end of November, investors had lost \$100 billion in assets in "The Great Stock Market Crash." This marks the point where the Roaring 20's ended and **the Great Depression** (1929-39) started. Between 1929 and 1932 the income of the average American family was reduced by 40%, from \$2,300 to \$1,500. What was once the land of opportunity was now the land of desperation.

The "**Dust Bowl**" was a term born in the hard times from the people who lived in the drought-stricken region during the great depression. Many Dust Bowl farmers packed their families into cars, tied their few possessions on the back, and sought work in the agricultural fields or cities of the West - their role as independent land owners gone forever.

1935 Social Security Act was established
Minimum wage was established at 25 cents/hour (equal to \$3.22/hour in 2005 dollars)

US Facts/Culture

Population: 106,521,537 people in the United States.
Up to 123 million in the 30's.
Life expectancy: Male 53.6, Female 54.6 in the 20's

Average salary: \$1236 in 1920 (equal to \$11,624 in 2004)
Up only to \$1,368 in 1930

Unemployment: 5.2%; 2,132,000 unemployed in 1920. Unemployment rose to 25% in 1930's
Costs: \$100,000 in 1924 would equal \$1,097,076 in 2004.

Postage rate for ½ ounce was 2 cents but from 1932 on it went up to 3 cents!

Food Prices in the 30's: Milk, 14 cents a qt.; Bread, 9 cents a loaf; Round Steak, 42 cents a pound

Literacy: Illiteracy rate reached a new low of 6% of the population in the 1920's.

Travel: It took 13 days to reach California from New York. (in the 1920's the sale of automobiles soared from six million to twenty-seven million. Helping to spur sales was the two week summer vacation. Between 1908 and 1916 the price of the Model-T fell from \$850 to \$360).

Clothing/Styles: There were dramatic changes in women's clothing, the short skirt was popular by 1925. Traditionally, women's hair had always been worn long but now more women wore it short, or bobbed. Cosmetics, powder, lipstick, rouge, eyebrow pencil, eye shadow and colored nails were all the rage. This period marked the spread of ready-to-wear fashion. More women were wage earners and did not want to spend time on fittings. Inexpensive fashion became available.

Entertainment: America got a new cultural capital in the 1920s, Hollywood. Each week up to 80 million people, nearly 80% of the country's population, went to silent movies. By 1930, every movie was made with sound. Americans went crazy for sports in the Twenties, such as baseball and golf. Dance marathons began in 1923. Dance crazes included the Charleston, the Black Bottom, and the Shimmy. The Miss America contest began in Atlantic City in 1921.

Inventions: Many products we take for granted now in the 21st century were in their infancy in the 1800s and early 1900s. I vaguely recall our first feeble television in the 1930s & the telephone on the wall with crank on side. The ballpoint pen was invented in 1938.

The Roaring Twenties placed an emphasis on individualism, creating wealth and enjoying the new fads and inventions of the day. Industries grew quickly and the stock market boomed. Shorter work weeks and increased wages led to a dramatic change in communications, transportation and recreation. The 1920s produced another innovation - "credit," where people could "buy now, and pay later." Corner shops gave way to chain stores, like Woolworth's and the Piggly Wiggly Supermarkets, which supplied identical goods at identical prices.

In 1920 taxes were few, -

there was no national debt, -

and Mom stayed home to raise the kids!

1921 to 1939 Pictures of Lois



Watching weight 1923



**Lois & Keith in 1926
with Grandpa's Ford**



Lois in Adena 1928



In High School



H.S. Senior 1939



Lois In High School

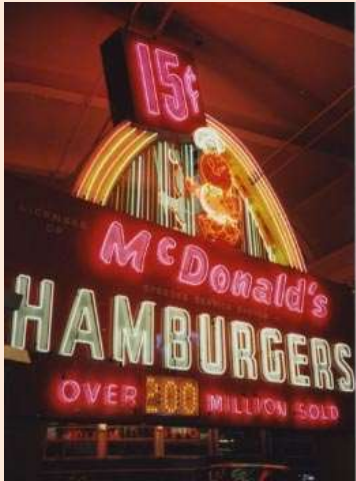


**Lois' Grandparents –
Elmer & Nellie Groves**



**Lois' Parents – Harry
'Mac' & Lura Groves
Elkerton**

SCENES FROM 1920's -1930's



I recall when
hamburgers were only a
dime.



23 cent gas



Candy for a penny



Unemployed hitching
free rides on freight
trains in search of work.



1920 women get right
to vote



Washtub and wringer. The
outdoor clothesline was the
dryer!



Mail a letter
for a nickel



6 signs scattered out at
equal intervals on roads

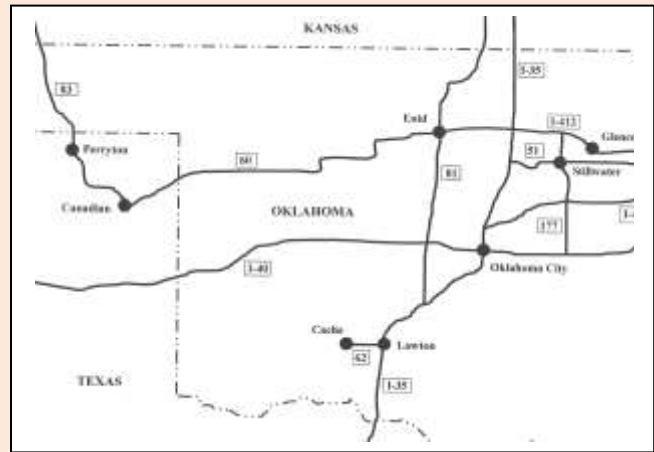


Reel to reel recorder.
Camcorder not yet
dreamed of.

Chapter 3

MY STORIES OF OKLAHOMA

1938 to 1943



Western Oklahoma

Note: Enid, Cache, Glencoe

1. ENID, OKLAHOMA – Aug. 1938 to Summer 1943

Having seldom been away from my home in Texas for even one night it seemed such a big move when I moved those 160 miles east from Canadian to start college in Enid, Oklahoma. That is an easy 3 hour trip today but it must have taken at least twice that then. Much of the road then was just gravel covered and very dusty. Mama and Daddy drove me there and it was heart wrenching for me to say goodbye and watch them drive away. But let me first share Daddy's feelings from his memoirs.

“YOU CHILDREN LEAVING HOME

“Our children just seemed to grow up so fast, Burl leaving for college in 1933, Lela soon finishing high school, Cert's time coming along as an outstanding graduate. Not much longer til those three were gone from home and much too soon we were taking C Dub to college at Enid, Oklahoma. Our family began to seem so small with only three left at home. But with all our woes of the '30's I began to grieve at our loss. I can remember very well that when Burl left home I just took it for granted, when Lela got married it struck me pretty hard, when Cert left home to go to work for Maynard Lumber Company in Amarillo, I was rather pleased as I recall, although I more fully realized how time was passing, but when we took Dub to Enid that was a blow for sure, Dub was such a student and now here he was headed for giving his life to our Lord. Mama and I both shed tears when we unloaded him in Enid and said goodbye, in other words, as for him leaving was probably no worse, in some respects than any of you leaving home, we were just waking up a little more of how soon we would be left alone and all would be gone from us. We came back from Enid and got back to the care of those three boys left. After all we also began to give more thought to how you who had left our home, how you progressed as citizens out for yourself. We could now be pleased and proud that you were establishing yourselves so nicely on your own.

WORLD WAR TWO

“Late in the thirties the war started, and we were hoping that America would not be involved, we had another worry, as we knew some of you would be in there fighting for your country. As time passed, Burl married and not too far off, Robert came along. Burl had made good after his schooling with the United Sash and Door company. Later he joined Art Arnold, a longtime lumber salesman and that proved a wonderful move, as he was now selling on commission and he had what it took to sell.

"Then there came the time Cert enlisted in the Navy, at that time it was for six years. The war was raging, getting nearer to our shores. "Cert had quit John Maynard Lumber Co., and that was quite a blow to Mr. Maynard, so he told me, but as that turned out Cert was taking up electronics, not too long he mastered that and was soon a Chief Petty Officer. Came Pearl Harbor, Jap attack and there we had arrived in World War II. Not too long, it was Burl, Thad, Max, Jiggs. Dallas got to the age he had to register, and was all ready to go when he was held up as the war was all but over. How five of our family returned without injury is a mystery, only God knows. How thankful we were, the war is now history that you who read this will be in the know and others of you who were then too young or not yet born will be informed by history books and you will get some idea of the horrors of war. Mother and I have lived through the Spanish-American, World War I and II. As heretofore mentioned, in World War I I was expected to go just about the time that one was over, so I have missed all wars, just by age, the timing, maybe just luck. Although, I regret that I did not get to serve my country in some way.

"1930's till 1948, things happening with us was routine in most respects. Probably like most families, just living with the times. We made many trips as a family, but as time went the younger of you were getting to the age where your interest was mostly with friends at home. After the 1940's and during the war, we had to cut down on all the driving we could, gasoline was rationed, we were allowed so many gas stamps, tires were hard to come by. As the war progressed, we were experiencing many anxious moments and not only moments but lasting days before we got better news."

From those comments of Daddy's you can see that our country and family were living through uncertain days in 1938 prior to America's entrance into World War II. Unlike most women we men tend to keep our emotions hidden away. How much better it would be if we could let go and allow the tears to flow. In spite of the sadness and homesickness I had to face up to the fact that I was in Enid for a reason – God's reason. So I needed to begin to get acquainted there and to settle in.

What a blessing it was that in correspondence with the school I had learned of the Dalrymples and had arranged to live at their home. It was a very modest home near to the university but they did have 2 or 3 extra rooms since their children had left the home nest. "Pop" Dalrymple was an invalid with bad arthritis but "Mom" Dalrymple was a faithful hard worker. She and her son had worked over the house so as to be able to take in 5 or 6 of us male students. Fortunately most of us had few changes of clothes and little else in those days so we didn't each need a lot of room. "Mom" managed to cook 3 sturdy meals each day. They were not fancy, lots of potatoes and gravy, but sufficient to keep us going. She loved us and took the best care she could of our needs. We in turn helped her a bit. I recall helping lift "Pop" in and out of the bathtub since he couldn't move much on his own. There were usually 6 to 8 of us around the table for meals. Most were male students but 3 or more female students who roomed nearby came at times for meals also.

During high school at my sundry jobs and then by working at the lumber yard the summer of 1938 I had managed to save a bit (maybe as much as \$200) and my daddy gave me \$100 which was a big gift in those days. I received a partial scholarship due to having been valedictorian my senior year in high school Thus I was able to pay the rest of my school fees and buy the necessary textbooks. My brother Burl through his lumber sales had come to know the manager of Enid Sash & Door and had written a letter which helped me get a job there. I helped put together screen doors, helped clean up, and did whatever sundry jobs were needed.

With that I was able to pay for my room and board at the Dalrymple's home. I arranged to have all my classes in the morning, then ran back to the house for a quick lunch, and dashed out to catch the 12:40 PM bus so as to be at work by 1 PM. After supper evenings were spent in homework. There certainly was not much time for socializing –especially that first year.

I had no television, radio, or newspaper during my college years. I could seldom afford the 3 cents for a postage stamp nor the time nor inclination to write letters often. I also had no phone and calls from a booth were prohibitive on my budget. I realized we were in tumultuous times there during World War II but was largely shielded from the day to day news. Occasionally I would get news from my parents about my brothers. They were all in the military except for Dallas who barely missed being called in for service. People appreciated the church and ministers more in those days so we who were preachers in training were exempted from being drafted into military service.

Several decades later my brother Max wrote of his experiences during that war so here I will quote from him: *"An older brother had enlisted in the Navy, so I hitch hiked (my main transportation then) to Houston, about 700 miles) to enlist. I was sent back home with papers for my mother to sign, as I was only 17. She insisted I get 1 year of college and I wouldn't need her signature. I set off for Texas A & M, and then came Dec, 7, 1941. That delay proved beneficial for me, as the requirements were lowered so I enlisted as a cadet in Naval aviation the week after I completed my first year of college. I wasn't called to active duty until Nov. 1942, but was sent to civilian pilot training (CPT) in Altus, OK. My duty was to deliver new aircraft, and some old (some from "Pappy" Boyington's Black Sheep squadron). I made over 80 deliveries across the country and money to spend, and saw the elephant and heard the owl. Saw this country from Ellis Island to San Quentin, and parts of Canada. Released to in-active duty Feb. 1945. Went home, got a job married the love of my life, Leota Irwin, Sept. 1947"*

Phillips University was founded in 1906 and was affiliated with the Disciples of Christ. By the time I enrolled in 1938 it still had several conservative Bible professors but it was becoming increasingly liberal in theology and continued in that direction after I graduated in 1943. It was forced by bankruptcy to close in 1998. Only the school's seminary survives today under the name "Phillips Theological Seminary" and is located in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

When I was there it had several brick buildings on a 40 acre plot in the eastern end of Enid. The school's initials became its nickname "PU." It was thus sometimes pictured as a skunk wearing a shirt labeled **"PU."** We students would hold our noses and say we were students at.
"Peuw University"



I enrolled in the Bible College division and most of my classes were in the 2-story red brick Bible College building. My favorite professor was Frank Marshall who was the Bible College dean. He was already well along in years and, like many of us who are now oldies, he would ask "Have I told you about....?" Then before we could say "Yes, many times" he would tell it again! One I especially remember was about his daughter when she was quite small. Once after Bible reading in their family devotions she declared, "Daddy, I like Revelation best because it is so easy to understand." Most of us grownups probably wouldn't agree that it is easier to understand!

For the first two years I had an hour of Greek class 4 mornings each week. It was one of my hardest subjects but I did manage to get fair grades in it by meeting a fellow classmate at 5:30 AM each morning to study our Greek lessons. I took all the classes I could in the Bible department and only enough of the social studies, English language, etc. in the other departments to qualify for a degree.

Dr. Osborne was one of the liberal professors whom I chose to avoid taking classes under. But he also pastored the University Christian Church near campus so I attended there on Sundays before I got to preaching regularly. At least they had communion service each Sunday as I was accustomed to and enjoyed so much. Most churches then had services both morning and evening on Sundays. At one point Dr. Osborne threatened the congregation that if they did not have at least 75 in the evenings they would discontinue that service. I and some fellow students grumbled about that. "What about all the churches that never have 75 out at all?" "And what about the times when Jesus was content with an audience of one? Such as the woman at the well or Nicodemus?"

It must have been my first Christmas break at Phillips I did manage to get back by bus to Canadian but had my inflamed tonsils taken out while there and it took several days to recover from that. The summer of 1939 I worked in my birth-town, Perryton, Texas, at the White House Lumber Company. Thus I was able to get some money saved up toward my second year college expenses. That second school year (1939-40) I worked part time in the college library. There was no such thing as student loans and I had no grant and my folks were not able to help much and there were no credit cards so life was nip and tuck and it took a lot of skimping to get by.

In the spring of 1940 I preached a number of Sundays substituting for a classmate at the Christian Church in Cleo Springs, 35 miles west of Enid. I think I preached my first sermon in Canadian when I was around 18 or 19 years of age.

THE NEW GIRL IN TOWN & GOD'S CALL

I was growing in my commitment to the Lord. Both semesters of the 1939-40 school year I took mission courses under Vernon Newland who had served on the cold forbidding Tibetan frontier. That fall the course title was "Pioneer Missions," and the spring term it was "Tibetan Missions." Newland described most graphically the harsh conditions of Tibet and the spiritual darkness of the Tibetan Buddhists. I vividly recall his description of their use of "prayer wheels." As they, especially the monks/lamas, were turning the prayer wheels in their hands they chanted endlessly, "Om mani padme hum." Yet for all of that effort they were "without hope and without God in the world." (Eph. 2:12)

In his relating of his own experiences and those of the few other missionaries who had dared to serve our Lord in that difficult land he highlighted the ministry of Dr. Albert Shelton. I found on amazon.com this summary of Shelton's life:

"Dr. Albert Shelton was a medical missionary and explorer who spent nearly twenty years in the Tibetan borderlands at the start of the last century. During the Great Game era, the Sheltons' sprawling station in Kham was the most remote and dangerous mission on earth. Raising his family in a land of banditry and civil war, caught between a weak Chinese government and the British Raj, Shelton proved to be a resourceful frontiersman. One of the West's first interpreters of Tibetan culture, during the course of his work in Tibet, he was praised

by the Western press as a family man, revered doctor, respected diplomat, and fearless adventurer. To the American public, Dr. Albert Shelton was Daniel Boone, Wyatt Earp, and the apostle Paul on a new frontier. Driven by his goal of setting up a medical mission within Lhasa, the seat of the Dalai Lama and a city off-limits to Westerners for hundreds of years, Shelton acted as a valued go-between for the Tibetans and Chinese. Recognizing his work, the Dalai Lama issued Shelton an invitation to Lhasa. Tragically, while finalizing his entry, Shelton was shot to death on a remote mountain trail in the Himalayas. Set against the exciting history of early twentieth century Tibet and China, Pioneer in Tibet offers a window into the life of a dying breed of adventurer.” (From “Pioneer in Tibet” by Douglas A. Wissing

The fascinating stories of Shelton, Loftis, Bares, Nichols, Morses, and others who had labored in that area enthralled me. So much so in fact that I wrote on the flyleaf of my Bible these words:

*There's a long, long trail a-winding Up to the roof of the world,
Where an altar high is lifted And Christ's flag unfurled;
There's a long, long night of waiting 'Til Lhasa's gates shall swing clear
And the dreamed-of chain of guide-posts on That long, long trail appear.*

*There's a long, long trail a-winding Into the land of our dreams,
O'er the heights where children call us And a white star gleams;
There's a long, long night of waiting Ere Shelton's dream shall come true,
O Tibet we now are climbing up Our long, long trail to you.*

Those words were intended to be sung to the tune of “The Long, Long Trail.” They were written by Lois Nichols Bare who with her husband Dr. Norton Bare were parents of Dr. Garland Bare and were missionaries to Tibet. About 10 years after I first saw that poem in college Garland became one of our fellow missionaries in Thailand.

God used that poem, that missions class, and the weekly Student Volunteers meetings which I had begun to attend to draw me into a commitment of my life to foreign missions. In high school God had drawn me into Christian ministry but now he broadened my vision to see those without Christ in foreign lands.

On Feb. 14, 1940 I wrote this letter to myself on a scrap of paper:

“Dear Self,

“How haughty it seems to be writing to myself & calling self ‘Dear.’ But Dearest Father, it is not this self that I am to whom I would write but to the self that Thou, Almighty God, might make out of this body & soul which is from Thee. Oh that Thou might take my life, O Lord, and make it entirely Thine own. May I forget, O Lord, that I am anything. Let me lose myself in Thy service. “May I be one of prayer, O God, a child of faith, a child of God.

“O Rock of ages cleft for me, let me hide myself in Thee, and forget myself. Let me smile for others, let me live for others, let me be happy for others & all for God – my blessed Lord & theirs. Begging Thy forgiveness & Thy strength Just Dub.”

At that stage I felt I must use “Thee” and “Thou” in talking with God. But as the years rolled by I found I could even address Him as “You” as long as I kept in mind His holiness and my utter dependence upon Him for each breath that I took.

I was shy - and especially around those of the fairer sex. I don't recall ever dating a girl in high school or during my first year in college. It must have been during the fall of my second year of college that I finally got up the courage to ask (or accept ?) a date or two with one of the girl students. But through Newland's mission classes and the Student Volunteers I met a beautiful young lady who had entered Phillips in the fall of 1939 one year after I had started there. I learned that she was from Colorado, had previously made her own commitment to serve in missions, and that her name was **LOIS ELKERTON!**

Lois was even then so committed to foreign missions that she had already made preparations for and did attend the North American Student Volunteer conference in Toronto, Canada during the school Christmas break of 1939.

Throughout our college years Lois and I continued attending the Student Volunteer meetings because of the emphasis on foreign missions. In fact the two of us took turns rotating between being president and vice president of that organization on campus. An added bonus was that she was also in Vernon Newland's class on missions work in Tibet and also was challenged to serve in that part of the world. With that common interest we began spending more time together and I did not find it at all hard to ask her for a date – and then another – and another!

Fortunately Student Volunteers was not blind to the need for home missions. So our group began going to the "Poor Farm" to hold worship services each Friday night. (What was then called "the Poor Farm" would now be more politely called something like "Elderly Care Center.") Few students had cars back then but one of our group had a large car (and seat belts had not yet been dreamed of) so we all piled into one car. That meant that we fellows were forced ?? to hold our girl friends on our laps for that trip. Of course I didn't mind that at all! She was not heavy. And it was a great opportunity to get better acquainted!

It must have been during my second or third year at Phillips that the opportunity came to buy a tiny trailer house about 12 feet long near the college. It must have been quite cheap for I surely could not have afforded more than \$20 for it. It did turn out to be a savings on room and board. I continued to eat lunch at Mom Dalrymple's – and managed to survive on that one meal a day. That saved time but years later I got to thinking that I wasn't really being fair to her since I was paying her for just one meal a day but probably eating as much in that one meal as I previously ate in three! If she were still alive today I would take her a few hundred dollars and apologize for eating so much for so little!

There were times though when I would stop at a little café and splurge by laying down a whole 10 cents for a hamburger. Of course that hamburger was all the more attractive since Lois was working part time there as a waitress!!!

Later she was staying in a private home and earning her room and board by helping with the housework. Some of our dates were spent standing at the door of that house. I recall once that she and her roommate baked cookies and offered them to her roommate's boy friend and me. Neither of the girls was happy when he and I pretended the cookies were biscuits and put mustard on them! Anyway she finally forgave me for that.

It was a constant struggle with working or preaching while in school to keep up with homework. I remember once when a term paper was due and I worked all my spare time

through 2 days and 2 nights to finish it. The second night several times I would get so sleepy that I would lie down on the bunk bed in my little trailer holding a spoon in my hand. When I would almost fall asleep my hand would relax letting the spoon fall on the linoleum floor and that would awake me enough to get back to the paper again.

I had a little heater but it was not sufficient for cold winter nights so often I squatted on the bed or table where the air was warmer. After sensing God's call into missions to an unreached tribal area I decided I needed to get toughened up to doing without some creature comforts so one thing I did purposely for that reason was to start sleeping without a pillow! Don't know if that helped any or not.

At around the same time I decided I was not going to develop a coffee habit. My reasoning was that it would be awkward to stop on a lonely trail in Asia to heat a cup of coffee. I had no trouble at that time keeping that resolution since I couldn't afford to buy coffee and about the only time I ever did drink it was when someone offered me a cup.

Even though my full weekly budget was around \$3 to \$5 at that time it was not all that hard to keep within that budget. When you have a limited budget, no bank account, no credit card, no credit period, no rich uncle, no TV to keep tempting you to buy things which "you can't live without" – it's really not that hard to keep from getting in debt!

It must have been around the same time as my acquisition of that little trailer/shack that I began serving as a student preacher. I had to relinquish other jobs but even so it was difficult to prepare 2 sermons for each Sunday and to keep up with my school homework. I began then to keep a pen or pencil and notepad near my bed. Whenever a thought for a sermon or illustration would cross my mind before getting to sleep or during the night I could then jot it down right away before it disappeared into the darkness. That is a practice I have continued through much of my life

On the occasion of my 90th birthday party in 2010 each of my kids and grandkids was given the opportunity to ask a question about my life. Bethany asked, "Granddaddy, Where and how did you propose marriage to Grandmother?" My reply was, "She just kept on chasing me until finally at long last I caught her! Or if you want me to be even more precise than that she had begun to wonder if I was ever going to propose and one day asked me point blank what my intentions were. I said 'Sure I want to marry you.' So from then on we began preparing for our wedding day." I had thought of marriage before that of course but had wondered how I would support two of us on the \$5 or \$10 per week I was receiving at the time as a student preacher!

I decided after that proposal I needed to meet her family – but how was I ever going to get money together to make the trip all the way to Fort Morgan in northeastern Colorado? That resulted in one of the first occasions for God to convince me that He is still "Jehovah Jireh" (i.e. God the Provider). I very rarely received any mail but one day when I stopped at the campus post office I got a letter from an unexpected source and in it was \$15. Hallelujah! Now I can go! Of course I couldn't buy a bus ticket and keep up with other expenses but I, like a lot of my classmates, was used to hitchhiking. So off I went hitchhiking north through Kansas and then west through southern Nebraska. It was there that I caught a ride all the way on to the Elkerton home in Fort Morgan! The man who picked me up for that part of the trip was an elder in Lois' home church and father of one of our classmates at Phillips! Wow! Thank you, Jesus!

