

*It Happened  
in China*

Random Glimpses of Life in China  
as Seen Through the Eyes of

Buford L. Nichols



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months; hit the trail for 680 speeches on Missions and China; and took a Master of Arts degree in Chinese at Berkeley, California. While on that furlough I learned typing and first aid, thus bridging two gaps in my missionary preparation.

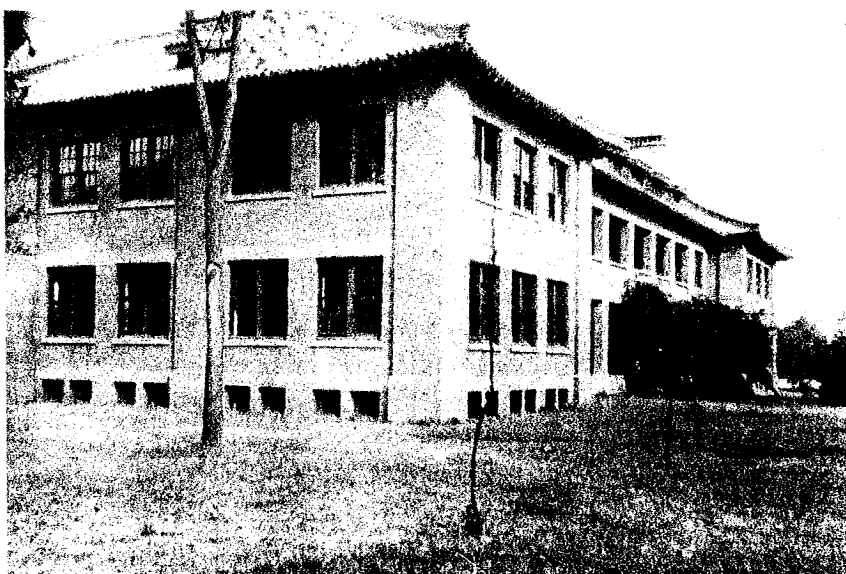
Amid the rush of furlough events came David, our third son, with brown eyes like his mother and big brothers.

### *China Bound*

**B**Y THE time David's vocabulary had gathered up two words, "Daddy" and "go-go," it was time for me to "go" back to China. Leaving my family was a trying experience; but China was calling, and the way had opened.

Five months and eight days of war-periled travel took me to Kweilin, China. Every type of conveyance, from ricksha to airplane, gave me a ride. Along the eighteen-thousand-mile journey I saw many places and peoples strange to me. I photographed George Washington's monument, saw Cecil Rhodes' statue, and paused before William Carey's tomb.

19. China Baptist Theological Seminary, Kaifeng, Honan



Flying "the Hump" was an unforgettable experience. India dropped beneath and out of sight. I was caught up into an ice-heavy January sky. At the apex of the hop the de-icing equipment hurled hunks of ice from the propeller against the wings, and the eerie noise was like the hammer thud of evil gremlins dismantling the plane in mid-air. Wafted on metallic wings far above the drifting clouds, I saw Mount Everest's snow-crowned summit shining in stately splendor in the glow of the evening sunlight. From a starlit sky the C-47 glided down to Kunming. On feeling the runway quiver beneath the landing gear, Dr. G. W. Strother, my traveling companion for the long journey, exclaimed, "Thank God, we are back in China!" He was speaking Chinese, perhaps instinctively.

### *Back in China*

**U**PON MY return to China, toward the end of <sup>3</sup>1946, I found Kweilin buzzing with activity. Out of the charred ruins of our war-wrecked hospital three clinics had emerged, and under the direction of Mrs. R. E. Beddoe, a Chinese staff were healing humanity's hurt. Refugee mission schools from the Canton area, with a total enrolment of over eight hundred, were in full swing. Mrs. B. J. Cauthen and Miss Hattie Stallings were with these schools. Dr. R. E. Beddoe, the Board's field representative-treasurer, was busy with correspondence, accounts, and administrative matters. Dr. B. J. Cauthen was directing an extensive church program in the city and countryside. Church services were in Mandarin, Cantonese, and English.

I moved with my duffel-bag possessions into a downstairs apartment of a massive missionary residence. A hallway opened into spacious rooms right and left. I tried to scatter my presence over the entire apartment. I never did believe in ghosts; but there was a haunting silence in those empty spaces which played tag with my lonely thoughts. I retreated from one room to another, trading space for security, until

earthed by primitive methods in limited amounts. Three great rivers, numerous smaller rivers, and a network of streams and canals promise adequate drive for the turbines of modern electrification. An agricultural nation is beating some of her plowshares into tools of industry.

Present internal strife is holding up China's advance at the threshold of her industrial and political possibilities in a modern world.

### *Liaison Officer*

**I**N 1945 I was a liaison officer of the Foreign Affairs Bureau of China's National Military Council. I wore the U. S. Army officer's uniform with Chinese insignia, and held the rank of honorary colonel in the Chinese Army. I was employed and paid by the Chinese Government, and during that year, my mission board was relieved of my support.

Dr. Frank Price was the organizer and chairman of the liaison group. Frank Price, John Abernathy, Frank Dickenson, and I were already in China, and so we joined the work out there. Others signed up in the United States and journeyed by ship or by plane to China. The last group arrived only two weeks before the surrender of the Japanese. Charles Culpepper was among the last to arrive. At its peak there were twenty members of the liaison group, and nineteen of these were missionaries, representing various mission boards.

Activities of the liaison group included the training of over two thousand Chinese young men as interpreters for the United States armed forces in China, working with interpreters on the field, assisting with China's War-Area Service Corps program of entertaining American military personnel, helping in property requisitions for American use, advising in military and governmental matters, and seeking in various ways to promote good will and understanding between the Chinese and American forces.

My work brought me in frequent contact with General-

issimo Chiang Kai-shek. It is regrettable that in 1944 some propaganda scandals, circulated by political enemies and designed to defame China's great leader, got into the American news as though factual. I saw no hint of a secondary wife in Chiang's life nor of any estrangement between him and Madame Chiang; but I saw abundant evidence of the falsity of these reports.

In this liaison capacity my work was a part of the war effort, and I like to feel that it made a contribution toward the cause of Allied victory, world peace, and international co-operation. But, above all, I was still about my missionary work. My Christian witness reached individuals and groups, governmental officials and military officers who perhaps would not have been touched through the regular channels of missionary endeavor. I preached in the Chungking home of Dr. Sun Fo. To cadets, interpreters, youth army groups, and regular military personnel I delivered gospel messages. My preaching ministry followed my military service to many centers in West China. I baptized eight officers of the Chinese Air Force. During 1945, John Abernathy and I baptized 150 cadet interpreters.

China has seen the necessity of providing Christian messengers for her armed forces. She planned last year to recruit fifty Chinese preachers, commissioning them with the rank of

25 John A. Abernathy baptizing over 30 cadet interpreters in the Chialing river, Chungking

