



C. L. CULPEPPER

An
*Autobiographical
Collection of*

MEMORIES



The printing of the Shantung Revival, and C.L. Culpepper's autobiography has been a joint effort by us to fulfill our father's desire to leave a record of God's merciful blessings on his life and that of the North China Mission. Since the Shantung Revival was out of print, and the autobiography's printing had been delayed many years, we have combined the two books for the convenience of the reader, as they were interrelated in our parents lives. It is our sincere prayer and hope that this book will be a blessing and invitation to all who read it to find the joy and satisfaction of walking with our Lord Jesus Christ.

Charles L. and Donal J. Culpepper Jr.

Bill L. and Mary C. Walker

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第十三章
岁月1942-1949

Chapter 13 The Years from 1942 to 1949

When I reached America after being under house arrest by the Japanese for eight months, I decided I would pick up my graduate work for which I had registered when I graduated in 1923. Many of my classmates had completed their graduate work, but I was grateful for the nearly twenty years I had been working on the mission field. The experience I gained on the mission field prepared me to better appreciate my graduate studies. I was in the Seminary from 1942 to 1945.

During the time I was enrolled in graduate work, I also did deputation work for the Foreign Mission Board, speaking to churches, mission conferences and preaching in churches. I did my graduate work under Dr. W. T. Conner, one of the outstanding theologians of his day. I had a minor in ethics under Dr. Tom Maston. He was my classmate in undergraduate work and had become a wonderful teacher in ethics. My minor in philosophy of religion was under S. A. Newman. My work under these three men had a lasting influence on my life.

The subject of my dissertation was The Meaning of Sin in the Chinese Language. None of the professors knew Chinese, so I had an easy time working with the subject that none of them had experienced. I got by much easier than many of the other men who were taking graduate work. The Chinese have no word for guilt or sinful heart; their word is criminal. By definition, you are not a sinner until you are caught. They use the word to mean it is clear that you have been caught, or if you are a sinner, you are a condemned criminal proven to be guilty of doing something wrong. I studied Legg, a renowned Chinese scholar, and his illuminating works on the Chinese language. I gathered an extensive background of material from other scholars, those men of olden times, and early Chinese history. These

men did monumental work, wrote books and translated the Chinese classics. They were men of venerated learning. It was a blessing to read these works.

After three years of study, I finished my work, wrote my thesis, and graduated in 1945. Before I graduated, my son Charles, in school from 1941 until 1944, got his undergraduate degree from Southwestern. His graduation was a thrill to see. He and Donal Jones from New Orleans had been dating for a couple of years, and now they were to be married. Ralph and Leola Reasor, Ola and I drove from Fort Worth to New Orleans for their marriage. Ralph was his best man, Leola played the music in the wedding, and I performed the wedding ceremony. The trip down was a real excursion. It was splendid to see my son graduate and get married in the same year. He took a pastorate at Eagle Lake, Texas and we visited there several times.

After I finished my work, the next spring I got my oral dissertation off and graduated in May of 1945 with a doctorate. Shortly after graduation, the Foreign Mission Board asked me if I could go back to West China as a liaison officer with the Chinese government. The American government had asked for twenty missionaries who knew the Chinese language to train urgently needed interpreters for the American Army. I agreed to go and Ola went with me as far as Washington, D. C. While waiting on the completed papers, we saw the sights of Washington. I had been in Washington before, but I had never had time to look at the various attractions.

While we were on a visit to Mount Vernon, I saw in the display in one of the museum rooms that General Washington bought Mount Vernon from Lord Culpeper. King George gave the first Lord Culpeper in England a very large tract of land. The tract included land in Virginia, West Virginia, and New Jersey. I don't know how much of that part is known as the north neck. Lord Culpeper II was governor of Virginia for a while. My grandfather was born in Culpeper County, Virginia. He moved from there to South Carolina, to Georgia, to Alabama, to Mississippi, and then on to Texas. Ola and I enjoyed our short vacation there, but it was very difficult for me to leave Ola when the time came.