I managed to stay 2 or 3 days in Fort Morgan getting acquainted with Lois' parents and siblings. Later on Lois confided to me that her father had commented about me, "I shorre...woulddd hate...to...hearr himmm...preachhh uhh surrmunnn." As a matter of fact Mac Elkerton would have hated to hear anyone preach a sermon - since he seldom if ever attended any church. But at least he did not object to our marriage and Lois' mother, who faithfully attended church and taught her Sunday School class, readily gave her blessing. I could not afford to buy an engagement ring – but neither could many of my classmates at that time.

Lois also had visited my parents with me. On March 13, 1942 my daddy wrote us these words after hearing of our engagement:

"Dear Lois & Dub:

"Well we knew it all the time – at least we thought so strong, or was it? Anyhow, we welcome Lois into our large family with arms wide open and all the love that our hearts can pour out to her. Dub-to you congratulations. Lois-to you, may you always be happy in your choice of a husband. To both-may God bless you. ...We all liked Lois – now we shall love her, as we love Dub....

"I came home telling good things of her...and that it looked like Dub knew a good thing when he saw it...it is my prayer that God will bless you greatly in your work.

"From a loving father... Daddy"

Lois was good at writing loving little notes. One of them said,

*"Sweets to the Sweet---est Somebody in all the world – meaning you, Dub.
Love, Lois."*

I wish I had been able to express my loving thoughts for her as capably as she did.
For Valentine's Day, it must have been in 1942, Lois wrote me this poem,

*"I'm not a poet, darling as you can surely see
But I just want to send you a heart of love from me....
And then above all earthly joys you've brought me close to Him,
Yes dear He comes so close to us it makes us seem quite dim.
It seems too good, my darling – too good to be so true,
That I should find and love one who knows Him as you do.
So I'll just whisper from my heart a thought I can but feel
And pray for God to bless you each evening as I kneel.*

*"In love encircled by the White Light Ineffable and because we've known
a companionship near to the heart of God, Ever, Lois (Your Valentine)"*

I believe it was a bad bout with scarlet fever I had had as a child that weakened my eyes. They are still weak today but were the worst around the time we got engaged (probably from all the late nights and much reading). Lois was working and going to school herself but (bless her heart) often in 1941 & early 1942 she kindly spent much of the time on our dates by reading books to me that my teacher had assigned. My diploma should have had both of our names on it!

The girl whom I had dated a couple times or so previously learned that Lois and I were engaged and said one day to Lois, "Whenever you are through with Dub let me know and I will take him." I have no idea as to why she was interested in me since I had no money nor special gifts. She must have been pretty desperate. But as for me I was more than happy to give my full attention to Lois from then on.

It must have been around that time that a representative of the United Christian Missionary Society visited Phillips and spoke to Lois offering her a scholarship to Transylvania Seminary in Lexington, Kentucky. He told her that it would give a broader education than Phillips and would thus keep her "from getting bored on the mission field." She asked me what I thought. I sure didn't want to lose her and also learned that Transylvania was more modernistic in theology than Phillips so I encouraged her to reject the offer. She asked me how she should explain that to the man. I said, "Just blame it on me." As it turned out even though there were lonely times during our years abroad I don't think either of us ever got "bored" even without that "broader education" he had talked about!

We set our wedding for May 28, 1942 which was the last day of school before the summer break. To many of those I have counseled for marriage since I have said, "**Don't marry on the last day of school!**" The main reason we chose that date, however, was so that our classmates could attend. Since money was tight for them also and very few had cars we knew they could not make the trip back to Enid during the summer.

Six & ½ decades after our wedding on May 28, 2007 I described it in an e-mail to our kids as follows:

"This is a memorable day. It's not too often that Memorial Day and our anniversary fall on the same day. But that happened this year and it is 65 years ago tonight that Mother and I were married in Davis Park Church in Enid, Oklahoma. We had it the last day of school so some of our classmates could come. I think we had exams that morning.

"The church was full when I in my "zoot suit" and my best man got there. So I had to crawl through a window to open the back door for him to get in – so we didn't have to walk through the church to get in position.

"And that was one expensive wedding! I paid \$7 for Mother's wedding band and she paid \$11, I believe, for my larger band. But she still had hers at her burial and I still have mine as a reminder of our continuing commitment to each other. I think I gave the preacher \$5 and that the wedding license cost around \$2.

"Grandma Elkerton was there and my parents, Burl, Lela, and Cert as I recall. Daddy took our family members out for dinner after the ceremony."

"Now don't think I was a cheapskate – a dollar would probably go 20 times as far as a dollar today – since you could buy 20 hamburgers at the restaurant where Mother had worked there near Phillips. I had moved before that from weekend preaching in Cache for \$5 a week to Glencoe where I was getting \$10 a week. And the church generously raised it to \$11 after our marriage. So by living rent free in "Mom" Nimrod's son's home across the alley and my getting around by bicycle for pastoral calls and to make the trip up to Lela to catch train to Enid when Phillips U. fall session started we were even able to make ends meet. Had to actually since credit cards and easy credit were unheard of back then, fortunately."

My best man was Johnny Gant –from Glencoe Christian Church where I was serving at the time. Lois’ best friend at college was her maid of honor. I believe she borrowed her ankle length white wedding dress.

The main song Lois chose for our wedding service was:

*“Tell me why the stars do shine Tell me why the ivy twines
Tell me why the sky’s so blue And then I’ll tell you just why I love you
Because God made the stars to shine Because God made the ivy twine
Because God made the sky’s so blue
Because God made you, that’s why I love you” Author unknown*

I was sure glad then, and still am, that He made her.
How different my life would have been otherwise.

Fourteen years later Lois wrote these lines about our marriage:

Ode to a Marriage

*We joined our hands that happy night; His hand was laid o’er all.
We sealed the vows with wedding kiss; His Spirit hovered o’er.*

*Two hearts that beat as one, O Lord, Two heads that bow as one,
Two lives that blend together In Thy all perfect love.*

*As hand in hand we walk, O Lord, Together seek Thy will;
What more could mortals ask, Dear God, These hearts could hold no more.*
@ Lois Callaway, Dec 1956

After our wedding and the family dinner at the restaurant my folks drove me to a motel where we had arranged to stay that night. Daddy paid for it as well as for the meal. They and my siblings watched me carry Lois across the threshold according to a custom of that era. Then they drove that night back to Canadian so as to save having to pay for lodging for themselves.

Lois and I had already put our few belongings in the motel room prior to our wedding. Unfortunately I still had a paper due for one class. Since I was a slow typist and had the weak eyes Lois agreed to type up my notes for me while I packed our stuff and shipped them to Glencoe. She would later regret that she had trusted me with her belongings. After I had delivered my paper to my professor we were about ready to leave the motel for our honeymoon. But then with an accusing tone in her voice Lois asked, “Dub, where? are my shoes?” I felt like hiding but there was no place to hide. In despair and shame I made the first of many confessions I would have to make in our marriage. “Well....uh...I don’t know....uh....I guess I must have shipped them off to Glencoe.” So much for hoping to be an ideal husband. I’d flubbed it the first day. But there wasn’t money or time to buy her a new pair of shoes so off we went, with her still in the old flip-flops she’d worn all day, to catch our bus for a brief honeymoon.

We had planned to spend the next couple days at the Will Rogers State Park near Claremore, Oklahoma. We were yet to learn the tricks of advance planning but got some

experience then. We arrived at the park to find it closed. So we had to catch the next bus back to Tulsa and spent that night in a cheap hotel there. The next day was Sunday so we dressed in the best clothes we had with us and went to the biggest "Christian Church" there. We figured we would know no one there and Lois' worn flip-flops would not be noticed if we sat in a back row. But at the close of the service the minister of a "Christian Church" in Stillwater who was there that day came up to us and in a booming voice announced "Look! Here are the newlyweds!" Lois tried to hide her feet under a pew and my face turned red once more!

We made our retreat as fast as we could and soon caught a bus to Glencoe to set up our home there. - If you are wondering did we get a honeymoon later, - well yes. About 40 years later when we were enroute to visit Mien refugees in Canada we stopped for a night at the popular honeymoon site of Niagara Falls. We called that our honeymoon!

While ministering in Glencoe we took turns in continuing our schooling in Phillips. My eyes were weak – it was assumed that was because of an illness in childhood (scarlet fever perhaps?). Constant late nights at homework and sermon preparation had weakened my eyes even more. Thus for the fall term of 1942 only Lois attended classes. She was able to ride back and forth to Enid with Lelan Akins, a graduate student who was preaching weekends at a church east of Stillwater. But by the 1943 spring term Lois was pregnant and my eyes were better so she stayed in Glencoe and I attended Phillips the middle of each week. I usually travelled by bicycle 6 miles north from Glencoe and took the train from there to Enid. I completed my BA degree there in May, 1943.

2. CACHE, OKLAHOMA (But with no cash!) 1940-41

While I was at Phillips classes were held Tuesday to Friday so we students could serve churches on weekends. In the spring of 1940 (or possibly 1939) I filled in for a classmate by preaching a number of Sundays at Cleo Springs. I would have been 18 or 19 then. But in 1940, before my 20th birthday I believe, I became senior pastor at the Christian Church in Cache, Oklahoma. I was not only the senior pastor but also the junior pastor, the janitor's helper, the worship leader, and general flunky all rolled up into one. To put it in other words, since it was a small church I had to do whatever was needed. The average attendance must have run around 25 to 50 I would judge.

That little church had been established in 1906. Many decades after I had served there and 10 years after Lois' death I was invited to share in their 100th anniversary celebration. They still had the little white building with the tall belfry and bell. The theme for the weekend was "**Same church. Same God.**" During my sermon there on October 7, 2006 I recalled my year of weekend ministry:

"In 1940, the year I became preacher here, Adolph Hitler's German forces completed the takeover of most of mainland Europe. The following year the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, America finally joined the war in both Europe and Asia and that really became World War II.

"I was in Bible College in Phillips Univ. in Enid and hitch-hiking 156 miles down here each weekend. Yes, you heard me right. I confess that your preacher hitch-hiked. Of course we didn't hear of highway muggings, cars were few, and hitch-hiking then was considered an honorable way to get around – especially for college students. The church members had loving and generous hearts but for the most part did not have a lot of money so I had to survive and go to

school on \$5 a week. I never had a lot of spare change in my pocket. In fact I was the cashless preacher at Cache. But thanks to all those good meals on weekends I managed fine.

“Cardis Vokins was the undertaker. I stayed often at his home and sometimes in other homes.

“One Sun. night while I was preaching I was amazed to see people waking up in the middle of my sermon and actually acting as though they were listening to what I was saying. Some were craning far over into the center aisle to see me better. I was puzzled as to why all of a sudden I was getting so much respect and attention. But then my ego bubble burst when I realized it was not me that the people were watching but the little church mouse that had found its way up onto the communion table. I was told later that the mouse had gone up my trouser leg but finding no tasty morsels in my pocket had jumped over onto the communion table. Well suffice it to say that the service ended quite abruptly and, sad to say, there were no converts that night.”

Raymond Banks and his son-in-law had met me in Oklahoma City airport to take me to that celebration. I'd baptized Raymond and several other kids in 1941 in Cache when he was 10 and I was 20. Two women even showed me the baptismal certificates I'd given them on that occasion so long ago!

During the school year I usually hitched my way down to Cache on Saturdays and back to Enid on Mondays. One weekend I was miserable with the flu but still made it down there. After preaching Sunday morning I spent the afternoon in bed at a member's home. I got up and preached again that night. Still I was feeling rotten but for some crazy reason I decided to hitchhike back to Enid that night. I got a ride or two right away and was feeling good about my decision. Then I had to get out into the cold and dark at the junction just west of Oklahoma City. For some 5 hours I stood there hoping for another ride. Finally toward daybreak another kindly driver stopped and took me on to Enid. Exhausted I climbed into bed and slept for 8 or 10 hours straight. When I woke up the flu was gone – so of course I went over to visit Lois. Today, I'm not advising you to stand at a desolate road junction for 5 hours to cure your flu! As for me – once was enough!

Most churches in those days had a Sunday evening service as well as the morning service. Few people had TV and there were not so many other attractions as there are today so we usually had about the same crowd (or small group I should say) in the evening as in the morning.

And boy how we could sing about that “old time religion” at Cache in those evening services! Pearl Good could really pound away on that old piano! I can't say that our singing was all that good in quality but at least it sure was LOUD!

Most of us evangelical preachers felt an obligation to close each service with a prolonged invitation service. Even if we saw no non-Christians in the building - how were we to know but that some hardened sinner might be just outside the open windows longing for an opportunity to get his sordid life straightened out. And if we saw a child or adult who might be on the verge of coming to the Lord we preachers could ask for “Almost Persuaded” to be sung over and over for the fourth or fifth time!

In the Cache drug store one day I tried to witness to an agnostic senior citizen. He cut me short with, “Young man, how old are you?” “I'm 19” I replied. “Well, I'm 75” he said, “so you can't

tell me anything I don't know." That floored me and I couldn't think of a good reply. I wasn't at all happy at the put-down but I probably needed it. It is all too easy for us preachers to get to thinking we are something special when we are out on a pedestal before a congregation Sunday after Sunday. So thank You Lord that sometimes you allow circumstances that cause our bubbles of pride to get broken.

As mentioned above Cardis Vokins was the town undertaker and he was also one of the elders of the church. He had lost a hand in some accident. It amazed me that he could do such tasks as drive his car and prepare bodies for burial with only one hand. Many weekends I stayed at his home which adjoined his funeral home.

One Saturday he and his wife needed to go west 20 miles. Before leaving he told me that if anyone called needing to go in his hearse (which doubled as an ambulance) to hospital in nearby Lawton that I had best drive them there myself. "But," he said, "if they need to go further than that call me and I will come back to take them." I'd never even been in a hearse nor an ambulance but had driven my daddy's Ford on occasion in Canadian so figured I could do it if need be. With that I settled down to work on my sermons for the next day.

Not long after they had left, however, a call did come in from a man in Medicine Park saying, "My wife is in labor. Can you get us and take us to University Hospital?" I just assumed he meant in Lawton and the trip would take us around the northern part of Fort Sill military base instead of along the southern perimeter – so I naively said, "I'll be there soon."

I drove north and then east to Medicine Park without incident. After picking them up I drove on eastward on state highway 49. When we came to the junction of what is now Interstate 44 I started to turn south toward Lawton. The woman's husband said, "Why are you going this way?" I said aren't we to go to University Hospital in Lawton?" He said, "No! It's in Oklahoma City!" Well that meant more than 70 miles further away than I had expected! And the total round trip that night turned out to be 200 miles! I was berating myself for not having asked more questions to begin with but I saw no alternative at that point but to reverse directions and head for the big city!

I was hearing frequent moans from the back of the hearse – I mean ambulance – so decided I needed to keep moving fast! That was several years before the advent of the first Interstate highway in America so we had plenty of small towns to go through. I got to thinking that if this hearse is also an ambulance it should have a siren. All the rest of the way to the hospital I kept trying one control after another but never succeeded in getting any screeching sounds. At least it did have a horn so I just kept one hand on the horn as we drove through one town after another.

Well the Lord must have had a whole bevy of angels out just to watch over us that night. And the baby was considerate enough not to make his/her appearance enroute. After leaving the family off at the emergency entrance I headed back to Cache.

About then I realized I was getting cold in my short sleeve shirt in the night air. Why hadn't I picked up a jacket before starting on this wild ride? At least I didn't have to drive so fast on the return trip – nor use the horn so much!

Fortunately I did look at the gas gauge occasionally and noticed the gas level was getting dangerously low. I pulled into the nearest “filling station.” I did have 50 cents in my pocket but that would not buy a tank of gas even then!

I used part of that precious coin to call Cardis. He was home of course by that time – and was wondering what had happened to his hearse – and to his preacher!

He had survived his own share of adventures so was able to keep his cool, however, and to calm my fears. He told me that service stations were obligated to provide gas on credit to ambulances so that I should just charge the gas and they would bill him. It was a relief to get safely back (before Sunday morning church service!) And I had no trouble in not to take up ambulance driving as a career!

I did often stay in the homes of other members or acquaintances in Cache. One family had several children and lived in a one room house. They were poor but generous and they pitied this poor preacher – who was poorer than they were!

I recall hearing about a similar family to that one where they had only one bed but several family members. The visiting preacher saw the youngest child put in the bed. As soon as that child fell asleep he/she was gently picked up and laid on the floor. That process continued for the other children until all were neatly sleeping side by side on the floor. The father then said, “Now Pastor you may go to bed.” Since it was late by then he too readily went into slumbering. But the next morning when he woke up he was on the floor next to the oldest child - and the parents were still asleep in the bed!

The family I just spoke of, however, were kind to me – they let me stay in the bed all night!

3. GLENCOE, OKLAHOMA – 1941-1943

It must have been in the late summer or in the fall of 1941, and several months before Lois and I were married, that I began my ministry at Glencoe “Christian Church.” The church name was changed, at the urging of the pastor who followed me, to “Church of Christ” and continues under that name today. Glencoe is located nearly half way between Enid and Tulsa, Oklahoma. We usually went via Stillwater (67 miles east of Enid) then northeast 15 miles to Glencoe.

I was receiving \$5 per week for my services at Cache and began at Glencoe for double that amount. Since I was engaged to Lois I did feel I would need a bit more to support a family. The congregation in Glencoe was a bit larger than the one in Cache and the average income was probably a bit more. Also Enid was much closer to Enid for both of us to commute to school.

Lois and I returned to visit the church there on most home leaves to U.S. from Thailand. In 2000 when I was nearly 80 I did share in the 90th anniversary service of the church. Ten years later I was not able to attend the 100th anniversary but did write the following greeting and recollections to the church:

"I was not around yet in 1910 since I was not born until 1920. But when I was 21 years old I was serving as your minister – or should I say, as minister to your grandparents! I did enjoy that 90th reunion with you 10 years ago but now that I will be turning 90 this August I am not as spry as I was then. I am sorry that I will only be able to join you in spirit and not in body this time around. I do have happy memories of those days in Glencoe.

"After I had preached there a year or so Lois and I were married in Enid. Our Glencoe home had 2 rooms and a path. That path, by the way, led to the outdoor toilet which was sooo cold in winter. Our first child, Lelan, was born in Stillwater in May 1943

"My starting salary at Glencoe was \$10 a week. Then when Lois & I married my salary was raised to \$11 a week. I used to tell Lois that showed she was worth a dollar a week. She didn't seem to appreciate my putting it that way so I began to learn that a husband needs to be more diplomatic than that. Actually \$11 was a lot of money in those days and might compare with \$100 or \$200 now. One day we lost a quarter – so we just had to do without a meal or two – for that is what a quarter would buy. A hamburger was a nickel or dime as was also a gallon of milk.

"We had no car – but I did have a bicycle. I would ride my bike north (6 miles) to Lela on Monday mornings to take the train to school in Enid. I'd return on Fridays with a little package of liver the doctor had prescribed for me. Some days that ride from Lela could get pretty cold on a bike. But I survived and that helped me prepare for the years that bicycle or horse or foot was my main means of travel through the hills of Thailand.

"I was here in the middle of World War II. Some from the church were out there on the foreign battle fields. I didn't go abroad until just after that war. In those days our government was still favorable toward the church and felt that many preachers and the church should stay put and keep up the morale of those at home.

"The church building was a white one-room frame building on the corner? But the church had a preacher, a janitor, and a worship-leader. I was all three of those.

"I don't know how much good I may have done while here. All the shut-in widows seemed not to mind the visits from their preacher boy. But the church did a lot of good for me. I was most blessed by Mom Nimrod. She worked hard at Bunn's Drygoods store downtown and her legs were swollen from the long hours on her feet but she would still get around to be helpful and encourage others. I don't believe I ever heard her try to run anybody down. Her favorite saying was, "If anybody criticizes me I just put up my umbrella and let it roll off." She was mentor to this young preacher and his wife. There are not many jewels in this world more full of love & common goodness than Mom Nimrod.

"And Pop Nimrod was so helpful too. Though his eyesight was failing he faithfully tended their garden and ours. He was quite upset when I got a man to bring in his horse and plow up my garden. He was planning to dig it up himself! I also recall Jim & Ida Kincaid, many of those of the Hesser families, Fred Clark's parents and many others.

"We left Glencoe in the summer of 1943 for further education at Cincinnati Bible Seminary. We served in Asia as missionaries for 37 years mainly among the Mien people group and I am still serving among Mien on the U.S. west coast today.

“Thank you Glencoe Church of Christ for helping me get started in Christian ministry. May God bless each of you on this celebration of your first 100 years in His service!”

Here I will add a few notes from our year in Glencoe not mentioned in the above quote. During the summer of 1943 I had all my wisdom teeth taken out. I think I lost then any wisdom I might have had also. Those teeth were badly implanted and pressing on my other teeth so that I still have crooked teeth today. The dentist removed one tooth about every 2 weeks. The jaw would be swollen for several days after each extraction. Thus I looked as though I had the mumps all summer – first on one jaw and then the other.

A number of farmers around Glencoe (as well as Cache) raised cotton. When time came for picking cotton a number of the Glencoe church members were involved. I remember going with them one day and the sore back I had that night after bending over all day to pluck the buds from their stalks and putting them in the long sack I was dragging. Some good hands could gather several hundred pounds in a day. I doubt that I got even 50 pounds. At any rate I decided I wouldn't want to pick cotton for a living!

Lois' youngest brother, Kenneth - a teenager then, came down from Colorado, at his parent's request, to stay with us that winter. He attended school then in Glencoe.

The church was a one-room rectangular frame building. There were probably around 10 teenagers in the church and since I was not that much older than them I hoped to have a good rapport with them. They all looked up to one of their number as their leader and followed him devotedly. One Sunday all those kids were in church and I was looking forward to preaching to them since the sermon I had prepared was especially intended for youth. Just before time for my sermon, however, the leader walked out and the whole group got up and followed him. Boy, was I ever deflated!

Dear Mom Nimrod, mentioned above, would often say, “When people say bad things about me I just put up my umbrella and let it roll off.” I can't imagine why anyone would disparage her –since she was such a sweet loving soul. She had plenty of troubles but bore them bravely. She helped us to look at the positive side of life.

Her little grandson, Danny, visited them occasionally and liked to come across the alley to see us also. She had told him not to come to our house unless we invited him lest he bother us. Once she found him at our house and scolded him, “Danny, I told you not to come here unless you were invited.” He looked up at Lois and me and said pleadingly, “Am I im-bited?” “Yes” we said, “You are im-bited.”

One Saturday night I was struggling to complete my sermons for the next day when there was a knock at the door. A young couple whom I didn't know was standing there. They had gotten a marriage license and asked me to marry them on the spot. After talking with them for awhile I agreed to do that so we had a brief wedding ceremony in our living room with Lois as the witness. But now after reading this confession of mine I don't want any of you young couples who may read this to come to me like that expecting a quickie wedding. The world is a different place now than it was in 1942 and divorce has become far too prominent. For the past 2 decades or so I have insisted on having a number of sessions of premarital counseling prior to the marriages I have officiated at.

Several decades prior to my days at Glencoe a preacher by the name of Hesser had located on a farm a few miles south of Glencoe. He and his wife had established “Union Home Christian Church” and had raised 12 sons there. Two or more of those sons also became preachers. Since only one family in the church had a surname other than Hesser the church was generally referred to as “The Hesser Church.” Lois led Bible lessons there for a number of months that fall and winter of 1942.

One of the Hesser preachers was a popular speaker and people liked to listen to him – but his style of living did not conform to what he was telling others to do– and he knew it! So he would commonly say, “Do as I say and not as I do!” Sadly he had not learned that “Your actions speak so loud, I can’t hear what you say!” Paul pointed that out frankly to the young preacher Timothy. To me the most straightforward translation of Paul’s comment on this is “*Be careful about the way you live and about what you teach...*” 1 Timothy 4:16 CEV –Italics mine.

