

Chinese Pioneers in American Higher Education:
The Story of Professor
Theodore Hsi-En & Wen-Hui Chen

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The Pioneer of Chinese American Education



DR. THEODORE CHEN

written by his loving wife of 60 years

Dr. Wen Hui Chen

107 Years
What A Remarkable Life!



Wen-Hui Chen

June 6, 1903 – September 15, 2010

Foreword

Both of my grandparents on my mother's side were PHD's. Both my grandparents were professors at the University of Southern California. And both of my grandparents believed that higher education was the gateway for Chinese to migrate to the United States for a more successful and fruitful life. Through their hard work and charity, my grandparents impacted thousands and thousands of lives, as a new generation of smart, well educated Chinese immigrants entered into the American higher education system. Many of these immigrants became successful in business, electronics, film and music, and combined, they all felt they owed part of their success to my grandparents. On Christmas, Father's Day, Mother's Day, and each of their birthdays, they would receive hundreds of cards in the mail. Almost to the end, my grandmother would methodically reply to each one.

Despite numerous health issues throughout his life, my grandfather passed away in March 1991 at the age of 89 years old. My grandmother, 88 at the time, decided to write a book about my grandfather's life. The fact that she was able to conceive, write, and publish her first book at that age, says worlds of my grandmother's vision, hard work, intellect and tenacity. My grandfather had published numerous books (all in English) principally on the intersection of communism, China and education. Now it was my grandmother's turn.

This book is first a love story. But after that, it shares my grandparents inner thoughts on how they led so many immigrants to American prosperity, in a post Communist China. Lastly, the book is a testament that through hard work, selflessness, and vision, two people can accomplish incredible things. Their vision and charity endures at the University of Southern California through the Theodore Chen Foundation.

The book from my perspective had one flaw. It was written in Chinese, a language I never learned. My grandmother passed away in September 2010, at the age of 107 years. After her passing, I decided that I had to read this book. For the last year, a team of 4 people slowly, carefully and lovingly translated her book to English. The other team members are my mother, Helen Cheng; my aunt, Min Chen; and my aunt's husband, Alan Pierpoint. It has been a great experience to work though this project and see life through a different lens.

Now we are living in the digital age, and memories can indeed last forever. That is my wish for this book. I hope that you enjoy reading it as much as we enjoyed making it.

Robert Cheng

Preface

“The Memoir of Theodore Hsi-En Chen” is not a work of literature, because I am not a writer. I did not plan to write a literary work; I don’t even know how to write articles. Theodore and I knew each other for 80 years, and we had 59 years of married life together. The experiences, thoughts and emotions we shared are always hanging in my mind. Sometimes they make me sad; sometimes they make me happy. I wanted to get the history of this relationship on paper using simple words. Hopefully, I won’t miss him so much anymore, or at least I will shed fewer tears now that I have finished this writing.

This book took less than 2 months from start to finish. I never planned to write a long work that people wouldn’t have time to read. I wanted to finish the book quickly. It was written completely based on my memory. At my age, the memory may fade at any time; then I will have nothing left to write. The readers of this book are all Theodore’s relatives, friends and students. If my memory has made any mistakes, I leave it to you to point them out. I will not re-write or re-publish this book; I only hope that those with better information will correct my memory.

After I was married with Theodore, I determined to devote my whole life to taking care of him. Although I have a Ph.D., this was only a sideline for me. At that time, I was hoping I might return to China to work. If I had known that I would live in the USA for the rest of my life, I could have found a professional job. However, I never regretted the decision to stay because I was happy to teach a class at USC every semester. In this way, I could be with Theodore day and night. I lived for him. Once he was gone, I felt lonely and empty. Writing this book reduced my loneliness and gave me something to do. When he passed, I had to do one more thing to honor him.

When someone dies, it seems like his whole life of work ends too. Theodore wrote some books that are immortal masterpieces. However, his books are in English. The readers of his books are mostly experts on Asia, or people who are interested in education. Many of his relatives and students, especially those living in P.R. China, don’t know English. I wrote this memoir in Chinese so that friends and relatives who haven’t read his books can revisit his life. Writing a book in Chinese has been a new experience for me. I’ve been writing articles in English all these years, with Ted’s help, of course. Please forgive me if my Chinese writing is not accurate.

Theodore Chen was not an ordinary person. He left behind an outstanding legacy. Although he was limited by his health condition, he achieved amazing things. I am very proud of him and share his glory. He was not one to stand on ceremony. His life sought comfort, but never luxury. He never competed for fame or prestige, and refused to join the pursuit of material gain. He lived a simple life, very thrifty himself, but always willing to help anyone aspiring to higher education. If he had an ambition, it was to help Chinese scholars finish their education at the university he served for so long.

I want to devote my remaining years to continuing his unfinished ambition. The Chen Scholarship Fund was set up in 1987. I have been paying \$40,000 into it per year according to the original

agreement. Each of the last two years we have helped a student from Fuzhou, China, to study at USC graduate school. In spite of the difficulties, I still want to continue Theodore's scholarship plan set up four years ago.

This biography is not a commodity. I do not plan to invite famous people to write a preface for it. I wrote it for those who knew and loved him, and my fondest wish is that it can be published by June 30, 1992, our sixtieth wedding anniversary.

Wen-Hui Chung Chen



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Chapter 1

Childhood and Youth

Theodore Chen was born on July 4, 1902, into a religious Christian family in Fuzhou. His father was an English teacher at Congregational Church Gezhi High School. His mother graduated from Congregational Church Wenshan High School. After they were married, his mother taught at a primary school in Yongtai County, in the suburbs of Fuzhou. After they had more children, his mother stayed home to be a housewife.

When Theodore was born, one of the American friends of his mother gave him the English name Teddy. That is why most of his friends and relatives called him Teddy. He was happy to be called by this nickname.

Theodore was the eldest of nine children. His second brother died in infancy, and his second and fourth sisters, ages 10 and 4, died during an epidemic of plague. Fortunately Theodore did not get sick. The family favored its first-born son, to the extent that the death of one of his siblings was considered the lesser of possible evils as long as Teddy survived.

At that time, the custom of valuing males over females was still deeply entrenched in China. Chen's family was no exception. After the oldest son Teddy, four girls were born that made his parents dote on him even more. To celebrate his birthday every year, his family would cook a chicken and longevity noodles and forced him to eat a lot. I remember seeing him cry, unwillingly to eat more. When he was over ten years old, he once said emotionally, "It will be my happiest day when nobody can force me to eat something I don't want."

Teddy's father superintended his education closely, coaching him very strictly. Besides, his father taught English himself. His family hired an old professor to teach him Chinese and recite ancient Chinese prose. When Teddy was studying at Gezhi High School, the school maintained a dean's honor list for good students. The first semester, Teddy did not make the list. His father was very unhappy. From then on, Teddy was on the top of the honor list every year. At that time, Teddy was considered a child prodigy in the Congregational Church society. His half-body portrait was printed on the cover page of the songbook for a kindergarten teacher training class.

As a student, Teddy liked to be the center of attention. The Congregational Church often had Sunday gatherings at Mr. Liu's Memorial Hall. Teddy always held a bamboo stick to conduct the singing on the stage. I do not know if he was invited to do so. When Fukien Christian University (hereafter referred to as FCU) had a concert, the students of Wenshan High School were sometimes invited to attend. Teddy often showed off by leading the Tube Hyun Band, conducting the chorus, and moving tables and chairs. He seemed very busy. Every time Wenshan High School had concerts or sports events, he would always sit on the front row to cheer loudly for his fellow students. The music teacher, Mrs. Scott, teaching at both FCU and Wenshan High School, was in charge of the rehearsals for the chorus. She often listened to Teddy's opinions. After we were married, I asked him why he liked to show off at such occasions. He told me that Mrs. Scott invited him to do so.

Just because he was always the center of attention, he was often the topic of the girl talk in our Wenshan High School. Someone said it was not surprising that his English was so good because his father was an English teacher; others said he recited one page of the English dictionary every

day, etc. When we talked about his future wife, we all agreed that he would marry a beautiful, rich and highly educated girl.

Everybody admired Teddy's outstanding achievements in English and music. His father's students thought he graded school papers more generously than his father. That's why the students hoped that he would help his father grade the students' work when he came home on weekends. Although Teddy did not attend a special music class, he could play many different instruments and sing well. As long as he knew the melody, he could play it on the piano or organ.

Teddy not only sang or played music instruments, but also wrote songs. He was the one to write the FCU school song. I heard this song was written when he was in the 4th year of university study. One day he was taking a walk by the Minjiang River. Suddenly he had the inspiration and wrote that song after he returned home. We had no idea that the teachers and the students of FCU had been singing that school song for over 10 years. In 1946, we returned to FCU from America. During important gatherings, teachers and the students were always excited to sing that school song. I remember one time the students went to the city for sightseeing. They sang the school song loudly on the school boat returning to school. The sound was magnificent. One of the American professors of English told us "Teddy, you are immortal." In 1954, we went to Taiwan to found the Tunghai University. The alumni of FCU hosted a big party to welcome us. Of course, the party started by singing the school song Teddy wrote. Later, when the students of the FCU founded Alumni Associate branches anywhere, they always sang this school song.

Chapter 2

Going To America To Study

In the fall of 1924, Teddy went to Seattle by boat and then took the train to New York to attend the Columbia University Teachers College. The Teacher's College was very famous in the USA that time. Many famous professors such as Dewey, Kolpatrich and Gidding were teaching there. Dewey was a world-renowned scholar. Many students selected his classes. However, his lectures were abstruse, hard to understand. Since there were no tape recorders at that time, some students joined together to hire a secretary to record his lectures in shorthand, and then used typewriters to type the notes on paper. The students relied on those notes to review and understand the lecture.

Teddy completed his first semester at Columbia. Not used to the snowy cold weather, he caught cold and coughed a lot. Instead of recovering, he contracted tuberculosis. He had to be admitted to the Loomis Nursing Home in the suburbs of New York and stayed there for three years. During that period, he had a near-death experience. When he became very ill, he was moved to a small room next to the morgue. He stayed in the room alone feeling the danger of death near him. He once lost hope for his life. His only hope was to recover enough so that he could return home to see his family. However, when he did recover, he changed his mind. He wanted to teach English for a living, not to be a burden to his parents. Therefore, he remained at Loomis, reading novels and magazines in English and learning to play an excellent game of bridge.

Loomis Nursing Home was the high-class place to recover from lung disease. It had a tile roof. The lower beds were close to the wood floor, and the wind blew in from three directions. Snowflakes flew in with the wind. For some reason, this environment was thought to be beneficial for tuberculosis patients. At any rate, Teddy finally recovered from near death. In the summer of 1928, with only one functioning lung, he returned to Columbia to complete his graduate degree. He did not like to think about the pain and desperation he experienced during that period, and did not like other people to know about it either.

This illness forced changes in his lifestyle. First, he discovered he didn't do well in snowy weather; second, there was no medicine to cure tuberculosis at that time. The patient had to depend on rest and nutrition to recover. Eating too much makes an inactive patient gain weight. His condition required him to take things easy and not get too tired. That is why he preferred to stay home and not travel unless it was necessary. His workplace could not be too far from home. At noon, he would always come home to eat lunch and take a nap. Therefore, his job selections were limited by his health condition. He couldn't work eight hours plus commuting time every day. Later he quit his job as the president of a university for that same reason. He did not go traveling just for fun. Whenever he had to leave town, or leave the country, or just leave for work, he would return home as soon as his mission was completed. Generally speaking, though, he found it ideal to live the life of a university professor and family man.

In 1929, after receiving his graduate degree, Teddy returned to Fuzhou to work as a professor at the College of Educational Studies of FCU.

Here I will give a brief explanation of the Christian Church academic structure in Fuzhou. There are three churches in Fuzhou: Congregational, Methodist, and Anglican. Each church has its own schools and hospitals. The Congregational Church has a boys' school called Gezhi and a girls' school called Wenshan. The Methodist Church has a boys' school called Huayin and a girls' school named Huanan. The headquarters of these two churches are in the United States. The Anglican Church's headquarters is in England. It has a boys' school named Shanyi and a girls' school named Taosu. Each church maintains its separate system for primary school, middle school and high school. The students all study in Chinese for the first few years. Later the students who want to study English have to pay higher tuition, which includes four months of room and board. Originally, it took six years to graduate from high school. All schools added two more years on top of the six for a total of eight, making the equivalent of a two-year college degree. Later, all three churches decided together to found a four-year college. Each high school was to send its graduates to a unified Christian University. That was the birth of FCU. After Theodore graduated from his six-year high school, he was admitted to FCU. In 1922, he was one of the first of its students to graduate. When the university was founded, all three churches canceled the eight-year high school system.

Chapter 3

My Family

I was born into an old traditional Chinese family. My father was a financial broker. My mother had bound feet and was illiterate. She married my father at the age of 17 or 18 and died at age 39. I have nine siblings. The first three died very young. Two younger brothers also died young. One died of measles, the other of smallpox. All four siblings still living contracted measles and smallpox, and survived. In my memory, my mother was always lying in bed. Only when two of my brothers had died do I recall seeing her sitting on a chair in the living room, crying. I was only five years old when she died. My fifth sister was seven and my fourth sister was nine. My brother was twelve years my senior. He was away studying at a boarding school. My father was an old traditional man. I don't know why he was willing to send my brother to the Christian school to study English. At that time, Gezhi and Wenshan High School's tuition for English classes was three times higher than Chinese class tuition. My aunts and uncles hired private tutors to home-school their children in the philosophy of Confucius and Mencius. Later their children experienced much difficulty fitting in the reformed society and finding employment. Their families regretted their decision bitterly.

I was the third girl among the surviving children in my family. At that time, many rich people gave away their third daughters to other families. My father did not do that to me.

My fifth uncle died very young, close to the time when my mother passed away. He was survived by his wife, one son, and one daughter. The boy was one month older than me. The girl was only three years old. My father brought them into our family to take care of them. My fifth aunt was afraid that three people were too much of a burden to my family. She gave the daughter to another family to be raised as a child bride. My father was very upset. He went to the other family to retrieve the little girl. My father was that kind of man; that's why his children and grandchildren were all nice people.

Father sent my fourth and fifth sisters to Taosu girls' school to study once, but they did not stay very long and escaped the school to return home. Taosu sent two female staffers with some cookies to my home to convince my sisters to return to the school, but they refused. The two ladies left with the cookies. I felt so sorry that I could not enjoy those cookies. Our four girls, including fourth sister, fifth sister, my younger sister and me, all stayed home, playing together but doing nothing useful.

The son of my fifth aunt, He Zhao, was sent to the neighbors' home to study with a private teacher. The textbooks included "Three Character Classic" and "Four Character Classic." He Zhao read aloud from these books every day after he returned home. My fifth aunt and I did not recognize the characters, but we would recite the lessons with him.

My father loved my older brother the most. He often went to the Gezhi School to see my brother and bring him his favorite food. It seemed something big was going to happen in the society that time. Someone said that the foreigners would rebel. We were all afraid that disaster would

happen soon, but nobody knew what or when. Suddenly my brother came home. His long braided hair was cut short. He wore a white suit and looked very handsome. My brother told us that he and his classmates had bombed the President's building. Many neighbors surrounded my brother to listen to the news, including my father. My brother was very excited, telling them, "The Qing Dynasty is gone. The revolution is successful. From now on, the Han ethnic group will be in control of China. The world will be at peace." My brother told everyone to cut their long braids. He looked like a hero that day. My father was proud of him because my brother was the only one who knew the true state of affairs, which was the Revolution of Xin-Hai.

After all the neighbors left, my father felt relaxed and went to bed to sleep, facing the wall. My brother took a pair of scissors and cut off my father's braid all the way down to the root. My father woke up and became very upset. He picked up a wooden stick to beat my brother. Of course my brother ran faster than my father out of the door. My father now had no choice but to go to the barbershop to have his hair cut neat. He kept the severed braid just in case the Qing Dynasty returned.

Around 1912, my brother married a Westernized wife named Yu-Fan Lei (English name Agnes). Agnes' mother had studied medicine from an American missionary, Dr. Woodhull, and unfortunately died during that period. Dr. Woodhull and her older sister Hannah Woodhull, seeing that Agnes had lost her mother at such a young age, wanted to adopt her. Raising two other sons was a heavy burden for Agnes's father already. He was willing to let the Woodhull sisters adopt her. That's why my sister-in-law lived with the Woodhull sisters and learned to speak fluent English. The Woodhull sisters let Agnes learn piano and sent her to study, not at Wenshan Girls' School, but at Gezhi Boys' School. Fortunately, there was a Westernized teacher, Mr. Lin, who had graduated from Gezhi Boys' School and then gone to America to study. He also sent his three daughters to Gezhi Boys' School. Agnes and the three Lin daughters together enjoyed special treatment there.

When the Woodhull sisters retired and decided to go back to America, they wanted to arrange a marriage for Agnes. Someone introduced my brother to them. I knew my brother often went to the Woodhull's home to see Agnes.

Agnes is four years older than my brother. After she married my brother, we were all very happy. My sister-in-law said, "All these girls are staying at home doing nothing. Why don't they go to school to study? Wenshan High School only charges 4.5 Yuan every semester including room and board. Although they don't work, we only pay 6 Yuan to the school, cheaper than eating at home." That's why all my three sisters were sent to Wenshan primary school to study in the first grade. The lady in charge of the boarding students accepted my fourth and fifth sisters to live at the school, but not me because I was too young. My sister-in-law then sent He Zhao and me to the Congregational Church primary school. It had separate schools for boys and girls.

After my brother graduated from the eight-year program at Gezhi School, he was hired as a staffer for the Fuzhou Youth Association. My sister-in-law was accomplished in English and music. It was easy for her to find a job. After she was married, she taught English at one of the middle schools in Fuzhou. My family was living in Nantai (suburb of Fuzhou) at that time. My sister-in-

law bought one sedan chair and hired two porters to carry it. That was her transportation to go to work. After a while, my sister-in-law felt that this kind of transportation cost too much money and time. She decided to move into the city near the school so she could walk to the school. He Zhao and I were studying at Congregational Church primary school nearby. At that time, there were no rickshaws. If we did not use a sedan chair, we had to walk.

The central meeting place of the Congregational Church was the Chapel. Teddy's parents played an important part at the church. My sister-in-law was also a regular at church gatherings. Every Sunday, both families attended the church service. That was the starting point of the enduring friendship between the Chen and Chung families. Most of the time, children from both families met at the church. That was how I met Teddy.