There were five of us on the plane that flew from Washington

to the first stop in Cairo. From there we went to Abadan in Iran, then to Calcutta in India. The plane was a C-47 with bucket seats, which were not conducive to sleep. We got in a few little naps and finally reached Calcutta. From Calcutta, we went over the Hump to China. We landed in Kwei Chow, and from there we took another plane to Chung King. In Chung King, I met several of my missionary friends whom the government had also called into service.

We were there from June, 1945 until the war was over. We had a chance to get an insight into the military side of the war. The head of our liaison group was advisor to President Chiang. When we first got there, Chiang had been having a lot of trouble with General Stillwell. President Roosevelt and then President Truman had sent General Stillwell with the instructions to force President Chiang to form a coalition army with the Communists; Chiang would not do it. He refused absolutely. Stillwell went ahead and sent a lot of materials, weapons, and artillery to help set up a camp. He sent men into northwest China to the Chinese Communists' headquarters and helped train men to use these American arms. Chiang refused to have a part in it. He said, "Those Communists will just hole up there, and they won't fight."

After two years of arguing back and forth, Chiang refused absolutely to join them. He said, "They are holding all those weapons until the time comes when they will use them against us." The head of our liaison work was in the meeting when General Stillwell got mad. He cursed Chiang for everything he could think of. This led Chiang to send a cable to President Truman requesting that he recall Stillwell and send a replacement. Truman recalled Stillwell and sent A. C. Wedemeyer. He was a very fine Christian gentleman, and we had very close contacts with him. They had several military meetings and invited us to be there. At these meetings we heard them discussing the conditions they were negotiating. Those four or five months there were an experience that few have chanced to have.

Right at the end, when America dropped the bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, it demoralized the Japanese so much that they were finished. Chiang and General Wedemeyer saw that the war was practically over. They drew up a resolution requesting President Truman to allow them to drop their troops on the

Manchurian border and take Manchuria without Russian help. Truman turned it down, because he was keeping the secret agreement that Roosevelt had made, the agreement that Stalin would take Berlin and Manchuria. They had to sit there for a couple of months when they might have ended the war sooner if Truman had permitted them to do what they suggested. The Congress and the American people were never told of this situation.

When the end of the war did come, there was a fervent jubilation in the Chinese Army. At Chung King, it was really a time of celebration. They had been fighting since 1937; now it was 1945, so after eight years of hard times it was over. Those poor people had suffered untold misery and deserved the happiness. They planned to have a peace celebration at Chung King, then the capital of Nationalist China. President Truman insisted the celebrators include Communist China in the celebration. He insisted that Mao Tze-tung and his Communist army, Chu Te, and Communist General Chou En-Lai all come to the great day celebration of celebration. Other dignitaries from different nations were there, also. The whole stage from left to right was filled by the various representative dignitaries of all the allies. There must have been fifty or sixty dignitaries standing on the platform. Over two thousand invited guests and the liaison officers were present.

After all the speeches of joy and congratulations to the armies and leaders, the people toasted each country that had a part in the victory. They then toasted the allies, all of those who led in the victory over Germany, Italy, and Japan. After all the toasts, they let the guests of honor (we were guests of honor) come up on the platform and shake hands with all of the dignitaries. I noticed that each one of them had a glass of liquor of some kind; they had been toasting and constantly having those glasses refilled. We shook hands with General Wedemeyer, Ambassador Hurley, General Chiang Kai-Shek, Chou En-Lai, and all the others.

All of them had liquor in their glasses except Chiang Kai-Shek. He had tea, and one of the American advisors close to him told me that on all occasions he refused to drink anything but tea during toasts. He was ridiculed by all of the other VIP's, but he didn't back down. He held true to his conviction that it wasn't right to drink liquor or

toast with liquor. It wasn't long after that until we got our orders to go to Shanghai.

Leaving Chung King the last of October, we got down to Shanghai near the first of November. Troops were piling into Shanghai from all directions from all over China. They were short of transports because all the transports had been commandeered for war use and most of them were now out of commission. Therefore, it was slow getting the troops home. They were piling up there and had nothing to do. The morale was very low, so they asked the liaison officers to form a tourist group.

We began taking those C-47's with a liaison officer and a group of men from Shanghai. We would fly to Peking, show them the sights, stay overnight and return. Then we would take them to Chung King, to Hang Chow, to Canton and to Hong Kong for the various sights in each place. We were building the morale of the soldiers, and they were very much interested in seeing all of the sights China had to offer. We even took some of them to the Great Wall. This was very fascinating for them.