Once a missionary visiting in Oklahoma accepted my invitation to speak at the church I was serving in Glencoe. “Uncle Jake” Hesser, who also preached some, was getting well along in years. He loved the Lord dearly and came to hear that missionary. When talking with the missionary Uncle Jake drawled out “I knowed a missionary once - back thar in Nineteen 0 one...” It was evident from his words that a missionary was an oddity. That fact became quite obvious to us in later decades – and painfully and embarrassingly so to each of our kids!

Of course there were those, in churches at least, who put missionaries up on a pedestal in those days and idolized them. I heard of one little boy who announced that when he grew up he was going to be “**a returned** missionary!” Now, wouldn’t that be great – to get all those honors without all the hard work!

I mentioned in the quote above that Lelan was born while we were serving in Glencoe. Within 2 or 3 months after his birth we left for further education in Ohio. But Lelan’s 3 kids wanted to surprise him for his 70th birthday which was in May 2013 and they asked me to prepare a greeting for him. This is the text of the video I sent”

“HAPPY BIRTHDAY LELAN, HOW DOES IT FEEL NOW TO BE ALMOST AS OLD AS YOUR Dad?”

“A long long long time ago, way back in ancient history – 70 years ago to be exact – friends rushed us one Saturday night from Glencoe to hospital in Stillwater, Okla. That night our first child was born. We named you ‘Lelan’ after Lelan Akins - a fellow student and preacher friend with whom we often rode to and from Phillips University in Enid. The name Lelan was doubly appropriate since my only sister’s name was Lela. We wanted a Bible name also so chose James for your first name.

“The next day was Mothers’ Day. I was so flabbergasted that that must have been one of the hardest sermons to preach ever. It was probably more of a Fathers’ Day Charade than a Mothers’ Day sermon. At the end of May I received my B.A. degree from Phillips.”

I don’t recall for sure but it seems to me that the hospital bill, including the service of the doctor and nurses, came to \$10! It was a struggle to come up with that much money – **but he was worth it!**

Within one or two months after Lelan's birth we took him to show off to my Daddy's sister Aunt Jewel and Uncle John Phillips in Oilton, OK just 30 miles southeast of Glencoe. Uncle John was an old style family doctor and had delivered many of the babies there for several decades past. We were very protective as new parents of our fragile little baby and had him wrapped in a heavy blanket – even though it was summer. In their bedroom Uncle John asked to hold Lelan. He grabbed one corner of the blanket around Lelan and let it unravel allowing our little baby to fall on the bed. We gasped to see our child treated so roughly. But Uncle John said, "You are being TOO CAREFUL with this baby."

In the summer of 1943 when Lelan was around 2 months old, and we were still trying to learn our new role as parents, we set forth on a long journey across the country to further prepare ourselves for foreign service. I will endeavor to recall in the following chapters what happened next.

The World in the 1940's – Another World War

US Presidents

1933-1945 Franklin D. Roosevelt 1945-1953 Harry S. Truman

Events

United States

World War II (U.S. was involved 1941-1945)

U.S.A. & USSR became super powers. Cold War begins

1943 Rationing of food supplies in the US begins

Antarctica is discovered to be a continent

Supreme Court decides blacks do have a right to vote

Europe

King George VI: 1936-1952 Winston Churchill, Prime Minister

Germany started World War II in 1939. Italy joined in 1940 and Japan in Dec. 1941

Adolph Hitler

East Asia

December 7, 1941 Japanese bomb Pearl Harbor. Later U.S. drops Atomic Bomb

1945-1950 the Nationalist Party and Communist Party fight for control over China

October 1, 1949 Mao Zedong and the Communist Party take over China

January 4, 1948 Burma gains Independence

Burmese President Saw Shwe Thaik: 1/4/1948 – 3/16/1952

US Facts/Culture

Population 132,122,000

Life expectancy Male 60.8, Female 68.2

Average Salary \$1,299

Unemployed: 8,120,000 (in 1940)

National Debt \$43 Billion

Minimum Wage \$.43 per hour

55% of U.S. homes have indoor plumbing

Auto deaths 34,500



**C. W. High School
graduation 1938**



Lois, about 1944



**Back: CW, Cert, Burl,
Daddy, Thad; Front: Lela,
Dallas, Mama, Max- 1940s**



**Back: Thad, Cert, Burl, CW,
Lela; Front: Max, Mama,
Dallas, Daddy - In 1940's**



C. W.'s parents in 1940's



**Student Volunteers –
Spring 1940 –
Lois in 3rd row 2nd from
left, CW at right end.**

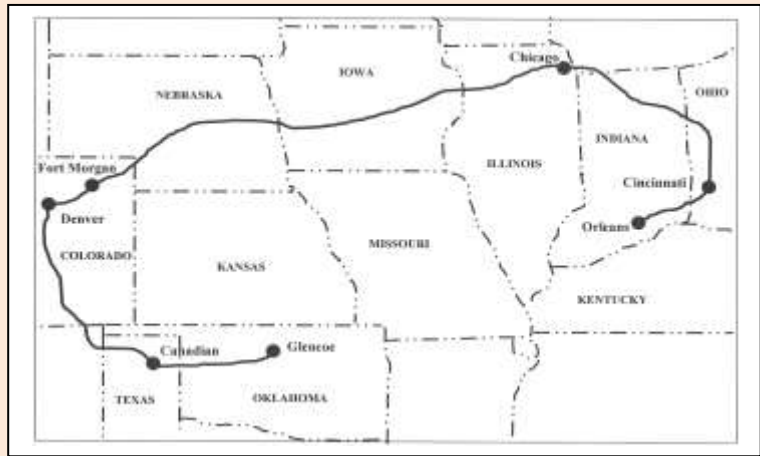


**Lois hand made
announcements of
Lelan's birth**

Chapter 4

MY OHIO & INDIANA STORIES

1943- 1946



Route of moves in 1943 from Glencoe to Cincinnati & in 1944 to near Orleans, IN

Even before we were married Lois and I had “signed on” for foreign missionary service. I don’t mean to imply that we had signed application papers with a missionary society but we had told the Lord we were ready to go wherever He chose to send us. But little did we realize what a hectic life lay ahead. I am glad that the Lord chose not to give us a preview showing!

For a little over a year we had lived in that little house in Glencoe. We kept busy enough with church work, getting better acquainted with each other, making the trips to Enid to college classes, and then preparing for and greeting our first child near the end of that year in May 1943.

Five years earlier when investigating colleges I had wanted to go to Cincinnati Bible Seminary since that had been the alma mater of Roy Davis. As pastor of my home church in Canadian he had been my role model. But at that point there had been very few times in my first 18 years when I’d been more than 50 miles from Canadian. Ohio seemed like the outer end of the world! So I had settled on Phillips U in Oklahoma. And I am very glad I did or I would never have met Lois!

But by 1943 I had covered enough miles on my thumb (i.e. hitchhiking) that I was ready to make that big move. Lois agreed to the venture - though with some hesitation since it meant making the move when she was still lacking one semester of graduating from Phillips. She would have graduated there along with me except that her pregnancy kept her from attending classes the spring term of the 1942-43 school year.

We bid farewell to dear friends in Glencoe, travelled to Canadian and on to Fort Morgan to proudly show off our new son and to bid farewell to our parents. We then boarded the train in Fort Morgan and changed trains in Chicago. At long last we finally arrived in Cincinnati.

1. CINCINNATI BIBLE SEMINARY in OHIO

Fall to spring of 1943-44 and of 1945-46

MORE COLLEGE LIFE

Cincinnati Bible Seminary had been established about 20 years before our arrival there. It was then what we would now call a Bible college rather than seminary. It and a graduate seminary are now parts of Cincinnati Christian University. It was and is located at 2700 Glenway Ave.

We settled into classes. I especially liked Professor R C Foster's class on the Gospels. He made the Life of Christ come alive. Once when he was not well he asked his son Lewis, who was also taking the class, to assist him. R C was acting out the account of the disciples in the storm on Lake Galilee. When telling how the disciples saw Jesus walking on the water, R C said, "What is that? A ghost?" He jerked back in his chair as if in terror and Lewis in perfect sync followed suit with his dad. I still remember that scene vividly each time I look back at that Bible passage. Lewis went on to become dean of that Bible faculty and to assist with NIV and other Bible translations.

Two other of my special teachers there were Ira Boswell and George Mark Elliott. It was partly because of Dr. Elliott that we named our second son, Mark. Elliott's daughter Lois years later became the wife of LaVerne Morse and while awaiting visa for Burma she stayed with us for a time in Thailand. Dr. Ralph Records was president of the school when we were there. I never checked the genealogy but think he was probably distantly related to my mother whose maiden name was Records.

Our seemingly never ending journey eastward from Colorado was fresh in mind and I was trying to get used to living in **"the East."** Then one of my first days in class at the school Dr. Foster started a comment with "Now we people out here in **the west**..." "Whoa!" I thought. "How can we be in the west here?" - Well, I suppose Cincinnati is west of New York anyway.

In May 1944 I received a second bachelor degree the bachelor of sacred literature (BSL). Due to financial limitations neither of us attended the school during the 1944-45 year. During the fall term of 1945 Lois completed her own BSL degree and I took some graduate courses that year.

The school had a good missionary emphasis both in classes and chapel services and has seen many graduates serve as missionaries both foreign and national. Imogene Williams attended CBS around the same time that we were there. We did not really get acquainted with her until we arrived in China but she went on to serve with us in Thailand.

Since we were preparing to work in a primitive area where there would most likely be little if any modern medical care we decided we should have at least some medical training. We considered a training course in Chicago but then learned of The Missionary School of Medicine in London, England. The Elkerton family doctor had specialized in homeopathic medicine. Dr. Records, president of CBS, had also studied extensively into homeopathy. Since homeopathy was more in vogue in England and the school there included courses in homeopathy we decided to go there. We talked with a fellow student, Ralph Harter who was planning to serve in India, about our plans. He decided also to go to London and he actually arrived at that school 6 months before we did.

LIFE IN THE BIRD HOUSE (I mean “Byrd House”)

For our first year in Cincinnati we lived in a building with about 6 apartments at 917 Grand Ave. - on the corner of Glenway Avenue and a few blocks walk from the school. Our apartment was on the 3rd (top) floor. Harland Cary and family were in another apartment there and we became good friends. They and later their son served in Mexican missions for many decades.

That apartment building was owned by a Mrs. Byrd so was well known in that area as “the Bird House.” It did seem like an overgrown bird house alright since it was perched high and prominently on Price Hill. After climbing the many steps from the street to the yard level and then the 2 flights of stairs to our apartment we also felt as though we were in a bird house.

We had almost no furniture and certainly no refrigerator. But there was a box outside of one window where we could put foods to keep them cooler. For Lelan’s first birthday Lois made a nice chocolate cake and put it in that window box. The next day it was still looking tempting when she took it out. But when we got a glimpse of the rear side of the cake it suddenly did not look so appetizing! A small mouse had made its way into the box and burrowed its way into the cake and had already eaten a good part of it. I think we did find a little bit of it that we figured had not yet been contaminated!

At the request of Lelan’s kids who were preparing a surprise party for Lelan’s 70th birthday in 2013 I prepared a short video which included these comments about him during our Ohio / Indiana days:

“One day after classes I told your mother that I had just heard my teacher say in a class, that “children love noise.” Your mother replied, “Well, I didn’t have to go to school to learn that!”

“As time went on I kept saying to your mother, “When will he ever start walking?” It wasn’t long though before I was forced to change that to “I wish he would stay still once in awhile.”

“Next I couldn’t keep from wondering out loud, “When will he ever start talking?” But I soon had to change that to, “I wish he’d shut up once in awhile!” Seems to me that I have heard your kids say something like that also.

“When you were small you frequently crawled into bed between us. One night when you were there your mother said, ‘We are as snug as 3 bugs in a rug.’ Cheerily you replied, ‘Yes, we’ve got bugs in here.’ Well you bugged us then and I’m sure your kids will say that you are still busily bugging them!”

SHILLITO’S

Throughout the fall of 1943 & early 1944 I worked in a large 7 floor department complex in downtown Cincinnati called Shillito’s after the founder. At one point it was the largest department store in North America. They sold a wide variety of goods including furniture, clothing, and most everything else. I worked afternoons wrapping customers’ purchases to be delivered. Cincinnati had a good system of streetcars and one line had a stop right at the Byrd house corner. I boarded that car to ride to & from work.

WHY BURMA?

Earlier I mentioned how we were challenged to missions in Asia in Vernon Newland's mission classes at Phillips University. Many others later gave confirmation to that call and further challenged us. In our Bible studies we were especially touched by our Lord's great commission in Matthew 28 by Isaiah's call in Isaiah 6 and by Romans 15:20 where Paul says, **"It has always been my ambition to preach the gospel where Christ was not known, so that I would not be building on someone else's foundation."** The apostle Paul had a special calling to be the apostle to the Gentiles. He felt the challenge of new frontiers where Christ was not known. God used that verse to take Lois and me to new frontiers in Asia.

At some point in the mid-1940's we read an article in "The Christian Standard" magazine by Robert Morse. He was a son of J. Russell & Gertrude Morse who were missionaries from Christian Churches to Lisu and other peoples on the China/Tibet frontier. Robert was reporting on a trip he had made into Burma. What especially gripped us was his account of an unreached tribe without Christ known as the Rawang. God was calling us to such a tribe and here they were in Burma. I became obsessed with learning about the Rawang and northern Burma. I learned that China bordered Burma on the east and that south of China was the fabled land of what was then called Siam but is now known as Thailand. At that time, however, I was almost oblivious to anything and anywhere else in my intense desire to take the Gospel to the Rawang of Burma. I had no expectation at that point of ever serving in any country other than Burma. (Which is now officially known as Myanmar)

CINCINNATI PUBLIC LIBRARY

Downtown in Cincinnati there was a huge library which I visited when I could squeeze in time. My primary search there was for information on Burma – especially far northern Burma and the peoples there.

1945-46 SCHOOL YEAR

After one year out of school we were able to return to classes in the fall of 1945. For the middle of each week we had an apartment downhill from the school near the railroad tracks. There was more crime in that area so we had to be more cautious and trust more in the Lord.

2. SYRIA CHRISTIAN CHURCH Orleans, Indiana 1944-46

I had notified the college office upon our arrival in Cincinnati in the fall of 1943 that I would like to serve as student pastor of a church. Finally in February 1944 I received a very welcome letter from Leon Johnson, chairman of the board of a church in Indiana. Leon said I had been recommended by Professor Elliott of the seminary to Syria Christian Church 5 miles S.E. of Orleans, Indiana. Leon and 3 other elders drove to Cincinnati to interview me and after I had visited the church they agreed to let me preach there the first 3 Sundays of each month.

It was a country church and the members were mainly farmers. It took awhile to get used to some of the unique expressions and speech patterns of those Hoosiers (i.e. people of Indiana). The church was named after the country of Syria and was spelled S-y-r-i-a but most everybody pronounced it very much like the word "sorry" So I was

"the sorry preacher of 'Sorry' Christian Church".

I was certainly never a spectacular preacher but I was gradually making some progress economically at least. I had been **"the cashless preacher in Cache"** for \$5 per week.

Then I served in Glencoe for \$10 which was raised to \$11 when Lois and I married. And then when I was **"the Sorry preacher"** I received a handsome \$20 per week!



**Syria Christian Church
1920-1962**

In his initial letter Leon had said that the church wanted "straight Bible preaching from one who is not afraid of preaching the Bible as it is." I did try to preach Biblical sermons and the church has remained true to the faith once and for all delivered to the saints. They supported Lois and me in our missions ministry from the time we left Syria to go abroad in late spring of 1946. As I write these lines that was 68 years ago!

Leon and his wife Eva became among our closest of friends and remained so throughout their lives. At the close of that school year in May 1944 he drove a truck to Cincinnati to move us and our meager belongings to Syria community. He with the church arranged to let us live rent free in a small tenant house he owned within half a mile of his own home and about 2 miles S.E. of Orleans, Indiana. For the two years we lived there we never had a key to the house and simply closed the door each week when we would leave for mid-week classes in Cincinnati. Even if anyone had gone in our house they would not have found much of value! But we sure kept the door locked to the apartment where we stayed down by the rough area of the city during each week.

We often rode back and forth from Cincinnati to Syria and Orleans area with Forrest Wilkin who was pastor of Christian Church in Orleans, Indiana. Forrest loved to sing little ditty's from the radio to get Lelan to imitate him. One was the common theme song for Lifebuoy Soap which ended with a loud "B O" to express how that soap would drive away all body odor problems. One night while I was preaching the whole congregation heard a loud "B.O." come from a little 2-year old boy who was with his mother on the back row. Consequently I was soon called upon the carpet before the church board to be told that their preacher must teach his son to behave properly in church.

Forrest Wilkin and wife Helene also became close friends. He was a good preacher and preached for a revival meeting we had at Syria.

To supplement our income I worked some for Leon Johnson driving a tractor with corn picker to pick corn from the rows in his fields. But for many months I worked two days each week for another elder, John F. Turner, on his dairy farm milking cows. I never got the knack of milking by hand but fortunately he had a milking machine which I did learn to manage. Also many hours were spent cleaning and washing down the dairy barn and hauling off the manure to the fields. I am pleased that John's daughter, Joana T. Jones, was called by the Lord to serve children primarily in Burma. You can learn of her work there at www.asianchildrensmisson.org

I have never weighed more than 160 pounds and during my college and student preaching days I was usually around 135 pounds and “as skinny as a rail.” Different people had wondered if I was healthy enough for foreign mission service. When a missionary to Japan was in the area I invited her to speak at Syria and she stayed a night or two at our house. I asked her to write a recommendation for me to aid us in promoting our mission goals. She said she would like to but could not conscientiously do so as I did not look healthy enough. Many years later after I had walked hundreds of miles over Thailand mountains she apologized.

As at Glencoe I acquired a bicycle and rode it often into Orleans to buy groceries and other needs. After some months I did manage to save enough to buy a used Model A Ford car which made it simpler to take the family around and to visit church members.

My car was similar to – but nothing like as fancy – as the car pictured here.



Leon Johnson compiled and published a thick history of Syria Christian Church for the years 1820 to 1992. Here I extract a few of his quotes from the time of our ministry there:

“One of the highlights of spiritual experience in the Syria Christian Church was the years of the ministry of C.W Callaway and his wife, Lois. ...

“Although C.W. and Lois were here only two years, several significant programs in the church were started under their ministry that have withstood the test of time and are a significant part of the various programs of our church in 1991. These programs stand as a tribute to their leadership and ministry.”

“C.W.’s ministry at Syria was highlighted by the beginning of Daily Vacation Bible School, the beginning of daily Bible reading, the initiating of plans for and the establishing of a parsonage fund, the beginning of the annual Fall Festivals, the organizing of Wonder Valley Christian Service Camp, and the establishment of regular financial support to missions.”

In another section regarding the Wonder Valley Camp Leon says,

“C. W. was coming to the close of his ministry with Syria, but he was among the ministers of the area who had been discussing the possibility of starting a Christian Youth Camp in the area. Art Morris (who later served as a missionary in India) was the motivating force behind this initiative along with Forest Wilkin from Orleans, and C.W. Callaway from Syria....

“As chairman of the Syria Board of Elders and Deacons, the author was approached on the matter for consideration by the church. I well remember C.W. locating me in the hay loft of the barn where I was getting hay from the loft for the dairy cows. Not having any information concerning this new proposal, I was somewhat taken by surprise and did not respond with too much encouragement.”

Leon goes on, however, to explain how he and others got behind that project and the good impact which it has made on many youth from Syria and elsewhere over the years since. He tells of how we encouraged missions and says,

“The church’s first extended commitment to a missionary was made in September 1947 when the church committed \$240 per year to the Callaway mission... This commitment to the

Callaways has been kept every year since with the \$240 yearly support increased currently to \$1260. This marked the beginning of regular mission support which has grown through the years to be nearly 20% of the church income."

That church has grown over the years from average attendance of around 50 when we first went there to 250 to 300 today. It is having a good impact locally, nationally, and internationally. On most home leaves Lois and I were able to visit Syria and renew old friendships there.

Leon was a very innovative farmer and was highly respected in the community as well as in the church. He watched the market and adjusted his farming practices accordingly. Thus at one point he raised popcorn on much of his land. At another time he switched from dairy farming to raising baby chicks up to fryer stage. He managed to acquire much more land so when he retired one son took over the large chicken raising project, another took over the Turkey farm, and a grandson took over the huge hog operation.

On one of our home leaves we arranged to attend a large Christian concert in Indianapolis, Indiana along with Leon and some of the youth from Syria church. The music was loud and Leon, who was then getting well along in years, commented. "Well, this is not my preferred beat but if it challenges the kids I'm all for it."

In December 2009 when I got word of Leon's death I wrote these lines in tribute:

"Just tonight I received word of the recent home-going of Leon Johnson. I grieve that I will have no more opportunity to communicate with him in this life but I rejoice in the assurance that our heavenly Father is welcoming him with open arms into heaven and declaring "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

"Leon was to me a true and faithful friend, mentor, and example. He went all out to welcome Lois and me when we went to minister at Syria Christian Church in 1944. He even drove to Cincinnati to help us move. He provided a house rent free for us to live in and often picked us up to take us to church when we had no car of our own. And he was on hand to see us safely on our way when we left to prepare for overseas service.

"He had a keen and perceptive mind and was interested in everything. He studied out carefully every aspect of the farm operations that he might benefit not only his own family but that of his neighbors. He was a good citizen and was actively involved in community affairs but most of all he was a Christian being careful in all things to do that which was pleasing to God.

"Over a good number of years he has faced many challenges to his health but has endured every trial without complaint. Now that he no longer has bodily limitations I am sure he is having a great reunion in heaven with Eva and many other friends and loved ones who have gone on ahead of him to be with the Lord.

"I gladly salute Leon tonight as a great soldier of the cross and encourage all of you who read these lines to follow his good example."

3. BETHEL CHURCH

Orleans, IN 1944-46

Not long after starting ministry at Syria church I was able to arrange to preach on the fourth Sunday of each month and each fifth Sunday at Bethel Church. It was about 5 miles west of Orleans. It too was in a farming community and we developed many lasting friendships there as at Syria. They too elected to aid in our mission support and have continued over all these years like the Syria church.

Our closest friendship at Bethel was no doubt with Don and Lula Mae Sullivan and their children. Don and Mae made a memorable visit to us in Chiangkham, Thailand many years later and on their return trip visited Lelan and Cinda in Tunis, Tunisia. Another time when we were in California they drove from Indiana with a travel trailer to visit many sites and stopped for several days with us.

World War II was raging through most of my college and student ministry years. The war had started in Europe. America supported the allies against Germany & Italy but after the Japanese attack on U.S. ships in Pearl Harbor, Hawaii on December 5, 1941 the United States officially entered the conflict both in Asia and Europe. That terrible war continued until Japan's surrender on August 15, 1945 and the surrender documents were signed on Sept. 2nd that year. My brothers and brother-in-law were in the military service and many young men from the churches I was serving were also serving. Many women were serving in the war effort. Don Sullivan was one of those in the military so I did not meet him until 1945. There was rationing of gas and other commodities during the war and thus all of us were affected in many ways besides our concern for loved ones faraway.

When that war ended there was great rejoicing and huge celebrations throughout U.S. and abroad. I was so relieved to learn that my brothers and brother-in-law had survived.



BOLD HEADLINES & HUGE CROWDS ANNOUNCED THE WAR'S END

In the spring of 1946 we bade farewell to both the Bethel and Syria friends and set forth toward final preparations for foreign fields. We got a small trailer to pull behind our little Model A Ford, loaded it with our belongings and set forth. Lois' mother had come from Colorado so there were we three adults and Lelan for the cross-country trip. But Lois was pregnant with Mark so we prayed that she and the baby would make the trip safely. Leon Johnson was there to see us off. He seemed apprehensive about the state of our thin tires.

4. WHAT'S NEXT LORD ? SUMMER & FALL 1946

It's just as well that Leon had warned us that we might have tire troubles. Somewhere in Missouri one of the tires on the trailer did play out and we had to get another tire. But then we discovered that there are good reasons for calling Missouri "the show-me state." The tire shop owner would not accept my \$50 check even when I assured him that I still did have that much left in a bank in Orleans. There was nothing to do then but to wire for a money transfer. That then meant an extra day on our trip. It was with great relief that we finally did pull up to the Elkerton home in Fort Morgan.