Our three sisters who had lost our mother got along very well. We loved each other very much. When we were little, we slept in the same bed. After I graduated from the primary school, I was transferred to Wenshan Middle School. All three sisters were attending the same class. The academic level at Wenshan Primary School was higher than other primary schools. When I first started Wenshan Middle School, I had some difficulty understanding the lessons. My two sisters tried very hard to help and encourage me. Our classmates marveled at the sight of three sisters in the same class, and the two older sisters were unselfish in coaching their playful younger sister. The story was passed from mouth to mouth with approbation. We changed to English class when we were in the second grade. The fourth sister followed my sister-in-law to take kindergarten teachers' training classes, and later got married. Fifth sister and I continued at Wenshan High School. I still loved to play at that time. The fifth sister and her girlfriend, Bi-Yu Den, worked very hard to copy the new vocabulary words from the English book into a notebook. Then they would finish their geometry and algebra assignments, copying those into the notebook, too. Their next task was to find me and supervise me as I did my homework. Of course, I had to listen to them to complete my assignments. The average score for my fifth sister was over 95, while mine was over 90. After my fifth sister got married, I lost my coach and realized now I had to study hard by myself. Generally speaking, all three of us were good students at school, helped to do house work at home, and took loving care of the younger generation. We were very friendly with my fifth aunt's children as well. Our friends and relatives thought we were good children. They loved to play matchmaker for my two sisters. I was luckier than my sisters. Many young men pursued me directly.

At first, my brother worked for the Youth Association, then for the Salt Bureau. Later he was the manager of an American company called the Youbang Life Insurance Company. He opened many branches in several big cities of China, and also went to the Philippines and Singapore to open branches there.

Most wives of the men in the Congregational Church were thrifty managers of their households. They would save money to buy a house, land and farm field. My sister-in-law was different from those people, most likely because she was raised by Americans. My sister-in-law could earn her own money. My brother at various times in the past had made a lot of money. My sister-in-law was very generous. She liked to spend the money she had to buy good clothes and eat well. Their family not only had fifth aunt to help with housework, but also kept servants. In addition, the family had a private car and chauffeur. She hired the chauffeur to take her to school when

she worked. During her free time, she had the chauffeur take her to play mahjong. Of course, I took advantage of using the car sometimes. My niece Min-Zhao's family moved to America from the Philippines 10 years ago. Last week she came to visit me and told me that the chauffeur had told her, "My favorite rider was Ninth Sister (my nickname). Her front hair flew with the wind, looking very pretty." That was the chauffeur who worked for us from 1924 to 1926. In 1931, when I returned from Beijing to Fujian, my family still had a chauffeur just to drive my sister-in-law to play mahjong. My sister-in-law sometimes asked him to take me to Wenshan School. In 1932, just before I got married, the doorman lady told me one day, "Ms. Chung, you'd better fire the chauffeur because he said a lot of bad things behind your back." The Wenshan doorman was the husband of a couple who worked there over 10 years. They liked me very much. The chauffeur did not like to see my boyfriend coming often to see me and staying the whole day. He thought I was a bad girl. I told my sister-in-law about it. She said the chauffeur should not have told the doorman bad things about me. She fired the chauffeur after that.

My sister-in-law was a great benefactor to the Chung family. Unfortunately, she was addicted to mahjong, playing day and night. By middle age, she had gained a lot of weight, and she died of a stroke. She was 50 years old when she died at the beginning of the Japanese invasion.

Chapter 4

My Young Age

I met Teddy 80 years ago at the chapel of Congregational Church. The chapel is located on Taiping Street. Both of our families were living close by. The members of the church knew each other very well. The housewives often chatted when they met at the market. Everybody knew which family ate what food, which family had good children, and which child was not very smart. All of these were the topics of their conversations.

When I was 11 or 12 years old, the Chen family bought a big house on Aofengfun Street inside the city of Fuzhou. The house had front and back sections. After passing through the front entrance, one would first see a patio and corridor, then a living room, a unit with a front and back room on the right side of the house, and also front and back wings, plus a kitchen. The left side was the same as the right side, plus a doorman's room. The Chen family lived on the right side of the house, and the Chung family on the left. Behind the living room was the common dining area for both families. The back of the house also had front and back patios, front and back rooms, and a kitchen. My sister-in-law was entrusted by the Congregational Church to open a kindergarten teachers' training class with six to seven students who had all graduated from middle or high school. Some of them were from the countryside. The four rooms in the back section of the house were rented to these students. The Congregational Church paid the rent. The students received 3 Yuan for living expenses and cooked by themselves.

This situation of the two families living together, when described in the Fuzhou dialect, led to a joke that Teddy liked to exploit. After we were married, he told people that we were living together before marriage. We were naïve children at that time and played together very well. A few years later, the children in the Chen family got smallpox. Teddy's father bought a miniature marble pool game from the Orphanage. Teddy was good at it. He was very patient to teach me how to play. We ate persimmons and kept the seeds, hitting them on the steps of the corridor to see who could propel them the farthest. At that time rickshaws came into use. Because they were brought from Japan, we called them "East Rickshaws." The road near the street of Shuibomen was widened for them. Teddy and I often carried my niece to take a walk. Teddy's mother once complained to him that he didn't carry his own brother or sister, and only liked to play with the Chung children.

Teddy was a good playmate, but sometime he was mischievous. One time I lost my red hair clip. He picked it up and clipped it on his hair, and wouldn't return it to me. I wanted to grab it back. He ran out of the front door and did not come back for half a day. Afterwards he complained to me that his classmates laughed him at because he forgot to remove the hair clip. I told him, "You deserve it!"

After dinner, our two families often gathered in the living room to sing hymns and read the Bible. The organ that my sister-in-law brought from her parents' home as a wedding gift was placed in the living room. We hadn't seen a piano in Fuzhou all those years. Teddy's parents and my sister-in-law played the organ very well. Every evening after singing one or two songs, we

would take turns by age to read one chapter from the Bible. Although I did not know many words at that time, I would not give up. I always counted which night was my turn and prepared well in advance. Teddy was 11 months my senior, so his turn was always one night before mine. One time, I knew my turn to read would fall on chapter 117, the shortest one. I didn't expect that he would read my chapter on his turn. I protested right away and insisted that he should read chapter 116. In the end, I won.

When Teddy had some free time, he often played the organ in the living room. Nobody taught him; he learned it by himself. He was very talented at music. Later he taught himself to write songs as well.

My sister-in-law's training class finished two years later. My family moved out of the Aofengfun house into a bigger one on Guanxiang Lane. I liked the house on Guanxiang very much. Going through a small door on the side of the living room, there was a flower room. A rock garden was in the front, with the building in the rear. We could see the rock garden from the building. Guanxiang is one block away from Aofengfun. Both families bought groceries at the Jinmen Building. At that time, the Liu brothers in Fuzhou got rich and donated money to the Congregational Church to build a big church at Guanxiang, naming it Liu's Memorial Hall. The people in Fuzhou were still very old-fashioned, and we were gradually growing up. Although Teddy and I often ran into each other, we were also singing in the same choir. We did not talk to each other. Later Teddy recalled a little story during that period. We bumped into each other at the Jinmen Building, most likely because we both wanted to hire the east rickshaw to go back to school. I was carrying a red cloth wrapper in my hand. When I saw him, I ran away without turning my head back. Of course, he did not have the courage to chase after me. Every time Wenshan had a gathering, he always sat in the front row cheering, but he never spoke to me.

Teddy's grandma Chung's family moved to the house next to ours. Both of our houses had front and back doors. There was also a door through which we could go to each other's houses without going out into the street. My fourth sister married the second son of Chung's family. Even though they lived in the city of Tianjin most of the time, our two families often visited each other.

Teddy's fourth uncle, Ren-De, studied medicine. He often came to talk to my father, brother and sister-in-law. If we had questions about medicine, we often asked his advice. Ren-De was four years older than Teddy. They had a very close friendship, and often went out together or stayed home chatting.

One day just before my graduation from high school, Ren-De came to my home alone. He chatted with me about many things. When we talked about studying medicine, I made a comment that "I am afraid of becoming a doctor and wouldn't like to be a nurse either. Every day the doctor has to deal with the patients or dead people and treat people with broken legs or skin diseases." Ren-De heard that. He explained to me like a brother, "As doctors, we feel satisfaction when the patient has recovered. When someone breaks a leg, our treatment helps them to walk again. When someone gets rotten skin, we help them to recover their normal appearance. Many parents feel helpless, they wish for the doctor to give them some hope."

After hearing that, I admired him very much. I had never considered that treating patients and saving their lives would make a doctor happy.

In the spring of 1922, I graduated from the high school, planning to go north to study at Yenching University in the fall. Between February and June, I was hired to teach at the Anglican Church Huayin Middle School. The monthly salary was 9 Yuan. That was the first time I earned money.

Huayin High School was selective. The students were a little older than other middle school students. Most of their families were rich. My age was close to the students' age. We got along very well. After teaching for two months, my relationship with the students was even closer. After they heard that I would go north to Yenching University to study, many of the students invited me to their home for the weekend. Some of their homes had beautiful gardens. Some had villas and hot springs. I ate good food and lived well in their homes. When the weather was too hot, a servant would stand behind me to wave a fan when I slept. During the summer vacation, I wanted to go to Kwu Ling to escape the heat. The students hosted a big goodbye party at a restaurant for me. Later I always remembered I was the head of the children during that time, having a great time playing with these students close to my age.

Going to Yenching University was not my brother and sister-in-law's plan; it was the Wenshan High School that sent me there to study. My sister-in-law advocated that girls should go to school, but only limited to high school graduation. My fourth sister got married after graduating from middle school. My fifth sister got married one year before her high school graduation. In that society, the living goal for girls was marriage. As for me, my sister-in-law said that I should be content with finishing high school.

The cost to study at Yenching University was 300 Yuan per year, plus travel costs. My brother and sister-in-law provided one hundred Yuan in financial aid to me yearly. Wenshan High School lent me 200 Yuan on the condition that I return to the school to teach. Each year teaching would pay back 200 Yuan. The Wenshan High School and my family only planned for me to study there for two years; then return to Wenshan. At that time there was the Christian University for male students in Fuzhou. The Methodist Church sponsored Huanan University for female students. I graduated from the Congregational Church Wenshan High School. Of course, I did not want to go to Huanan University. So I decided to go to Yenching University. At that point, my social status increased a lot. Many men sent matchmakers to my family to ask for my hand in marriage.

One of the wedding gifts from the Woodhull sisters to my sister-in-law was a mountain cabin at Kwu Ling (Kwu Ling is a summer resort near Fuzhou, opened up in 1886 by Western missionaries, about 13 km away from the center of Fuzhou. At an elevation of over 800 meters, the highest summer temperature does not exceed 30 °C.) The Woodhull sisters rented the cabin for 25 years. They considered that my sister-in-law was not used to the hot summers in Fuzhou. This mountain cabin at Kwu Ling could be used for her to escape the heat every summer. The cabin was built of stones outside with one living room, three bedrooms and one kitchen inside. We often put a double bed, a dining table, and a desk in the living room.

My family took turns to go there in the summers. In the summer of 1922, my fifth aunt, two nephews and I went there first. The only transportation to go Kwu Ling was the sedan chair

during that time. We hired some men to carry the groceries there on their shoulders. Every carrier was limited to less than 100 pounds. Therefore, it was very costly to go Kwu Ling every summer.

One afternoon, fifth aunt was washing clothes in the back of the house. The children were sleeping; I was practicing writing at the desk. Teddy suddenly came in from the front door. He said his original plan was to go to Yenching Graduate School to study. That morning before coming to Kwu Ling, he ran into Bishop Gowdy. Gowdy invited him to teach English at Yinhua High School that fall. So he was going to postpone the trip to Yenching. Gowdy was the bishop of the Methodist Church, also the President of FCU. He thought highly of Teddy. Teddy brought a catalog of Yenching University course offerings from 1922 to 1923. We researched the Yenching's curriculum that afternoon. He had communicated with Yenching via postal mail before and knew more about Yenching University than I. We talked for about an hour that day. He said Chao-Ren Wu was coming to Kwu Ling to be in charge of the Foreigners Public Welfare Club. Chao-Ren Wu had a very good room. Teddy was planning to come up to Kwu Ling to live with him, and would come to see me again.

Chao-Ren Wu was a good friend of Teddy's. They were roommates at FCU. Before Chao-Ren Wu came to Kwu Ling, Teddy asked Wu to let his parents know that he liked me. He wanted to stay in Kwu Ling for a while to get to know me better. Teddy's parents were very happy to hear from Wu about it. Teddy's mother went to see my sister-in-law about Teddy's intentions. My sister-in-law said, "What a coincidence! This morning Ren-De Chung also asked the neighbor Mrs. Zhe-Hui Lin to ask for her hand in marriage." Teddy's mother did not expect that. She told my sister-in-law, "Since my brother Ren-De and my son Teddy both like Ninth Sister (my nickname) in your family, would you please ask her which one she likes better?" My sister-in-law said, "I want to tell Mrs. Zhe-Hui that Ninth Sister is going north soon. The answer for the marriage should be postponed and revisited in two years. As for Teddy, let them see each other, they can communicate through letters later. The final decision will be made in two years." Teddy's mother was happy to hear that. My sister-in-law told my father about it. My father was not planning to go to Kwu Ling. After hearing that he would go to Kwu Ling with my sister-in-law, most likely he wanted to teach me some discipline. After my sister-in-law came up to Kwu Ling, she told fifth aunt first about Teddy and me. She said, "Many people ask Mrs. Zhe-Hui to be the matchmaker for Ninth Sister. I turned them down because two of the most outstanding men in the Congregational Church are chasing after the Chung's little daughter. Nobody can compete with them." The fifth aunt said with a big smile on her face, "This is getting really crowded. Let's wait and watch the fun."

I mentioned before that the Congregational Church considered Teddy a child prodigy. He was also the person at the center of attention. He could choose any girl he liked. I often heard Teddy's parents tell my sister-in-law that many good friends in Beijing and Shanghai had written letters to Teddy's father, saying that if Teddy wanted to get engaged with their daughter, they would send him to the United States to study. At that time, marriage was arranged by the parents. Many young men depended on the future wife's money to study abroad. If Teddy had been willing to go this way, it would have been very easy for him to marry a rich girl. I don't understand why he chose me. Chen's parents were also willing to give up the chance to get rich

from their son's marriage. They let their son pursue a girl like me with no money. That must be a match made in heaven.

The second day after my sister-in-law came up to Kwu Ling, she asked me in private to go to her bedroom, telling me in details about this. She also said that she had already made a decision for me and what to do next. She had very good impression of Teddy and liked him very much. I totally agreed with my sister-in-law's choice.

My father also asked me to go to his bedroom, telling me, "If Teddy comes to Kwu Ling, you must avoid seeing him. Since he wants to ask you to marry him, you two cannot see each other anymore." I told him that Teddy had come here already. We had talked face to face. Teddy expected that we would see each other more often. I told my father that a man and a woman seeing each other were not necessarily getting married later. The important thing was to get to know each other. If we were right for each other, we would get married later, or vice versa. This was a small house. If he came, I had no place to hide. We could talk in the living room. There were so many people at home that we would not have any improper behavior. I told him, "You don't need to worry about it."

Later Teddy came to see me every afternoon. My sister-in-law often prepared some snack food. After lunch, we all went to take a walk along the trails, or to see westerners playing tennis. Later we would return home to play cards. My sister-in-law was talkative. Teddy was also garrulous. Nephews and nieces were running around. The whole family was very lively. Most of the time, Teddy ate dinner at our house before going back.

One afternoon, Ren-De came up to Kwu Ling too. Fortunately, nephew and uncle were always good friends. We had one more person join us to climb the mountain and play cards. Since we had so many people at home, I didn't need to entertain him myself. Ren-De left two days later.

Although Teddy and I saw each other every day, we had very little time to be alone. One day the two of us went outside of the house to enjoy the shade. He asked me why my name was Wen-Hui (h) Chung. I said, "My sister-in-law gave me this name when I started the school." He asked me again if I thought I was very smart. I said, "I have not thought about it." He said, "Can you change your name to Wen-Hui(h) Chung?" (Note that the Chinese characters are different; both are rendered *Hui* in English.) I said, "Let me think about it." After a while, he laughed loudly saying "You know what? En(h)and Hui(h) are good combinations in Chinese." I changed my name to Wen-Hui(h) Chung when I went to Yenching University later. I was willing to do whatever he asked me to do; at the same time, I felt mystified by my feelings.

One time, my whole family rode three sedan chairs to go to Kwu Mountain. The temple on Kwu Mountain is a scenic place. We walked around everywhere, sightseeing. Somehow Teddy and I were the only two left in one room. We did not know what to do except to look at each other and laugh. Then we walked faster to catch up with other people in our family. We felt more comfortable in the crowd.

The summer was almost over. The fall semester would start soon. My father and I decided to return home. The second day, two sedan chairs were waiting in front of the house early in the morning. My father and I got on the sedan chairs. Teddy came early to see us off. He and my

niece Min-Zhang followed us on foot for a long way. I asked him a few times to go back. He still wanted to continue. I had to get off the sedan chair and told him sincerely not to walk any farther because my niece Min-Zhang might be tired. After that he shook my hands to say goodbye.

After I got home, my sister-in-law came back two days later. She wanted to help me buy the ticket for the boat and to prepare the money for me to use at school. One day before I left, Chen's parents came to my home to help me pack. The father told me that Teddy had written a letter asking his help. On the day I left home, my sister-in-law took me to Mawei Harbor to get on big boat to Shanghai. Ren-De came to our home too. He said we couldn't handle the departure without a man's help. We had to take the east rickshaw to the Taijiang Pier first, then take a small boat to Mawei Harbor and dock the boat next to the big boat to board it. My sister-in-law agreed that it would be better to have a man's help, so she accepted Ren-De's offer. The small boat arrived at the Mawei Harbor and docked next to the big boat. The captain of the big boat told us that departure time had been postponed for two days because of a typhoon at sea. My sister-in-law thought quickly and asked the boatman to take us to Baiantang. That was the place the Congregational Church used for members' gathering or resting. This place was very beautiful with the water in front and the mountain in the background. It had more than ten bedrooms and meeting rooms. Mr. and Mrs. Ren-Kai Zhen and the children who had also lived on Guanxiang before were living there and taking care of the place. They welcomed me warmly to stay there. My sister-in-law felt comfortable about the arrangement. She was planning to go back to Fuzhou with Ren-De. Ren-De volunteered to stay there with me until I left. My sister-in-law accepted his offer. She thanked Ren-De then went home by herself.

Ren-De stayed with me for four days. Every day we hired a small boat to go near the big boat to check for the departure time. The rest of the time we went sightseeing. Sometimes we sat on the front porch, leaning on the handrail to watch the water scenery. Of course we talked too. Ren-De loved his second older brother very much. So my fourth sister and his second brother's families were the topics of our conversation. One young couple of the Congregation Church missionaries loved each other very much. Before they got married, the wife worked to support her boyfriend while he finished college. Ren-De suggested that he was financially independent already. He was willing to support me through college. I was surprised to hear that. I told him that my family and the school had already made the arrangements to support my study. I thanked him for his kindness.

On the day of departure, Ren-De hired a small boat to carry the luggage and us to the big boat. He helped me put the luggage in my cabin. This cabin had upper and lower beds. I picked the upper one. An old lady slept on the lower bed. After everything was settled, Ren-De gave me a silver pencil as a gift, then shook my hand to say goodbye. After he left, I climbed onto my bed, playing with that pencil. I opened the pencil and took out the extra lead. While I was concentrating on doing that, Ren-De showed up in front of me again. I felt a little embarrassed and asked him why he came back. He said the boat was not ready to leave, so he turned back. I did not know how to put the lead back in the pencil. He helped me to do that. I had to come down to the floor and walked with him outside. The boatman was still waiting for him. I asked him to get on the small boat. We shook hands to say goodbye again.