November and December came and they finally got all of the troops back to the United States. My wife had made plans with five other women to come to China on a merchant ship. When she returned in January 1946, I was in Shanghai to meet her. We were delighted to be back together; we had been separated before, but this was the second longest separation. We were apart from 1940 to 1942 during the Japanese War and then from June 1945 to January 1946. We went on to North China to Tsingtao, the port city, that was held by American and Nationalist troops. All the country outside in the Shantung Province was held by the Communists. The Consul would not let us go back to Hwanghsien, our mission station. He told us, "That is all in the Communists' hands. If they catch you there, I don't know what might happen to you."

Tsingtao was 140 miles straight across the province from Hwanghsien. Some of our friends in Hwanghsien learned that I was in Tsingtao. That was earlier before Ola got back. Pastor Tsang, Vice-President of the Seminary, and Pastor Fan, the recipient of my Kodak and typewriter, heard that I was back. They couldn't get permits to go directly to Tsingtao, but they got passes to go from one city to

another. They zigzagged from Hwanghsien to Tsingtao and it took them two days to get there. They finally arrived at Tsingtao about five o'clock one evening. When we got together, it was one joyful meeting. From the time we left, were arrested by the Japanese, repatriated back to America, and now returned, it had been about three years, from 1942 to 1945. It was in December when I saw them there. They had carried on the work as usual.

The story they told me was miraculous. The revival kept on during the Japanese War. The churches survived and grew. Though the war had cut off all funds from the Foreign Mission Board, and all the missionaries were out, God supplied all their needs. They had nothing to rely on but God and themselves. With God working through them, they found the funds to carry on the work. During those three years the work had gone forward without a break. The revival was still going — souls were being saved on every field. They had many amazing stories of God's provision through His wonderful salvation. God had carried them through those horrible war years.

My friends were there with me for two days, then they had to get back before the authorities found out they were gone. They got on their bicycles and left. That was a splendid reunion! We talked almost day and night while they were there. They told me many, marvelous tales about what God had done and helped them do. The Seminary kept on going all the time, and the churches carried on the work. The people brought in their tithes and funds were sufficient. It was an extreme comfort to us that the work was strong enough to continue, though we were out.

I wanted to go back to be with the people, but the Consul would not let me. I suppose it was best in the long run, because finally the Communists arrested the missionaries.

We stayed at Tsingtao for about five months, then the committee on the All China Seminary met and asked me to come back to Shanghai and open the seminary for all China. We returned to Shanghai in June of 1946 and began the tremendous task of building the seminary. We built it not only with the teachers and students, but we erected the buildings themselves in record time. At first we met in some of the old property that was insufficient for our needs. We completed the new seminary plant in 1946. That fall we began the

Seminary with 150 college graduates from all over China. From 1946 to 1949, we had a wonderful time teaching. The various missions sent teachers — Dr. Nichols came from Shanghai, Dr. Gillespie came from Kaifeng, and Dr. Lide came from Hwanghsien. The other staff members were Chinese. Dr. Y. K. Chang had finished all his schooling in the All China Seminary before the Japanese War ended. Pastor Tsang Tien-bau, who had been Vice-President of North China, came to join us.

Those years in the Shanghai Seminary were very fruitful. They were very short, yet we had a wonderful time. I want to tell you about a trip that Dr. Cauthen and I took out to northwest China. I told you before about the trip with Dr. Abraham Hsu to west China to get him located in northwest China on the Mongolian border. I returned from the trip, the war with Japan started, then Pearl Harbor came, and we were cut off from Dr. Hsu.

Dr. Cauthen was in Kweilin and kept in touch with Dr. Hsu. The churches of west China supported the work and raised funds to keep Dr. Hsu on the field in northwest China at Hu Wei in the Gansu province. It is a remarkable story. When I left Dr. Hsu in 1941 in Chengtu, he went north and met his wife and children. They went on to Hu Wei up near the Mongolian border; there he stopped and stayed the winter. He said the province people were so afraid of strangers from the south and strangers connected with western medicines that he couldn't get a house to live in or a place to operate his clinic.