We went to see Dr. Bowie who had been the family doctor for the Elkertons for many years. He assured us that Lois and the baby were going to be alright. So after a few days I set forth to visit as many churches as possible that summer and fall to present our mission plans trusting that some would support us with their prayers and finances. I did make it back to Fort Morgan in plenty of time to be there when Jon Mark Callaway made his appearance in the world that July. But there were many other churches to be visited after his birth. Then sometime in November or December we sold our precious Model A Ford for \$50 and said goodbye to Lois' family in Fort Morgan. We then set forth with our 3 year old and our 4 month old sons and headed for New York. We traveled by bus and train and visited a few churches enroute. At one point we were on a local bus in a rural area of Kentucky where most everybody seemed to know each other and we were able to listen in to all the local gossip. A few years later I often thought back to that when on local bus rides in Thailand.

Some may wonder why we did not join a missions sending organization so here I must explain briefly our situation at that time.

Both Lois and I grew up in churches associated with a movement within Christendom which has been called by various names such as the "Restoration Movement," the "Stone-Campbell movement," etc. The most prominent early leaders were Thomas Campbell and his son Alexander Campbell and Barton W. Stone. During the Second Great Awakening early in the 19th century they sought to restore the church and unite Christians after the pattern shown in the New Testament. There were great revivals held and many thousands joined the movement. But by the mid 1800's a major division arose and it was mainly over the question of whether or not it was scriptural to use musical instruments in worship. Those churches opposing the use of the instruments are today known simply as "Churches of Christ."

The other churches in the movement eventually separated into two major groups: One group has become known as "The Disciples of Christ" but many of those churches still display the name "Christian Church" &/or "Disciples of Christ." The churches of the other group most frequently use the title "Christian Church" but often use "Church of Christ." Lois' home church in

Fort Morgan was and is a Disciples of Christ church. My home church in Canadian was and is known as "First Christian Church" and was of the more fundamental group. The "Disciples of Christ" for the most part has become increasingly modernistic or liberal in doctrine. In my years as a "student preacher" a schism was developing among the two groups but had not yet come to a complete split. Phillips University was "on the fence" so to speak at that time but Cincinnati Bible Seminary was strongly against any modernistic doctrines.

Missionary sending societies were founded and good Bible believing missionaries were serving creditably by the early 1900's. A few societies joined under the new title "United Christian Mission Society." (UCMS) But by the time we entered Phillips some missionaries on the Tibetan border and in India at least were withdrawing from the UCMS because of the modernistic stance of that society and some of their fellow missionaries on the foreign field. Those missionaries who withdrew, however, went on to serving independently of a society but receiving support from local churches. One of those missionaries was Vernon Newland who taught the missions class at Phillips which we attended.

If we were to go abroad and be supported by churches within our fellowship and which held strongly to biblical principles our only course at that time in history was to go through the support of local "Christian Churches." Although these Christian Churches are each independently governed and have no hierarchical government outside of the local congregations there have developed several associations in the decades since to support missions. It was thus that we went out as "independent" in the sense that we were not under a board or mission society **but that meant that we were all the more "dependent" upon the Lord.**

Many in our own as well as other Christian Fellowships were going out without the support that could be had through an organization. These were often referred to as "Faith Missions," "Direct support Missions," "Independent Missions," etc. The churches and individuals who supported us were sometimes called "Rope holders." Later when we had wells dug by hand in Thailand we could see how important it was for the fellow down in the well doing the digging to have at least one or more reliable rope holders to pull up the dirt and to let down supplies – and to pull him out when needed. We came to rely heavily upon our "rope holders" to hold us up in prayer and to provide for our needs. In appreciation for those dear souls and reflecting on Ecclesiastes 4:12 and Matthew 18:20 Lois wrote these lines on July 30, 1957:

The Threefold Cord

<p>"Go forth," you cried, "We'll hold the ropes! Go out and bring them in, For many a soul in darkness gropes In dismal pits of sin."</p> <p>And what this rope that you shall hold? And what that can withstand The fiery darts that Satan bold, Shoots off at the sons of men?</p> <p>A cord threefold we need, no less! A fellowship of prayer;</p>	<p>There's you and me with Christ to bless, Entwined a threefold cord.</p> <p>'Tis not with ease a threefold cord Is broken, frayed, or rent. The Scarlet thread -- blood of our Lord Assures a lifeline strong.</p> <p>The rope that holds us at the brink Must be that threefold cord. So fuse it well -- the prayer-wrought link -- This lifeline of lost men.</p>
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Since we were going to England so soon after the end of World War II we were required by the British government to give evidence of sufficient support. I believe we had to show that unless we had enough in a bank that they required us to show evidence that we would have an income of at least \$500 per month for our family. To achieve that we began to ask for written pledges from churches we had served or were acquainted with and I began visiting churches to present our mission call and passion.

To help in that area I sought recommendations as to our character and stance on biblical issues. One of those whom I approached with considerable trepidation was Robert Elmore who was editor of the "Restoration Herald." His articles in that paper were often strongly worded against those who held to modernistic views so I figured he would probably give me a thorough grilling as to my views on biblical doctrines. I need not have worried though for he received me very kindly and readily wrote a recommendation then said that when Jesus gave His great commission in Matthew 28 to "Go ...make disciples of all nations..." He closed with that wonderful promise which literally from the Greek might be rendered "behold, I am with you all the days until the completion of the age. Amen." Remembrance of that day has often brought me comfort. He is with us always, all the days, every day, every hour, in every circumstance. Hallelujah, what a Savior, what a Shepherd! Lead on, Lord Jesus, just keep me and my family in the days ahead, I prayed.

Well, that fall pledges of support began to arrive one by one promising support for the year ahead. Most were hand written on various sizes of paper and promised from \$5 to \$50 per month. Finally toward the end of the year we totaled them up and together they equaled just over the amount required. We sent them to the British embassy and eventually received the coveted visa in our passport.

A kind Christian family in Newark, New Jersey had offered to host us. They and another missionary saw us off at the pier in New York. He pointed to our two little boys and said, "Those kids will be your best passport." And indeed they did open the door for conversations and friendship and witness that we would not have had otherwise. That is – until they got past the cute baby age at least!

Finally we got situated on board, waved goodbye to our dear hosts and shortly after that gazed in awe as our ship sailed past the Statue of Liberty. As we reflected upon that statue and all the wars and struggles and liberties for which it stood we wondered what lay ahead. Little did we realize that we would be living in four different countries before we next saw our homeland.

Chapter 5 MY England, Burma, China STORIES 1947-1949



MY ENGLAND STORIES - 1947-1948

Although Lelan was only 3 ½ when we set sail on our first ocean voyage he says that he still remembers my holding him up to see the Statue of Liberty as we sailed by it. We then passed out of the Hudson River into the Atlantic Ocean. At first the sea was not too bad but mid ocean a terrible storm hit us and our ship swayed violently in the huge waves. Lois and I both got very seasick but unfortunately our 2 boys remained as active as ever. It's a wonder one of them didn't go overboard! We had to meet on deck and take turns trying to keep them corralled.

The ship we had boarded in New York was the SS Marine Marlin. It had been built in 1945 by Kaiser Shipyards in Vancouver, Washington to carry up to 3,485 troops to the war zones. With the ending of the war she was chartered the following year to the United States

Lines and fitted to carry 926 tourist class passengers. The cheapest bunks, however, were still in dormitories. So Lois and our 2 little boys were in a women's dormitory and I in a men's dormitory. That was not the most desirable situation by any means but the best we could afford.

"In 1965 she was converted to a dry cargo ship and renamed Green Bay. On 17 August 1971, she was sunk in Qui Nonh harbor after an underwater explosion caused by [Viet Cong frogmen](#) while discharging military supplies." - [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/SS Marine Marlin](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/SS_Marine_Marlin)

The Marine Marlin was a "Liberty Ship." Wikipedia states: *"Liberty ships were [cargo ships](#) built in the United States during World War II. Though British in conception, they were adapted by the U.S. as they were cheap and quick to build, and came to symbolize U.S. wartime industrial output. Based on vessels ordered by Britain to replace ships torpedoed by German [u-boats](#), they were purchased for the U.S. fleet and for [lend-lease](#) deliveries of [war materiel](#) to Britain and to the Soviet Union via deliveries through Iran. Eighteen American [shipyards](#) built 2,710 Libertys between 1941 and 1945, easily the largest number of ships produced to a single design"...* [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Liberty ship](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Liberty_ship)

In the fall of 2013 I and several of my family toured one of those Liberty Ships in San Francisco which was almost identical to the ship we had sailed on 67 years previously. The web site says, *"The SS JEREMIAH O'BRIEN is one of two remaining fully functional Liberty ships The O'BRIEN has the distinction of being the last unaltered Liberty ship and remains historically accurate. Moored at Pier 45, [Fisherman's Wharf](#), she is a premier San Francisco attraction. A living museum on the [National Register of Historic Places](#) and a National Historic Landmark, the O'BRIEN transports you back almost seven decades to when sailors braved the harshest of high seas and threat of enemy attack."*

On our tour of the SS O'Brien I tried to remember those 9 days on her sister ship 67 years earlier. I had a picture of me holding Mark on deck when he was 5 months old. But I found he had grown too much in the intervening years for me to hold him on my lap in 2013!

In the middle of the Atlantic on the SS Marlin and sea sick in our bunks we did reflect back to the whirlwind of travel, correspondence, and farewells in the previous 6 months of preparations.

We had left New York on December 27, 1946 and it was on January 5, 1947 that we docked at Southampton on England's southern coast. The British immigration officer, while looking down at Lois' passport, asked her accusingly, "What are you doing with this?" Lois said, "Well, I am an American citizen!" The officer said, "But you didn't have to be!" That was our first real introduction to the British sense of humor. He explained that since her father had never changed from his British citizenship she could just as well have chosen to be British also.

Ralph Harter, our fellow student from Cincinnati, had gone to London 6 months earlier. It was a blessing to have him to meet and help us there. We stayed 2 weeks at Salvation Army hostel then found lodging for the rest of our England stay in the home of a British spinster in South Norwood, near Croydon

Early on Ralph gave us an introductory guided tour of London on the Underground (Tube, Subway)! He kept pointing up to Piccadilly Circus, Tower of London, Buckingham Palace, etc.! What a quick way to see London!

World War II had ended just a little over a year prior to our Atlantic voyage. America, and the whole world in fact, were trying to recover from all the devastation of that horrible war. In London we saw many vacant areas where Nazi bombs had landed and a gaping hole where a Woolworth Store had been.

From 1941 to 1946, during and shortly after World War 2, many items had been rationed in U.S. Some of the many items rationed or in short supply for at least parts of those years were tires, cars, gasoline, [office furniture](#), [radios](#), [phonographs](#), [refrigerators](#), [vacuum cleaners](#), [washing machines](#), [sewing machines](#), [typewriters](#), [bicycles](#), [footwear](#), silk, nylon, [sugar](#), [coffee](#), [meat](#), [lard](#), [shortening](#), [oils](#), [cheese](#), [butter](#), [margarine](#), [processed foods](#), [dried fruits](#), [canned milk](#), [stoves](#), [fuel oil](#), [firewood](#), [coal](#), and scarce medicines such as [penicillin](#)

Rationing had ended in U.S. but was still in force In England while we were there. Rationing of food and many other items had begun earlier than in U.S. and for some items continued even up to 1954. Some of the items on the lists that concerned us were sugar, bread, cheese, meat, and charcoal. Some items were not rationed but were very limited or unavailable. I recall that bananas were a rare treat and we had to use whale meat or horse meat at times. We only had a fireplace for heat in our apartment so we all had to wear several layers of clothes for a few weeks when our ration of charcoal ran out.

I studied at Missionary School of Medicine attached to the London Homeopathic Hospital on Great Ormond St. Homeopathic medicine was then and still is practiced more in Europe than in U.S. One of our homeopathic professors was Sir John Weir who was special physician to the queen. We had courses in how to utilize homeopathic remedies as well as the more common allopathic medications. There were classes in tropical diseases, tooth extraction, first aid, etc. We also did some observation in the adjoining hospital.

My fellow students were, like me, preparing to enter difficult pioneer foreign fields where there would be no medical services. They all were thoroughly committed to being able to serve not only spiritually but to also meeting the most basic medical needs. We had wonderful fellowship and bonding. **Our regular chapel times were spiritual high points for me.** When we sang, prayed, and shared it was with fervent hearts. Two of our favorites were these by Wesley:

***And can it be that I should gain
An int'rest in the Savior's blood?
Died He for me, who caused His pain?
For me, who Him to death pursued?***

***Amazing love! how can it be
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?
Amazing love! how can it be
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?***

Thou dost seek a bride all pure and holy,...

***Drawn from every kindred, tribe and nation
By Thy Holy Spirit's mighty power,
Finding rest in Thee, God's great salvation,
Waits Thy bride for Thine appointed hour.***

***Lord we answer to Thy heart's deep longing,
"Even so, come quickly Lord" we say.
In our hearts we have the blessed answer,
"Rise my love, my fair one come away."***

Ralph Harter's landlady often prepared sandwiches for his lunch at the school. More often than not the filling was a thick spread of Bovril. Bovril is a yeast spread popular then in England – but it was a taste that Ralph could not stand. He did not want to offend his nice landlady though so often he could be heard to ask, *"Would anyone like to swap for Bovril*

sandwiches?" One day our student body took a day off from studies and had an enjoyable trip on a boat up the Thames River to Hampton Court Palace. One of the students asked a steward for the use of the loud speaker mike. His voice rang out loud and clear over the water, *"Does anybody have any Bovril? Ralph Harter would like some!"*

Since Ralph had gone to London before us he completed the one year course and sailed for India in the summer of 1947. We and other students went to the Euston railway station to see him off for Liverpool to board his ship. As he was boarding the train one of the students gave him a nicely wrapped package. As the train was pulling out and as we were waving our farewells the student confessed that the package contained a big jar of BOVRIL!

In addition to my studies in missionary medicine Lois and I both studied Burmese language in London with a private tutor, an Anglo-Burmese woman who came to our house. During the summer break of 1947 I was able to give more time to that study. A young British man also came for those classes. He always wore a bowler hat and carried a long black cane so seemed like the perfect gentleman. He had served in the British military in Burma during the war, had picked up some Burmese there and wanted to learn more. Once he told us that while he was in Burma his buddies challenged him to go into a nearby village and buy a chicken. How could he do that without knowing the language. He said he took the dare and then in the village crouched down, flapped his arms up and down, said, *"cockle doo- di- doo"* and got his chicken. Even the staid appearing British could get very down to earth we discovered.

It seemed to us that there were far more differences in dialects of English in the U.K. than in the U.S. The professor teaching the first class in the medical course was so hard for me to understand that I questioned whether I would learn anything there. Fortunately others were easier to understand and I gradually got accustomed to the differences. Where we were living in the southern metropolitan area near Croydon the main dialect for many was "Cockney English." Our landlady spoke that dialect. One day she explained to us how to get to "Green Grocers" for fruit and vegetables. She said *"take your first turning to the right, go over the rileway (railway) bank and take the turning..."* Our breadman was also Cockney. He brought bread around in his horse-drawn cart to sell. We saw him at times with his horse eating oats out of his hand and he then would bring unwrapped bread with unwashed hands to us. He probably had seldom been far from his local area and had no doubt had only limited education. We had told him that we were preparing to go to Burma as missionaries. As our departure date drew near he said one day, *"I hope all goes well with you out there in Bermuda."* I said, *"No, we are going to Burma, not Bermuda."* *"Well, I knew it was out there somewhere,"* he replied.

In the U.S. we had occasionally seen comic strips from the U.K. but seldom could grasp the humor in them. In London we realized that most of them were based on current happenings there. One particularly illustrated that. At the time there was a lot of opposition to a transportation bill that was being considered by the government. Large billboards throughout England declared:

STOP THE TRANSPORT BILL. WE HAVE HAD ONE CRISIS WE DON'T NEED ANOTHER.

To understand the comic strip you must know that big trucks were often called "Transports." The comic showed first a flagman stopping a big truck. Next showed a collapsed bridge with a truck that had fallen down the cliff and then followed the third phrase like this:

**STOP THE
TRANSPORT,
BILL.**

**WE HAVE
HAD ONE
CRISIS,**

**WE DON'T
NEED
ANOTHER**

For much of our year in London we attended a small church, Kentishtown Church of Christ, in north London. They were loosely associated with those Churches of Christ in U.S. which do not use the musical instrument in worship services. But they were not so dogmatic on this and some other issues as many in the States. One Wednesday night we even had a brief debate with me affirming that the scriptures even show that it is good to use instruments and a brother using scriptures to try to disprove that. But after that night I could see no difference in our love and appreciation for each other.

One weekend we went up to visit Lois' aunts who lived in Rugeley, Staffordshire in central England. They took us to see the railway station where her grandfather had been station master. Also with them we saw the cottage of Shakespeare's wife, Anne Hathaway, near Stratford-upon-Avon.

Elizabeth II, did not become queen of the British Commonwealth of nations until June 2, 1953. But nearly 6 years previously on November 20, 1947 she and Prince Philip were married in Westminster Abbey. I borrowed a folding chair from our landlady and joined the huge crowd gathered in that area in hopes of getting at least a glimpse of the royal princess. I was standing on that chair to see over the crowd but just as her horse-drawn carriage rounded a bend and came into view the crowd became ecstatic with excitement and half of the crowd (or so it seemed to me) tried to climb up on the chair with me. The poor chair collapsed and with it went my hopes for the day. Do I need to add here -I had to get a replacement chair for my landlady.

When we left U.S. for England in 1946 we were expecting to return to U.S. for further preparation and to gain more support spiritually and financially before going to Burma. But at that point Burma was still a part of the British Commonwealth.

After World War II Burma as well as many other subject nations were struggling for independence. During the month we had arrived in England an agreement had been reached with the British to grant independence to Burma. A constitution was drafted in July 1947 and the date for the independence was set for January 4, 1948. We felt that our best hopes for entering Burma would be while the British were still in control. Thus our plans were changed to go directly from England and we completed many application forms and made many trips to the British foreign office to obtain a visa. Our 5-year old Lelan must have often overheard us using the term "red tape." One day he cried for some of that "red tape" to play with! Time after time we were told that the necessary okay from Burma had not yet arrived. As January 4th approached we became more and more desperate and inquired daily. That date arrived – but still no visa! We learned that the Burmese were celebrating their new independence for a week and then would open a Burmese embassy in London.

Since no visa had been granted under the British we had little hopes of getting it from the new Burmese government. The Lord must have been saying to us, "*Oh ye of little faith.*" But the

day that the Burmese Embassy opened I was there to ask about a visa. They were obviously not prepared yet for such a request but eager to use their new freedom and powers. The consular officer in charge asked me 2 or 3 questions and said, *"Come back tomorrow with your family and I will give you a visa!"* "Wow!" I thought, *"Can this really be true? And with no long forms to fill out?"* I can understand better now Peter's amazement when the angel appeared to release him from prison!

Lois and I and our 2 boys were there with our passport early the following day. They had no official visa stamp as yet so the officer looked at the visa we had for England for a sample and wrote in our passport:

**VISA #1
FROM BURMESE EMBASSY,
LONDON, ENGLAND
FOR ENTRY INTO BURMA.**

From that day on we were in fast forward mode. Family and supporters at home needed to be notified, ship passage had to be obtained, purchasing and shipping of supplies had to be done, and many other details needed to be seen to.

We were up all night our last night in London. The next day we traveled by train to Liverpool. There we did have time for me to take Lelan to a barber shop. The barber cutting my hair very soon knew that I was an American. But he wondered why it was that I had that talkative little Cockney with me. Lelan was obviously talking more of the local south London dialect at that point.

At about 11 PM the following day, February 11, 1948, with no friends to see us off we set sail on the "SS Burma" for the country of Burma.

How can I possibly describe our feeling of elation and gratitude? We were leaving England with a new concern for England and her people and with fond remembrance of many dear friends there. Many of our fellow students were facing similar challenges as they sought to enter various other difficult fields. What did the future hold for them and for us?

In England we had gained respect and awe in the concept of royalty. There was *"His Majesty's Royal Post," "His Majesty's Stationers,"* etc. When I later learned the song *"Majesty"* and whenever it was sung I marveled all the more at the thought of Him who is King of Kings and Lord of all LORDS and is truly perfect in HIS MAJESTY! Lois too was impressed and around this time or later she penned these words:

*Majesty became a child
To teach humility.
Majesty walked country roads
to teach simplicity.
Majesty returned to God
To make a place for me
Majesty is now enthroned --
How can it be? -- in me!*



Lelan on SS Marlin – 1947



CW & Mark on Marlin 1947



CW & Mark on similar ship
2013 –Too big for lap now!



Lois on SS Marlin - 1947



CW, Lois, 2 sons – 1949
On London Underground



David, Nick, CW in 2013
With SS Jeremiah O'Brien
– similar to SS Marlin



CW & Lois in London - 1947



CW Lelan, Mark, Lois in London - 1947

MY BURMA STORIES – 1948 (Burma is now Myanmar)



Our voyage on the SS Burma from Liverpool to Rangoon, Burma was via Port Said in Egypt, Sudan, Yemen, and Colombo, (Sri Lanka)

Away back in the 1940's we were not able financially to print and distribute newsletters often. In the sizeable newsletter that we did publish in October 1948 there is a detailed "log-book" of our voyage from Liverpool, England to Rangoon, Burma. Here are a few quotes from that article:

Feb. 11, 1948, Wednesday With the children (Lelan & Mark) safely in their bunks we watched for the departure which began about 11 PM. Our minds recalled the night 13 months ago when sailing out of New York harbor... we passed the statue of liberty...We have had many joyful experiences on these fair shores and we will not forget our many friends here...Cheerio, Merrie England! We love you, and our "heart's desire and supplication to God" is for you that

you might turn from your state religion to “the simplicity and the purity that is toward Christ” and that hosts of your sons and daughters might be saved.

Feb. 12 This boat is mainly a cargo boat but has 79 adult passengers and 30 children. There is quite a cluster of prams (as the English call baby-carriages), play pens, etc. on the promenade deck. Mark keeps us busy at following him at the end of his harness around this deck. Most passengers are associated with business concerns in Burma. There are two French Catholic missionaries, a Church of England “Padre” and his wife, an Irish family of the British Missionary Society, and a British missionary family going to Mohnyin in Upper Burma. The crews officers are mostly Scotch and the remainder of the crew are mainly Indians recruited in Rangoon.



The SS Burma at a port enroute

Feb. 13 Today’s tale is short though not sweet for the crossing of the Gulf Stream has not been smooth...Someone has said, “When you are sea-sick, at first you are afraid you will die and then you are afraid you won’t.” A good diagnosis of a distressing disease!

Feb. 15—Sunday At 7:30 the Anglican priest conducted “Holy Communion” and at 10:30 a church service...We attended the two Anglican meetings but could not feel “at church” amongst so much shallow formality. The effect of this type of religion in England is shown by empty cathedrals, numerous smoking “vicars,” and multitudes of merely professing “Christians.” In the afternoon I had an extended conversation with the Upper Burma missionary, Mr. Cooke. His society is the B.C.M.S. (Bible Churchmen’s Missionary Society) which is one of the largest groups working in Burma and which is the most fundamental of Anglican missionary societies...I discovered we had some things in common, and it was also of interest to converse with one purposing as do we to work in Upper Burma.

*Feb. 16 **What a pleasant sight it was today to see the Rock of Gibraltar** lifting her proud head so high above the waves. We would not have stopped at Gibraltar had not a lady aboard collapsed two days before with nervous trouble and although better still had to be left at a Gibraltar hospital...After about a four-hour stop we sailed peacefully on into the Mediterranean. In the darkness we could see the lights of Gibraltar and of the African shore. Somewhere between those lights and many miles beyond is a land called America. In that moment under the stars that land seemed not so far away for the immensity of the heaven ever makes earthly distance pale.*

Feb. 17 I do fear the boat’s stewards are determined to spoil us. I even have to dash to beat the table steward to seating my wife. The bath steward is an old Indian whose only English seems to be “bath?” and “Sahib. Wash up?” He put these in question form to me so often that finally to please him I gave in and took a bath.