Ren-De was more careful than Teddy. He was strong and in good health. However, I had already given my heart to Teddy.

I didn't know how long the boat had sailed. At midnight, the wind was very strong and the waves were high. The boat shook a lot. When a big wave came, the boat rose with it. We didn't know if the boat would stay upright or capsize as it crashed back down again. The old lady on the lower bed kept throwing up, praying for the Mazu Goddess to save her life. I held my hands tight on the side of the bed, praying quietly for God to save the lives of everyone on the boat. The sailors were on the deck using buckets to dump the water back to the sea. Some water got into the cabin. The sailors shouted and asked everybody not to move. I thought about my happy family, my father, brother and sister-in-law, my sisters who loved me so much, my lovely students, nephews and nieces. I was on the way to attend Yenching University, having a bright future, plus Teddy and Ren-De. My life was so rich that I did not want to have the fate of being drowned. After dawn, the waves calmed down. The boat had already stopped among a few deserted islands.

One of the English teachers, Miss Armstrong from Gezhi, took the same boat to Shanghai. My sister-in-law asked her to help look after me on the way. After I got on the boat, I met another Gezhi graduate named Ren-Fan Lai on the deck. He also wanted to go to Yenching to study. Ren-Fan Lai was very hospitable to me. So I did not look for Miss Armstrong. Miss Armstrong stayed in the foreigner cabin. I stayed in the official cabin. Ren-Fan Lai stayed in the steerage. After the boat stopped, I cleaned myself up and bought a bowl of porridge. After I finished eating, Miss Armstrong came and found me. She saw that my cabin was wet and dirty, so she asked me to gather up some necessities and moved me to the foreigner cabin where I remained, sleeping on the sofa chair and eating her bread, warm tea, cookies and fruit. I enjoyed it very much.

After arriving in Shanghai, I stayed for a while in the home of a classmate, Yu-Ying Chen. I washed and dried up my clothes in the suitcase and then took a train north to Yenching. On the train, the female student sitting next to me was also from Fuzhou. She was going to study at Beijing Teachers University. We exchanged our names. She was very surprised, saying, "You are the famous WenHui Chung. I heard my cousin was interested in you. He asked the matchmaker to go to your family asking to marry you. Their family is in the pearl business, very rich." I said I did not know this. Actually my sister-in-law had told me about this guy. However Teddy had already come into my life. My sister-in-law turned down all other candidates.

When I arrived in Beijing, two former Wenshan classmates named Shen-Zhao Chen and Xi-Liang Li came to the railway station to meet me. Shen-Zhao Chen's sister Shu-Zhao Chen was my best friend in middle school. Their family belonged to the landlord class, living in Chang'le County. They had a big house with many long-term workers and servants. I often went to their home to stay for two to three weeks. Chang'le County is a beautiful place. In the daytime we went sightseeing. Shu-Zhao's bedroom was very big. The funny thing was that a servant brought food to our bedroom before dawn. We ate it, and then went back to sleep again. At that time, Shu-Zhao was in Singapore. Shen-Zhao and Xi-Jiang were very hospitable to me. For the first year, three of us lived in the same room. Not long after I arrived in Beijing, I received a letter from Xi-Jiang's brother Xi-Ren Li, who was studying at Shangdong Qilu University.

As soon as I arrived in Beijing, I sent a letter to my family in Fuzhou. Teddy got my address from my sister-in-law. He wrote letters to me right away. Of course I replied to him. Those letters contained no words of romance. We only talked about our lives. We wrote to each other for two years. Teddy was teaching English at Yinhua High School that time. He sent me a photo of him wearing a square hat. One day Shen- Zhao and Xi- Jiang saw the picture. They asked me curiously if I was dating Teddy. I said yes. Ren-De wrote me often too, but I did not reply to him.

In one of the letters, Teddy asked me to learn to play the piano. He felt that the piano was a must in a happy family. I listened to him and registered for the piano class at music school. Somehow my roommates read this letter. They now knew that I was already taken; after that they did not treat me as well as before. Ren-De would not write to me anymore.

One day after the Fuzhou Association meeting, Shen-Zhao Chen told me, “I think Ren-Fun Lai likes you a lot.” I said we had come to Shanghai on the same boat.

I studied in Yenching for two years, majoring in Math. After I returned to Wenshan, of course, I became a math teacher.

After my family moved out of the Chen’s residence on Aofengfun, Chen’s family remodeled the house to change the back section of the house into a two-story building. On the top floor, there were six rooms, one living room with the fireplace, a terrace and a study room next to it. Chen’s family lived on the top floor. First floor and the front sections were all rented out. In the winter of 1923, the front house caught on fire at night. Chen’s family woke up in the huge fire. They all escaped down the emergency exit in the back of the house. Nobody got hurt. All of them remained at the Gao family’s house behind their home until dawn. Teddy was living at the Yinhua High School that time. In the morning he heard there was a big house on fire at the foot of Yu Mountain. He quickly came home with a few students. The house had burned to the ground, leaving only the four walls. Chen’s parents were inspecting the fire site. Teddy’s father saw him, sighed and said, “Everything is gone.” Chen’s family had to stay at Liu’s Memorial Hall temporarily. Teddy’s students donated comforters and necessities to Chen’s family. My sister-in-law gave them not only a lot of clothing, but also many pieces of furniture that she was not using. Chen’s mother appreciated it very much.

In summer of 1924, I returned to Fuzhou from Yenching. Chen’s family was still living in Liu’s Memorial Hall. One or two days after I came home, as I was giving my books a sunbath in the patio, Teddy came to see me. I was planning to entertain him after putting my books away. When I came out of my room, he had left already. From then on, I was looking forward to his coming again soon, but he did not show up.

One afternoon, my sister-in-law, my nephew and I went to Liu’s Memorial Hall to visit Chen’s family. Teddy was there. He and I did not talk much. We were so close but our minds were far away. After that we did not see each other for six years.

In the fall of 1924, Teddy left home for Columbia University to continue his studies. When he left, we were staying in Kwu Ling. I heard he had gone to Guanxiang to see my father to say goodbye. After arriving in America, he sent a postcard addressed “To the Chung Family,” and a

few words to report arriving safely. My sister-in-law read the postcard then gave it to me. I threw it away. We had seen each other every day in 1922, plus two years of communication through letters, but all of that seemed to me to have come to nothing. I decided to go back to Yenching to study two years later. After that I would try to go to the United States to study. I wanted to turn sadness into strength and strove to make progress from then on.

I taught Math in Wenshan for two years. My teaching was successful. One year there was a geometry examination for all the third grade middle school students in the whole city. A Wenshan student got number one. I was praised highly. Students and colleagues all had a very good impression of me.

During that same period of time, Wenshan was preparing for its 70-year anniversary celebration. I was in charge of the whole thing; I greeted old alumni, wrote a play about the school's history, and directed the students' performances. On the day of the celebration, over 100 visitors came. There was a stage set up in the school courtyard. Most people had to stand. When the students performed on the stage, I used a paper loud speaker to explain the performance. The audiences often applauded. I saw Chen's father standing in the front row. He was tall and stood out from the crowd. I could tell he was very excited. He reported everything that day to his son Teddy. The father called me "Nine" in the letter to his son. Even though Teddy did not write to me, he knew everything about me from his father's letter.

A few months later, Teddy got sick in the United States. It was a very serious illness. I prayed to God not to take such an excellent man away. One day, Chen's father came to my home, wanting to talk to me privately. He asked me if I knew Teddy was ill. I said yes. Chen's father asked me if I could write to Teddy again. I said, "It is he that did not want to write to me. He did not come to say goodbye to me before going to America." Chen's father told me that Teddy had never liked other girls; now only my letter could make him happy, give him hope. I could not turn down the plea of Chen's father, so I wrote to Teddy to comfort him and encourage him to fight against the disease. I said he was very talented and would accomplish a lot of things in the future. After that, we wrote to each other two or three times a year.

When I was teaching at Wenshan, my fourth sister's family moved back from Tianjin; my big uncle also moved back from Heirongjiang and bought a three-story bungalow. The family lived upstairs. The first floor was used as the office of the Universal Savings Bank. Chen's mother was the oldest sister of Chung's family. Of course she would come back to join in the fun. My grandmother was still living that time. When we all got together, grandma, older brother and his wife were concerned about the fourth brother's marriage. The oldest sister-in-law asked my fourth sister "You are the older sister. Why don't you try to persuade your ninth sister to accept Ren-De's sincerity?" Everybody pressured my fourth sister who had to accept the job. Teddy's mother was a little panicked. On the second morning, she came to Wenshan to tell me about the proposition last night at the Zhang family's home. Like Teddy's father, she believed that her son had never had other girls in his mind. He must have had his own difficult reason for keeping his distance from me. Teddy's mother hoped that I would know what to do when my fourth sister came.

My fourth sister arrived. She slept with me on the same bed that night. She told me sincerely that Teddy might not live to return home. I should not waste my time on him. She reminded me that one time she and I went to see the Chung family gravesite. Ren-De followed us there. He was very attentive to me and for the first time called me “sister.” My fourth sister was a little jealous. She said, “We are all sisters. Why are you so lucky to have men court you?”

My fourth sister’s marriage was arranged by the family. It was said that Zhang’s family, Chung’s family and the matchmaker Chen’s family went to West Lake Park. Fourth sister and my brother-in-law only met once there before the engagement. My fourth sister had never been in love before. After the children were born, her husband had an affair with the female servant. My fourth sister’s happiness turned to suffering. In her old age, she suffered even more. Among our four siblings, her family was the only one that lived in mainland China under the communist regime. Because I lived in the country of the enemy, the communist government would not allow us to write to each other.

Ren-De had high ambitions for a career as a doctor. I admired him; I also appreciated very much his true feeling about me. Teddy had let me down by keeping his distance from me. But now we didn’t know if he was still living or dead. I should give up Teddy to accept Ren-De. Teddy’s parents thought if I were faithless at this time, it would hit Teddy very hard. I hesitated, pondering my dilemma. But when I thought it over, I knew my heart already belonged to Teddy. Therefore I had to say something bad about Ren-De. I said he had an affair with someone’s concubine. In that society, some men thought it was not a big deal to have affairs with servants or concubines because they are merely toys for men, not ordinary people. My fourth sister said you couldn’t find any man in the world that hasn’t had an affair. But I believed in one man, one wife. Both the man and the woman must be single-minded. I also believed that once married, a woman must stay with her husband until the end.

My fourth sister failed to convince me. Later I heard that soon after that, Ren-De married a good wife, had children. I felt happy for him. Once I made my decision, I never saw him again. He did not come to the funeral when Teddy’s father passed away or to the wedding when I married Teddy. Ren-De was four years older than Teddy and he was in much better health, but he died twenty years earlier than Teddy.

In 1926, I decided to go back to Yenching to study. Before school was over, my students hosted a farewell party for me. I came home during the summer vacation. My father and sister-in-law were all strongly against me continuing my study. They thought I should not waste my time to wait for Teddy, I should find someone else to marry. My sister-in-law was going to teach at the Xiamen Thirteenth Middle School. She asked me to go with her, mostly likely because she wanted me to look for a suitable man in Xiamen. I thought Xiamen Thirteenth Middle School might need a math teacher, so I agreed to go with her. Teddy’s mother heard that I was going to Xiamen. She came to see me right away and urged me not to go. She said it would be better to go to Yenching. If I need money, she would support me. Teddy’s mother was very thrifty. I was so touched by her sincerity that tears streamed down my cheeks. But although I faced an uncertain future, I would not accept the benefit from Chen’s family.

One day I went to see my fifth sister's family who had come back from Singapore for vacation. My fifth brother-in-law worked at Gezhi. Their whole family lived in the Gezhi dormitory to escape the heat. On the way there, I heard a loud voice shouting from far away, "Wen-Hui Chung, you know Teddy is dying. Why are you still waiting for him?" I stopped and looked around but did not see anyone.

I know some people among my family and acquaintances were thinking that I was a fool and an idiot. Teddy did not give me warmth and Teddy's parents were grabbing me tight. They were afraid that a rejection from me would be fatal to Teddy. That was not a contradiction for me because I had only Teddy in my heart.

The principal of Wenshan heard that I could not go to Yenching. He immediately wrote a letter to invite me back to Wenshan to teach again. So I followed my sister-in-law to Xiamen for a few days then returned to Fuzhou.

I planned to return to Yenching in 1927 because when I consulted my sisters, each of them was willing to support me with 50 Yuan. However, in 1927, the situation deteriorated into chaos. There was a movement to take back the education system from the foreigners and get rid of the foreign principals. A three-member committee was formed to run the school. I was one of the members, so I could not leave. I worked in Wenshan for four years. My monthly salary was only 20 Yuan.

In 1928, I returned to Yenching University. Because I had been teaching only very basic math for four years, I had forgotten the more sophisticated mathematical knowledge. It would be difficult to continue as a math major. I was going to change to chemistry, but I hadn't taken the prerequisites. At the end, I selected the Home Economics major with emphasis in nutrition. Chemistry and Sociology were my minors. After changing my major a few times, I did not graduate until the summer of 1931.

The first time I went to Yenching, the campus for the girls was located at the Beijing government house in the city passageway. That was a palace. It had an antique beauty. Perhaps it looked a little like the Grand View Garden in the novel "A Dream of the Red Chamber."

The second time I went to Yenching, the campus was located in the Haidian district of the western suburbs. Although the buildings were more westernized, they still kept some Chinese style. For example, the Sister Building female students' visiting room is Chinese-style construction. Riding the bus from the entrance of the building to the city took about one hour.

Chapter 5

In Love

My father's 70th birthday was on May 20, 1930 of the Chinese lunar calendar. My father was living in Fuzhou. My brother and sister-in-law living in the Philippines wanted to celebrate the big day for my father, so they came back to host a birthday party. I was planning to go back to Fuzhou to join the fun. Later my sister-in-law wrote to me that I did not need to go back. Suddenly I received a letter from Teddy saying he hoped I would go back. If I didn't have money for the travel expense, he would pay for it. This was the first time in many years that Teddy expressed a wish to see me. I always refused to take benefits from the Chen family, so I turned it down.

In the winter of 1930, my fourth sister wrote me that Teddy wanted to take his father and third sister to Peking Union Medical College Hospital to see the doctor. Chen's father had contracted incurable leukemia. His third sister had been dripping urine since she was a little girl. After the x-ray, the doctor discovered that she had an extra tube next to the kidney. After the surgery to tie up the extra tube, her problem was solved. It was like Teddy had given his third sister a new life.

Chen's parents were always good to me. Now that Teddy's father was sick, I thought I should go to see him. So I called Dr. Chao-Ren Wu, who had already become a doctor working at the Peking Union Medical College Hospital and had married a classmate, Dr. Shen. A man picked up the phone asking, "Who are you?" I said, "I am Chung from Yenching University." He laughed loudly. That was Teddy. I laughed too saying, "It is you!" He said, "This is the hospital office for Dr. Chao-Ren Wu when he's on duty. Tomorrow I will move to the Youth Association." He told me the details about his father's and third sister's illnesses. He said he would make the arrangements for me to see his father. From then on, he called me almost every day, always talking for a long time. I was living at Dorm Three for female students during that time. That was a U-shaped building. A little table was placed on the left side of the entrance. The guard sat at the table to guard the door and answer the phone. The telephone hung on the wall across the table. Every time the doorman received a phone call for me, he shouted loudly, "Miss Wen-Hui Chung, telephone!" Everybody knew who got the most phone calls. My classmates asked me curiously, "Wen-Hui Chung, why do you get so many calls?"

One night, Teddy's students of Yinhua invited him to have dinner at the home of Leighton Stuart, the President. I was invited too. Teddy asked me to meet at the student visiting room of the sister building to go to the party together. That was our first meeting after six years of separation. Six years before, he had been a tall, slim, handsome, pale-faced scholar. Now he had gained a lot of weight. His skin was darker. He had been on a heavy special diet to recover from the disease, which had caused the weight gain. He had slept outdoors for three years, so of course his skin had turned darker. I did not know what to think. Later I got used to it. He was still the same person I'd known six years ago.

President Stuart had no wife. He let the teachers and the students use his big house to invite guests. Over a dozen people were eating dinner and talking. After dinner, I joined in a few games. Later Teddy told me that he had a very good impression of me that night. It would be ideal to have such a wife to entertain students. He stayed at the dorm with the male students that night. When he taught at Yinhua, he liked very much to eat and sleep together with the students.

While Teddy stayed in Beijing, I went to the city three times. The first time I was invited by Mrs. Chao-Ren Wu to their home for dinner and stayed overnight. I went with Teddy to see his father in the daytime; then we went together to Wu's home for dinner. Teddy was a master bridge player. I had only played bridge two times at the dorm. Teddy asked me if I could play bridge. I told him I'd played it before, but not very well. Mrs. Wu stood behind my shoulders to coach me that night.

For my second trip to the city, I went to see the movie "Love Parade" with Teddy. The movie was showing at the Youth Association. Many people from Yenching saw the movie and loved it. That's why we went to see it. The music was very good. After the movie, I thought the movie was not so good because the leading male character took advantage of the female. Teddy said, "Alright, next time we will see a movie with the leading female character stronger than the male."

Teddy asked me to spend the night in the city the day before he and his father were to leave Beijing. It was very difficult for me because I had classes the next day. I had never missed any classes either as a teacher or as a student. In the end, I asked for two days' leave and arranged to stay the night with a Wenshan schoolmate, Bi-Hui Her, who was then practicing medicine at the Peking Union Medical College Hospital. The Youth Association was too noisy because the movie "Love Parade" had been showing there. Teddy moved to the European Alumni Association. One day we talked all day in the guestroom there. The guestroom was very quiet except for a worker coming to add more coal to the fireplace from time to time. Teddy asked me seriously if our friendship had any future, considering his health situation. He told me that he had just had an x-ray exam at the Peking Union Medical College Hospital. The doctor was very surprised to hear that he was already working full time, and advised him to be admitted to the Beijing Xiangshan Nursing Home to recuperate.

I said, "You already left the nursing home two and a half years ago. The specialist said you had already recovered. After finishing your degree and working full time at FCU for one and a half years, don't you feel you are capable of full-time work?" He said he was very careful about his health. He always took a nap at noon, watched carefully what he ate, and would not work when he was too tired. He felt everything was fine so far. I said I would graduate in half a year and return to Wenshan to teach at least one more year. We could get to know each other better in that year and a half. We would play it by ear to see what happened.