The first winter he stayed in a cave, an air raid shelter located outside the city of Hu Wei. He had an arduous time that first winter. The sick people wouldn't let him touch them at all, so he treated no one.

He saw an old dilapidated temple in the city that wasn't being used. He went to the city fathers and asked them if they would let him repair that temple. He told them he would treat the poor people free of charge. They said, "Well, the temple is of no use. It's going to fall down. We don't care what you do with it." They didn't care about helping the poor people, but Dr. Hsu got that property and got permission to repair it. He turned it into a place for his clinic and a place for his family to live. He started his work there in 1942.

Dr. Cauthen was in Shanghai as secretary for the Orient. One

day in 1947, I was visiting in his office. He said, "Charlie, how would you like to make a trip out to see Dr. Hsu's work in northwest China on the Mongolian border?" I said, "I would be tickled to death." So we planned a trip and left Shanghai in July 1947 and flew to Lan Chow, the capital of the Kansu province.

Dr. Hsu had written us that there was a bus line from Lanchow up to Hu Wei, about 500 miles. We got there and inquired about the bus line. It was in reality a truck line used for hauling freight. They let the passengers ride on top of the big old trucks that the American Army had left behind. They were hauling freight in and out of Mongolia. We went to the bus office and asked about a ticket to go to Hu Wei. The man said, "There is a long waiting list. It will take maybe two weeks before you can get on a bus. What do you want to go out there for?" I told him, "We want to go out there to see Dr. Hsu's clinic." His face lit up, he said, "Do you know Dr. Hsu?" I said, "Oh, yes, we are fostering the work that he is doing in the clinic." Then he smiled and said, "If you're connected with Dr. Hsu, then you can go tomorrow. His influence is outstanding and he helps our bus line. He treats all our bus line people and families of our drivers. He is well known all over the country for 500 miles around. You come down here early in the morning, we will put you on the first bus."

There were about twelve trucks leaving there every day. They filled the trucks ten or twelve feet high, then the passengers climbed up and sat on top of the freight. They tied the freight on with ropes, and the passengers had to hold onto the ropes to ride. The next morning Dr. Cauthen and I were at the bus station early and got on the first bus. We rode on top with the twenty other passengers. That driver drove like Jehu. He hit the road at five o'clock and drove straight through until noon time. He stopped for ten minutes for a little lunch and hit the road again. We got into Hu Wei about ten o'clock that night. We were tired, but we were happy to see Dr. Hsu. We had sent him a telegram, and he was at the bus station jumping up and down he was so happy to see us. It had been six years since I had left him in west China to go back to Hong Kong and then up to Hwanghsien.

He had set up his clinic so he could take care of a few inpatients, so his little clinic had several beds for the sick. He put us in those hospital beds for patients.

The next morning we got up early and watched his clinic get started. He had prepared very crude tables and shelves for his instruments and supplies. The patients lined up for hours. He would treat them as they came. He had a heavy practice at that time, and we stood there watching him. At ten o'clock he stopped for a meeting; he had sent out word to the people he had baptized. Seventy had been baptized during those six years, and they had started a little church. He had sent word that Dr. Cauthen and I were having meetings during the day. At mid-morning each day, we preached. Many of those converts came and during the four days we were there, eight people made decisions for Christ. Really, I suspect Dr. Hsu had already witnessed to them and they were ripe for picking. Dr. Cauthen and I had a good time preaching to them. I baptized all eight of the converts. I was elated to have a part in that foundational work.

After the first morning of worship, Dr. Hsu sat down and told us the story of his first year. When he got there, they wouldn't rent him a place, and he had to stay in the cave. It was rough on his wife and children, but then they got the old temple. The temple was formerly for the 'god of death,' but now, he dedicated it to the "God of Life." He had built a good practice there and won the seventy converts. He had quite a wide hearing, and they came there to worship every Sunday.

The witch doctors had taught the people all kinds of superstitious ideas. The people were fearful of new ideas and would not come to his clinic or let him treat them. He had especially equipped his clinic to deliver babies, but he couldn't get the mothers to give him a chance.