It is nice after facing the many queues for scarce items in England to have rice again and a good supply of milk, eggs, bacon, etc. It seemed good also to be able to buy six bars of candy the second day aboard; that would be one person's month's ration of "sweets" in England.

Feb. 18 It seems strange to be cast suddenly into an environment where everyone is concerned about Burma. All passengers are going there and many have been there before... Naturally our geography lessons of late years have dealt to a great extent with Burma; but we hope we may never forget that the Christian Gospel (which is the only gospel, i.e. good news) is not for any one land alone, but was created for and is still intended for the whole wide world. We believe that if the various peoples of the world studied to know more about one another and really tried to understand one another that there would be far more peace in the world. "The peace that passeth all understanding," however, can never be obtained save as individuals and collections of individuals place their warring members in full surrender to "The Prince of Peace."

Feb. 19 Today we passed the Island of Pantellaria and have frequently seen the African coast. Other boats are seen more frequently here than in the Atlantic. The captain grieved over our slowness and said, "We pass all the boats – going the other way."

*Feb. 20 **We passed Malta this morning at 4 o'clock.** It is a strange sensation to be so near the place where Paul and his companions were shipwrecked so long ago. The sea is now quite calm, and their boat must have been quite small compared with this, but we can imagine them here. Whatever differences we may have from Paul in other ways we hope to ever bear the same glorious message on our tongues as that noble ambassador of the King.*

Feb. 22 (2nd Sunday on board) We attended the ship's church service at 10:30. The Methodist missionary officiated. The service was less formal but the sermon was less scriptural than of the preceding Lord's Day. Following this meeting we observed the Lord's Supper in our cabin... We were grateful that our Lord promised, "Where two or three are gathered together in My Name there am I in the midst of them." (Matt. 18:20) and His Word assures us, "Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you." (Jas. 4:8) We both realized a season "of refreshing from the presence of the Lord," as we met in penitence there before His throne. Singing together "Break Thou the Bread of Life" and "My faith looks up to Thee," beseeching the Lord's blessing upon the loaf and the cup; partaking of the sacred emblems of our Savior's sufferings – we sensed that we were not alone at His Table, but that a great host of brethren, though removed in miles were with us in this communion with our Lord.

In the afternoon Lois gave a flannelgraph Bible lesson in the lounge to about ten children and five adults. On a flannel map of the Bible Lands she depicted first our own journey through the Mediterranean Sea and later indicated the route of Paul's evangelistic travels. Using this method she told of Paul's conversion and of his immediate proclamation of the Gospel thereafter. Some of the youngsters were apparently not in the habit of attending Bible School but all listened quite intently.

After supper we met the Methodist missionary and B.C.M.S. missionary couple in the lounge for an informal Bible Study and surveyed together the first chapter of Ephesians.

*Feb. 23 **This morning we docked at Port Said (Egypt).** At the harbor entrance lay a grim reminder of the war in the form of a boat of which only the top of the smokestack was visible above the waves. We were struck by the contrast between the method of coaling the ship at Gibraltar by the use of a huge crane and the method used here. We docked away from the shore and coal barges were fastened on either side. Barefooted and poorly clothed Egyptian*

laborers loaded large baskets with coal and carried them on their backs up a narrow plank in one continuous stream into the boat. Many of us reflected on how slaves must similarly have labored in this land ages ago to build the pyramids. One can now sympathize more with the Israelites as they toil under Pharaoh's taskmasters in this desert land to build Pithom and Raamses.

Feb. 24 *During the night we set sail from Port Said **at sunset this evening passed Port Tewfick at the southern end of the Suez Canal**...As we sailed from the canal into the sea which opened to allow the Israelites to evade Pharaoh's hosts we entertained ourselves by conjecturing as to where the crossing might have been and where the hosts of Egypt met their doom. The sun descended most abruptly but beautifully behind the Egyptian hills.*

Feb. 26 *We have seldom been in sight of land since Tuesday (24th). How little the Red Sea looks on the map! How big it seems when your are sailing on it.*

Feb. 27 ***About 5:30 we were awakened by the noise of docking at Port Sudan, Anglo-Egyptian Sudan.** Hurriedly dressing, we rushed out on deck and an amazing site met our eyes. The dock hands who were beginning to unload cargo from the holds were wild-looking black natives who gave one the impression of having just been brought from the heart of Africa.*

Feb. 28 *How our English friends would have loved to have some of the items brought here from their shores...Our hearts have gone out to the peoples in their need...As we go it is with a prayer that some strong souls who love Jesus and His Word might come to bring the glorious Gospel light to the Sudanese and the "Fuzzie-wuzzies" (as some disdainfully called the porters with their large bushy black hair.)*

Feb.29 (3rd Sunday on board) *It is the Lord's Day and we are again on the Red Sea. The Anglican priest took over the ship's service again and brought a message that was short and sweet, that had little that would hurt anybody as well as little that would help anybody.*

March 2 ***At noon we docked at Aden at the southern tip of the Arabian peninsula. (Yemen)**...The Jewish-Arab dissension has reached even to here and the two groups were fighting here a few months back.*

March 11 ***Early this morning we arrived in Colombo, Ceylon**...On the streets one sees the twentieth century rubbing elbows with the first. There are nice well-ventilated streetcars, shiny British and American cars of all makes, even double-decker English buses; then there are rickshaws and bullock carts. Both men and women can be seen carrying huge baskets of fruit on their heads.*

March 12 *Tonight finds us back in Colombo harbor. We did set sail about 3:30 this afternoon and got out some distance from the shore (but) that was a test run and it proved necessary for the boat to return to the harbor for repairs.*

March 13 *We have been informed that the boat will stay in its present berth until March 19 and it is expected soon then to be able to enter a dry-dock.*

March 21 (6th Sunday) *This morning those passengers with children of walking age were transported from the boat to the “Grand Hotel” at Mount Lavina – a lovely sea-side resort six miles from Colombo.*

Here I interrupt the quotations to summarize. We had such a wonderful relaxing 10 day vacation all expenses paid for us by the ship owners before we ever touched down on Burmese soil. How good our Lord was to provide all that. But He well knew the trials facing us ahead and used this occasion to prepare us for the struggles we were to face. Now back to one more quote:

“April 6 – Tues.” (ON 55TH DAY OF OUR VOYAGE!) “This is indeed a happy day! Thoughts of the years of preparations behind us, the strange sights before our eyes, and the trials and triumphs the future might hold crowded our minds as we stepped down the gangway onto Rangoon soil. No time could be wasted though, for our goods must be collected in customs shed for examination. Mr. Ollenbach (brother of our London Burmese teacher) and his wife are kindly opening their flat to us as paying guests. He and his sister met us at the boat. Can it really be true that we are at last in Burma?”

.....

Now before I go on to describe our experiences in Burma and why we felt it necessary after just 4 months there to move on to China let me add in here a few lines about one of the most interesting among our fellow-passengers on the SS Burma. She was **Mrs Ramabai Savita Ambedkar**, the wife of Dr. B. R. Ambedkar. He was chairman from Aug. 1947 to Jan. 1950 of the committee drafting the constitution for India when India was about to gain independence from British rule. He was a compatriot of Gandhi and held similar views for equality of all people.



Dr. Bhimrao Ramji Ambedkar

Wikipedia Dictionary says of him: *“Bhimrao Ramji Ambedkar (14 April 1891 – 6 December 1956), popularly known as Babasaheb, was an Indian [jurist](#), [politician](#) and [social reformer](#) who inspired the [Modern Buddhist Movement](#) and campaigned against [social discrimination in India](#), striving for equal social rights for [Dalits](#), [women](#) and [labour](#). He was independent India's first [law minister](#) and the principal architect of the [Constitution of India](#). Ambedkar was a prolific student, earning a law degree and various doctorates from [Columbia University](#) and the [London School of Economics](#), and gained a reputation as a scholar for his research in law, economics and political science. In his early career he was an [economist](#), [professor](#), and [lawyer](#). His later life was marked by his political activities, where he became involved in the negotiations for India's independence campaigning by publishing journals advocating political rights and social freedom for untouchables and contributing significantly to the establishment of the state of India. In 1956 he converted to [Buddhism](#), initiating mass conversions of [Dalits](#).*

"Belonging to the [Kabir panth](#), Ramji Sakpal encouraged his children to read the Hindu classics. He used his position in the army to lobby for his children to study at the government school, as they faced resistance owing to their caste. Although able to attend school, Ambedkar and other untouchable children were segregated and given little attention or assistance by the teachers. They were not allowed to sit inside the class. Even if they needed to drink water, someone from a higher caste would have to pour that water from a height as they were not allowed to touch either the water or the vessel that contained it."

Lois had interesting insightful conversations with Mrs. Ambedkar on our voyage. Mrs. Ambedkar told of some sad impressions she had had about Christians. Once when she was staying at a YWCA in New York the cafeteria there was closed for a party on Thanksgiving Day except for guests in the hostel. When she went to enter she was told she could not go in because of her color. If she and her husband had seen our Lord's teaching exemplified in the lives of the self-proclaimed "Christians" they had met in U.S. and England they might well have converted to Christianity instead of to Buddhism and also brought with them those thousands of "Untouchable Dalits." What a tragedy!

.....

A RAMBLE THROUGH RANGOON by Lois Callaway, July 1948

The following are excerpts from an article Lois wrote about our stay in Rangoon:

"All day Monday (April 5, 1948) we had been on the beautiful blue Bay of Bengal. Tuesday morning we looked over the railing into what looked like a rain-soaked desert. No we weren't hung on a sand bar though it looked like it. We were in the mouth of the Rangoon (Irrawaddy) River and as one fellow-passenger put it 'No good jumping over. You would not sink anyway.'"

"It wasn't too thick to sail through anyway. As we steamed up the river we could see beautiful green banks on either side, frequent Buddhist pagodas punctuated the landscape, and about noon we caught our first glimpse of Rangoon – the Shwe Dagon Pagoda with its towering gold-plated spire. Next were pointed out the Roman Catholic and the Church of England cathedrals.

"Since that day many strange things have impressed us – some amusing, and many pitiful.

"Our first experience was that of the hospitality shown us in this Burmese home where we have stayed in Rangoon. The next was the funeral procession of the Bogyoe U Aung San and his colleagues who were assassinated last July. It was an impressive funeral – but the more pitiful as they went to Christless graves. The morning of the funeral 100 pongyis (Buddhist monks) were fed and given yellow robes of monkhood and other gifts. This was to lay up merit for those deceased.

"The following day began the water festival – the celebration which brings in the Burmese New Year. Once it had a religious significance in that water thrown on one another was supposed to wash away the sins of the past year. In this year of 1310 B.E. it is merely a season of hilarity when all possible sources of water are surrounded by old and young alike. Buckets, spray guns and even fire hose are used to drench any and all who pass by. We passed by!!!....

"Walk with us down to the 'big bazaar.' Be careful you don't fall on the broken sidewalks. The war has left its mark on them.

“That barbed-wire enclosure over there? Oh, that’s the Secretariat where parliament meets and where most government business is carried on. That is where the government officials were assassinated last summer...”

“During the war many people evacuated to the jungles. While they were gone looters took all their furniture, personal belongings, and finally the plumbing and light wires and fixtures...That Indian fellow with the pole over his shoulder? He’s the pani-wallah. He fills the two old kerosene tins with water and carries them to people’s flats. Mark (2 years old) is quite taken to our pani-wallah, and so are we. We would find it quite a task to carry 16 large buckets of water up to our third floor flat. He does it for a rupee –30 cents that is... Recently we saw Chinese near our flat making an ‘offering to the big devil.’ They believe this creature’s wrath must be appeased by such means. Most of the people around us have the same or similar superstitions and fears haunting them. Would it not be truly wonderful if they could all be led away from these things and won to Christ?.,..

“Lelan says, ‘Fancy, the cows honk even on our street!’ And so they do- cows move about freely all over the city and though right down town we frequently see and hear them. The boys both love imitating the street sellers... Lelan has a quoit ring he puts on his head with a cake pan on top of that. He does a fair imitation of a ‘bay boh’ (boiled black-eyes pea’ seller...Lelan comes in about four. He’s in middle kindergarten at an English boys’ school, but they are required to learn Burmese too. He came home wanting help on his Burmese writing the other night and I was definitely beyond my depth.”

MY LETTER FROM RANGOON – Aug. 23, 1948

Here are some quotes from a letter I wrote concerning our 4-month stay in Burma and why we needed to move on to China:

“After struggling throughout the four months we have been in Burma to obtain the sanctions of the government for the work we proposed here we were recently informed finally and definitely that our desire could not be granted. Inasmuch as the Burmese Embassy in London had granted us an entry visa to Burma we were here offered – as a consolation prize the opportunity of working in the Bhamo district of Burma if we would agree to merge in with one of the denominational mission societies which the government has recognized and allowed to work in that area. The societies working in that sector are the American Baptist Mission, Roman Catholics, and apparently a small group of Swedish and Finnish Pentecostals.

“We chose not to accept the permit to work in the Bhamo district for three reasons: First, and most important, is that a yielding to the conditions of the proffered sanction would have constituted a compromise of ‘the faith which was once for all delivered unto the saints.’ I must here pause to add that although we prize the unity now existing among Bible-believing and Christ exalting disciples, and although we long for the extending of that unity to all who term themselves Christian, we do not believe such unity can be obtained by mere external federation and compromise of Christian faith. Rather the unity to be desired and for which Jesus prayed (John 17) can only be and is only obtained wherever two or more individuals will repudiate humanly devised creeds and designations and will stand bound in faith and obedience to the Bible only.

“The second reason for our refusing the limited permit is that we choose to work in a more frontier region than the Bhamo district.

“Thirdly, even if we could have accepted with free conscience the conditions attached to the Bhamo permit we probably would not have been accepted as co-workers by any of the societies in Bhamo district....

Our visa to Burma was recently extended...to October 1st. We were given little assurance of obtaining any further extension...

“Having appealed to the highest governmental authorities save the premier and cabinet as a whole, we began immediately to reshape our plans for removal to China, and we now propose to engage there in the furtherance of the frontier work already progressing so well on the China-Burma border.

“We altered our passport that it might serve for me alone and obtained a new passport for Lois and the boys. The Chinese Consulate General granted us six months visas to China. Although we do not anticipate difficulty in extending our Chinese visas we still for official business matters must go first to Kunming.

“On August 10th Lois, Lelan, and Mark flew to Kunming, and the following day I received the good word of their safe arrival there.”

Here I interrupt the quotes to add this note: Enroute to the Rangoon airport our bus was slowed down by buses parked at right angles to the highway so we had to zigzag back & forth between them to work our way slowly through. We learned that there had just been an attack by the “White Flag Communists” and this was done by the military to try to stop their attacks.

Lois and the kids made it safely through in 2 or so hours. Then at the Kunming airport Lois was asked what her Chinese name was. She said, “I don’t have one.” The Chinese immigration officer looked at how tall she was and saw our passport English name “Callaway.” Then he said, “I will give you the name “Gao Lo Ee.” The “Gao” means “Tall” and the “Lo Ee” was similar to “Lois.” She was later usually called “Gao Si Mo” = “Madam Tall.” Later on I was called “Gao Mo She” = “Pastor Tall.

MY CHINA STORIES - *Fall 1948 to Fall 1949*



**Lois with Lelan & Mark flew from Rangoon (Yangon) to Kunming 8/10/48
I went later in truck convoy to Pegu, then by train to Mandalay, on by
one truck to the China border and another to Kunming Sept. 1948.
We evacuated to Hong Kong September 1949**

LOIS' PRAYER LETTER FROM CHINA BEFORE I LEFT RANGOON

340 Shang Hsipa, Kunming, W. China, Aug. 27, 1948

"Dear Christian Friends:

"Having completed one more lap of our journey and having spent seventeen days in still another country, I am only more impressed with the fact that the world needs Jesus Christ! Some hunger for the gospel and have no teacher, others turn away from teachers who come and must be patiently won, and others are receiving teaching daily and accepting. All are in equal need of a Saviour.

"Though the separation from my husband has been hard, especially in that I do not know just how serious the trouble may be in Burma (foreigners in Burma are not allowed to write everything they know) or how long it will be before we can be re-united, I have found great joy in actually being able to do a tiny bit of missionary work, and great comfort in an increasing sense of dependence upon my Heavenly Father. Truly He is able to supply our every need.

"Last week-end I was privileged to teach two Bible lessons in English, and it was a joy to know that at last I could speak a public word again for my Saviour. Until C. W. comes and we can move to a more permanent location of work I will continue to help here in whatever way I can.

"If you could meet our evangelists, you too would be proud of them. Pray too for the weak Christians. They have adversities such as we have never known, having lived always in a nominally Christian country.

"If you could but know the strength we gain from your ceaseless prayers for us, you would, I am sure, feel even more the importance of prayer in all things.

"Do write us – and bear us up frequently before the throne of Grace. We are weak before the overwhelming task of taking our Saviour to a lost and dying world. He is strong in our need.

"May God bless you one and all. In Christian love, Lois Callaway"

MY TRIP FROM RANGOON TO KUNMING – September 7-23, 1948

My own 16-day (!) trip from Burma to China was one of the most memorable trips of my lifetime. Let me first quote some additional lines from my Aug. 23, 1948 letter quoted above:

"It was our intention that I leave two or three days later (mid August) to go by train to Mandalay and thence by truck over the Burma road to Kunming. When almost ready to go I discovered that both train and boat service to Mandalay had been suspended due to recent advances of the insurgents who for several months have been troubling certain sections of the country. These insurgents call themselves 'communists' by the way, but this appears to be more for the sake of a name than that they have the communistic ideology or Russian coaching.

"Our packages plus nine belonging to Isabel Dittmore (totaling about two tons) are now at the railway station locked in a box car that is to go with the next train running. I have also booked for that train which, since the government is taking strong measures against the insurgents, I believe will be now in two or three days. It appeared necessary to book the goods as luggage- which is twice as expensive- rather than as freight since freight booking will probably not recommence for some time now.

"When thou passest through the waters they shall never overflow,' is the promise, and I trust Him now to guide safely through the dangers to Mandalay and over the rain-soaked mountains to Kunming. I pray that- if He tarry- I may be privileged to see my good wife and little boys there.

"They are being well cared for I am sure in the home which the brethren have graciously made possible and which our sister, Jane Kinnett, has been supervising. We look forward to meeting upon their arrival there Brother and Sister Morse who have already helped us much through correspondence and of whom we desire advice as to the particular region in which we may now best serve. We do desire that in your prayers you might remember our revision of plans, journeys, language study, and Christian service of the future.

"My trip to Kunming will probably require all of our present funds, and as we expect soon to begin the long trip from Kunming northwest to the Burma border region we will need additional finances for this purpose. We place this matter before the Lord confident that He will lay it upon your hearts and that the necessities for each occasion will be provided as they arise. "For His Name's Sake, C. W. Callaway, Jr."

I had our own goods to finish packing and also had agreed to take goods for Isobel Dittmore. She had gone out on a troop ship during the war to join her husband who was in China near the Burma border. She had had to leave most of her supplies in bond in Rangoon. But upon hearing of our pending move to China had contacted us for our help. I was expecting to leave for the overland trip a few days after Lois and the kids flew to Kunming on Aug. 10, 1948 but it was almost a month later on Sept. 7th that I finally left Rangoon.

As so often happens, "Things did not go according to Hoyle." My original plan was to travel by train from Rangoon to Mandalay and then by truck to the China border and over the "Burma Road" on to Kunming. But news came of railroad bridges being blown up by the "communists." I investigated going by boat up the Irrawaddy River to Mandalay but found that that too was very dangerous. I asked about air cargo to Mandalay but that would have cost far more than I could afford.

Finally I learned that the railroad was operable again and planned to leave a certain day and had sent a telegram to that effect to Lois. But then another bridge was destroyed. A few days later I learned of a convoy of trucks that would be going to Pegu which was beyond the last bombed bridge. So I got my goods and Isobel's loaded onto one of those trucks one evening. The convoy could not start then though because of a night curfew due to the crisis situation. So the driver and I slept in the truck that night. Then at 5 AM the next day, when the curfew lifted, we and the other trucks started off. We made it through safely to Pegu where I and the goods boarded the train.

At Mandalay I transferred to a Burmese truck and traveled on through Lashio to the Chinese border at Muse in the northern Shan State. A bridge crossed the Shweli river to Ruili, Yunnan Province of China. I seem to recall that town by the name Chukok.

There the Burmese truck backed up to the border fence and the goods were lifted over the fence and onto a Chinese truck backed up to that fence. I had been able to get a letter from a Chinese company in Rangoon to their agent in that Chinese border town. That company had also given me a small English / Chinese phrase book. Since I knew absolutely no Chinese at that point that little book (along with appropriate gestures) proved invaluable. I could look at the English "I am hungry" and point to the Chinese characters to the right (*Wo yao chirh fan* = I want to eat rice) and could get the driver to stop for food. Or I could point to the Chinese words to the right of "Where is a restroom?" and get him to make a rest stop. By the time I got to Kunming I had learned a few other crucial phrases.

Because of all the delay and unanticipated expenses by the time I got to the Chinese border my funds were quite depleted. I wired Lois that if she had received more funds from contributors to wire some to the Ruili bank. She was relieved to know that I had made it that far since she had heard of the Burmese railroad bridge being destroyed and was afraid I might have been on that train. The Lord had provided funds just in time and she was able to send me

sufficient funds to finish my trip. She later told me that the beady eyed banker, knowing she was in a tight spot, had charged an exorbitant fee for wiring the funds.

We were joining the work of the Morse family and fellow missionaries. Their main field of service was in the upper regions of the Salween and Mekong Rivers. I had already crossed the Salween many miles south of that region and so was next to approach the Mekong.

The Mekong River at the point where we crossed it on the Burma Road is in a very deep valley with steep slopes of tall mountains on either side. After catching our first glimpse of the river far below we followed a switch back road for what seemed like hours down to the river.



The river was wide and we were just after a huge flood which had destroyed at least part of the bridge. That portion of the bridge had been repaired but it looked very shaky. There was a truck ahead of us loaded with tires for a company in Chengtu, China. The driver and his helper were wheeling the tires across one at a time to lighten their load before driving across. Although my driver had a helper the three of us could not possibly get my goods across individually –

especially since Isobel's were in big wooden crates. So he decided to just drive across trusting we could make it. Of course I had my eyes closed and was praying fervently. I think he may have been calling on his ancestors (if he was religious) and I presume he probably kept his eyes open and his hands firmly on the steering wheel. But God must have commissioned special guardian angels to lift our truck and its load across that bridge. It is only by His grace that I am still around to this day.

When we later heard of a huge fire that had destroyed a tire warehouse in Chengdu we wondered: "Were some of those tires which had been so tediously wheeled across the shaky Mekong River bridge ahead of me destroyed in that fire?" Thank you again, dear Lord, for your protection!

After that Mekong Bridge I recall that we spent a night at a Chinese Inn in Baoshan and I left off Isobel Dittmore's goods with a missionary in Hsiao Guan (Xioguan) south of Dali. He engaged mountain tribespeople to carry big boxes on their backs to his home for transfer on upcountry to Isobel.

September 23, 1948! What a happy day that was! Kunming at last! As you may well imagine I was tremendously relieved and overjoyed to finally have that grueling 16-day trip from Rangoon behind me and to be re-united with Lois and our kids. I soon began meeting co-workers and Chinese Christians and neighbors.

OUR YEAR IN KUNMING



Christian Church/Church of Christ Missionaries in Kunming, China in early 1949

From left – Back Row: Mel Byers, Ellis Back, J. Russell Morse, C W Callaway, Robert Morse, Eugene Morse, William Rees. Third Row: Harold Taylor, Lora Banks, Imogene Williams, Betty (Mrs. Robert) Morse, Mrs. & Mr. Harry Randolph.
Second Row: Leland Taylor, Ruth Morse, Mrs. Harold Taylor, Gertrude (Mrs. J.R.) Morse, Lois Callaway, Helen (Mrs. Eugene) Morse, Melba Rees.
Front Row: Glen Taylor, Mark Callaway, Lelan Callaway.