He explained that his estrangement from me in the past came from his fear that his poor health would waste my youth. In the summer of 1924, he felt physically exhausted. A little tube grew near his anus, and scabies on his back. He saw different doctors and tried new medicine. He was so weak from his illness that he didn't have the strength for a love relationship. He carried

the medicine to New York to see a doctor there. The doctor said the virus from the little tube was the same as tuberculosis. He probably had lung disease at that time. Once we had talked over the details, we had a better understanding. When he left, he gave me a kiss and wished me good night. That was our first kiss. The second morning, he called me and told me that he was so excited that he could not sleep all night. He said he had spent an hour to find my telephone number. I only told him that I had spent the night at Bi-Hui Her's place. Bi-Hui Her took me to the guestroom in the hospital. She asked me how I felt. I said I felt like mounting the clouds and riding the mist. In that society, men and women accepted the traditional etiquette that did not permit close physical contact. This first kiss felt like a lightning strike. The second day, Teddy hired a taxi to pick up his father from the hospital, bought something in the store, and then went to the railway station. Chao-Ren Wu also came to see them off. Teddy gave me another kiss goodbye.

After Teddy's third sister recovered, she did not go back to Fuzhou. She stayed at Peking Union Medical College Hospital to work as a nurse because she had been a nurse before. Those were the happiest years in her life. Because Fuzhou did not have x-Ray technology then, Teddy's third sister suffered for over 20 years. When she finally recovered, she felt like a newborn. She did not realize that life could contain such enjoyment.

Teddy and I wrote each other very often after he returned to Fuzhou. In summer of 1931, I went back to Fuzhou too. Teddy was planning to welcome me back at Majiang Pier, but I did not want to bother him. So I wrote to him after I got home. He came to see me right away. From then on, we saw each other every weekend at my home, his home, or the guestroom at an American teacher's house in Wenshan.

My father could not get used to informal gatherings of men and women. One day he told me that my behavior injured the family tradition. He said, "You like each other so much. Why don't you get married right away?" I said we wanted to know each other better, and then decide if we wanted to get married. My father said, "That is a joke. Haven't you known each other since childhood?" I said, "We played together when we were children, but we did not plan to get married. Now that marriage is possible, we have to find out if we can get along and love each other. Teddy is the dean of academic affairs and discipline at FCU. I am a teacher at Wenshan. We are leaders and models for the youth of China. It's even more important to protect our reputation and social status than to follow the family tradition. We are in a reform era now. You cannot use feudal criteria to measure the behavior of youth nowadays. From now on, men and women will all be friends first before marriage. You wait and see." My father was speechless.

Not long after I got married, one of the boyfriends of my niece Min-Zhang (my brother has four daughters and two sons) sent her a telegram from the Philippines saying he wanted to come to see Min-Zhang. Her mother, brothers and sisters were excited. My father lay in bed saying sadly, "It was so hard to solve the problems of the older generation's marriages. Now the second generation is having the same issues and behaviors. Do I have to watch your children living in a generation in which the men and women are promiscuous?"

After I came back to Fuzhou, we planned to get married in the summer of 1932. One day Teddy came to my home during the winter vacation. My father and sister-in-law were there. Teddy said his father wanted to see us get married before he died. His father wanted to use his own name to send the invitation and banquet menu, both of which he had already drafted himself. My father and sister-in-law were sympathetic to the request of a dying person. We decided to get married two weeks later. Teddy prepared to print the invitations right away and to hand the banquet menu to the cook. I went to the store to buy materials to make new clothes. Four days later, Teddy asked someone to send this sad note: "Father died, come right away." I felt released after seeing the note. Marriage is a beautiful thing. Why did we have to be such in a hurry? I went to Chen's home right away to comfort them and give Teddy my emotional support.

The Chen family's funeral was very lively and crowded. Chen's mother and three sons were all wearing mourning clothes. The boys wore hemp hats and held paper sticks in their hands. When the wood to make the coffin was brought in, the M.C. sang and they all knelt down together. When the coffin maker, mourning clothes tailors, and guests arrived, they all had to kneel down. They all sat there like dummies and moved like puppets. I asked Teddy if this routine was too tiring for him. He said, "I don't want to make my mother unhappy in this time of grief, so I have to follow her."

The relatives saw me standing by the side of Teddy. The oldest aunt gave the order that Teddy's fiancé should wear mourning cloths too." I said, "Sorry, I have to go home now." The situation was a little stiff. Fortunately one of the old neighbor ladies declared that before wearing red (symbolizing weddings), the future daughter-in-law should not wear hemp (symbolizing mourning). I got special amnesty after that.

Later many people said that the son in mourning should get married within 100 days; otherwise he had to wait for three years. I told Teddy that we had decided to get married before his father died to make him happy. Now that his father had already passed away, we wanted to do it in our own convenient time. I did not care what the Chinese etiquette said. We would decide when we should get married. Nobody else should make the decision for us.

There were a lot of protocols related to the funeral. One of the sedan chairs was assigned to carry the oldest daughter-in-law on the day Teddy's father was carried up the hill for burial. I did not sit on it. I rode on a rickshaw. The mourning son had to walk. Teddy was so exhausted that after the internment, he rode back home on the oldest daughter-in-law's sedan chair. Later he wrote a will saying that he would not let his children and grandchildren suffer from the old etiquette. He also contacted some other professors to sign a manifesto to overthrow the old Confucianism altogether.

Chapter 6

Getting Married

We decided to get married on June 30, 1932. After the semester was over and grades were completed, we would have time to prepare the wedding. People had different opinions about our marriage. Chen's mother told me, "You are a lucky girl. Teddy is just like his father and will treat his wife and children very well." Teddy often said he did not know any other couple who loved each other as much as his parents. They had never fought. Sometimes they got into arguments only because when they bought good food, his mother wanted his father to eat more and his father wanted his mother to eat more. Every time his mother gave birth to a new baby, his father always went to the market himself to buy his mother's favorite nutritious food, cooked it, and brought to his mother's room to let her eat.

My family said that everything about Teddy was good except for his health. He was handsome, smart and capable, born into a good family with a house and land. He was an oldest son, too. They were afraid that he would not have longevity. My fourth sister said Teddy had only one lung, would not survive 10 years longer. My classmates in Wenshan and Yenching, my colleagues and the students he taught before all said, "Wen-Hui sacrifices for Teddy." One of my students asked me, "Someone like you with such talents, why do you want to get married?" Everyone was talking about us, thinking I would become a widow soon. But I didn't worry much about it. Since the winter of 1930, I had been madly in love with him for one and a half years. I felt only happiness, not fear. If Teddy had died in America, I probably wouldn't have loved again. With this thought in my mind, I still wanted to marry him without any hesitation.

During the year I was teaching in Wenshan, I gradually made preparations for my wedding. I ordered an American-style set of bedroom furniture including a bed, a dresser with mirror, a chest, and a rocking chair; a round table made of walnut that seated twelve for the dining room, plus twelve chairs with rattan seats and chair backs; and a sofa and lounge chairs for the living room. The seat and back of the sofa and lounge chairs were also made of rattan.

One day, Teddy came to Wenshan bringing a bucket to make ice cream. He had just bought it from a foreign company. He said we would entertain students often. All students liked ice cream.

My father signed the invitations from Chung's family. There was a problem with the Chen family's invitations because women could not sign the invitations in those days. Chen's mother said that since Teddy's father had died, the fourth uncle who was in Hong Kong was the head of the family. He should sign his name on the invitations. Teddy told his mother, "You are the head of the family. If you will sign your name on the invitation, I will be very happy. If you will not do it, I will have to sign it myself." After Teddy insisted, his mother finally agreed to eradicate the old Confucian custom and signed her name on the invitations to send them out.

Chen's family was still officially in mourning. The white paper couplet was still posted on the front door. Therefore the wedding ceremony could not be held at Chen's home. We decided to

have the ceremony at Wenshan Assembly Hall, and have banquet at the tented school playground.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, the groom came to Chung's family. He bowed to the elder relatives, and then exchanged bows with the same-generation relatives. After that, we all went to Wenshan by car for the wedding ceremony. The Chungs' family banquet was to be held at home in Changqianshan; the Chens', at Wenshan. I suggested that the two banquets be combined into one. Chen's mother insisted on having separate ones. Teddy would not fight against her. Many guests knew both families, so they all joined the banquet at Wenshan. Chung's relatives went to the banquet at Chung's family home. We had fewer guests compared to the one at Wenshan's.

The wedding ceremony was very simple. It started around 4:30 pm and finished before 5:00. Besides the bride and groom, there were bridesmaids, ushers, and two flower girls. The girls were my little nieces. One American wife, Mrs. Beach, played the piano. Our music teacher, Mrs. Scott, sang the solo. After the song, the pianist played the wedding march. We wrote our vows based on the American Christian wedding vow. We changed the vows a little because we did not like the part about how the wife must obey the husband and not be separated from him until death. Of course we kept the part of "love each other for better or for worse." I don't remember the details now. The pastor read the vows; we exchanged rings. The pastor prayed the ritual to complete the wedding ceremony. Then everybody went outside to take pictures. One of the American friends said the ceremony had just begun and it was completed so quickly.

The director of education and other government distinguished guests came 10 minutes late. They missed the wedding ceremony and only attended the banquet. After Teddy and I took pictures, we went to an American teacher's bedroom to take a quick rest.

After the banquet started, we went to every table to thank and toast our guests. When the banquet was almost over, it began to drizzle. Everybody finished eating and wanted to go home. We came down to say goodbye. As soon as they all left, we felt like we'd received an amnesty because according to the Chinese old tradition, the guests would head to the bridal chamber to tease the bride. Americans would start breaking dishes to get the newlyweds to kiss. Early in China, the teasing of the bride was even worse than this.

Based on Teddy's mother's wish, our bridal chamber was set up at the Chen's residence. She wanted us to live at home for a few days before moving to FCU. So we moved our walnut furniture to Aofengfun and set up our bridal chamber in the living room upstairs. The living room had a fireplace with a mantel where we could put the candles. As soon as we got home, we went to bow in front of Teddy's father's memorial tablet. As for the memorial tablet, it was a photo on the table, some flowers placed in front of the photo, and a couple of white candles. After that, we went upstairs to change clothes. The housekeeper cooked each of us a bowl of longevity noodles to eat.

Fuzhou was a relatively backward city during that time. We could not buy a diamond ring, wedding gown and veil there. Teddy asked to me to go to Shanghai to buy these things. I thought they were western customs. Going to ShangHai cost money and time; also I was teaching full time at Wenshan. It would be a joke if I had to ask for leave to buy my wedding

gowns. I did not want the traditional Chinese dress either, so I had to settle for an informal dress. I looked all over and managed to buy a veil. It was thin like paper, but I had no other choice.

A few days later, we moved to FCU. After we settled down, Teddy gave me a bag. Inside it I found the letters I had written to him in the previous eight years. I took out the letters he had written to me and put the two bags together, wrapped them with a silk ribbon, and wrote, "Teddy and Wen-Hui Chung personal letters, do not open" on the package. I took great pride in putting this bag of treasure in storage, saying that we would relive old feelings and old things when we got old.

In 1937, the whole family came to the United States. We were planning to return to Fuzhou after two years. So I locked my treasures in a drawer and kept them in the attic. Those treasures included this bag of letters, the photos of Teddy and my photo album before our marriage, some silver dollars with the president Shi-Kai Yuan's head and some documents. We did not expect that after the Japanese invasion, FCU would move to Shaowu County in northern Fujian Province. Not enough people were available to guard the school campus at Kuiqi where FCU was located. The villagers nearby had no other means of living except robbery. The doors, windows, wires and toilets were all taken away; not even nails and screws were left. Between the years of 1946 to 1947, we went back to Fuzhou to live there for a year, hoping that someone would be a gentleman and return those precious letters and photos to us. That did not happen.

Marriage life had great benefits to Teddy. He had confidence in his health and a sense of security to his life. He turned from a chronic patient into a healthy man.

Our life was strictly disciplined: Sleep early and get up early, take a one-hour nap at noon. Teddy liked to live at home and eat three meals every day. Every time he went to Shanghai or Nanjing for a meeting, he always caught cold and returned home with a cough. After moving to the United States, he thrived in the temperate climate of Los Angeles. He would go on business trips only when necessary. Often when he traveled to Taiwan, China, or other places, he would return with a cold or diarrhea. After our children grew up, I would accompany him on long trips to take care of him. In our 59 years of married life, our longest separation was 6 weeks. That was in the winter of 1938, when Teddy traveled all over America to do research at important universities for his doctoral dissertation.

Teddy's third brother, Hsi-Mou Chen, got lung disease after graduating from medical school. Teddy wrote to him to tell him, "Marry a good wife, and your problem will be solved." That was Teddy's voice of experience.

Chapter 7

Our Children

We planned to have only two children due to Teddy's health condition. Ching (Helen) was born on March 25, 1933. Ying was born on October 2, 1934. The two children were 18 months apart so they could play together and keep each other company. That was in our plan too. Teddy always loved children. Of course he loved our children even more. We wrote a diary of our children's lives for five years, taking new photos every month. When the children were studying at an American elementary school, one of the professors at USC, who was also our good friend and an instructor at the elementary school attached to USC, was curious to give our children I.Q. tests. Both children scored over 145. My Home Economics major helped me become proficient in the new style of parenting. The two children were breast-fed for 10 months. At the same time we followed the American way to decide when to introduce grain and vegetables into their diet. The only difference was that we were not able to buy ready-made baby food, but had to prepare it at home. The grain and vegetables had to be cooked until soft; fruits had to be ground; orange juice and tomato juice were prepared at home; and of course, the children drank milk too.

Ching graduated from Los Angeles High School in 1950 and got A's in all subjects. She won a national scholarship which enabled her to go to any of the seven top women's colleges. At that time, the "Seven Sisters" on the east coast were comparable to the top men's universities like Harvard, Yale, and Princeton. Teddy had graduated from Columbia University. For Ching, he selected Barnard College, the women's college at Columbia. Ching's national scholarship included room, board and tuition. Ching always returned home during the summer and winter vacations. Most summers she worked at USC. She graduated in 1954, majoring in Math and Physics. Teddy was in Taiwan that year, so she went there too. We came back together in the fall. From 1954 to 1955, Ching worked at a Los Angeles propulsion research company and married Tsai-Shih Cheng, (Jesse) in 1955. The couple lived in New York after they were married. Ching worked for the Sperry Rand Company. The computer era had just started, so Ching could be considered a pioneer in the computer field. Jesse, the grandson of the President of Shanghai Jinan University, majored in economics and statistics. Later he worked for the American federal government, so Ching's whole family moved to Washington, D.C. Robert was born during that time, then David and Michael. Ching stopped working for 16 years. After the youngest son was 10 years old, she returned to work. Now she is working at the Library of Congress, in computers. It is 1992 this year, and Ching's oldest son Robert (Chinese name 胡) is 32 years old. After graduating from Cornell University, he worked for Texas Instruments for 10 years. Two years ago, the president of Gateway 2000 Company in South Dakota snatched him, doubling his salary. Now he is the first administrative head of the company beside the president. David (胡) graduated from Virginia Tech and now works for AT&T in Richmond, Virginia. He is 30 this year and already married. Michael (胡) joined AT&T in Washington, D.C., after graduating from the University of Virginia. He is 27 this year. They all studied engineering in college. Robert earned his MBA when he was working in Texas. We are very proud of our three grandsons. They love us too and often come to see us on their way to vacation destinations.

Ying's death at the age of 18 was the most tragic experience of our life together. After she was born, everything looked normal. In the summer of 1954, Chinese students studying at southern California universities had a summer camp. Teddy was invited to give a speech and provide guidance to this new generation of students. One day before breakfast, Ching and Ying went to play Ping Pong. Ying suddenly fainted for a few seconds. Teddy carried her to bed to rest. The nurse who came to check on her did not find anything wrong. To be on the safe side, we took her to see the doctor. The heart exam did not find any problem. From 1946 to 1947, Teddy returned to Fuzhou to serve as President of FCU. We sent Ching and Ying to Wenshan to study and live on campus. They studied Chinese at the elementary school and math at the middle school. There were mosquitoes with malaria germs in that region. Unfortunately Ying got malaria. Teddy and I had both had the same disease before. We brought a lot of the anti-malaria medicine Quinine with us to China, not only for ourselves, but also for the many students, staff members, and villagers to use. In 1947, after Ying returned to America, she fainted several more times. Before she left for Mills College in 1952, we took Ying to see the professor at the USC School of Medicine, Doctor White, who was also a famous heart expert. After giving Ying a careful exam, he believed that Ying could go to college to study and wait until she came back to LA during Christmas vacation to undergo a diagnostic angiogram. We made an appointment early for December 11. On December 10, we sent her to Children's Hospital to get a common health exam to prepare for the surgery on the morning of the eleventh. The next day, I went to the hospital very early in the morning to wait for the news. With great difficulty, I waited until noon. A nurse asked me to go to the recovery room to be with Ying, who had not yet awakened from the anesthesia. I held her hand, telling her "Ying, little darling, your mother is here." The recovery room did not allow us to visit too long at a time. So I went in every few minutes to talk to her. After 4 pm, she was moved to the patient room. I sat by her bed to take care of her. Later Teddy came. Ying said, "I do not feel good, do not feel bad." We noticed there were iron bars in the window. She said, "Maybe they are afraid I will try to jump out." We asked the hospital to hire a special care nurse to take care of her in the evening. We planned to pick her up early the next morning. After the special care nurse came, we were going to leave. Ying said, "I want you to kiss me." We both kissed her. This was our family's tradition. The two children always kissed us goodnight before going to bed. I remember when Ching got married at the church. After all the guests left, she changed her clothes to go the hotel. But first she said, "I have to kiss my parents good night."

At 10 o'clock in the evening, Teddy called the hospital. The special care nurse said that her vital signs – including blood pressure and heart rate – were all normal. We felt better and went to bed. An hour after midnight, Dr. White called us to say, "It is my sad duty to report that your daughter has passed away." Teddy answered the phone. I did not know what had happened. I heard him shout "No! No! No!" a few times. I got up quickly, putting on my clothes, asking him what had happened. He said our Ying was gone. He was so shocked that he could not drive. So we called our good friend Shao-Er Ong who came right away to drive us to the hospital. I held Ying. Her body was still warm. We called Dr. White to ask him if he could give CPR to save her. Dr. White said that without the oxygen in the brain for a few minutes, the patient would already have died. We asked the nurse to call the doctor on duty. The doctor seemed barely awake. She said, "I do not know what happened. When the nurse called me, the patient had already

died.” We had to go home in tears. Ying died at one o’clock early in the morning on December 12, 1952.

The next morning Teddy gave Shao-Er Ong a signed check, asking him to help to find a mortuary, buy a coffin, purchase a burial site, and prepare for the memorial service. Shao-Er did everything. I also gave him the clothes for Ying to wear. Ying liked poetry very much. Her own poems were read at the memorial service.

Later we called the special care nurse because she had to get paid. She told us that after we left, Ying had slept well. At midnight, she suddenly panicked and tried to remove the oxygen tube from her nose and knocked over the IV. The nurse tried to stop her. She suddenly became quiet and stopped breathing.