Dr. Hsu found out that it was the custom of the pregnant woman to deliver herself. If she could deliver herself, it would prove she was worthy to be a mother. If she or the child, or both, died, then she was unworthy and shouldn't be a mother.

When he ran into this superstitious idea, he prayed to the Lord, "Just give me a chance." He had the equipment to help the mothers who were having such a ghastly time. Still, he had to wait for a chance to be accepted. One day a man from the south, who knew something about western medicine, came to Dr. Hsu and said, "I understand you're a doctor." He told him he was. The man said,

"My wife is going to give birth to a child, and I would like for you to deliver that child." Dr. Hsu said, "Yes, I will do it." This is the best test, he thought. If that child should die or something happen to the woman, I will really be in bad shape. He prayed, "Lord, I have prayed for over a year for a chance, now you have given me that chance. I am sure you will help me deliver that child, and it will be all right." So when the time came, he delivered the child and it got along remarkably well. In just a few days it was healthy and well, and the mother was shortly up and about her work.

Ordinarily, because of poor equipment and care, the new mother was sick for a month or more and the child would grow very slowly. This child thrived and grew rapidly, and the mother got her strength back in a short time. Dr. Hsu praised the Lord for giving him such good success with his first delivery. It was only a few short weeks before another prospective father came in to him, "I would like for you to deliver my wife." When we were there, it had been five years since his first delivery, now they were coming so fast he was having an average of one a day. He began to pray, "Lord, send them a little slower; we are having so many I can't take care of all of them."

In one of his stories, he told us about a farmer out in the country bringing a llama in for him to ride out to his farm. He rode out in the country several miles on the back of the llama and delivered the child. When we were there, he was well known, and the people loved him. He had a wonderful reputation. For 500 miles around, everybody knew about Dr. Hsu and his clinic. He was doing a wonderful work.

Dr. Hsu could have been a very wealthy man down in Shanghai, Peking or Hong Kong, but he chose to serve the Lord out there on the Mongolian border. We stayed with him for four days and were ready to get back to Shanghai. We had to be back at a certain time for Dr. Cauthen to go on another trip. We prepared to return. Dr. Hsu was going back with us as far as Lanchow where we would catch the plane. We got on a bus load with melons of all kinds and other freight. We rode this way about forty miles into Lanchow.

It had been raining up the mountain and there was a landslide. The landslide cut off the road and delayed the busses. We were stuck there for days, waiting for the road to be cleared. The only equipment used for clearing the road was the coolies with baskets. They would

take a basket, scoop up the dirt and dump it over the side of the mountain. We saw that we were going to be there forever. The people in this vicinity were from the mountains of Mongolia. They raised melons - watermelons, cantaloupe, and honey dew. The honeydew was referred to as the Wallace melon, because as Vice-President under Roosevelt, Wallace took a plane load of melon seed and distributed them in these provinces. They were good, and they were plentiful.

The people took their produce down to Lanchow to the market. They would make a raft to float down the river. They made the raft with five sheepskins tied abreast. The skimmers would scrape all the hair from a goat or sheep and oil the skin and pump it full of air so it would float and be airtight. Five of the goat skins tied abreast and then tied together with four others made a square that would float a foot out of the water. They tied three or four bamboo slabs on top of the skins to make a floor. Then they would stretch a net like a fishing net over the top of the raft and put the melons on it with the four corners tied together. The man would get on top of the melons with a long bamboo pole and push it off from the bank and it would float down the river with his melons for market. When they sold the melons, the rafts would be picked up for reuse. They were very light, so the carriers would put them on their backs and walk back up to take another load of melons down.

When we got to that landslide, there were a lot of people waiting. We saw some of those raft men on their way back with their empty rafts. The idea came to me that maybe we could get down the river on one of those rafts. I asked Dr. Cauthen if he would dare to ride on a raft. He looked incredulous, and then he said, "Charlie, would you dare get on that thing?" I said, "I will if you will." He said, "All right, go over there and talk to them." I got one of those men to agree to carry us down. Some of the other passengers saw that I was hiring one of the rafts and they wanted to join us. I said, "It will be too much for more than two or three on one raft." They said, "Let us get them to tie four rafts together." So they tied four rafts together with four men with their poles on each corner of that big raft. There were twelve of us on it. Our baggage was in the middle. We sat on the baggage and pushed the old raft off into the river. The river was up because it had been raining. There is a flood there every

year and the Yellow River is known as "China's Sorrow." We went down the river floating very fast, and we were praying all the time that the Lord would see us through. We drifted forty miles down the river in two or three hours. My, were we happy to get to Lanchow!