At various later dates these from the above photo went on to serve in Thailand along the Thailand-Laos border: CW & Lois Callaway, Imogene Williams, and Mel Byers. The several members of the Morse family shown above also served in Thailand but served in Burma & India for a number of years first. Lora Banks Harrison became forwarding agent for Imogene Williams. Bill and Melba Rees served in South Africa and then Hong Kong. Their son, Ben and wife, are still in Hong Kong. We also met Gladys Schwake, missionary to the Tibetan border. Her adopted Tibetan son, Ho di Pao (Philip Ho) stayed with us while attending school in Kunming. He later served many years as a missionary in NE India. Among our good friends in other missions in Kunming were the Seirings. Years later, in 1961, we and our kids had a great visit with them in Stuttgart, Germany.

Our Senior missionaries in China were J. Russell and Gertrude Morse. They had served on the border of Tibet in China since 1921. Fascinating accounts of their ministry there are told in Gertrude Morse's book "The Dogs May Bark" which may be ordered online from book sellers like Amazon. They were in U.S. when Lois arrived in Kunming and Jane Kinnett was supervising their mission home there. Jane was anxious to move on up country to Lisuland. Thus even before I arrived in Kunming Jane had turned the management of that home over to Lois and had set out overland. It was quite a challenge for Lois after learning only a few phrases of Chinese to manage that home. Due to the communist advances the national currency was rapidly losing its value. Lois commented that one of the first phrases she had to learn was "I sher wan" (10,000 yuon = only a few cents at that point). The postal service could not keep up with printing stamps with the rapid devaluation of the money. I recall mailing letters and having to try to affix whole sheets of the highest value stamps available on the back of the envelope.

Before long the elder Morse couple & their adopted daughter Drema returned to China. They helped us a lot "to learn the ropes." We gained much valuable information from them about the Chinese as well as the tribal peoples and their cultures. It was good to eat with them and other missionaries at the dining table there. I recall Russell Morse had told us that the Chinese slurped their soup at a feast to show they appreciated it. One day he invited a Chinese young man who was planning to study in U.S. to join us for lunch. As that man was slurping his soup he said "This soup is really good!" Brother Morse said, "Yes, and you show your appreciation by.....drinking it." One of us asked him later if Sister Morse had kicked him under the table at the time of that long pause in his sentence and he said, "Yes, she did." He had intended to say, "by slurping it."

The Morse family ministry was focused primarily upon the Lisu peoples far up to the northwest from Kunming but they were supporting 3 Chinese evangelists to help with the evangelism in Kunming. We would often go with one of them to witness in a neighborhood. I recall that while we were still managing the household affairs that one evangelist, Peter Yen who had been a postal employee, came to us with a note he had laboriously written in English to ask for an increase in monthly support because "combustibles" had become so expensive. What he meant was firewood but he had used the term he had found in his dictionary. The other evangelists were younger men: James Yang & Roland Yang.

The mission home, like many homes there, was surrounded by a mud brick wall and it had an outdoor toilet built into that wall. One night a thief tried to dig through the wall but actually dug through just at that point. He didn't find anything worth carrying home from that toilet!

Not long after the older Morses had arrived we were able to move to another house not far away. We got a Chinese teacher to go daily to our house to teach us Chinese. We plunged into the study of Chinese with high hopes of working near Burma but within China with another unreached tribe. Our teacher persuaded me to buy a revolver which he said we needed to protect ourselves from robbers. I had never shot a hand gun and had not even tried to shoot that one. But one night we heard a sound downstairs which we assumed was a thief. I got the gun and thought I'd shoot down into the yard to scare him away. But while I was messing around trying to get the gun to go off the thief made off with a bicycle we had in a spare room downstairs. So much for a gun – I think I got rid of it not long after that. I probably could not have brought myself to actually shoot at a man anyways - even a thief. We decided, "...Unless the Lord watches over the city, the watchmen stand guard in vain." (Psalm 127:1) We had also gotten a guard dog upon the advice of neighbors to run free in the compound at night. Someone

though, probably the thief, had thrown poisoned meat over the compound wall and our dog had died a few days before that theft.

Lelan had turned 5 and Mark 3 during our time in Rangoon. They had learned a good deal of Burmese and Karen in Burma and now they were picking up Chinese from Chinese kids faster than we were with a teacher and books. Would we have done better to have just hung out with those kids? But perhaps it was just that adult minds can't learn a new language as easily as a kid.

We had hired a Chinese man to cook and help with other chores around the house. Our little boys were fast learning to enjoy Chinese food in a bowl and with chopsticks. Lois was teaching the cook, however, to often prepare western food. One day Lelan said, "Mama, can I eat downstairs with the cook? – He has GOOD food!"

During that year we were in China the communists were very rapidly gaining ground. It was referred to as "the domino effect" as one province after another fell before the encroaching army. The turnover was not just because of the effectiveness of the communist soldiers. Many people were won over by the communist propaganda and disturbed by the corruption in the Nationalist government. They would say, "The communists can't be any worse than the current nationalists – and maybe they will be better." So sometimes whole provinces surrendered without a shot being fired.

Due to communist infiltration many were becoming alienated toward westerners whereas a few years before during World War II they had appreciated the aid of the allies in delivering them from the Japanese takeover. Neighborhood kids would sometimes call out in derision to Lelan and Mark, "La Mei Bu Hao" = "Americans are no good." Those kids might get tickled though when our kids would repeat those words back to them.

Sometimes as the situation worsened the value of the Chinese currency in relation to the U.S. dollar dropped drastically overnight so we learned not to exchange too much at one time. We missionaries would then take turns going downtown to exchange money. We might go first to the bank to change a U.S. \$100 check and receive big bundles of the low value Chinese currency in exchange. Then we would go to find a money changer on the street and change those bills for silver coins which would keep their value longer. But we had to drop each coin worth 50 cents or a dollar on the pavement to listen for the right ring and to make sure it was not counterfeit. So we would go with one piece of paper and return home in a rickshaw a few hours later with a basketful of coins. I remember one day I presented my check on The First National Bank of Canadian, Texas at a bank and the teller said "Sorry but we don't take Canadian checks." Finally after I had convinced him to my great relief that my bank was in the town of Canadian in Texas and not from Canada he agreed to exchange it.

Many Chinese were destitute. Many beggars slept in crude cardboard shelters. The government conscripted many of the poor to serve as soldiers. I saw several of them once chained together and being driven off to serve. That forced conscription caused more dissatisfaction with the nationalist government. Once when I was walking through a crowded Kunming market a poor man grabbed a fountain pen I was carrying in my shirt pocket and dashed off into the crowd. I was sorry to lose the pen but it was still a minor loss for me but in his eyes no doubt a big find. I learned to be more careful – but I also felt sorry for the thief who was in such a poor state.

The daily news was of course very disquieting to us as to other western missionaries. At times the rumor was spread abroad that Kunming had already fallen so our families and supporters at home were concerned for us. Many missionaries left China as communists were taking over one province after another. Finally only 2 provinces were left to be conquered: the SW province of Yunnan where we were and the SE province of Kwangtung next to Hong Kong. Some wanting to hold on in China to the last had fled to our province so at one point there were over 400 missionaries in Kunming!

We were speeding up our preparations for moving up into the high mountain Burma-China border area under the misguided assumption that the communists would not be interested in that tribal area. I had hired a Chinese carpenter to make quite a few wooden boxes that could be carried on the pack frames of horses up into the tribal country. We had also as funds allowed purchased supplies at very low prices from missionaries who were leaving China.

Many missionaries, especially in northern and central China were leaving China as the situation worsened. But in those unsettled days two new missionaries arrived in Kunming on February 18, 1949. They were Imogene Williams and Lora Banks. Imogene had graduated from Cincinnati Bible Seminary in 1948, the same class as Lois, but we did not really become acquainted with her until after her arrival in China. She and Lora had travelled on a Norwegian freighter from Vancouver, B.C., Canada to Hong Kong. They had had to stay 6 weeks in Basel Mission Home in Hong Kong before they could fly to Kunming (as cargo) on a CNAC cargo plane that Eugene and Robert Morse had chartered.

We, as all missionaries in China, were full of tension and uncertainty with the constant changes in 1949. But during that year **I had one of the most spiritually challenging high points of my life.** It was at a Christian concert we attended one night where a large mixed choir of Chinese and missionaries sang The Hallelujah Chorus. Many would soon be leaving but many of the Chinese believers would not be able to flee and they especially faced a very uncertain future. In that situation as a grand finale to an already inspiring evening the choir sang with such deep felt confidence in the Lord:

All for Jesus, all for Jesus!
All my being's ransomed pow'rs:
All my thoughts and words and doings,
All my days and all my hours. All for Jesus!
All for Jesus!
All my days and all my hours;
All for Jesus! All for Jesus!
All my days and all my hours.

Oh, what wonder! How amazing!
Jesus, glorious King of kings,
Deigns to call me His beloved,
Lest me rest beneath His wings.
All for Jesus! All for Jesus!
Resting now beneath His wings;
All for Jesus! All for Jesus!
Resting now beneath His wings.

It was during that strenuous time and on July 5, 1949 that our first daughter, Joyce, was born in the Kunming Lutheran hospital. She quickly won our hearts and brought much joy and comfort to us. For us she became not the "Queen of Sheba" but "the Queen of Shang Hsipa (Shipa)" as that was the name of the Kunming suburb where we lived. Near the same time 3 other babies we knew of were born there: David Morse, Ben Rees, and the child of the cook at the Morse compound. You can see all 4 babies with their mothers in the pictures below.

One evening we joined several of our co-workers in a restaurant for a nice meal. It was there that we got the news that Eugene and Helen Morse with their baby David had been stopped by communist soldiers in Lijiang enroute to Lisuland. The soldiers suspected Eugene of being a spy and held him at gunpoint while they inspected their goods upteen times. Those soldiers "borrowed" (in their words) all of the Morses' supply of medicines and many of their own goods. Eugene realized that they were not going to see those goods again. A teenage soldier shot his rifle and the bullet ricocheted around and grazed Helen's forehead. They were forced to return to Kunming. Those missionaries already in Lisuland had to flee over the high mountains & managed to live for nearly 7 years in a very isolated region in extreme northern Burma among Lisu and other peoples. I don't recall the details of how Eugene's family managed it but they did finally managed to get there too. Eugene tells that story in the fascinating book "Exodus to a Hidden Valley."

We had mistakenly thought that the communists would never be interested in taking over the remote northwestern Yunnan tribal area. But that night in the Kunming restaurant we realized they were already in control up there! We also would not be able to move into that area and the only feasible option for us now was to flee along with others. Around that time the U.S. consul in Kunming advised all American missionaries in Yunnan to evacuate the country. We and some of our fellow missionaries had chosen not to heed that nor the second warning since we had thought we would be safe enough up in the mountains. But then the consul gave a third and final warning saying that any who did not evacuate were on their own and could not expect any help from America.

With that turn of events we began to sell off all the goods we could part with. That included about all of the items we had purchased cheaply from missionaries leaving earlier. The only customers we had left for our own "yard sale" were Chinese neighbors who realized they had us "over a barrel." We were not in a position to bargain with them so wound up practically giving away many items. We arranged to fly out to Hong Kong and shipped most of our goods there ahead of us. Then we learned that our flight and other flights had been cancelled. But before long flights were resumed and we did fly out from Kunming on Sept. 7th.

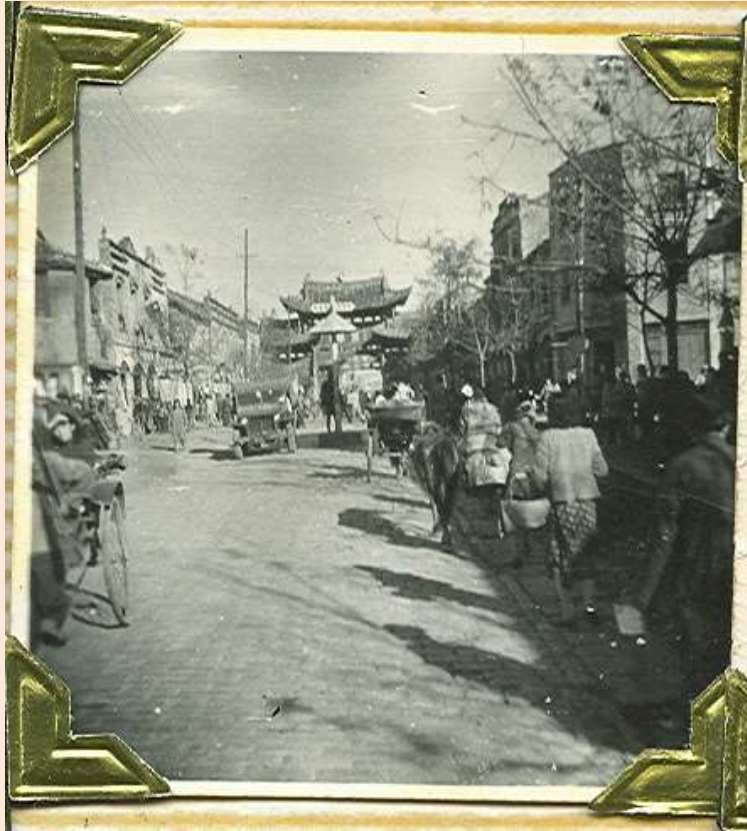
It had been with high hopes that we had arrived in Kunming but just a year later we were among some of the last missionaries to leave China just before the communist takeover.

It was much later that Lois wrote her poem "Secret Place of Thunder" based upon Psalm 81:7 RSV "...I answered you in the secret place of thunder..." but it expresses well our desperation in those days and the comfort we found in the Lord:

In the secret place of thunder	High upon the mount of God,
Where His presence overwhelms one	As He wields His lightning rod,
One can scarcely doubt the sureness	Of His promise, "I have heard..."
There one knows the prayer is answered	As with power the heart is stirred.

Wand'ring lone upon the desert	In the agony of thirst,
Finding there a bitter water	Where one hoped a spring would burst.
Meribah thus tests the sureness	Of the faith found on the mount.
Falter not at faith's dire testing!	He who promised <u>is</u> the fount.

Pictures from Kunming Then In 1948 & Now in 2014



Chinese shoppers, rickshaws, and even a jeep on a Kunming street in 1948



A very modern Kunming today 2014

Pictures from Kunming & Hong Kong in 1949



Mark Callaway, Su Kwan Hui (Chinese Cook's wife) & baby Danny, Helen with David Morse, Melba with Ben Rees, Lois with Joyce & Lelan Callaway



Lois, Joyce, CW in Kunming 1949



Melba & Bill Rees with Ben; Lois & CW with Lelan, Joyce, & Mark; Gertrude holding David Morse, then Russell, Helen, Eugene Morse, Mel Byers



Kao Lo Wei & Kao Lo Ee (aka- CW & Lois) in Hongkong 1949

MY HONGKONG STORIES -*September 1949*

On Sept. 7, 1949 our family flew out of Kunming on the Lutheran Mission plane. We were scheduled to land in Hong Kong and did get near there but a typhoon prevented our landing there so the pilot turned around and landed in Canton, (Guangzhou) Guangdong Province, China. That Province and Yunnan Province were the last to capitulate to the communist takeover in December of that year. The airline put us up in a nice hotel. Our little boys were thrilled to have running water in the bath tub – an experience they had not had in Burma or Kunming. As I recall they even let the tub run over onto the bathroom floor! The next day the winds had subsided enough for us to go on by train to Kowloon, Hong Kong. But winds were still strong enough that day to shake the train severely.

Among others flying to Hong Kong that month were the Bill Rees family who stayed in the same mission home we did. Imogene Williams stayed with missionary friends in Kowloon. Lora Banks flew back to U.S. to get married. In China we had engaged a young Chinese-Hmong girl to baby sit our kids and help with chores. Her name was Chien Li Ping. She became dear to us and to our children. We called her Chien Ji Ji meaning “Little sister Chien.” Her mother was dead, her father didn’t want her, her grandfather had sold her to be married but she did not want that marriage. She was virtually an orphan but was of age and wanted to continue with us. We were able to arrange for her passport and transport so that she was able to join us later in Hong Kong.

Hong Kong had become a colony of the [British Empire](#) after the [First Opium War](#) (1839–42). When we were there in 1949 it was not an integral part of mainland China so many Chinese as well as foreigners were fleeing there. On 1 July 1997, Hong Kong became the first [Special Administrative Region of the People's Republic of China](#), under the principle of “[one country, two systems](#)” Now in 2014 it has a population of over seven million people and is one of the most [densely populated areas](#) in the world

In Hong Kong we reflected much about the country of China. We had come to love the Chinese and prayed for them and especially the Christians there. All faced a dim future. Somewhere in recent years I came across a brief summary that I quote here. It was titled “SIXTY YEARS OF THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC-1949-2009-A Spiritual History.” It began with *“On October 1, 1949, (we may have been already on the boat to leave Hong Kong) Mao Zedong stood on the great Tiananmen Gate and announced the inauguration of the People's Republic of China. It was a decisive moment in world history. After more than a century of chaos, foreign intervention and civil war, China had stood up. Over the next three decades China struggled to feed its desperately poor, largely agricultural population who were cut off from the rest of the world. Rapid industrialization and the establishment of collective agriculture had brought about some economic gains by the mid-fifties, but Mao's policies became increasingly utopian and divorced from reality. The establishment of people's communes was pushed through without regard for the huge human cost. By 1960 the country was experiencing serious famine in which more than 20 million people perished. In 1966 Mao launched the catastrophic experiment of the Cultural Revolution to purge his own Party and create a “socialist new man” living in a socialist utopia.*

Myra Scovel was a missionary author and poet. Lois, I believe, met her and loved her writings and poetry. In her most famous book “The Chinese Ginger Jars” Myra describes the

painful experiences they had in China, especially after the communist takeover. They were reviled even by former students and were at one point spit upon by 40 some Chinese youth. She and her husband, Dr. Fred Scovel, and their 3 children left China in January 1951. Some of the CIM/OMF missionaries who served later among the Mien in Thailand had also left after the takeover and had faced similar treatment. Our own senior missionary Russell Morse stayed on in Kunming and was able for a short time to lead some Chinese to the Lord but one day a large group of communist soldiers surrounded the mission compound and took him into solitary confinement taking away all his personal property – even his Bible. He was not able to write any letters. Then when Christian supporters in America were praying steadily around the clock his wife, Gertrude, and one son flew to Hong Kong hoping to at least learn if he was still alive. They knocked at the door of missionary friends there and Russell opened the door!!! What a miraculous answer to prayer that was!! It reminds me of Peter upon his release from prison knocking at the door while the Christian friends were praying inside. (Acts 12:1-18) While many were praying for Russell his captors suddenly one day released him and to leave the country immediately. So he had had no opportunity to notify any friends or relatives and had just arrived in Hong Kong.

It was actually in December 1949 that Yunnan and Gwangdong Provinces finally capitulated and mainland China was completely under communist control.

Having dispensed with most of our worldly possessions in Kunming and wondering “What do we do now?” We had time while staying in the guest house in Hong Kong to think and to pray. A poem Lois wrote years later on another stop we made in Hong Kong depicts our emotions in that chaotic time:

Ballad of Hongkong

Hongkong, emerald of the ocean!
Mansions there upon the hilltop,
Alabaster set in jade;
Ivory carved pagodas glistening
Peaceful paradise we see.

"Fragrant Harbor"! How enchanting!
Beckoning to the touring world.
Light we step into the ferry
Banish thought of "bamboo wall"!
Come! There's paradise to see.

Two more steps and off the ferry ..
What's this teaming mass I see?
Pounding up and down the pavement
Clothed in black with downcast eyes.
How came this to paradise?

"Paper, Madam? Read a paper?"
Squinting eyes are wistful cast.
Press the pennies in his hand Ma'am,
Eyes full fixed on headline print.

"This sounds not like paradise!"

"Over there across the harbor
In the shadow of "the wall"
Four full thousand crossed today, Ma'am,
Slipped the wall and ran away
Ran away to paradise."

Listen, Listen! Listen closely!
Think I hear a low drawn moan,
Over there across the harbor
Come so near and yet so far
Still so far from paradise.
"What's it like, lad, can you tell me?
Tell me why this low drawn moan."
"Hardly Ma'am! It begs description,
'Tis but felt -- this anguished moan.
You have felt but paradise."

"There the mothers -- ragged, haggard,
Fathers -- clothing patch on patch.
Children -- tummies hard protruding,
Eyes bright pierced with hunger's pain --
On the edge of paradise."

"Tell me lad, a brighter story,
Now they've come beyond the wall,
Come to land of peace and plenty.
Sure 'twill end the bitter moan
Now they've crossed to paradise."
"Hardly, Ma'am! For come tomorrow
They'll be herded back again.
Back again to death and famine,
Back again across the wall
They'll not enter paradise!"

"Too fantastic for a tale, lad,
Tell me straightly how you know."

"I was there, Ma'am! Saw my mother,
Sister small and brother, too,
Sent away from paradise."

"I was small ma'am, came unnoticed
Slipping through the barbed wire fence,
Hiding closely in the daytime,
Melting slowly to this mass
-- But for memories -- paradise!"

5-4-62

(Based on a newspaper article in a
Hongkong newspaper the day we visited
Hongkong.)

We met a missionary couple who were planning to join a Pentecostal mission in Siam (now better known as Thailand). We went to that Consulate and learned that there were many tribespeople in the mountains of northern Thailand who spoke Chinese as well as many Chinese. "Dear Lord," we prayed, "Can you utilize the months we have labored with the Chinese language" in that land of Thailand?" Sensing the Lord's affirmative answer we obtained an entrance visa for Thailand and booked passage on the SS Hoi Wong. Imogene Williams, was also there in Hong Kong and waiting as were we for the Lord's new directions. She felt His leading to join us and booked her passage on the same ship. Also we were able to arrange for Chien Ji Ji to continue with us and she served our family faithfully for a number of years until she there married a Chinese man.

We sailed out from Hong Kong on Sept. 29th into the South China Sea by the Chinese Island of Hainan and to the Vietnamese port of Hai Fong east of Hanoi. From there we sailed around the southern tip of Vietnam and up the Saigon River to Saigon (later re-named Ho Chi Minh). The ship officers informed us that there were insurgent snipers who occasionally fired at boats on the river so that we were to stay down in our staterooms. Consequently we didn't get to do any sightseeing in Vietnam! From the Saigon River we sailed past the delta of the Mekong River which I had crossed far to the north over that shaky bridge one year before.

After 20 days enroute we awoke early on October 18, 1949 to discover that we were sailing up the Chao Phaya River. Seeing banana trees, verdant rice fields, and Thai farmers along the shores we wondered what adventures the Lord had in store for us in this fabled land still known to many as Siam. We watched with great excitement as we docked near Silom Road in Bangkok, Thailand. We disembarked and while waiting for our luggage to be unloaded walked about ½ mile to the main Post Office.

Chapter 6 MY THAILAND STORIES

1st Term - 1949-1953

GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH THAILAND – 6 MONTHS IN BANGKOK

October 18, 1949 to early May 1950

Most missionaries serving through established mission societies fleeing China in those days needed to return to their home countries for consultation with their boards before reassignment to other fields. In our own branch of Christian Churches many of us had seen liberal theology develop in the “United Christian Missionary Society.” Some conservatives were saying that the only Biblical way to support missionaries was directly from local autonomous churches. I was pretty well convinced of that myself in those early days. But over the years through fellowship with missionaries of many denominations I have come to see many benefits provided through mission societies to their missionaries that we did not have. But one advantage for us when we left China was that we were able to make our decision more quickly in our own prayer times and communication with a few friends and supporters. We were thus able to proceed directly to Thailand without having to return first to USA.

Imogene Williams was at Cincinnati Bible Seminary at the same time we were and graduated in the same class as Lois in 1946. We did not, however, get well acquainted with her there. She and co-worker (Lora Banks) arrived in Kunming, China in February 1949 planning to work with the Morse family among the Lisu. She flew out from Kunming to Hong Kong around the same time as we did and chose to join us in the new work in Thailand. Thus she accompanied us on the ship from Hong Kong. Also with us was the Chinese/Hmong Christian young lady Chen Fung Shen (Chen Ji Ji “Sister Chen” our kids called her). She had been helping us with our children in China so we could study Chinese.

Upon our disembarking from the SS Hoi Wong on Oct. 18, 1949 we found temporary lodging at the home of the local director of YWCA on Sathorn Rd. in Bangkok. During the 2 weeks or so we were there we had a bit of introduction to the Thai language. A young Thai lady who spoke good English told us that a Thai servant girl in the home who knew no English had commented that the Thai lady mispronounced English. The servant girl had told her. “*When you call the cat you say ‘meow meow’* (in a high tone) but the American director says ‘meow-meow’ (in a low tone).” We thus learned that the Thai language is tonal – which means that saying the same basic sound in high, low, falling, etc. tone changes it to a completely different meaning.