When Ying died, a part of my spirit died too. Before this happened, I sometimes had trouble sleeping, but I could always make it up the next day. After the tragedy, I had insomnia and depression, and relied on sleeping pills to calm myself down. Teddy also loved his children very much. While he was sad, he often comforted himself and me with such thoughts as “Ying knows we love her very much.” We tried hard to comfort each other as much as possible. All this happened during Ching’s quarterly exam period, so we did not tell her the sad news. When she came home for Christmas, we gave each other consolation. Later some friends told us Ying’s death was due to hospital negligence. They suggested we sue the hospital. We had a good friend, also a famous female lawyer, willing to represent us on a contingency basis. If we won, we would give her half of the award. She had already done some basic investigation. She found out that during the test, Ying’s heart stopped briefly. The doctors used CPR to save her. She analyzed in detail the merits and weaknesses of the legal case at her home. We would have to prove that Ying’s condition was not life threatening. Also, the purpose of the lawsuit would be to get economic compensation for our own financial loss. However, Ying was only 18 years old and had not started to earn money yet. Our family did not suffer major financial loss because of her death. Therefore, even if we won this case, we would not get much money out of it. Our child was already gone, we both were working full time, and we didn’t have time for a lengthy trial. We had never been to court in our lives. Most of all, we were afraid that revisiting the tragedy would be an unbearable spiritual ordeal for both of us. We had to give up suing the hospital.



Chapter 8

Respecting Parents, Loving Brothers and Sisters

Teddy always had the twin burden of being the oldest son and the oldest child. After graduating from the university, he taught at Yinhua High School for two years. The salary was 50 Yuan per month. Every month he gave his paycheck to his father. His father gave him 5 Yuan for food and 5 Yuan as pocket money. If he needed money for something else, like inviting students for dinner, he had to ask his father for extra money. His parents supported him from the time he was born to the time he graduated from college. Teddy's parents believed that getting a college education for a boy was a must. They did not have money to support Teddy to study abroad. A girl's life goal was to find a good man to get married. Perhaps all the parents in Fuzhou thought the same way as Teddy's parents.

Teddy was a star teacher for his two years at Yinhua. Bishop Gowdy valued him even more. They decided to send him to America for further study. Gowdy arranged for Teddy to meet his friends Mr. and Mrs. Warner, who were major philanthropists. They agreed to support Teddy to go to the United States to study. Gowdy was the President of FCU. He wanted trained faculty for his university and had his eye on Teddy.

This time Teddy stayed in America for five years and managed not to spend his parents' money. When he was in the nursing home, his father sent him \$10, and he sent the money right back. Teddy came to America twice all due to Gowdy's support. Teddy often said, "Without the help of those nice people, I would not have been able to come to America to study." He was willing to undertake the responsibility of helping young students with their coursework. He was thrifty himself, but he was very generous in helping the younger generation to advance.

In the summer of 1929, Teddy graduated from Columbia University, returned to China, and worked as the professor and provost of the Education Department at a monthly salary of 150 Yuan. After he arrived home, his parents prepared a nice banquet especially for him. He said to his father, "I hope you and my brothers and sisters eat like this every day. How much do you need each month?" His father said it would take about 50 Yuan. Teddy promised right away to give his parents 50 Yuan, which was one-third of his income.

Teddy specialized in Educational Studies. He believed that the education was very important in life. His commitment applied not only to the students of FCU, but also to his brothers and sisters. He felt sorry that his parents had not been able to send his second sister Hsi-Zhang to a university. When Hsi-Zhang graduated from the Wenshan High School, she was number one in her class. She was smart and beautiful. Her parents arranged for her to marry Hung Shou, who had graduated from Yenching University. Hung Shou was teaching at Fuzhou Youth Association High School. Hsi-Zhang's family life was not very happy because her husband was addicted to mahjong games and was seldom at home. He lost all his money at the mahjong table. Hsi-Zhang had two daughters, Yun and Fung. They were very smart and adorable. Teddy loved those two girls very much. Soon after we got married, Teddy's mother volunteered to take care of the two girls for Hsi-Zhang and invited Hsi-Zhang and Shou Hung to come to FCU to stay with us for a few

days, hoping our environment of a loving husband and wife would gradually reanimate their affection. While they stayed with us, they were fine. They went out sightseeing and seemed to be happy. We rejoiced for them.

After they returned to Fuzhou, Shou Hung went back to playing mahjong. That summer he carelessly ate contaminated food, got cholera, and died two days later, leaving a lot of mahjong debt. After Hsi-Zhang's husband passed away, we invited her to stay with us for a while. We did not expect the collectors to come to our home, so I told Hsi-Zhang not to return the money. Later she could not stand the harassment by the collectors. She eventually paid them off.

Hsi-Zhang was already pregnant when Shou Hung died. A few months later, she gave the birth to a boy named Wei. In this patriarchal society, the birth of a son could really comfort a widowed mother.

After Shou Hung died, Teddy thought Chen's family had the considerable responsibility for his second sister. Teddy's mother did not think so. She said Hsi-Zhang had married into the Hong family and belonged to them. The Hong family must assume the responsibility to take care of Hsi-Zhang and the children. Teddy felt very sorry that he could not give his second sister much help, because our child was just born, and we already gave 50 Yuan each month to his mother. We were not able to help Hsi-Zhang anymore. Fortunately, Shou Hung's three brothers were all American foreign students. Each of them gave Hsi-Zhang 50 Yuan per month for four years and assisted Hsi-Zhang to go to college. Hsi-Zhang's life was even better than it had been when her husband was living. She was also able to pay back all the debt her husband left behind.

Wei Hung was not quite a year old when Hsi-Zhang rented a small house near Huanan University, hired a nanny to take care of the children, and registered at the university to study chemistry. She studied very hard and received her B.S. degree four years later. Then she found a teaching job at a high school to support her three children. All of them graduated from the college. It could be said that she is a great woman.

One day, a man who had just earned his Ph.D. from Harvard University came to our home. He announced that Hsi-Zhang was such a great woman that she should have a good husband to spend the rest of their life with. "Mr. Doctor," I asked, "Would you marry such a great woman?" He was honest in saying no.

I heard later that during the Chinese/Japanese war, when the school moved to northern Fujian, a man fell in love with Hsi-Zhang, but Hsi-Zhang was not interested in him. She could make a living by herself, and also had three smart children who loved her. She felt proud of her self-sufficiency and remained a widow for the rest of her life.

Teddy's mother, brothers and sisters would all come to our home in the summer to escape the heat. The house where we were living was our wedding gift from the Warner family. The structure of the house was just what Teddy needed. There was a bedroom upstairs with windows facing three directions, complete with window glass and screens. When the weather was hot, all the windows were opened. Even in the coldest weather, Teddy would keep some of them open to let in the fresh air. That was a continuation of his lifestyle from the nursing home. My bedroom was next to his. There were three other bedrooms upstairs, one living room, one

dining room, a study, and a room with windows in three directions downstairs that matched the room upstairs. We usually kept the children's toys in this room. In summer, it became the bedroom for Teddy's two brothers. The professors, staff, students and workers of FCU did not need to pay rent. Every summer, we lived a big family life. We all got together and had a lot of fun. After Ying was born, Teddy's mother took the initiative to tell him to reduce his monthly support to the family to 25 Yuan. In the fall, they all went back to Fuzhou. Then life seemed strangely lonely.

The first time Teddy came to America, his father was already retired. His parents built up the family diligently and thriftily. Besides the big house at Aofengfun Street, they had some small houses and storefronts to rent out, and also bought some land. They depended on the rents for their livelihood. The big house on Aofengfun had been assigned early. The two-story house in the rear belonged to the oldest son. The front section was divided evenly between third brother and fourth brother. The parents' properties were thus prepared for distribution to the three sons. According to the old customs, girls no longer belonged to the family after they were married. Teddy always told his mother, "The property you want to give to me, I will give to my three sisters. They need the property more than I do." In 1956, during a period of Chinese social reform, the Chen family's properties were all confiscated by the government. The only house left was the back section of the house at Aofengfun where Teddy's mother, brothers and sisters lived. The government assumed complete ownership of everything else.

Teddy wanted all his brothers and sisters to get higher education, to be superior. He thought the natural talent of his third brother Hsi-Mou was high. He should not be an ordinary college graduate. Therefore Hsi-Mou studied pre-med after he was admitted to FCU. Three years later. Hsi-Mou was admitted to Peking Union Medical College – one of China's first-class medical schools. The med school class schedules were very demanding. We were afraid that he was not getting enough nutrition at the school dining room, so Hsi-Mou came to our home to drink a cup of warm milk every afternoon.

When fifth sister Hsi-Ying graduated from middle school, Teddy was still in America. Her parents sent her to the State Teacher's Training School to study kindergarten teacher's courses. That was not a formal high school. Fifth sister had her talents. She was good at singing, dancing and making delicate handicrafts. She had a job after graduation. The biggest hope Teddy's mother had for fifth sister was for Teddy to find a good husband in America for her. Teddy said, "My sister does not have a college degree. I feel ashamed." Yet fifth sister did not graduate from the high school. Although Teddy was a dean at FCU, he could not place her in an appropriate class at his school. With uncharacteristic audacity, he discussed this issue with the President of Huanan University, Shi-Jing Wang, who promised to admit Hsi-Ying with the condition that she might have to make up some high school courses. In 1937, our whole family was planning to come to America. The 25 Yuan of monthly financial aid to Chen's family would have to stop too. However, fifth sister was going to Huanan to study in the fall while Hsi-Mou would be studying at Peking Union Medical College. Teddy's mother was a competent person, diligent and thrifty, good at financial management. She was afraid that she would not have enough money for the family. Before Teddy left Fuzhou, he gave his mother 200 Yuan, 100 for Hsi-Ying and 100 for Hsi-Mou's school expenses; he also promised that he would send home 200 Yuan every year from then on. After we came to America, Teddy's mother wrote us saying that Teddy had won

Universal Bank's lottery. The total amount was more than 1700 Yuan. Teddy's big uncle was the manager of that bank. When Teddy was in China, he deposited some money to the bank every month and was supposed to get 2000 Yuan after a few years. There was a prize drawing every month. Whoever won the drawing did not have to add money anymore. That was our luck. Teddy wrote to his mother right away telling her to mail 1000 Yuan to us. The exchange rate for Chinese Yuan to American dollars was 3 to 1 that time. The rest of the 700 Yuan would be kept in Teddy's mother's hands to support Hsi-Mou and Hsi-Ying.

From 1946 to 1947, Teddy went back to Fuzhou to serve as President of FCU. His brothers and sisters were all in Fuzhou. All of them had jobs. We all enjoyed this one-year reunion. Teddy's mother came to the university to see us a few times. The brothers and sisters took turns visiting us. In April 1947, we rented a school bus to deliver our friends and relatives to campus to celebrate Teddy's mother's birthday.

In 1947, we came back to America. Teddy had made the decision that he wanted to bring all of his brothers and sisters to America to study or work. The first one to come was Hsi-Ying. She was not married and had just graduated from Huanan University. Teddy got a scholarship for her at USC, plus a \$600 scholarship from a church to pay her living expenses. The dorm at Moreland Hall only charged \$50 per month that time. Everybody took turns cooking dinner and cleaning the house. Also Teddy found her a part-time job at the USC Library to work 10 hours per week to earn pocket money. After fifth sister was settled down, he started the plan for Hsi-Mou to come. Hollywood Presbyterian Hospital promised to invite him to practice medicine for one year. The hospital would provide room, board, and laundry service for him, and would also allow \$100 per month for pocket money. At that time, a doctor who graduated from a first-class school of medicine in China and completed a one-year residency at an American hospital could work as a doctor in America. Teddy told Hsi-Mou about this plan. Hsi-Mou hesitated. He was very religious. He said that God had told him not to come. Teddy then started his plan for fourth brother, Hsi-Ming. He got a scholarship for Hsi-Ming from the USC biology department, plus a part-time job working over 10 hours per week. Many of the Chinese students studying in America washed dishes at restaurants to make a living in those days. Hsi-Ming enthusiastically prepared to come. However, the communist government then took over Fuzhou. He could not get out of the country. Because the Communist Party occupied China so fast, the plan to bring all the brothers and sisters to America failed.

After the communist takeover of China, we sent money to Teddy's mother. She replied in a letter telling us not to send money any more. Because of the foreign source of income, her property tax suddenly went up a lot. The money we sent was not enough to pay for the property taxes. She had to sell some jewels and silver coins to pay off the property tax. That was before the government took the houses away.

During the famine era in China, I asked my fifth sister in Singapore and friends in Hong Kong to send food to Teddy's mother, such as powdered milk, dried pork, cookies, etc. Teddy's mother was very happy to get it. She would say, "This is food my son Teddy sent me." Of course the grandchildren shared the food too.

Teddy's mother was very sad when the government took the properties away. We wrote her many times to tell her that we would be completely responsible for her living expenses from then on. Teddy's mother eventually died in the fall of 1962. She had a stroke more than a year before she passed away. She could not move half of her body, and was only semi-conscious. We sent \$40 to the third brother, \$20 for mother's living expenses, and \$20 to hire a helper to take care of her. According to the living standard that time, \$40 per month was enough to support two people. At the same time we asked our friends in Hong Kong to make the grave clothes and burial shroud for her, and also sent \$400 for the funeral expense. The third brother had some status then. On the day of the funeral, he borrowed some cars to take families, relatives and friends to the burial site, and had the reception dinner for them afterwards. During the Cultural Revolution, he suffered for seven years. The extravagant funeral for his mother was one of the accusations against him.

After China and America re-established diplomatic relations, three of fourth brother's four children – Ping Chen, Min Chen and Jick Chen – all came to the United States one after another. They all graduated from college and have jobs.

Chapter 9

1932 to 1937: Life at Fukien Christian University

In 1929, Teddy returned to FCU to teach. We were married in 1932. In the fall of that year, FCU accepted female students for the first time. This was the first year that male and female students studied at the same school. There were over 30 female students, two-thirds of them graduates from Wenshan High School. We might say that they were all my students. My students at Wenshan called me Mr. Chung, so most female students and some male students at this university all called me Mr. Chung. In our family, I brought the housekeeper from Wenshan; and the nanny we hired after the children were born had worked for Wenshan before. That's why they all called me Mr. Chung. Once Teddy said maybe he should change his name to Mrs. Chung. When I was in Fuzhou, I was used to being called Mr. Chung. After I came to the United States in 1937, people called me Mrs. Chen instead.

As a professor and dean of the Education Department, also Provost and Dean of Students, Teddy often said proudly that after his discipline and moral instruction, most of the troubled students at FCU became his good friends, not only at school, but also after graduation.

Teddy always earnestly and sincerely helped the young people solve their problems. He often said, "I could not have come to the United States without the kind and chivalrous help from other people." One time, one of the students was pacing back and forth in front of Teddy's office for two or three days but did not go in to register. At the last minute, Teddy went out to bring the student in and asked him why he had not registered. The student hesitantly replied that he was short 30 Yuan. The semester tuition was 50 Yuan at that time. The student did not even have half of the tuition ready. Teddy solved the problem for him right away. The student needed three more years to graduate. Teddy helped him to get tuition for all three years.

The students from FCU, such as Kong-Xiang Lin, Shao-Er Ong, Ren-Mei Tang, Chung-Fu Zheng, etc., all got the Ph.D. degrees from the United States. They often told their children and friends, "Without Teddy, I would not have what I have today." Teddy passed away over a year ago. Until now Ren-Mei Tang's wife and children were still afraid to tell him the sad news. Ren-Mei Tang was a professor at Fuzhou Teacher's University. His body and brain were declining. His family was afraid that he could not endure the shock of the bad news. He died of cancer at 60-some years old. The last time he came to see us, he said, "Mr. Chen, when I was a freshman at the university, I decided that when you got old, I would live near you to take care of you. I did not expect that I would die before you."

While Teddy was working at FCU, one of the poor female students without parents lost 10 Yuan in the dorm. That 10 Yuan might be her pocket money for the whole semester. She was in such grief that she did not want to live. Someone told Teddy about it. Teddy came home to talk with me. We decided to give the student the 10 Yuan. We put the money in an envelope and took it to the female student's dorm. Later someone told us that the student might know where the money came from, but nobody was willing to divulge it.

At USC one of the Chinese students was short \$400 to register for classes. He came to Teddy's office to consult Teddy. Teddy wrote him a check for \$400 without asking for an IOU. The student returned the money to us after he graduated and found employment. Each year from 1969 to 1973 we sponsored a student from Taiwan to pursue an MA degree at USC. Since 1991, we have annually sponsored a student from Fuzhou for the same purpose. This was Teddy's position all along: Other people helped him, so he would help others. I hope those people we helped will help others in the future.

Teddy once formed a little band at FCU. After we were married, he went to the storage room to find those music instruments he used when he was a student. There were more than 10 pieces. He invited some students who loved music to form a little band again. A few students were invited to our home to learn how to use the instruments. Every day I had to listen to the DA DA DU DU noise he and his students made in the living room. The little band performed a few times. Teddy was very active holding a little bamboo stick to conduct the music on the stage, happy as a fish in water.

During our time at FCU, we often invited students to our home to have dinner, chat, and play games. The ice cream machine was used a few times. In 1936, we spent more than \$400 buying a Philco wireless radio and a phonograph from an American businessman who wanted to go back to the USA and was eager to get rid of these things. Although they were second-hand, the sound quality of the amplifier was particularly good. The businessman also gave us dozens of classical music albums. Every morning when Teddy got up, he would listen to music for a little while before breakfast to satisfy his love for music. He became addicted to this routine. At that time in Fuzhou, very few families had such a good radio and phonograph. They were enough to entertain students when they came to our home.

In the winter of 1936, more than a dozen students came to our home for a dinner party. After dinner, they listened to the radio together. Suddenly they heard the news of Chiang Kai-shek being released from detention. The first time the news was reported, they all quieted down; when the broadcast was repeated, they all got excited and noisy; when they heard it a third time, they all rushed outside to tell their classmates. Some students rented a school bus to go to Fuzhou to spread this good news. They even bought and set off firecrackers along the way. The school bus was a small one that could only fit six people, but over a dozen squeezed in. After they arrived in the city, some students set off firecrackers by the school bus. The radio in our home seemed to receive news earlier than anyone else's. That was the so-called "Xi'An Incident."

In the 1930s, all Chinese had anti-Japanese sentiment, which caused the "Xi'An Incident" to happen. It was said that Chiang Kai-shek had been summoned two times. Standing in the cold hall, everybody was wearing all the clothes they had, plus their coats. It was still cold. The conclusion of this training speech was: China was not ready yet, so we could not fight against the Japanese right now. He said if we did, all the weapons we had now would be used up in a few days.

FCU was surrounded by mountains and water. The back windows of our residence faced the Minjiang River, giving us a magnificent view. You couldn't have found a paradise more idyllic

than this if you traveled the entire world. Its beauty not only made people calm and happy, but also provided an ideal place to study. Inside the campus, layers of stone steps led students on winding paths through rugged terrain down to quiet places. Walking the campus and climbing mountain trails were good for our health. We lived in paradise, our days filled with diligent work and happy hours.