We stayed all night in an inn and got acquainted with some other passengers and friends there. The next day we caught our plane, and got into Shanghai that day. Dr. Hsu took a bus back to Hu Wei. We were happy we made the trip and saw the wonderful work of Dr. Hsu. Some of the most effective work that Baptists have done in China was out there on the frontier with Dr. Hsu.

After I retired, I had a letter from Dr. Hsu. I had heard that he was still out there, but working under the government. When the Communists came in, they let him work for awhile and then stopped the clinic. I heard they had him working for them, taking care of a rest home or a hostel where they kept poor people. Both Dr. Hsu and his wife, also a doctor, were ministering to the residents. I answered his letter and he wrote again.

Without saying very much, he told me a few things that had happened to him. He apparently had been in prison. He bragged about this new government with its change of attitude. He was very happy to hear from me. He had been very attached to Dr. Bryan and asked about him. I was sorry to tell him that Dr. Bryan had been dead for several years. I wrote him that I was so happy that the work was still going on. His influence reflects a monumental work. Dr. Hsu was one of the lasting results of the magnificent Shantung Revival.

In 1947 and 1948 things kept getting worse. The Communists were taking over more and more of the country. My secretary, Mr. Ku, came to me in 1936 and was with me until the time of my Japanese arrest. When I got back in 1946 after the war, he joined me again in Shanghai. One day in 1948, he came to me with a message from Tsingtao about his father, three brothers, two sisters, their husbands, the children — the whole tribe. His father was a merchant in Wei Hai Wei. The Communists had taken over his shop, his store and stripped him of everything. When the Nationalists troops pushed the Communists out for a few days, the whole family, about twenty in all, escaped. They got out and made their way on a little tub of a ship in the very cold winter time.

They had a bed up on the deck of the ship where the spray from the waves froze on the bedding. They wrapped the old, half-paralyzed father in all the quilts they had, but the bedding froze, it was so cold. They made it to Tsingtao, and from there, they sent word to my secretary that they were there without funds, food, or clothing. They escaped with just the clothes on their backs.

He came to me with his message, saying, "What in the world are we going to do?" I told him, "Send a telegram and tell them to come straight to Shanghai." We had some houses we had bought for married couples to live in. Two or three of these were empty. "We will fix these rooms and they can come here. We will get all the bedding and furniture they need. We will have everything ready."

We had everything prepared when we went to the ship to meet them. Mr. Ku had a little three year old boy who was with them. His mother said the child had taken pneumonia because of the exposure. When we got to the dock and saw the situation, I could tell the little boy was about gone. I told my secretary to take him in his arms across the dock to the nearby clinic. Before he could reach the clinic, the child died. We took the poor old father and mother into the jeep with some of the baggage. The others came in cabs and rickshaws to our compound at the seminary. It was nearly dark when they got there. The seminary men and women had prepared food, clothes and warm rooms for them to enjoy. The old man was overcome with this show of generosity. He cried and held on to me, saying we had saved their lives.

Then the father came bringing the little boy who had died. We got a place in the cemetery close by to bury him. We prepared for the funeral. I asked the seminary choir to sing some songs and I made a short talk. We comforted their hearts and told them about Jesus' love for the little children and that Jesus came to save them. He loved all of them, and the little boy was all right. I preached as well as I could to the family. My secretary had already been saved, and he understood, so he explained to them what we meant. We buried the little child. The old grandmother and grandfather were overcome with emotion, but they were so happy to be safe and cared for.

The Communists were coming closer. The mission and seminary trustees and Chinese leaders decided to close the seminary

and open an office in Hong Kong.

I left for my furlough in 1949 just a month before they took over. We were home for nine months. The Communists arrested all the missionaries who did not get out of China. They were held under house arrest and weren't able to get outside or do any work. Everything they had was confiscated by the Communist Chinese.