In Hong Kong we had bought 2 bicycles at prices below U.S. prices then and which we discovered, to our pleasure, were also below Thailand prices. One day I rode my bicycle down to the post office where I locked it and went inside. I was out again in 10-15 minutes but my bicycle was gone and was never recovered. While previously in a large open and busy market in Kunming one day a poor beggar had grabbed a fountain pen from my front shirt pocket and quickly disappeared in the crowd. Many years later while Lois was in a similar market in Bangkok a thief slit her shoulder bag from behind and made off with a few small items. Much later still Lois was walking with Cinda through a market in Tunis and a thief tried to grab her camera. Such experiences just taught us to be especially cautious when in an area less affluent than America.

Several weeks after our arrival in Thailand were spent in getting oriented and caring for official red tape. At that time Thailand was allowing up to 200 people from most other countries to receive residence permits each year. Even though we arrived there in October of 1949 the quota for Americans had not been filled. I think our numbers were in the mid 100's of the 200 quota for U.S.A. Many missionaries who arrived in Thailand in later years had much greater difficulty gaining Thai residence than we had. We were certainly blessed there.

In early 1950 I wrote these lines: *I am grateful that God has brought us to this kingdom of Siam even if in 'such a time as this.' Many have written urging that we leave the Orient because of the present disturbed state of conditions.....It is possible that the communists may take over Indo-China or Burma and then Siam also but we **do not know** that such will happen or even that it is probable. Siam is at present perhaps the most peaceful land in the Orient and the least disturbed by communism. Indeed Jesus does not instruct us to avoid all possible dangers.*

Around November of 1949 we rented a house on Soi Ari, Sukumvit Rd, Bangkapi in Bangkok and began Thai studies with a Thai lady who had previously taught other missionaries. We knew her as Kru Thaot (Teacher Thaot). Books for learning Thai were very few and poor quality compared with those available now. Kru Thaot used a book written by a missionary and with the conversation portions based mainly around Jesus' conversation with the Samaritan woman at the well. Statements to, by, and about Jesus were in the special Thai terminology used for royalty. We did not need to know those "high words" at that stage to ask a peasant, *"Where is the bathroom?"* We protested to our teacher that for the present we needed to

concentrate on the common everyday language – the "low words." She said, *"But what if someday you have opportunity to talk with the king?"* We replied, *"We will just talk with him in English!"* Actually many years later when we did get to say a very few words to the Thai king we did use English. He was born in America and received much of his education in English.



Lois in Bangkok 1950



Lois & Imogene studying Thai with Kru That 1950

In spite of the poor language-learning method the following spring I was able to write, *"We can now read Siamese printing as the alphabet is phonetic and not too complicated, and we have a limited vocabulary."*

While in Bangkok we received word that our application made in Kunming months before to the Indian government to work in Calcutta among Chinese there had been approved. We have been very grateful in the years since then that that permit did not reach us until we were already getting settled in Thailand. Had we gone to India our whole ministry would have followed a far different course than we had expected and that we believe the Lord had planned for us.

Not long after our arrival in Thailand we did visit the work of “British Churches of Christ” in Nakorn Pathom, some 40 miles S.W. of Bangkok. At that time there were just 3 elderly British missionaries serving there. They received us cordially and even strongly urged us to settle there and take over that work. It would have involved supervising schools and a hospital. We did not sense that God was calling us to institutional work but to an evangelistic ministry among an unreached people group. So we declined that kind offer and continued our Thai studies which was the crucial need at that point.

While concentrating upon our study of the language we did have many opportunities for seeing the Bangkok area and learning more about the country and its peoples.

On May 5, 1950, just before our move to N. Thailand, I got to join the huge crowd viewing the impressive coronation procession for the present king, H.M. Pumiphon Adunyadet. He was dressed in ancient beautiful royal garments, seated on a golden throne under the royal umbrella and carried on the shoulders of Thai attendants dressed in picturesque attire.

I was reminded of the day in London two years earlier when I went to view the procession as the present Queen Elizabeth II traveled to Westminster Abbey for her wedding to Prince Philip. I had learned from that earlier experience not to take along a collapsible chair!! Even so and though I was far back in the huge crowd I did get occasional glimpses of the king and of the heads of the attendants carrying him.



Coronation of his majesty

THAILAND – LAND OF THE FREE – A QUICK OVERVIEW AS OF 1950 ff

THAILAND – THE NAME The word “Thai” = “Free.” Thus “Prathet Thai” which is translated “Thailand” means “The Land of the Free.” I was born in another country which is known as “The Land of the Free.” Sadly though in both America and Thailand the vast majority of the peoples are not really free. Most are still bound in Satan’s chains. Jesus came to set free “whosoever will.” He said, “If the Son sets you free, you will be free indeed.” John 8:36

Until June 1939 the country used the name “SIAM.” It was changed then to “Thailand.” In 1945 it was changed back to Siam but since 1949 it has been officially “Thailand.”

LOCATION Bordered on the west and north by Burma, on the northeast by Laos, on the east by Cambodia and the Gulf of Siam, on the south by Malaysia.

SIZE About 200,000 square miles. State of Texas is larger with 268,820 sq miles

POPULATION Around 1950 the population was estimated at 17 million.
Now it is 70 million plus but 2014 population of Texas was only about 27 million.

PEOPLES Thai, Chinese, Indian, Malays, Lu, Lahu, Lisu, Karen, Hmong, Mien, Akha, etc.

RELIGIONS Mainly Theravada Buddhism 94.6 % but with Islam prominent in the south with 4.6 % and Christians at 0.7% in the early 2000s.

CHRISTIANITY First Catholic missionary was a chaplain to Portuguese mercenaries in the 1550s. First Protestants arrived in Bangkok in 1828. There are now many hundreds of missionaries there. In 1950 total Christians were estimated at 10,000 with almost all of those being Thai or Chinese. Now in 2014 there are thousands of tribal Christians.

GOVERNMENT An independent constitutional monarchy never colonized as her neighbors in Asia.

CLIMATE Three seasons: Cool and dry (November through February); hot and dry (March and April); warm and rainy (May through October). Thanks to Garland Bare for some of the above details.

MY EXPLORATORY TRIP TO NORTH THAILAND – in February 1950

Unfortunately I could not do a quick “Google Search” and books on the land and its peoples were scarce in those days. I had, however, found a charming little book “Land of Smiles” by W.A.R. Wood. He had previously been for many years the British consul in Chiang Mai. In chapter 8 entitled “Some Exotics” he gave me an introduction to a number of the mountain as well as lowland people groups of northern Thailand. I was especially drawn by his description of a visit he had made to Chiang Kham and wanted to check it out. So around February 20th I set out on a 2 week trip. I described that trip in one of our newsletters under the heading “C W visits N. Siam.” Quotes from that article are in italics in the following summary:

The most pleasant surprise which I had was in discovering that there are many tribal people in northern Siam who understand Chinese. Thus I was able to converse simply with several in Mandarin and feel that the time we spent in Yunnan would be of much value in reaching them for Christ. Thus the Lord still works “All things together for good” even as is promised.

My trip was made by a variety in modes of travel. First I flew to Chiang Mai ...by Siamese Airways Plane ... about 375 miles (428 miles by road)...From Chiang Mai I went north 103 miles by bus to the city of Fang which is near the Burma border... (Then from Chiang Mai) I traveled southeast by train 62 miles to Lampang and the next day 119 miles N.E. by bus to Phayao. Chiang Kham is only 31 miles N.E. of there but it required a day and a half to reach it – four hours by bus .. sitting on a hard bag of salt with a box of bottles at my back... Then the remaining 20 miles took eight hours by oxcart. Since a bus had struggled into Chiang Kham while I was there I was able to return to Phayao on it. The bus took six hours to cover the first 10 mile stretch since passengers had to frequently get out to walk over shaky bridges or help push up steep slopes...From Lampang I returned to Bangkok by express train which made the 400 miles in 18 ½ hours. In and near the cities I had occasion to travel via bicycle, 2-passenger tri-cycle, British and American jeeps, automobile, and considerable distances on foot...In Lampang I rode a horse-drawn gharry (carriage).

The rural buses stop en route whenever and for as long as the driver desires. If the radiator is leaking – which is common – it seems as though they stop at every stream or well. Still this provides opportunity for one to get out and stretch and see the country.

In so far as possible I tried to eat only cooked food en route and to drink only tea or water so hot that it must have approached the boiling point. The remaining germs which must have been around had to be entrusted to the Lord’s care. The restaurants hardly had the highest standards of sanitation and when, for example, one proprietor wiped a plate and then the table

with the same dirty red handkerchief my appetite was not increased. Still the Father has blessed with good health all along the way.

In Chiang Mai I had visited Mr. Wood whose book mentioned above had prompted me to make this trip. He was cordial and shared a lot of helpful information about Thailand and her peoples. *I walked with him to the river which passes his place and took pictures of two elephants bathing.* I had gone to Chiang Mai at that time because Ahcharn Boon Mark, a Bangkok Thai evangelical preacher I had met, was going to be holding evangelistic meetings in the north. He was staying with Ahcharn Boon Mi, an older noted preacher, in Chiang Mai. It was with Boon Mark I traveled north to Fang on the border with Burma. The two nights I was there I preached in English with Boon Mark translating and he followed with his own sermons in Thai.

Boon Mark gave me a note of introduction to a lay preacher in Lampang who was also principal of the Church of Christ in Thailand school in Lampang. That preacher kindly served as my companion, guide, and translator for that first trip to Chiang Kham. Chiang Kham District was at that time included in Chiang Rai Province. Years later that province was divided and Chiang Kham became a district of Phayao Province.

In Chiang Kham we were graciously hosted by Paw Blang, a Christian who owned a shop in the main market center. At that time there were very few Christians, if any at all, among the mountain tribes people in the whole of Thailand. In the whole district (county) of Chiang Kham there were only 3 small struggling Presbyterian Thai churches. One was northwest 2 miles from the market center in the village of Sope Waen which had been designated as a colony for victims of leprosy. We did not visit there on that visit but that Sunday went to the other two churches which were south of Chiang Kham. The Lord's timing was good in that the heavy monsoon rains had not yet started and we were able to make the trip over rough dusty roads without too much difficulty on borrowed bicycles.

Sunday morning I preached at the Ban Thoeng Yen Thai church with the Lampang preacher translating. That afternoon we visited in the home of one of the Ban Wieng Thai church members who had just died. I was asked to share the Word there with the 100 or so neighbors and friends of the deceased.

OUR LIVES IN CHIANG KHAM, CHIANG RAI PROVINCE

May 1950 to Spring 1952

After 6 months in Bangkok we all traveled north by train to Lampang, by truck to Phayao & another truck to Huey Kao Gam (sweet rice creek), and then by ox cart. Enroute we celebrated Lelan's 7th birthday. I later wrote, *"On May 11th three ox carts in front of which walked the three missionaries and two little American boys lumbered slowly into Chiang Kham. What a strange sight that must have been to the unsuspecting natives! For two weeks we occupied a three room shack. Local children and often adults peered curiously through the cracks in the walls."* That shack was owned by and adjoined the shop of one of the very few Thai Christians in that district, Paw Blang.

With the help of a local Indian merchant who could speak English we were able to rent and moved to a two-story wooden house at Sam Yaek (3 corners) where the road from Phayao and by the local district office joins the main road from Chiang Rai to Nan



Imogene & us
at 1st home in Chiang Kham -1950-51



Lois in Chiang Kham -1950

MORE LANGUAGE STUDY

The Korean War 1950-53 was raging at that time but we tried to concentrate on improving our skills with the Thai language under the tutelage of Kru (teacher) Sing Gao Peenda, a former primary school teacher. One day he was looking at all the chairs we had around the room and said, "I had a chair once" –and after a pause he continued – "but it broke." Since Thai then usually sat on the floor anyway it appeared as he considered it inconsequential that he no longer had a chair! Later his son Saeng Tong Peenda taught us for a month and later still an older man taught us some of the Northern Thai dialect.

Lelan had picked up some Cockney dialect of English in London and some Burmese and Karen in Rangoon. He and Mark were both getting along well with Chinese when we left Kunming. So now that Lelan had turned 7 in May of 1950 he and his siblings were picking up the local Phun Muang (northern dialect of Thai) faster than we were learning the standard central Thai language Lois asked our teacher, Kru Sing Gao, to teach her obscene and curse words. He protested but she insisted that she needed to know them to protect her children. Later on whenever she heard some of the neighboring kids use such words she sent them home with stern warnings. After that we would hear Lelan warning his friends, "Don't use those words here or my mom will not let you come here." Chen Ji Ji was also learning Thai and helpful in protecting our kids from such influence.

We had opportunity to hear and use the Thai language with our neighbors and in the nearby market. We also were attending on Sundays the Ban Wieng Thai church 3 miles south. Our Thai teacher Kru Sing Gao and his extended family were members there. The full name of

the church is" 6th Church Wieng Chiang Kham." The church is still active but they have no pastor now. In 2015 it is led by church elders and has 170 members.

We went on foot in the rainy season and by bicycle when weather allowed. There we could enjoy Christian fellowship and could hear sermons and worship in Thai which improved our knowledge of the religious terminology. They kindly invited me to preach on occasion. I am sure my first attempts at preaching in Thai must have been torturous to listen to but they endured patiently.

EXPERIENCES IN CHIANG KHAM

Since Chen Ji Ji not only helped with the care of the children but with household chores we had gotten a bicycle for her to do shopping. Word of this had spread in the district but had been distorted to give the impression that to anyone who would become a Christian I would give a bicycle. One day in 1950 or 1951 I was pleased to see some 20 men, women, and children from one of the country villages on our back porch and they said they wanted to become Christians. Thrilled at this early response I immediately began to teach them in my limited Thai the basic Bible stories and doctrines. After some 20 minutes or so of my earnest preaching, however, they were showing little interest in being taught. One of them interrupted me to ask, "How soon do we get our bicycles?" What a sad disappointment that was! I discovered that they were not really interested in real conversion. All they wanted was material gain.

One day our landlord came asking if we would like to buy the house we were renting from him. We thought that would be a great opportunity since it was a fair size frame house. We then had big dreams of expanding the buildings and starting a Bible college there for the mountain peoples. How naïve we were then! Anyway we quickly prepared a newsletter to present this great opportunity to our supporters at home and to ask for their support financially. Then we waited impatiently for the necessary funds to start rolling in. We waited, waited, waited! Finally we totaled up the amount that had been given toward that project. **IT CAME TO \$10. !!!**

The Lord taught us some needed lessons out of that experience. For one thing – just as His ways are higher than our ways (Isa. 55:9) so also His plans for us are much better than anything we can plan on our own (Jer. 29:11). Had we started a Bible college we would have had difficulty at that stage in getting students and a faculty and would likely have gotten so bogged down with the responsibilities involved **THAT WE WOULD NEVER HAVE GOTTEN MUCH IF ANYTHING DONE AMONG THE MIEN.**

Another lesson we learned is that it is so much better to ask of the Lord than to ask of people - even if they are the dearest of friends. Philippians 4:6 in NKJV says, "...let your requests be known **TO GOD.**" He has plans for us and He is far more able to meet our needs than any human or group of humans could possibly do. Thus in the following decades I planned and built 2 homes in the mountain village and our home and several buildings for the Chiang Kham dorm - and all without big appeals in our prayer letters for special funds. In almost every one of those building ventures we did not have sufficient funds to begin with but the Lord provided sufficient additional funds month by month that we usually could continue building without interruption.

The big front room of that house, which faced a main street, did serve well for Christian witness. We displayed Thai & Chinese Christian literature there. For many weeks we held a Sunday school there with often 70 or more children present until Buddhist parents forbade their

children from attending. But for many months we were able to show Bible filmstrips on Thursday nights by means of a kerosene operated projector with usually 40 or more present.

Other than our own family and associates (and later Fei Orn) the only Christians in Chiang Kham town were a Chinese family who owned the nearby rice mill and Paw Blang.

JEN YUNG SEN AND FEI ORN

We were blessed to meet a Chinese Christian merchant, Jin Yung Sen, whose wife was Mien. Her name was Fei Orn. They lived then in Ban Ngao 15 miles north of Chiang Kham. He had travelled much in those border mountains to sell needed items and to teach Chinese to Mien and Hmong. In late 1950 he agreed to be my guide and to help in witness on a mountain trip. I had purchased a white horse which we named "Silver" and used it to carry our supplies.

] Before we got out of the lowlands Silver got stuck in muck as we were crossing a creek. It was with difficulty that we managed to get horse and load out. I was so grateful to find that Silver had not been seriously injured and was able to continue the trip. Our main destination was the most prominent Mien village of that area "Phu Lang Ga". We stayed there in the home of Chao Pha ya (big chieftain). He had been given permission and responsibility by the prince of Nan Province to oversee and govern all the Mien in Nan province. The chief had as I recall about 10 sons, most of whom were married and had children of their own. The chief's home was about the longest and biggest Mien home I ever saw anywhere. Each of his sons had a big room in that house for their own families. Many of them were away or living in their field houses at any given time. But if all had been there at the same time there would surely have been over 50 of them. They also had a long "guest shelf" in front of which was an open fire pit. It was on that wooden shelf that Jin Yung Sen and I slept – along with 1 or more opium smokers and other guests.

We were able to share with a number there the basic good news of Our Creator and of the way of salvation through His Son Jesus. But my abilities with both Chinese and Thai were still very limited. Also Brother Jin's own knowledge of the Gospel was limited.

The long range of mountains stretching for many miles south of Phu Lang Ga was known far and wide as "The Big Opium Fields" (Domh In Deic in Mien). From near the village you could see huge swaths of mountain slopes that had been cleared for the opium fields. I there began to see how much opium, which was the main cash crop for the Mien and other mountain tribes at that time, figured in their economy and lives.

I had high hopes of Jin Yung Sen developing into an evangelistic associate. Sadly he died early 1951. He had had a brief respiratory illness and gave himself an injection which may have led to his death. Many of his Chinese friends assisted with his funeral arrangements and burial procession. I led in the Christian memorial service and he was buried in the Ban Wieng Christian cemetery.

Our first converts were his Mien wife, Fei Orn, and his 12 year old Chinese nephew. It was my privilege to baptize them in Nam Ngao (Ngao River) near their home village on July

2.1951. Fei Orn was probably the first convert among Mien in Thailand. Later we helped her and the nephew to move to a “hawng teo” (front room shop) in the Chiang Kham market where she could open a small shop. We then had her to help us in our initial study of the Mien language.

Fei Orn was related to the headman of the village where we later lived among the Mien. She had suggested that we might settle there in what we later came to refer to as Tzanfuville. She later married another Chinese and moved to Bangkok. She was likely one of the first Mien to live there. We did visit her at the small shop she had in Bangkok a few times.

Many years later, after Fei Orn had forgotten much of her Mien language, she did make a visit back to Chiang Kham and led an aunt to the Lord.

Here at right I was baptizing that aunt in a stream south of Chiang Kham around 1962. Fei Orn is at left foreground (wearing white dress) in the picture.



NOI – OUR THAI FOSTER DAUGHTER

It must have been in 1951 or 52 that Lois led the children in the Ban Wieng Thai church in practicing and presenting a Christmas play. There was one small girl in the cast whom Lois noticed as being especially quick in catching on to instructions. She was a niece of our Thai teacher Kru Sing Gao Peenda. Her name was Warunya Yenchai. But we and her family and friends called her by her nickname “Noi” – which means “Little.”

Noi’s mother died in 1951, and her father died 1960 so she was then an orphan living with relatives. After she had completed the basic grades 1-4 we feared that she might wind up spending her life tending water buffalo and doing menial field work and that her above average intelligence might go to waste. For that reason we arranged for her to study from 1958 to 1961 in grades 5-7 at a mission school in Lampang. The tuition and boarding costs would have been prohibitive for her at that stage but in terms of U.S. dollars it was quite minimal. The name of that school was Vijjanari School Lampang. We knew the American missionary family there and their children also attended that school. The lay preacher who had served as my companion, guide, and translator on my first trip to Chiang Kham in 1950 was also principal of that school at that time.

In 1961 Noi obtained a scholarship from a Thai church in Chiang Rai so completed grades 8-10 at Chiang Rai Vidhayakhome School, Chiang Rai. She then got a scholarship from Ahcharn Pisnu Arkapin and friends and completed grades 11-12 at Dara Academy Chiang Mai. Next she got a scholarship from Overbrook Hospital Chiangrai and thus was able to take the nursing School and midwifery course at McCormick School of Nursing, Chiang Mai Thailand from 1967 to 1971. She graduated there in January 1971.



Noi at her graduation with Lois

Noi met Sompong Potikom in August 1968 at Doi Su Thep, Chiang Mai at a Church of Christ Evangelism Seminar I officiated at their marriage in October 1971 at Chiang Kham Christian Clinic patient waiting room. She now goes as Nola Potikom.



Noi, Sompong & grandkids 2015

Sompong and Noi have one daughter. That daughter was born in Thailand in the month of January so they named her Jan. Jan married Dorn Bhechsoggram in January 2002. Jan and Dorn have one son Caleb 11 years old and one daughter Anisa age 8 in 2015. Noi and Sompong came to the USA in 1976. Noi worked 5 years as RN in Thailand and worked 35 years as RN at City of Hope Cancer Hospital in Los Angeles, California. Sompong worked 12 years in Thailand and 28 years in USA. They are both now retired and are serving as volunteers at First Thai Presbyterian Church in Covina, California. USA.

MAN JEAM

While Noi was a student in Lampang one of her fellow students was a Mien girl from Chiang Kham. Her name was Manjeam Srisombat. Her father was a prominent merchant in the town of Chiang Kham. Her grandfather was the Mien chieftain in Nan province in whose home I stayed on my first trip into the Thailand / Lao border mountains.

It must have been in the early 1960s that 2 Chinese preachers came to Chiang Kham on an evangelistic mission. I arranged for them to hold services in Chinese at the primary school across the road from the Nai Amphur (district officer's) home. One preached in Chinese and the other, Chamnong, translated into Thai. I also arranged for Manjeam (Manv Jiem) to translate for Chamnong on one or two occasions from Thai to Mien for gatherings of a few Mien. Chamnong (I believe his last name was "Piriyasombat") was associate pastor at the Yellow Bridge Chinese Presbyterian Church in Bangkok. Pastor Chamnong was especially attracted to Manjeam so he later asked me to serve as "middle man" after Chinese custom to ask Manjeam's father if he could marry her. I agreed to do that and later shared at their wedding at the Yellow Bridge church. I have lost contact with them but Noi tells me that several years ago one of their daughters got her BA in music from Chulalongkorn University in Bangkok. She later obtained the M. A. and Dh.D. in music at the University of Southern California and went back to teach at Chulalongkorn University.

NEW MISSIONARY RECRUITS

On March 30th 1951 Dorothy Uhlig arrived in Thailand to join our small team.

We welcomed her gladly – and all the more since she was a registered nurse and Lois was well along with her 4th pregnancy. Dorothy joined Imogene in the house at the T-junction & they opened the Chiang Kham Christian Clinic there. We moved across the street and south a few doors to where there is now a bank located. It was at the corner of the lane that goes into where Mel Byers family later lived and later still to where the clinic was located for many years.

On June 15, 1951 **DOROTHY WITH IMOGENE'S HELP DELIVERED OUR FOURTH CHILD, JENI**, in that 2nd home in Chiang Kham. I wrote to the American consul in Chiang Mai to ask about registering Jeni's birth. When we finally got their reply it said that we must first register with the local Thai office. I then went to the Thai office but too much time had elapsed and the officer told me I would have to report her birth as having occurred within the previous 15 days or pay a fine. I said I must be honest and give the real date. He must have spent ½ hour writing down the circumstances. When he finished I asked what the amount of the fine was and he said, "Four Baht." At that time 4 Thai baht was equal to 20 cents U.S. I figured my new daughter was worth far more than that so gladly paid the fine.

On November 29, 1951 Garland and Dorothy Bare arrived in Bangkok.