During the anti-Japanese war, the former President of Beijing University, Pei-Yuan Zhou, was living in Southern California. One day our two families were talking after dinner. Mrs. Zhou said she missed the life inside the campus of Tsinghua University prior to the war. At that time the country was in peace; life was stable. Working as a professor at Tsinghua University and living on campus was fascinating. She looked forward to living that kind of life again after the war. I said I had the same feelings. I often think of our life on the FCU campus on the east side of the Minjiang River prior to the war. That was heaven on earth. That night both families had hometown sickness. "Hometown" in this case was the two beautiful campuses.

After four years of marriage and two children, we were very satisfied with our situation at FCU. However, young people must plan for the future. For Teddy's talents and career as a professor, it would be better to have a Ph.D. After the fall of 1936, we dreamed of a doctorate for Teddy. One day Teddy returned to see Bishop Gowdy. Gowdy agreed that Teddy should get a Ph.D. So he wrote a letter for Teddy right away. Gowdy was just like Leighton Stuart at Yenching University in that he knew many rich friends. As a result of this letter, one of the friends, a Dr. Davenport, undertook to pay for Teddy's Ph.D. studies. Of course, that was just for Teddy himself to come to America to study. We did not want to be separated, but for Teddy's future, it appeared that we would have to live apart for two years. After the news spread, the head of the Congregational Church came to our home to invite me to serve as Principal of Wenshan High School. Wenshan was like my mother's family, FCU was like my father's family. If my husband wasn't home, I should go back to my mother's family. The nanny taking care of our children was reliable, so I accepted Gowdy's invitation. After a while Teddy and I planned to go to America to study together, leaving the children behind with the nanny. Our children and the nanny would stay with Teddy's mother. She was very enthusiastic. She believed that the expense for two people living together was not higher than for Teddy alone. If we did not have money to pay for my graduate study, I could still have the American life experience, which would be gilding on the lily of my Chinese identity if I ever returned to China to work. Teddy bought two tickets for the boat. After the tickets were purchased, we felt reluctant to leave the children behind. Teddy wrote letters to some universities in the United States. In the end, Colorado University welcomed him to work as a teaching assistant. Adding all of our resources together, we might be able to keep our family intact. However, we would have only \$70 a month for living expenses in America. The outcome of his many letters was that USC agreed to let him study in summer school free of tuition. In this way, the whole family coming to America became a reality. The FCU Student Association had a big goodbye party for us, using the reading room tables as dinner tables. All the students and teachers came to the party. That was an unprecedented festivity.

From the pier at FCU, we got on a small boat to Mawei Harbor. Two nannies handed the two children to us from the pier. Ching was four and Ying was two at the time.

In Shanghai, we stayed in my niece Min-Zhang's home. Min-Zhang was married that time. We ate at my brother's home because his family lived close by. One night, the two children quarreled. My sister-in-law said, "How can you handle it, taking such little children to America to study?" She was worried about us. I said America was different from China. There would be tap water, toilets, and gas. My sister-in-law said, "Shanghai has all of these things. We still have to hire housekeepers." I was a little worried after hearing that. However, Teddy had to have his Ph.D., and I wanted all four of us to live together. No matter how difficult it would be, I was willing to do it.

Chapter 10

1937 to 1939: Study at U.S.C.

On June 29, 1937, we left Shanghai and boarded the “President Hoover,” bound for America. Our tickets were for a second-class cabin. There were four beds in the cabin with an aisle leading to a small porthole from which we could see the ocean. We anticipated returning to China in two years, so we did not bring much luggage. A big suitcase and a small one were placed in the empty aisle. Children could still run around to play because the aisle was a few inches wider than the suitcase. There was a washbasin in the room. Anyone wanting a bath had to use the public bathroom.

Our biggest regret during the voyage was that our children couldn’t speak English; therefore they couldn’t play with the other children. So we started to speak English with our children. In Fuzhou, we always had nannies to take care of the children for us. Now we have to take care of them ourselves. Of course, we needed to get used to our new role. It could also be said that it made us feel too busy.

Breakfast and lunch were simple; the dinners were more formal. We ate breakfast and lunch with our children. As dinner time approached, we let children eat first and had them stay in the cabin. Then we put on better clothes to go to the dining room. The dining room settings were exquisite. Everything was very formal; sometimes a band played there. One evening we were having a quiet dinner. Ying came slowly down the stairway bare-footed and in her pajamas. She raised both hands high, each hand holding a little slipper. Teddy ran to her and carried her back to the cabin. We had brought a small white glazed iron pot for the children to use as a toilet. That night Ying defecated in the pot. Her sister asked her to find their mother to empty it. That was why she had come to look for us. It was a ridiculous scene, but we felt only love for the children. When we returned to the dining room, we told the story to the people at our table. They saw the humor in it. Someone said it was a pity that there was no movie camera to record this scene and preserve as a memento of the trip.

The boat stopped twice in Japan. Teddy had arranged ahead of time for his students to pick us up from the harbor to go sightseeing and eat dinner at a Chinese restaurant. We returned to the boat to sleep.

One morning after the boat left Hawaii, a small newspaper printed on the boat was inserted into our room through the mail slot in the door. Teddy picked it up and read it right away. I asked him what the news was. He said the Chinese-Japanese war had already broken out. I said, “That is nonsense.” Teddy liked to joke. Sometimes I did not know if he was telling the truth. That was the Marco Polo Bridge Incident. After the boat arrived in San Francisco, we went to buy newspapers right away. Chiang Kai-shek said we would resist to the final sacrifice. Now we would need complete national unity to resist the Japanese. In 1936, Chiang Kai-shek had said himself that all Chinese forces would be exhausted in a few days if we fought the Japanese. Although we were in America, our hearts were in China. Seeing the Japanese attack China with

irresistible force and the Kuomintang army retreating in defeat again and again, our hearts hurt as though we'd been stabbed with a knife. Some Chinese who had been living in America for a long time even said that China should not fight. The best way was to cede territory to make peace.

From San Francisco, we took the same boat to Los Angeles. When we arrived at the harbor, an American friend who had been living in Fuzhou came to pick us up and drove us to Chinatown to have lunch. He then took us to a neighborhood near USC where a Chinese friend had rented a two-bedroom single house with old furniture for us.

When we arrived, the American friend took us to a Korean market nearby. I bought cooking oil, salt, soy sauce and rice, and also some pork and beans. After putting away the luggage and making up the bed, I started cooking dinner. I cooked the pork, adding some beans and the silver noodles we had brought from Fuzhou. When the food was ready, I put the cooked food on a big plate and the dried pork we had brought on a small plate. Each person got a bowl of rice. Teddy asked if there was anything else. I said no more. He did not say anything, thinking that if we ate like this for two years, we would be awfully hungry.

When we arrived in America, our monthly budget was only \$70. Teddy had to spend 5 cents each day to buy a newspaper. At that time our country's civil war news was urgent. We had to read the newspaper. Fortunately, some churches and other organizations began to invite Teddy to give speeches. With a spirit of patriotic enthusiasm, Teddy spoke wholeheartedly to awaken the American government and people to send aid to China. At the beginning, the churches only gave him \$5 or \$10 in remuneration. Later more people invited him to give speeches. He could earn tens of dollars each time. With his spirit of patriotic fervor, he turned into a famous orator. That gave us great benefit to our family budget.

Teddy's original plan was to attend summer school at USC, majoring in the philosophy of education. It happened that his professor was Dean Rogers of the School of Education. Soon after school started, Dean Rogers realized that Teddy was an outstandingly talented person. One day when Dean Rogers was absent, he asked Teddy to substitute. Teddy had taught this class at FCU before and was familiar with the textbook. The students later said that they only understood what the philosophy of education was about after Teddy explained it in class. Before the summer school was over, Dean Rogers summoned Teddy to his office. He told Teddy, "I want you to earn your Ph.D. at USC. Whatever Colorado University offers you, USC will give you more." Teddy came home to tell me the news. I was very happy, because Los Angeles weather is like spring all year around. I liked it very much. When I was in China, the America of my imagination consisted of dozens of layers of high-rise buildings. In Los Angeles, we could live in a one-story house. That was the beginning of our relationship with USC.

One day Ying was playing outside of our house. She picked a flower to give to me. Our landlord, who lived right next door to us, was very unhappy about it. She followed Ying to our house. I kept saying sorry to her, and told Ying not to pick any flowers from then on. Two days later, the landlord came again saying the rent would be increased to \$35, which was \$5 more than we had originally agreed. She also said, "With your race and children, you cannot find a cheaper house." Of course we got upset too. We started looking for another house. Soon we found a

two-story building with two bedrooms on the top floor. It was newly painted and very clean, and the furniture was newer and more tasteful. The monthly rent was only \$35. We lived in this house for 10 years.

A friend introduced us to a child care center about a mile from USC. It had only 20 other children and tuition would be free. After we went there to visit, we were very satisfied. We decided we would ride the bus to take the children to the child care center every day. Children under five years old did not have to pay bus fare. We took turns accompanying the children to school at 8 o'clock in the morning and picking them up at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The first day the children went to school, I suddenly realized that I had free time during the day. So I went to USC right away to talk with Admissions. They let me register for two classes totaling six units every semester for free. I decided to pursue Sociology major. Soon after I started, the head of the child care center told me she passed close by our house on the way to work. She was willing to pick up our children every morning around 8 o'clock. Of course we appreciated that very much. In the morning, we got the children ready. As soon as the car horn honked, Teddy ran out with the children. In the afternoon, we still took turns picking them up by bus. Within three months after they started at the child care center, they were both singing American songs and speaking the American language. They would not speak Chinese any more. One day Ching came home and announced, "I don't want people to call me Ching. I have changed my name to Helen." She was upset because her classmates called her "Ching Ching Chinaman," a humiliating racial insult. Helen was my name originally.

School started. Teddy registered for over a dozen units while also working as a teaching assistant. He managed it easily. His English was good. He had taught education studies at the university level before and had already read some of the textbooks. Still feeling nervous, I selected only six units. Since graduating from the university six years before, I had read newspapers and magazines but had not studied or done any research. Now that I had to study formally with the help of an English/Chinese dictionary, I struggled with the language. At first Teddy helped me by washing dishes in the evenings while I helped the children to take showers and get ready for bed at 7 pm. From 7 pm to 10 pm we both studied at the table in the dining room. We have been living in America over 50 years now, always eating dinner in the kitchen. In 1948 we bought a house with a study room. Each of us had a desk. Although the house had a big dining room, we still ate dinner in the kitchen.

Surprisingly, Dean Rogers asked Teddy to teach a Comparative Education class during the summer of 1938. Teddy's specialty was to compare the education systems of all the countries in the world. It was rare for a student to teach a class before getting his Ph.D. Later Teddy was hired as a formal professor at the School of Education. Every Saturday morning he taught this class. In admiration of Teddy's fame, many students drove a long way to attend his class. Sometimes the class had 70 to 80 students.

Since China was caught up in the Japanese invasion, we deferred our plans to return to our country until after the war. So we wanted to learn more about the American education system to take back to China. Teddy's Ph.D. dissertation was entitled *Developing Patterns of the College Curriculum in the United States*. Six weeks before Thanksgiving Day in 1938, he traveled by train to visit some of the important universities in the United States. Of course, this

was arranged ahead of time. The School of Education wrote to each university asking them to receive Teddy.

One of the university presidents held a cocktail party for Teddy, but Teddy could not drink. He knew nothing about wine at that time. The host read off the names of many varieties, asking him to pick one. He was like a fool in this respect. Finally the host said “Tomato juice.” Teddy answered quickly, “I want this one.” The host laughed out loud, saying, “I was just joking. Now I need to see if I can find a can of tomato juice.” At the end Teddy was happy to drink a cup of tomato juice. After we had stayed in America for a long time, we were often invited to cocktail parties. I encouraged him to drink a little light wine so that he could hold a wine glass as he talked with other people. He said he had already tried. None of the wine—white, red, or champagne – tasted good. So whenever he went to a cocktail party, he still drank tomato juice or orange juice.

On the evening of Thanksgiving Day he came back home from the university trip. The children were very happy. They showed him many things including Halloween masks, the handicraft things they had made at school, the pictures they had drawn, etc.

The Ph.D. dissertation had to be submitted before April in order for Teddy to graduate in June. Unfortunately, the children both got the measles that winter. All four of us got pertussis. Whenever a person coughed at night, everybody woke up. We decided to let Helen sleep on the sofa in the living room. We bought a camp bed for Ying to sleep in the kitchen. The dining table was kept in the storage room. We all closed the doors so we could get more sleep at night. Sleep was very important for Teddy because he had to teach during the daytime and also work on his dissertation.

After Teddy came back from the university tour, he told me, “Now I really understand the American college system.” He was full of new ideas. During the period he had pertussis, he still went to school every day, then went to bed to rest after he came home. There was a desk in the living room. He put the typewriter on the desk. Very often when he got up from the bed, he would type something. When he rested, he organized his thoughts. Then he would rise again to type his thoughts on the paper. The first draft of his dissertation was typed out directly in this manner. He completed it in two months. Later he hired someone to type the final draft. He said the dissertation should say “Dedicated to the Pertussis.” I did not know how he could write the dissertation like this. I started writing my dissertation in 1947 and did not get my Ph.D. until 1952. Anything I wrote in English needed his review before I could show it to other people. His dissertation was considered to be a masterpiece by the School of Education at USC. It was published by the USC Publishing House. Many Ph.D. candidates wanted to read Teddy’s dissertation as a reference. This was Teddy’s first book published in the United States.

Teddy got his Ph.D. in two years, which showed his outstanding talents. It is not easy to study for a Ph.D. Besides the required classes, he had to read dozens of books to prepare for four and a half days of written tests. In my experience, it takes many years to read and make notes on dozens of books. A few months before the written test for my Ph.D., three classmates and I got together to discuss the digests of these books every Saturday. I knew Teddy had taken the written tests, but did not see him bringing the books home. Most likely he had such a highly

retentive memory that he could remember everything after reading it in the library, unlike me who had to study so hard. To get a Ph.D. from the School of Education at USC, besides the four and a half days of written tests, the candidate was required to complete a thesis within 24 hours. On the day Teddy received his thesis topic, he went to the library to read the book, came home to eat lunch and rest at noon, and then went to the library again in the afternoon, returning at six for dinner and leaving again for the library. I was afraid that he would have to work all night long. Who could imagine that he would come home after 9 pm and tell me that he had finished it already! It was typed directly using the typewriter again. Normal people need 24 hours to finish the thesis. It took Teddy only twelve hours to complete it. When he went to visit universities, he missed six weeks of classes. I did not feel that he was particularly panicked.

America has many honor societies such as PHI BETA KAPPA and PHI BETA PHI. Any undergraduate student whose GPA is over 3.9 will be selected to join the society. Teddy's GPA was 4.0 for both years at USC, which meant he got A's in all of his classes. The honor societies made an exception to allow a Ph.D. student to be a member. Of course he was also selected to be a member of Educational Honor Society and the Sociology Honor Society. Sociology was his second major. During that time, men did not wear wristwatches. There was a little pocket in front of the pants to keep the watch. Most men also had a watch chain to hook on the belt to prevent the watch from being lost. Teddy's watch chain had four gold keys. When he gave speeches, he took out the watch with the four gold keys and placed it proudly on the lectern. No matter how much time he was allotted to speak, he always finished on time.

On the day of graduation, I took the two children to the ceremony. Our children felt very proud of their father getting a Ph.D. In the evening, Teddy's former teacher at FCU invited us for dinner to celebrate. He also asked a USC economics professor, Dr. Leonard, to give us a ride. We all addressed him as Doctor Leonard in the car. Helen was six years old that year. She asked, "Dr. Leonard, are you a Ph.D.?" He said yes. Helen said, "You copy cat!" In the minds of our children, their father was the only Ph.D. Other people were all copy cats. Dr. Leonard said, "Young lady, I got my Ph.D. ten years earlier than your father."



Chapter 11

1939 to 1946: Professor at USC

In the summer of 1938, Teddy started teaching summer school. After he graduated in 1939, the USC School of Education hired him to teach full time. Besides Comparative Education, he also taught History of Education and Philosophy of Education. Because the Japanese-Chinese war was in its most critical phase, we could not go back to China. Teaching at USC not only fit his specialties; it also solved our living problem. We thought it was an ideal arrangement. We also felt very proud that USC had selected Teddy from many candidates.

USC had never before hired a non-Caucasian professor. Throughout the 1940s and 1950s, only Caucasians were hired as professors. There was no Chinese professor teaching in any of the Southern California universities. Teddy was the first one. After Teddy, Caltech hired Xue-Shen Qian. We may say that Teddy was the pioneer for Chinese to work at Southern California universities. In the 1950s, Chinese professors teaching in Southern California were extremely rare. Just like the American expression, we could count them on the fingers of one hand.

At USC, Teddy earned the high regard not only of the dean of the School of Education, but also the dean of the College of Arts and Sciences, Raubenheimer, and President Von Kleinsmid as well. In the spring of 1941, Raubenheimer told Teddy, "The Asiatic Studies Department is almost down to nothing. If you have a way to promote it, take your best shot. Otherwise, let it die in your hand. From now on, cut down on your teaching and use the time to reanimate the Department." Teddy came home to discuss it with me. He said, "I am Chinese. Most Americans think I should be a China expert. I am giving speeches everywhere now, talking about the China problem. You don't have to be Chinese to teach American History of Education and Philosophy of Education." Teddy decided to accept Raubenheimer's challenge to work as the chairman of the Asiatic Studies Department. The Asiatic Studies Department had only one professor, a German named Von Kerber. He had come to America after World War I and bonded with President Von Kleinsmid, also of German ancestry. Von Kerber probably studied Chinese Character Sources in Germany, did not know many Chinese characters, and could not speak any Chinese. He was the only one teaching Chinese language and Chinese Character Sources to three to four students. After Teddy took charge of the department, the school agreed to let him hire a Chinese to teach Chinese language and a Japanese to teach Japanese language. Teddy himself determined to study Chinese culture and history, particularly the history of diplomatic relations between China and America. After we arrived in Los Angeles, I saw him bring back many books and knuckle down to study hard. After he felt that he had mastered the subject, he started teaching Chinese History and the History of Chinese American Diplomatic Relations at USC. His career pivoted from respected professor of education to in-house expert on China. Under his management, the Asiatic Studies Department was progressing day by day.

After Pearl Harbor, the United States suddenly had a great interest in China. The number of students studying Chinese in America increased sharply. They did not like to read Chinese elementary school textbooks like "Kitten Calls, Puppy Jumps," so the two of us together wrote a

Chinese primary textbook according to educational principles. The students learned a few dozen new characters every day. Later we composed the new characters into sentences and kept repeating them. At the beginning, we mimeographed the book for the students; later those copies were published as books which were not only provided to USC students, but also sold to the U.S. government. Because the American army and navy wanted to land in China, the army started learning Chinese too. Teddy considered that since he was chairman of the Asiatic Studies Department, he had a chance to promote Chinese culture.

Teddy's speeches became famous. More and more people invited him to give public lectures, often in places far from home. After finishing his Ph.D., he learned to drive so that he could accept these invitations. An agent, Mrs. Gorham, heard Teddy's speech and recognized that he had a bright future for himself and could be a ready source of income for her. She came to our home asking Teddy to let her manage his public speaking career in exchange for a 20% commission. Teddy then turned into a professional speaker. Invitations came not only from California, but also from many other states. Teddy was worried about how these invitations might affect his health and commitment to his full-time job at USC, so he accepted them with reservations, but from February 27 to March 29, 1961, he toured American universities from San Francisco to Harvard. Typically he would give an academic lecture focusing on comparative education, followed by a discussion forum. Everywhere he went, he used the title of USC Professor. This was terrific indirect publicity for USC; therefore, the university would enthusiastically give him time off and hire a substitute to teach his classes. Heavily loaded by administrative work, Teddy was teaching only one class per semester. After Ying passed away and Helen got married, I often accompanied him on the drive to the next speaking venue. His speeches were indeed wonderful. His command of English was sharp; his eloquence, inspiring; his message, profound and relevant; his voice, majestic. When the audience asked questions, he responded quickly with answers that were concise and to the point. Sometimes I was invited to make speeches too. We had an agreement that when I made a speech, he would not show up to listen. If he came, I would be so nervous that I could not speak. My speeches, given to female organizations, were mostly after-dinner affairs. He often said that most of the female speakers at these events were too nervous to eat. Teddy never felt nervous when he delivered a speech. He had an accumulation of information in his document cabinet, covering all kinds of subjects. Before speaking, he needed only half an hour of sitting in a chair or lying in bed thinking quietly, organizing the material in his mind and occasionally writing an outline. He did not need a script. If he was invited to give an after-dinner speech, he always ate his fill beforehand. Teddy didn't always speak alone; sometimes the event was a panel of three to five experts discussing issues of education or international politics.

The Chinese community felt deeply honored by the knowledge that one of their own was teaching at USC. Therefore we were often invited to the banquets of Chinese organizations and families. Our lives had formed an indissoluble bond with the Chinese students. There were about 10 students from China at that time. All of them were very close to us. In August 1942, Teddy was hired formally as a professor at USC. The ten students held a banquet for us to celebrate this milestone. Besides these ten, there were the California Chinese Students Association, the Southern California Chinese Students Association, and the USC Chinese Students Association, all of them consisting of American-born Chinese. They all invited Teddy to be their

advisor. Sometimes one of their annual meetings would be held in Northern California, and Teddy would be invited to speak. At first, Teddy's speeches would concentrate on advising the American-born Chinese to study Chinese and learn more about Chinese culture. After American racial attitudes improved, he advocated that American-born Chinese try to integrate into the community, join the mainstream of American life, and participate in political campaigns.

Prior to the war, the Chinese societies consisted mostly of the descendants of Cantonese gold miners and railroad construction workers. Their careers were mostly limited to Chinese restaurants, Chinese food markets, Chinese antique and art stores, Laundromats, fruit and vegetable wholesalers, etc. In Chinatown, there were two female teachers teaching elementary school. Even though they were American citizens, it was difficult for those early-period Chinese to find jobs in American companies. The Chinese students coming to America to study prior to the war almost all returned to China after they finished their education. The Chinese government looked up to these returning students, regarding them as a sort of emperor's club, and hired them with high salaries. During the Chinese-Japanese war, most of the foreign students could not go back to China. After the war, they all hurried back to participate in the rebuilding of their nation.

The situation changed after the communist party triumphed in China. The foreign students would not go back any more. Even after China and America re-established diplomatic relations and China's door opened to foreign countries, most foreign students from China still would not go back. Taiwan is a small country with too many gruel-eating monks and not enough good food to go around, so the students from Taiwan would not go back either. That is why we have our Chinese-speaking community now. Hopefully soon the Chinese government will provide a better working environment for students studying abroad, and thus entice them to return to their country and build a new China.

Today in America, many Chinese work as college professors. Some of them serve as department heads, vice presidents, and presidents of universities. Senior professionals can work for American institutes. A few Chinese have even received Nobel Prizes. Chinese are smart and diligent. Many individuals are very successful. Chinese now enjoy opportunities in America that were made possible by the success of the African American Civil Rights movement. White people finally recognize the equality of the races. It is a pity that few Chinese participated in the struggle for equality.

During the eight years of the anti-Japanese war, although we led stable lives, we still had a sense of loss. I continued to study at USC, finally finishing all of my Ph.D. coursework and passing the four and a half days of written tests. The department set Child Welfare as the topic for the dissertation. I spent a lot of time investigating the American child welfare system and also lived at some orphanages briefly.

After the war, Teddy received a letter from the board of directors at FCU, appointing him as Acting President for one year. Teddy accepted it right away. Mr. Jing-Run Lin had been the president of FCU since the movement to take back the education system from foreigners in 1927. After the school was moved to Shouwu County in northern Fujian, life was hard. Some were against him; others wanted to replace him. Mr. Lin had tried his best. His body and mind

seemed likely to collapse. He indeed needed a year's rest. Once when our two families were eating dinner together in San Francisco, Teddy told Mr. Lin, "Today I accept the job as the president; next year at this time I will return it to you." Mr. Lin laughed with a big smile on his face. He was very happy to know that Teddy did not have the ambition to replace him.

Teddy asked for a one-year leave from USC. Someone would substitute for him at the Asiatic Studies Department. Our whole family was busy preparing to go back to China. At that time China had material deprivation, so we had to take a lot of things with us. In America, the army had a lot of remaining surplus items for sale. We bought a few mosquito nets and comforters from such stores. We knew that when our children boarded at Wenshan High School, they would need to wear blue shirts and black skirts uniform, so we bought cotton material. We also took medicine and a lot of books with us. When we came to America, we had only one big and one small suitcase. When we returned to China, we took eight big suitcases and twelve small ones with us. We prepared like this because we thought we might not come back to America, so we needed a few years' supplies.

The New York United Board for Christian Colleges office bought the boat tickets for the four of us. Our timing was unfortunate. After the tickets were bought, the workers at San Francisco Harbor went on strike, so the boat couldn't sail. We waited for two weeks at home in Los Angeles. Thinking the strike was almost over, we left home to go to San Francisco, staying at a hotel. Unexpectedly we waited for another two weeks before the boat departed San Francisco. Over a dozen professors and staff working for FCU traveled with us, some Chinese and some American. Most of the Chinese were students or teachers at FCU who had come to American for continuing education, while the Americans were returning from vacation.

During that time, all the boats were navy ships that had carried troops during the war. The name had changed from "President" to "Marine." Everybody was staying in steerage, which could accommodate about twenty people, separated into male and female compartments. My two daughters and I stayed in the female steerage while Teddy stayed in the male steerage. Teddy came to meet us for most of the meals; then we went together to the dining room. The food was buffet-style. There was a social room on the boat. We could also take a walk on deck. Helen was 13 and Ying was 12 that year.

On the boat, Teddy played bridge with those Chinese students returning home and held staff meetings for the returning professors. On October 10 (Taiwanese National Day), he arranged a grand celebration party. After the victory over Japan, we all shared a passion to rebuild the country after returning home.

Teddy gave an exciting speech, delivered with extra-high emotion. Everybody sang the national anthem, performed Chinese opera, sang, danced, and played double-reed instruments. The party was very lively. Some Americans were going to China to work. They loved China too. They participated enthusiastically. Teddy was a leadership genius. Whenever he made a public appeal, his audience couldn't help but respond. We held the party on the top floor of the boat, and a lot of people came to join us.



Chapter 12

1946 to 1947: Life as the President

In 1946, one or two days after October 10, the boat arrived in Shanghai. Seeing our homeland after 10 years, we felt it was so dear. A few small boats moved close to the big boat. Several people, most likely customs and immigration officers, came aboard. We waited on the top deck for the news. The sun had set and night was approaching. Someone said that the Chinese passengers could get off the boat first. Some of us cheered and carried our luggage to the line for disembarkation. By then it was completely dark. Someone used a flashlight to light up our faces and verify our yellow skin. At that moment we felt proud to be Chinese.

In Shanghai, we lived on the second floor of the Farmers' Bank. The bank manager was Run-Sheng Zhu. His wife, Wen-Yu Huang, had been my teacher at Wenshan High School, and also a good friend of Teddy in New York. Wen-Yu Huang married Run-Sheng Zhu when she was over 50 years old. When I was studying at Yenching, I heard that Wen-Yu Huang and Teddy once sat together at the church service in Liu's Memorial Hall. In 1930, all churches in Fuzhou still had separate seating for male and female. I have heard that in the early days, the church put a curtain between the male and female sections. Males and females could not see each other, but they could see the minister on the stage. At that time Wen-Yu Huang was the principal of Wenshan. Teddy returned home from FCU to see his parents. When he passed Wenshan, he went to visit Wen-Yu Huang. It was on Sunday, so they went to the church service together. The two of them discussed if they should sit together. Wen-Yu Huang said she was not afraid. Teddy said the same thing, so they found empty seats in the back row and sat down together. That delicious bit of gossip spread all the way to Beijing. Of course I was not worried about it because Wen-Yu Huang was more than 10 years older than Teddy.

The teachers and staff of FCU also waited for the boat in Shanghai; then we all took the same boat to Fuzhou. Because of the San Francisco dock workers' strike, the teachers and students in Fuzhou waited many days for us. When we finally arrived, they welcomed us at the school pier. The second day, Teddy held a meeting for the professors. On the third day, the students registered and started classes. As the school year began, everyone on campus felt the renewal of spirit.

My Ph.D. candidacy lacked only the dissertation, so I was qualified to teach at the university. I taught three classes. It was not easy to teach at that time. First of all, we did not have textbooks; second, we did not have enough reference books. Most of the time, we had to rely on the teacher's lecture and the students' notes and discussions. The first semester my "Concepts of Sociology" class had 50 students. The second semester I saw over 100 students in the class when I walked in. I was very surprised and had to announce, "Whoever did not register for this class last semester, please register for other classes." FCU has a College of Arts and Sciences and a College of Agriculture. During the anti-Japanese war and recovery period, we could only offer whatever courses professors decided to teach.

Because of our late arrival, we decided not to rest during the winter vacation. During the war, the teachers and students struggled to live, not to mention to study. Teddy gave two academic speeches about the value of a college education. There was no empty seat in the hall. I heard a librarian say, "It was worth living to be able to listen to such a speech."

The teachers, students and staff at this school were very poor. Teddy went to UNRA (the American aid organization) to beg for them. Sometimes we got milk powder and oatmeal from them. Poor people are usually thrifty. A big can of milk powder would be divided among four families; in the end they would draw lots to see who got the can. When students registered for classes, they paid the boarding fee for the whole semester. Due to inflation, the price of rice kept going up. The cook could not continue to provide food. Teddy had to go to the government to apply for a fair price for rice. One day I went with him to have lunch at Cangqianshan. After lunch he went to UNRA to see if he could find something good. The person in charge pointed at a big truck saying, "We just received it today. If you want, you may drive it away. Otherwise some other institution will take it." Although Teddy had driven a car for a few years, he had never driven a big truck. He asked an UNRA driver to accompany him to drive out of the busy streets in the downtown area. After that he drove the big truck himself back to the campus. The teachers and students spread word that "the President just drove up in a big truck!" A large crowd gathered to witness the event. They were very happy and excited. Teddy became a big hero. The truck had two very tall handrails on each side of the bed. Some people were dexterous enough to rig a big tent over the bed using oilcloth and install benches on both sides and a handrail in the back, with a small door in the middle. The tailgate became a ladder when pulled down and part of the handrail when lifted back up. The truck thus became a school bus. Every day the truck was driven to the city once, making two or three stops on the way to pick up students, and returned at nightfall. On the weekends, it made more than one trip.

One time the students performed a drama. The performance was wonderful. I cried when the play was sad. The next day, the school newspaper reported that "The President gave his wife his handkerchief to wipe away her tears." Probably Teddy lent his handkerchief to me. We invited all the actors, actresses, and backstage personnel to our home for dinner. They could not believe such good things happened, so excited and grateful were they. The leading actress, Josephine Chen (Chinese name: 胡晴) is still our good friend. She often says, "From elementary school to the university, my happiest year was during the time when Doctor Chen served as president of FCU." Josephine and her husband are very wealthy now. Josephine is the principal of Youde High School and Concord Business School in Taiwan, which has 7,000 students. She used the tune of the FCU school song that Teddy wrote for her own school song. One day Teddy went to Taiwan, and Josephine invited him to her school to give a speech. There were many banners hanging inside the campus saying "Welcome President Hsi-En Chen." (Hsi-En Chen was his Chinese name.) When he walked into the assembly hall, all the students stood up; the band played the song Teddy wrote and the students sang the school song. Teddy was very touched. Another time Josephine led selected students from her school to form a cultural mission to the United States and give performances everywhere. When they arrived in Los Angeles, Josephine called to tell us that she would come to visit us someday. Unexpectedly that day a bus stopped by our house, and a few dozen students emerged from the bus. They sang a program in our front yard that included the school song. Josephine's family owned a lot of real estate in America,

including a house in Palos Verdes. They often come and go between Taiwan and America. When they are in Los Angeles, they always invite us to dinner.

After 1954, Teddy often went to Taiwan for meetings. The FCU alumni always welcomed him warmly. Josephine and her husband were more particularly entertaining. The most touching thing happened when Teddy flew from Hong Kong to Taiwan and was met at the airport by some alumni who invited him to lunch. Teddy said he was not hungry. The alumni said they could wait for a little while, so they accompanied him to the hotel. Teddy felt that it was hard to refuse such hospitality. He went out with the students. Probably because he had attended too many banquets in Hong Kong, a mishap occurred only a few steps from the hotel. The students held his arms to assist him back to the hotel room, where, with their help, he took a bath and changed clothes. Josephine rinsed his dirty pants in the hotel bathroom and then took them home to wash them. In the afternoon Teddy did not feel better, so the students took him to the hospital. The doctor diagnosed dehydration and put him on an intravenous drip. Josephine and her husband did not sleep that night, sitting by the bedside to take care of Teddy. One of the USC American students named Mary, who was traveling with her husband in Taiwan, heard about it. She asked the doctor at the Army Hospital to go to the hospital where Teddy stayed to see him. Teddy stayed in the hospital for two days. He asked people not to let me know. In the end, I heard about this indirectly. The person told me that he heard from his sister's letter that Teddy fainted and was sent to the hospital. I was surprised. I called Taiwan right away. He said everything was fine. He would come home tomorrow according to the original plan.

Professor Phoebe Wei also missed the life at FCU very much. Last year she came to Los Angeles. We were sitting in my living room talking. She said that her single happiest year was when Teddy was president at the university. She said Teddy showed consideration and appreciation for the professors' contributions and sincerely loved the students. We could see that from some small things. One time we had a meeting, and the choir sang songs. After the performance, the students left all their robes in the room. Phoebe directed the students to sort out the robes. She was so busy that she was sweating all over. While she was complaining, Teddy came in to ask her, "Phoebe, are you done? I will take you back." All of a sudden, Phoebe's anger disappeared. She went home with Teddy happily. Another time Phoebe was conducting the choir rehearsal because they had a concert that afternoon in the city. Teddy told her, "After the rehearsal, you can take the students to the ice cream shop to quench their thirst." Probably they took the school bus there. The professors and students were very happy. After the Communist Party took over China, Phoebe moved to Hong Kong to teach music. Every time we went to Hong Kong, she entertained us warmly. When Teddy's mother was ill, she helped us to send money to Fuzhou, and later made the grave clothes for Teddy's mother.

Another student, Zhu-San Din, had a particularly favorable impression of us. FCU was founded by the Congregational Church. After 1927 the anti-Christian movement ended and freedom of religion returned to China. Professors volunteered to sign their names to lead Christian fellowship groups; the students volunteered to sign under the professor's signature to join that fellowship. I was a professor, so I led a fellowship too. Zhu-San Din was the students' leader for the fellowship group at our home. One evening a month after dinner, they would come to my home to discuss questions of religion, philosophy, and life. We would drink tea and eat cookies afterwards. After we came back to America, Zhu-San Din wrote to us. Because he was good at

music, Teddy made arrangements for him to come to USC to study at the Music Department for a graduate degree. Din's family has moved to Australia now. He always calls us every year during the spring festival to wish us Happy Chinese New Year. A few days before New Year's Day in 1991, he sent us a red greeting card to wish us longevity. On the card's cover page was printed the number "90." I showed it to Teddy. On New Year's Day, I showed it to Teddy again, kissed him and wished him a happy 90th birthday. He was very happy. Soon Zhu-San called. I thanked him for the card and told him that I had showed the card to Teddy again that day. Then I let Zhu-San talk to Teddy directly to wish him longevity and a Happy New Year. This year, Zhu-San called me again on New Year's Day to wish me a Happy New Year. I felt sad when I remembered the things that happened last year.

Helen and Ying went to Wenshan boarding school in 1946. Helen was 13 and Ying was 12. They wore uniforms like all other Chinese students, Chinese-style blue shirts and black skirts. They stayed in the dorm for middle school students, taking math classes with the middle school students and Chinese with fourth grade students at the elementary school. They came home on Saturday morning and returned to school on Sunday afternoon. They had grown up in sub-tropical Los Angeles where children grow up faster. They were already as tall as adults. Both children were 5.45 feet tall. Coming back from Wenshan to FCU, most of the time they wore American clothes. The FCU students practiced English with them on the school boat or school bus. Even now, former students who still write to me mention their conversations with Helen and Ying. They were particularly appealing because they were the children of the president. The president's residence was the highest house on the university hill. The children passed by the boys' dorm on their way up the hill. Many students looked outside the window to watch them pass by.

When Helen and Ying were 6 years old, I taught them Chinese two times a week, using an elementary school textbook bought in Chinatown. They started learning piano at the same age. The music department at USC has a system to teach children piano. They played the piano for almost 5 years. Teddy asked the professor at the music school if his children had musical talent. He was hoping his own love of music would pass on to the children. The professor said the children played very well and they were smart. So Teddy knew that his children had no special talent in music. It was not easy to ask them to play the piano every day. Most of the time, the piano at home was empty. When children wanted to practice, they fought to sit on the chair in front of the piano; otherwise, we did not hear the sound of the piano for days at a time. After talking to the professor of the music department, Teddy told our children, "From now on, if you would like to play the piano, you may continue to practice every day. If you don't like it, you don't need to study the piano anymore." The children acted as though they'd received amnesty and stopped playing. We too felt relieved because we no longer needed to supervise their piano lessons.

During the anti-Japanese war, Wenshan was moved to Shaowu County. Probably there was nobody to teach piano, so Helen and Ying became the only piano players. Although they had not practiced for a year, they could still play. One time Wenshan had a celebration party and invited Teddy to speak. The piano player was Helen. I remember she played the "Red Bean Song." I have forgotten what Teddy was talking about that day, but I remember clearly the beginning of his speech. He said, "I have a very deep relationship with Wenshan, because my

mother and sister both graduated from here. When my sister was studying here, I often came to take her home. I felt Wenshan was respectable; my wife also graduated from Wenshan and taught here, too. I often came to Wenshan in those days and I felt it was lovely. Now my two daughters are studying here. I feel Wenshan is dependable.”