I went there to escort them to Chiang Kham. They lived with us in that 2nd home until we made our first move to the Mien mountain village in 1952. In Dec. 1951 or early in 1952 Garland and I made an exploratory/evangelistic trip through the mountains of Nan Province. Later we made a similar trip through Mien and Hmong villages north to Chiang Khong.

When we moved back down to Chiang Kham at the end of that year prior to David's birth then we lived again with Bares until leaving for our first furlough in 1953.

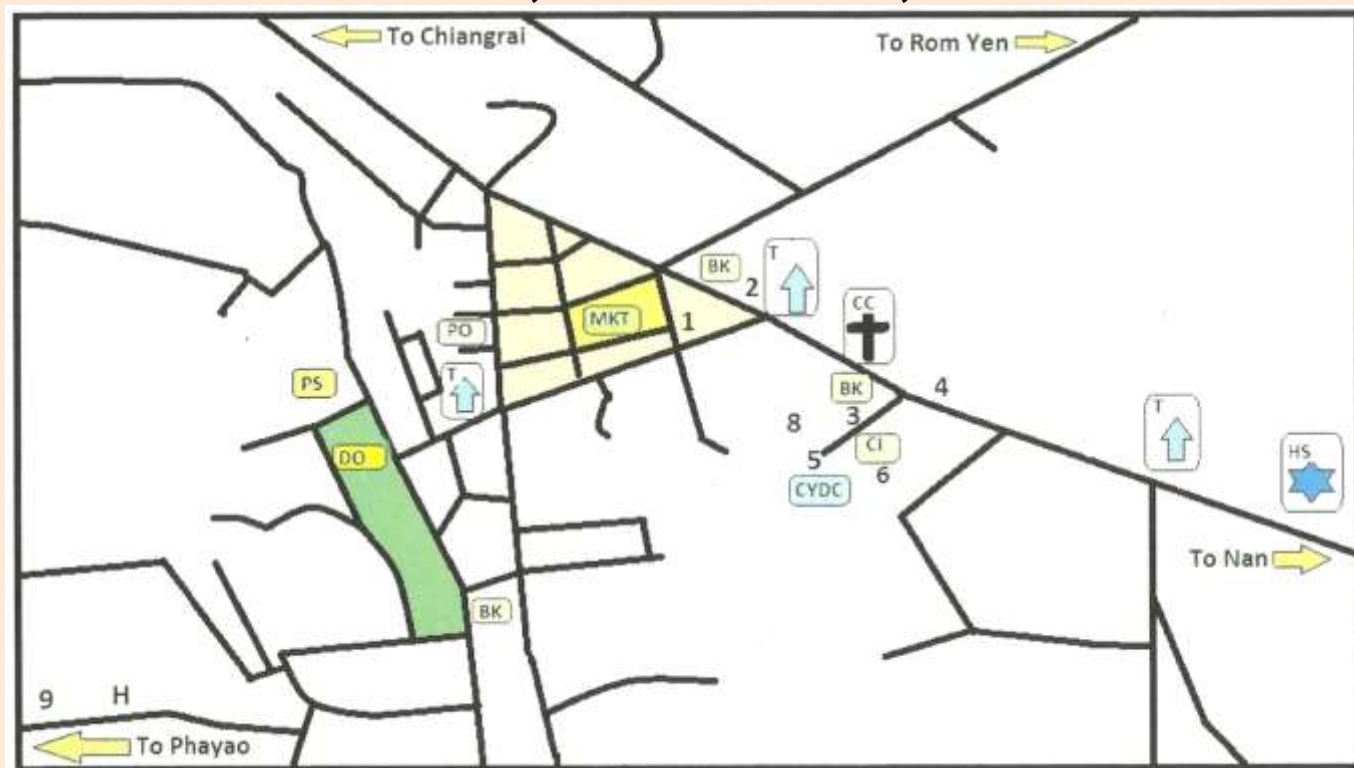
Once in 1952 two Baptist missionary women whom Imogene had met while in Bangkok came to visit her. They wanted to ride an elephant so I arranged for one to be brought into the town from a lumber camp. Garland offered to ride it first. Soon after he mounted however it was frightened by a jeep that went by and it began to sway back and forth. The handler could not control it. Poor Garland! There was no way he could get down. We asked if he'd like us to throw up a sleeping bag so he could camp out up there. Jeeps were very rare in the boonies in those days and the elephant had not been around them. By the time the elephant finally calmed down Imogene's friends had decided they didn't really want to ride an elephant after all.

Mel & June Byers arrived in Chiang Kham in 1952.

CHIANG KHAM TOWN in 1950 & now

In the early 1900's there was a small Lue settlement on west side of Lao River. On the east side and to the north of that river was a Shan settlement and to the south a settlement of northern Thai. Merchants (who were mainly Chinese) built shops between those 3 villages and developed what has become Chiang Kham's main market today. When we arrived in Chiang Kham in 1950 one seldom saw or heard any motorized vehicles except very rarely in the dry season. Now in 2015 it has expanded in all directions and in population to at least 4 or 5 times its 1950s size and has become a modern city. Population of the whole Chiang Kham district in 2007 was 77,211. The first part of the town's name "Chiang" usually indicated a walled city but does not apply here. In northern-Thai dialect it was pronounced "Siang" which also means "finished." The "Kham" means gold. A legend has it that one of the town's early officials said that his wife had used up all his wealth so he named the town "Siangkham," meaning "my gold is finished!"

MAP OF CHIANG KHAM, PHAYAO PROVINCE, NORTH THAILAND



EXPLANATION OF MAP OF CHIANG KHAM ABOVE

Highway 1048 (Phisan Road in Chiang Kham) goes NW to Thung and Chiang Rai
 And southwest to Nan Province. Hwy 1021 goes SW to Phayao Provincial center.
 Sope Waen (former leprosy village & church) was 2 miles NW from Chiang Kham.
 Nam Waen (Lue village & church) was 3 miles SW. on road to Phayao.
 Airstrip, built much later) was nearer town.
 Rom Yen (Mien church from mid 1960s on) was 4 miles east.
 Ban Wieng and Thung Yen (CCT Thai churches) were south on Nan road.

Main Landmarks (clockwise from SW corner)

H	Chiang Kham Hospital (on Phayao Rd)
DO	District Office (& P.O. in 1950s)
PS	Police Station
PO	Post Office at present
MKT	General market & shops
CYDC	Chiang Kham Youth Development Center
CI	Christian Clinic
HS	High School
CC	Chinese Church
Bk	Banks
T	Temples

Homes of Missionaries

- 1 – Shack in market (first 2 weeks)
- 2 – First rented house, later used for clinic.
Today is site for a Chinese shrine.
- 3 – House of Callaways, then Bares,
then Callaways again.
- 4 – House where Callaways lived for a time
in early 1960s
- 5 – Callaway home from 1963 ff.
- 6 – Mel Byers home,
later D Uhlig home & clinic.
- 7 – Don Byers rented home in Ban Gorm
Just off map at right on road to Nan.
- 8 – Goddard's rented home
- 9 – Goddard's' purchased home in Ban Nam Waen
–off map 3 miles SW

OUR FIRST VISIT TO TZANFUVILLE

In October 1951 Lois and I made an exploratory mission trip seeking a village where we might live among the Mien. We traveled 10 days on foot through the mountains that make the border between Thailand and Laos. We hired 4 or 5 Thai men to carry our supplies. We walked northeast to the Thai village of Ban Huak then through several Hmong villages to Tzanfuville.

Actually nobody in the village knew that its name was Tzanfuville. But that is the name our family came to call it. All the Mien who lived there called it “Zanx-Fuqv nyei laangz” which means the village of Tzan Fu since the headman’s name was Tzan Fu. The local Thai called it “Khun Nam Ngao” meaning “the village at the source of Ngao creek.” We felt that God had led us there so we later built a house and lived there for a total of 5 to 6 years.

On that trip one older man’s load consisted of a long bamboo pole over his shoulder with a basket at either end. In one longer basket was our 4 month old daughter Jeni. Our older children stayed behind with fellow missionaries but since Jeni was nursing we needed to take her along. The basket on the other end of that carrier’s pole contained cloth diapers and other supplies for baby Jeni.

When we would be walking on high mountain trails frequently the basket with our baby in it could be seen hanging out over a steep cliff. One false step on the part of the carrier and our baby would be plunged hundreds of feet down the cliff. On such occasions Lois would cry out, “Be careful! That’s my baby!” She got to where she felt more comfortable walking ahead of the carriers so as not to have to see that frightening sight.

Many of the tribes people had never seen a white person much less a white baby so great crowds would gather around us in the villages. And they taught Jeni at 4 months how to squeal all too loudly. She got her missionary challenge quite early. Many years later she and husband John served as missionaries in Thailand and lived in the town where she was born.

At that point we had only been in Thailand 2 years and still remembered some of the Mandarin we had learned in China previously. There were many Chinese merchants trading merchandise for opium in those mountains. So the Mien and peoples of several other tribes spoke their own dialects of Mandarin better than the Thai language.

One day on that trip we met several Hmong tribesmen at a junction of a narrow mountain trail. They had stopped there because they had seen a snake cross their path. That was a very bad omen to them. So they were saying they would have to turn around and go home and start on that trip another day. They said to us, “Ni men chue naa ni?” (Where are you going?) We said, “Wo men lai chuan Yesu di dao li.” (We have come to preach the Jesus way.) So then they said, **“Who is Jesus?”** There they were a day’s walk from an ox-cart road and further still to any motorized vehicle. And they said, “Who is Jesus?” They had never before heard the sweetest name on earth – the Name above every other Name! And not only they but most of the Mien tribes people as well as those from many other ethnic groups in Thailand and Laos had never heard one mention of the Name of Jesus.

They knew nothing about the great Creator God.

Knew nothing about His Son coming to live and die for us.

Knew nothing about Him Who has power to overcome Satan and all his hosts of demons.

Knew nothing about the glories God has prepared in heaven for those who love Him

It was at the close of the rainy season but even so it rained heavily as we went down the mountain and on back via Ban Ngao to Chiang Kham. We waded across one stream where the water came up to my chest. At that point I chose to take Jeni from her basket and carried her across the raging stream on my shoulder. Even after that highway was paved and a good concrete bridge was built there our family still called that creek "Jeni's creek."

OUR FIRST HOME IN TZANFUVILLE

Where we lived for 7 Months in 1952

In the 1950's almost all of the Mien in Thailand and Laos lived in isolated mountain villages. Some villages were 3 or 4 days walk from a market town. Some adults were barefoot most of the time. Some had never seen a wheeled vehicle unless perhaps an ox cart or a bicycle. Few villages had more than 20 or 30 houses. Many villages had no one who could read. Others had several who could read Chinese. Most of those served part time as shamans in conducting daoist ancestral rites and animistic rituals. In Tzanfuville we found an unreached people who had not yet heard the Gospel – and certainly needed it.

Believing that God would have us locate there I found some Northern Thai day-laborers and in the winter of 1951 had them to start building a crude bamboo and thatch house there. The following spring we moved by oxcart 2 or 3 days to the foot of the mountain. And then on foot and with 3 horses for younger kids and loads we traveled the remaining 4 hour climb up the mountain.

When we were walking up the narrow trail that day Mark, our overly imaginative son, kept us all entertained (and Joyce terrified) as he talked about the caverns underneath our feet and the elves moving about down there. He kept filling his pockets until full with rocks. "Because there may not be rocks up high on the mountain." At one point he came up to us with his exciting latest discovery, "Now I know about mountains! When I saw them far away in Chiang Kham I thought they just go up, up, up – but now I know they go up & down, up & down, up & down!"

How often since have I thought of that in connection with our lives here below. There are plenty of ups and downs for all of us. But thank God we who know Him can thank and praise Him for His presence and peace always.

It seemed that daily someone was doing some sort of demon worship in Tzanfuville where we lived. Placating the spirits of their deceased relatives took a lot of time and money and animal sacrifices. And in addition there were the spirits of the walking tiger, the sleeping tiger, the knife, the sparrow, the water gushing down the mountainside, and many other things that they felt had to be appeased in order to live and prosper.

We were settling in and were still talking more Yunnanese dialect of Mandarin Chinese than Mien. One day a young fellow from another village plunged through the door and striding quickly to the middle of the big main room loudly announced in Chinese, "Lai ler" The words mean simply "I have come!" But Lois sensed that by his haughty outgoing attitude and mannerisms he was also proclaiming, "Just look at me you lucky people I am here at last." There were many who came fearfully. Some timidly. Some hesitantly. Others boldly and often. But none announced his sudden arrival with more aplomb than this particular fellow.

But come they did. At all hours. Individually and in sometimes in sizeable groups. And not only Mien but frequently Hmong enroute to fields further on would stop in. Many came for medicine. Some to barter for brown sugar, etc. Some out of curiosity. Some out of friendship.

One night the former headman, Saeng Ming, was going by our house around 2 AM and called out, "Teacher! Teacher!" Awakening suddenly from my sleep and wondering what terrible thing might have happened I yelled back, "Yes, what is it?" "Do you have any flashlight batteries?" "No, I don't have any extras." "Well," he said, "I don't need any now but was thinking I might need some one day." He and his friends went merrily on their way while I struggled to get back to sleep.

One of our patients had a bad ulcer. We tried various medicines but none seemed to work. One day he came in and his ulcer was healed. When we asked him what had happened he said, "Well, you know that medicine you gave to that fellow with the stomach problems. I put some of his medicine on my ulcer and it healed up." One day when he came in was looking at various things in our big middle dirt floored room. He finally came to our washing machine which consisted of a square tub with a handle on top that operated the paddle. We had to turn the handle back & forth many times to move the paddle and wash clothes. He said, "Play this for me!" He mistook it for the little organ that was foot propelled and which Lois played for our family sings and on occasion for the Mien.

One day some young women made their way into our family bedroom, raised the mosquito net over our mattress which was on the bamboo floor and grabbed Lois' foot to rouse her. "Come out and play that thing for us," they demanded.

Lois was also trying to home school Lelan and Mark. You can imagine what a challenge that was there with almost no privacy.

We lived in that house only 7 months during the rainy season of 1952. We had built it in a hurry in order to move into it before the rains started. And I was inexperienced and ignorant about the using of bamboo and thatch. Since the bamboo had not been pre-soaked as it should have been it was fast eaten by bugs. The resultant bamboo dust was everywhere. Also the sheets of thatch were too sparse so the roof was leaking badly by the end of the rains. We had to put plastic cloth over the mosquito nets which were over our mattresses. Then we learned that Lois was pregnant. The headman had suggested that we build in that area – and we later learned that it was next to the village cremation grounds. You can imagine how difficult the smell would be for a pregnant woman whenever there was a cremation!

With all of this it was not too difficult to decide to give up on that house and move back to Chiang Kham for the delivery of our youngest son, David. He was born there in Feb. 1953 with Dorothy Uhlig again serving as midwife.

We had been abroad well past the usual term for missionary families at that time so we decided we should return to U.S. for a year and then start out afresh in Tzanfuville after our return to Thailand.



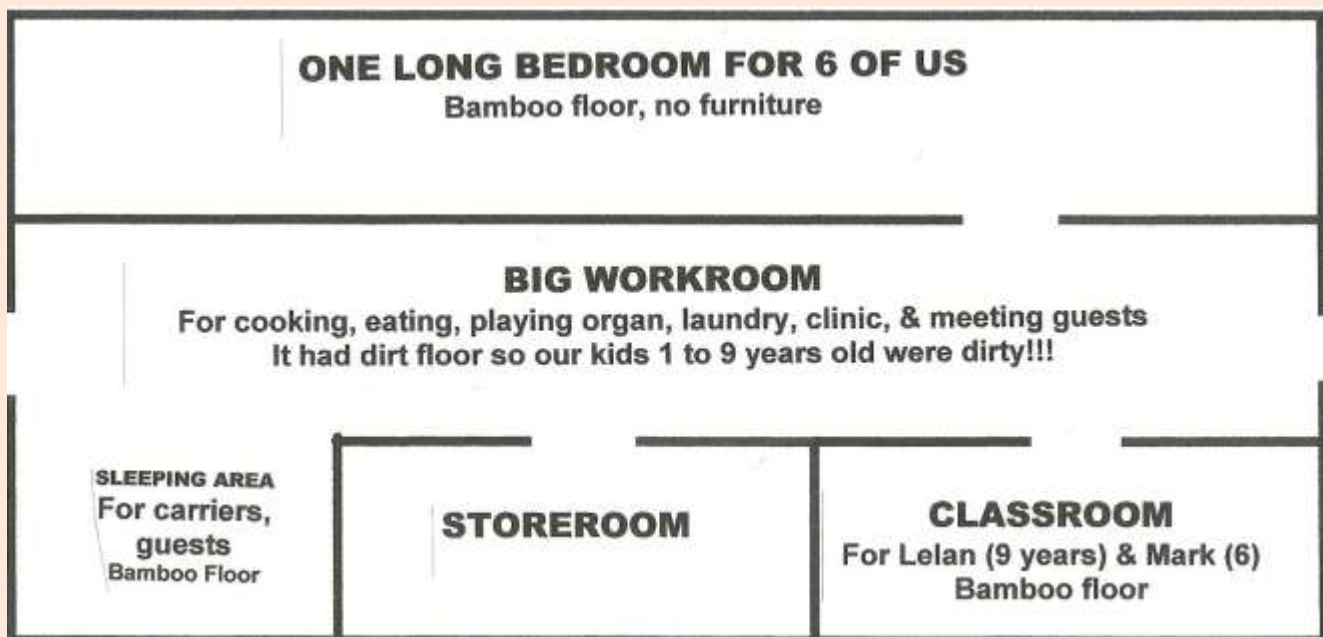
Tzanfuville

Most homes in the village had rough hand-hewn wooden walls and bamboo tile roofs which were fairly durable. The floors had been leveled off down to hard red clay and could be kept fairly clean. Behind the homes to the left were pigsties, chicken pens, horse stables with hand-hewn mangers, and rice and corn granaries.



Lois and a Mien friend on the right were here standing next to the front door of our own shack which was much less durable than the Mien homes. Notice the walls made of split bamboo in sheets

Floor plan of that first home in Tzanfuville



The house had no windows but plenty of light (and noise and smells) came in through the cracks in the bamboo walls. We had to use the surrounding jungle for a toilet just like all the Mien there.

NAMING OUR CHILDREN

In 2011 prior to my 91st birthday Lelan proposed that each of my kids send a question relative to our family history. Here was his question:

“Why do all five of us have names that start with a “J” and the boys went by our middle names while the girls got to go by their first name?” And here was my reply:

JAMES LELAN

Another student preacher at Phillips Univ. preached at a church beyond Glencoe, OK. I think that town may have been Yale. He had a car and your mother and I often rode with him to Enid. His name was Lelan Akins and he was a good friend so you were named after him (and partly also after my sister Lela). We wanted a good Bible name to go with it and chose James and of course the name from the Bible must come first.

JON MARK

A favorite professor of ours at Cincinnati Bible Seminary where we had been studying prior to your birth was George Mark Elliot. We named you, Mark, after him but wanted another Bible name to go with it so chose John but decided we needed to be different so spelled it Jon. We put it first to match up along with that of your older brother.

JOYCE ELAINE

We had 2 "J's" already so just looked through the J names and liked Joyce best. Not sure now where we got the Elaine.

JENNIFER LEY

Well we had chosen to call Joyce by her first name so we did the same with you. The Ley of course came from my names CharLEY WatLEY.

JOEL DAVID

By the time you came along the pattern was settled - Boys go by second names and girls by first names. We liked the name David and Joel was a good prophet in the Bible and began with J and you just looked like that would be the most fitting name for you.

So that's about it. Now I can't feature any of you being called by any other name than what you got! Love you all, Daddy

Each of our children was unique – one of a kind. For example let's compare the first two: Lelan and Mark. Lelan was very practical whereas Mark was very imaginative.

When the kids needed to be punished we often would have them sit for a specified time in an empty corner staring ahead. We often would see Mark there moving his arms about as though he were shadow boxing. But when Lelan was in that corner and one of his siblings came near he would say, “Why didn't Dad just spank me and get it over with?” Observing this we learned that the best punishment for Lelan was indeed to have him sit in that corner. But for Mark it was best that we used the paddle.

Dirty Diapers & Talking Passports

What do these 2 items have in common anyway? Well, for one thing they both are indispensable items in the baggage of foreign missionaries with small children. Of course you could hope that the diapers are clean – when you start out at least.

Missionaries nowadays have it so easy! They have disposable diapers. We never heard that word “disposable” in connection with diapers back in the 1940’s and 1950’s when our kids were small. In fact they never got around to inventing such a thing until it was too late for us. If “necessity is the mother of invention” weren’t there enough parents in desperate straits over this matter for hundreds of years before that?

Anyway we were stuck with our own supply of cloth diapers that had to be washed and dried and reused from one baby to the next. There were 10 years between Lelan’s birth on May 8, 1943 to David’s on Feb. 17, 1953. So that means 12 years or more that diapers were a vital part of our existence. Some of those pieces of cloth must have been pretty stained and tattered by the end of that era!

Not only did they take up a lot of space but how do you wash and dry a hundred diapers when you are on the go? And in a monsoon rainy country at that! Well in Thailand at least there were often long lines of those white (or brown!) flags flying both in Chiang Kham and later at Tzanfuville.

Now why did I include “passports” in the title of this section? Passports and other travel documents can be very revealing along this line. If you look back to the “Timeline” at the end of the introduction to this book you will see that in the case of each of our five kids we made a major move (or trip at least) before they were 6 months old. In the case of Mark, Joyce, and David it was even while moving to another country. I assure you that we never expected nor planned such when we exchanged our wedding vows! And I’m certainly not promoting such a course of action for any of you. But that was just the route that God took us. Further down on that timeline you will notice the dates of our frantic, frustrating, family furloughs and trips to other countries. That will help prepare you for the next chapter.

FIRST TERM ABROAD ENDED

We had left New York on 12/27/46 & arrived San Francisco on 5/8/53 = 6 yrs 4 mo + abroad.

On May 7, 1953 we flew to Tokyo, Japan. We had to accept seats several rows apart on the plane. This allowed Jeni to dismantle a lady’s corsage while going between Lois and me while we were sleeping. (P.S. The lady was not happy at all!) We celebrated Lelan’s 10th birthday in Japan and also in Honolulu enroute **and arrived that same day May 8 in San Francisco.**

We had lived in England 1/5/47 to 2/11/48 = 1 year, 1 month +; in Burma 4 mo.+;
in China 8/10/48 to 9/7/49= 1 yr+ 27 days; in Hong Kong 21 days; 2 voyages= 75 days;
and in Thailand 10/18/49 to 5/7/53 = 3 yrs, 6 ½ months.

Leaving NY in 1946 we had only 2 sons. When we returned we had 3 sons & 2 daughters.

USA – First Furlough Fast Track May 8, 1953 to March 1954

I believe we visited our parents in Texas and Colorado first. Then for 3 months from 6/8/53 we attended the Summer Institute of Linguistics, Norman, OK. – We lived there in a college dormitory. Then for 6 months from 9/53 we lived in a rented apartment in Canadian, TX. There the 2 older boys got their first experience in a public school. Lelan was in grade 5 and Mark in grade 2 until March 1954.

During that period I visited many supporting (and potential supporting) churches
Our first furlough in U.S. had lasted about 10 months



Lois ready to travel (Jeni was in carrier's basket 1951



Lois holding Jeni in Hmong village 1951



CW holding Jeni 1951



Family in Chiang Kham 1951



Stop! Jeni. That hurts! 1952



Joyce with fighting beetles At 2nd Chiang Kham home 1952



Lelan, Mark, Jeni with Thai friends 1952

Lelan just had to be different !



Joyce, Jeni, Mark with Chien Li Ping & Thai kids



We & Bares lived here 1951-53



Garland & I leave on a mountain trip



Texas & Mien cowboy's 1952



Our kids with cousins and my parents - 1954



Our family off by truck for the big cities 1953

After 7 months, our mountain shack had disintegrated and Lois was pregnant with David. We moved back to Chiang Kham and left in 1953 on first furlough



CW baptizing Nephew Ronnie 1954



Lois in oxcart



"We love you, David." 1953



Family now complete 1953



Our family with co-workers Chiang Kham 1954



Bikes ride us -1954



Joyce, Jeni, Thai friends



Jeni, Joyce at well



Mark, Joyce, Lelan
at beach