That day, I was one of the guests, sitting in the back row. I heard two ladies in the front row talking. One said, “Do you see the child playing the piano? She is the daughter of the President of FCU. People say she was only twelve to thirteen years old. How can a thirteen-year-old child be so tall? It is hard to believe.” The other one said, “My aunt and her mother were classmates. One day my aunt made a special visit to Wenshan to see the two children. She said they were 12 and 13 years old, because my aunt knew what year their mother got married.” I did not make a sound, thinking our children had turned into two of the Seven Wonders of the World. Actually our children were very normal. During the anti-Japanese war, Chinese children were shorter, perhaps from lack of nutrition.

During that time, some young male professors dated female students without a proper dating place. As for students, they could meet in the visitors’ room at the girls’ dorm, or take a walk by the Minjiang River, or find a rock inside the forest to sit down and talk. However, the professors felt that this kind of approach was not convenient. We told them that they could bring their girlfriends to our home to talk.

The day we came back to FCU, Teddy’s brothers and sisters all came to the campus. They went with some university people to go to Mawei Harbor to meet us. Teddy’s mother did not go. After we arrived home, Teddy’s brothers and sisters wanted to go back to the city. Teddy said, “I will go with you to see mother, then come back here.” From the school to Fuzhou City one must take the school boat for an average of one hour, depending on whether the boat was going with the tide or against it, and then transfer to an eastbound rickshaw for another hour. I told Teddy, “You are already very tired today. You should not go. Early tomorrow you have a meeting to attend. Later a lot of things will require your attention. Wait until things settle down; I will go with you. Your mother will appreciate that I take good care of you. She will understand that.” His siblings went home to report the situation. Teddy’s mother came the second day. She said happily, “He cannot come to see me. I will come to see him.” That year Teddy’s mother came often. Mother and daughter-in-law had a good relationship. Sometimes when Teddy went to Shanghai or Nanjing, she would come especially to see me and to keep me company.

One night, Teddy’s mother and I were reading in the study room. The doorbell rang. One professor brought a female student for a visit. I invited them to stay in the living room. After a little while, another couple came in. I invited them to stay in the dining room. Soon a third couple came. I said, “Mother, let’s go upstairs because they need to use the study room.” About male and female relationships, Teddy’s mother was more open than my father. I told her that we wanted to help the young professors. She understood. She said with a smile, “Your life is very interesting.”

Soon after President Jing-Run Lin went to America, he became ill. The doctor’s diagnosis was liver cancer. A patient with liver cancer would not survive for a month in those days. The New

York United Board for Christian Colleges informed Teddy by letter. When the news was spread, some people were happy while others were sad. We belonged to the sad group. Lin was staying at a New York hospital. We also knew that Jing-Run Lin was a little sad when he left the school. Two of the students in my class were on the Student Association standing committee. After the class, I talked to them and told them about President Lin being on the verge of death. I asked them to use the students' names to send a comforting telegraph to President Lin. They promised. Later the head of the foundation committee wrote a letter to tell Teddy, "When the telegraph was delivered to the President Lin, he was so happy that he cried. He was clutching the telegraph in his hand when he died." Later I told the students the news and let them understand that it was a good thing to make a dying person happy. Teddy hosted the university memorial service for the former President. After the service, people started getting excited, thinking Teddy would be the permanent president. The school board wrote letters to Teddy without the word *proxy*. That created hesitation and misgiving in our minds.

The first semester passed very calmly. The second semester was different. The news about the Beijing Shen-Chong Incident spread to FCU. Shen-Chong was a student studying at Beijing University. One night she went to see a movie and returned to school late and was raped by an American soldier. Three or four days later, the demonstrations began. Anti-American emotions were high. We heard that our own students wanted to hold a plenary session, go on strike for three days, and even go to the city to join the anti-American demonstrations. The morning before the students were to have their meeting, the teachers met first. The provost and dean of students, Zuo-Xin Zheng, said, "I am going to the students' meeting. Who wants to go with me?" I said, "I will go with you." The hall was full and emotions were running hot. The chairman was one of the students in my class. When he went on the stage, everybody applauded to show support. He narrated the Shen-Chong Incident and proposed the motion. All student speakers who supported the strike and the demonstration were very popular. We applauded for them; the student speakers who were against the motion were depressed right away. The outcome of the meeting of course was the decision to go on strike and join the demonstration. After the decision was made, the chairman asked Zuo-Xin Zheng to speak. Assuming a parental standpoint, Zheng advised the students to be careful and keep their demonstrations peaceful. Nobody applauded his speech. I did not expect the chairman to ask me to speak too, but he did. I had no choice but to get on the stage. I allowed that traditional Chinese culture placed emphasis on a girl's virginity. Now a girl who is also a college student had been raped. We were rightly outraged by this injustice. We were angry at the man who raped the girl. It was understandable to feel angry and vengeful. However, the crime had been committed by an individual. Of course the American soldier who raped the girl was a criminal. Probably both Chinese and American laws have ways to punish the criminal. We should ask the Chinese and American governments to give this criminal a heavy penalty. We should not blame all Americans for one crime. When I was in America, I heard or read from the newspapers that some Chinese committed crimes in America. I did not want American society to attack me because of one Chinese criminal, nor should the whole country of America attack our Chinese government. That was what I felt at this moment for your reference. Nobody applauded after my speech. Later many students told me that they thought that what I said was reasonable. They totally agreed with my opinion. Later we found out that the proposition to hold the meeting, go on strike, and demonstrate was all manipulation by the Communist Party. They planned ahead of time to place

students who were members of the Communist Party or aligned with it at every corner of the hall to cheer on the proposition. Most of the other students were silent and did not have a chance to speak.

After the meeting, the students actively prepared for the demonstration. They joined some other schools in Fuzhou for a joint action. During that time our family had a visitor. He was the secretary of New York United Board for Christian Colleges Committee, Dr. Fenn. On the day of the demonstration, the teachers had a meeting. They asked Teddy to go down the hill to talk with the students. I took Dr. Fenn to the school bus. The driver told us that the bus could not go to Fuzhou because the students had taken the key away. I saw my treasured student – the student council president. His hand was holding a bunch of keys. I told him that Dr. Fenn wanted to go to Fuzhou, and then take the boat back to the United States. The student's facial expression was different from before. His face looked like a sheet of iron as he said, "The students must use the school bus today." Dr. Fenn had to take the boat to Fuzhou.

Teddy walked to the pier and saw that the students had already rented a big boat. Many students had already boarded it. There were posters everywhere on the boats. Some students chanted the slogans "Down with U.S. imperialism!" and "Revenge for Shen-Chong!" They were in a very passionate mood. Teddy did not have a chance to speak; even if he had spoken, nobody would have heard him. That was a first-time experience for Teddy. He could do nothing about it except return to the President's office, distressed. During the demonstration, the students had to use the school bus so they could hang the posters on it. The leader could stand on the bus shouting the slogans. After the demonstration, the students returned to the school safely, no rioting, no blood. We could breathe a sigh of relief. After we came back home to discuss it, we recalled the May Fourth movement we had participated in when we were young, and we felt sympathy for the students. The next day, two student leaders came to our home to apologize for their behavior, explaining that they had no choice but to join the demonstration. That was everybody's opinion.

One crisis followed another. Soon the students went to the anti-hunger demonstration. Due to inflation, food was very expensive. The students said we had fairly priced rice to eat; many poor people did not. Inflation is a very bad phenomenon. Nobody had a sense of security. We lost money during the year working for FCU. One day at breakfast I told Teddy that his wage had already got into his stomach that morning. During this period, he maintained his diet of eating three kinds of fruit every morning. When we were in the United States, we paid close attention to the nutrition column in the newspaper. Some people suggested eating like that. Hitler and Mussolini also ate like that. Teddy was not stingy about nutritional food for the sake of his health. Of course I agreed with that completely.

Another time I went to the city to buy the best material to make mosquito netting. The material was called "hexagonal gauze." I thought Teddy should have the best mosquito net. The net we bought at the American Army shop was not good enough. At the first store, I felt the material was too expensive. The second store was even more expensive. The further I went, the higher the prices. When I returned to the first store, the price had already gone up. That means I felt the pressure of inflation within one hour.

Unable to control the students' protests, we also suffered from inflation. We were leaning towards returning to America. The teachers and students at the university, as well as the society of Fuzhou, felt that FCU must have Teddy as President. His friends urged him to continue. My friends pressured me to advise Teddy to stay. The Student Fellowship Association decided to go on strike for three days to save the President. At the meeting, they sent representatives to ask Teddy to express his opinion. Teddy went there to tell the students, "You want to go on strike to solve your problems, and even strike to urge me stay, but you actually frighten me away. I appreciate your sincerity, but you should attend classes. I will give the matter careful consideration." The students actually went back to class. We also thought carefully. If we decided to keep working here, we would have to maintain the spirit of sacrifice. I told Teddy, "One's life is only a few dozen years. Holding the spirit of sacrifice to contribute our life in the place that needs us the most is more meaningful. FCU needs you more than USC." We also talked it over with our children. Of course they liked American life better. However, if we decided to make sacrifices for FCU, they were willing to make sacrifices too. I prayed for God to give me guidance on which way we should go.

One evening around May 31, we were eating dinner. The Education Minister came to our home. We invited him to have dinner with us. He said his car was at the foot of the hill. The provincial governor, Jian-Xu Liu, wanted to invite Teddy for dinner. Teddy went with him without finishing his dinner. That was after 6 o'clock in the evening. 10 o'clock passed, and Teddy had not come home. I was a little worried. We had a telephone at home then. Whenever we made a call, we first needed to call the university telephone switchboard, which would then connect us to other places. I dialed the phone, but it did not get through. I went down the hill to look for the switchboard operator. Nobody was there. I went to look for the school bus driver to ask him to drive to the provincial government office and check it out. The driver was not there either. It seemed as though nobody was on campus. Finally I saw a staff person. I knew he was a member of the Kuomintang (Nationalist party). I told him that Teddy had not returned home after going there for many hours. I also told him that I could not find the switchboard operator or the driver. He told me not to worry. Nothing would happen. I asked him to help. He would not do anything because he had no way to help. Our children were living at school. I stayed home alone in the big house, not feeling right either sitting or standing. I lay down in bed but could not sleep. It was getting late, and I was afraid to walk down the hill by myself. With great difficulty, I waited until 2 am, when Teddy finally came home. He said only, "Something big is going to happen tonight. I am not able to reveal it, and I have no strength to talk because I am too tired." I helped him to put on pajamas. He lay down and fell asleep right away. I still could not sleep. After 4 am, I heard shouting down the hill. After the noise was over, someone knocked on our door downstairs. I went there. The worker working at the female students' dorm told me that the director of the dorm wanted the President to go there because the soldiers wanted to take one girl away. I had to wake up Teddy. When we went to the gate, military men stood by both sides of the gate. At that time some professors woke up too, looking out from the windows. We went to the female student's dorm. The girl said, "President, they want to arrest me." Teddy asked the military man if they had an arrest warrant. The man showed the document to Teddy. The girl's name was on it. Teddy told the girl, "You have to go with them. I will go to see Provincial Governor Liu tomorrow morning."

After we left the girl's dorm, Teddy went to Zuo-Xin Zheng's home to tell him what had happened on campus that night. He said, "Tomorrow morning at 8 o'clock, you and I are going to the Provincial Government office together."

When we got home, many male students were there too. They were all very angry. Over 20 male students were arrested too. Teddy said, "There is nothing I can do right now. At 8 o'clock Zuo-Xin Zheng and I will go to the Provincial Government office. We will see if we can bail them out."

At the appointed time, Zuo-Xin Zheng and Teddy rode on the school bus to the Provincial Government. They were told that all of the arrested students were the members of the Communist Party. They would be sent to YianAn. One of the students arrested was not on the list. Teddy could take him back.

Around noon, Teddy was back, bringing the male student with him. The student wore a vest and shorts. I asked the worker to prepare warm water for him to take a bath. During that time, the equipment at the university was different from the period prior to the war. There was no toilet or bathtub. The electric light was just a light bulb hanging from the ceiling. We used the same method over 100 years ago. The workers burned wood under a tripod to warm the water. The wooden bathtub was shaped like a big round bowl. When the water was warm, the worker used the bucket to move the warm water to the tub. The student took a bath, changed his clothes and had lunch with us. After lunch Teddy said he was going to rest. I was waiting for the student to go back to the dorm. He did not leave. Suddenly many male students came and stayed in the living room rushing to speak. It was inconvenient to drive them away, so I asked Zuo-Xin Zheng to come. He said, "The President and his wife are tired. You could go to the dorm or the classroom to continue talking."

Later Teddy told us about what he went through the night of the 31st. He went to the provincial government office that night and had dinner with the Education Minister and Chairman Liu. After dinner, Chairman Liu said, "We received news that on June 1 the whole city of Fuzhou will be struck by students, workers, and businessmen. The students at FCU are the leaders of these three strikes." Teddy did not know such a thing was going to happen. Chairman Liu gave Teddy a list, asking him to invite the students on it to gather at our home to talk. The army would then arrest the students and send them to Yan'an. Teddy said, "I came back to my alma mater for education. I am not interested in politics. If you want to know which of our students are in good standing, I can ask the provost to give you a list. But I don't know who is a member of the Communist Party and who is a member of the Kuomintang, and I don't need to see the list either. FCU is inside Chinese territory; therefore you have the right to take these actions. However I am sorry that I cannot help you with them." They chatted awkwardly for a while. The Education Minister left first, followed later by Chairman Liu. Only a secretary stayed with Teddy. Soon the secretary told Teddy a car was there and asked him to get in the car. Teddy thought the car was taking him home. However they took him to the garrison headquarters. One secretary spoke to him very politely, "Mr. President, please come here." She took him to a room with only a table and chairs, nothing else. After sitting there for little while, Teddy went out of that room and found someone to ask, "Am I arrested or detained?" The person said, "No, we do not dare to." Teddy felt helpless. He asked someone else the same question. In the end,

he got upset too, saying, "What do you expect me to accomplish by staying here?" The man had no choice but to tell him, "You know the secret so we cannot let you go until things are over." Teddy said, "You can use a car to take me home, and have someone follow me. I promise not to talk to anyone. My wife is the only one at home. I promise not to tell her either. I must lie down to sleep now." However, they still would not release him. After 1 am he could not hold up any longer. He went out to the parking lot, saw a car there, and spoke to the driver. "I was invited to the governor's home around 6 pm last night. It is already past 1 am now. I really cannot hold up anymore. I want you to take me back to FCU immediately. Otherwise I am going to fall apart." Teddy ordered the driver to leave right away. Perhaps the driver was ready to take Teddy back, so he started the car and drove him to the university. The driver stopped the car within some distance of the university gate, saying, "I cannot take you to the gate because I am afraid someone may see us." So Teddy had to drag his heavy footsteps, walking slowly homeward. After getting to the main gate of the university, he still had to walk some distance. When he got home, I had a feeling of happiness mixed with alarm. I helped him to walk upstairs and change into his pajamas, and put him to bed. It was a miracle that Teddy made it home that night. The campus was very dark. There were no streetlights on the highway either.

After the incident, all the schools were talking about what happened that night on the 31st. Some students said the army had arrived by trucks, and that two warships had stopped by the side of the Minjiang River near the campus with two big machine guns aimed at FCU. The students said 40 of their classmates had been arrested that night. The next day, the warships were sailing back and forth in front of the campus. One male student came to our home, asking us to protect him. I let him stay in our basement for one day, and fed him.

The next day, the parents of those arrested students arrived. They did not want their children to be sent to Yan'an. However, the university could not do anything about it.

Some students living in the girl's dorm also came to tell us about that night. On the 31st, the female student who had been arrested stayed in her room all day, packing her things. Something was burned; a piece of paper was swallowed with a lot of water. Teddy remembered that this student always sat in the front row writing notes as he lectured. Teddy had thought it was because she enjoyed his lectures. Now he realized that she would be subjected to interrogation.

After this big disturbance, the school faculty met and decided to suspend classes and let the summer vacation start ahead of schedule. The students later received a certificate to prove that they had graduated from FCU in 1947.

The teachers and students would no longer urge Teddy to sacrifice his career for FCU. Teddy said, "After coming back to Fujian for one year, I have barely had time to mention the provision of education. What I have been doing is going to the UNRA and to the provincial government to beg on behalf of the teachers and the students. Now we are exposed to the battle between the Communist Party and the Kuomintang. If we continue to work here, we will become bogged down by the war. The only way out is to go back to America."

On the evening of the 31st, I went down the hill to look for the telephone switchboard operator and the driver, but did not find anyone. It was because that night the workers were at the

meeting to prepare for the general strike. Although no students in other schools of Fuzhou were arrested that night, the same thing was happening in other places in China.

Getting ready to leave FCU, we felt reluctant to part with the teachers and students, who had presented to us such a favorable impression. The campus was so beautiful and lovely. The President's home was on the top of the hill. We could see Minjiang River from three directions and look down upon the buildings of the campus. The two buildings of the College of Arts and Sciences were Chinese-style constructions, really beautiful. When we were in America, we often heard and read about the beauty of Rhine River in Europe. In the summer of 1979, Teddy was teaching in Germany. Out of admiration, he made a special trip to visit the Rhine River, but that was no comparison to the Mingjing River in front of the FCU campus.

However, the war between the Communist Party and the Kuomintang had already started in the northeast region of China. It was hard to predict the future of China. We had already known about the communist infiltration in education policy. Therefore, the only choice left for us was to leave. We did not expect that this departure would separate us forever from FCU.

Some of the suitcases we took back had not been opened. We gave away many daily items like mosquito nets, blankets and comforters. We gave all our education and sociology books to the university.

On the day we departed, the teachers and students surprised us by renting a big boat to see us off. The boat was full of people. Teddy's mother, brothers and sisters were taking the same boat to Mawei. There were banners on the boat with messages such as "Farewell to President Chen Hsi-En," "Back to the United States," "Fukien Christian University," etc. The trip across the water was majestic. When the boat started sailing, everybody was in a good mood, singing the school song as though we were all going on a voyage together, rather than saying farewell. When the boat approached the big ship, both of us shook hands with everybody to say goodbye, and thanked them. Teddy's mother had tears in her eyes. My tears dropped down too. Teddy told his mother that he wanted to help all his brothers and sisters to come to America to study. She could come too; and we would be back again. Finally, the four people of our family got on the big ship. When the university boat left the harbor, we stood on the side of the deck, waving our hands to say goodbye. By that time, I was crying uncontrollably. I heard a lady on the ship saying, "The President wants to go to America. His wife is reluctant to leave FCU."

The boat to Shanghai was set to sail early morning the following day. The workers spent all night loading. It was already the mechanical cargo transfer era, so the noise was very loud. The cabin we booked was for foreigners. The first time we came to America, taking the boat from Fuzhou to Shanghai, we were able to book two rooms. This time the boat was too full. Fortunately Phoebe had asked her brother's help to book this room for us. There were upper and lower beds, also a sofa in the cabin. Helen and Ying slept in the upper bed. Teddy slept on the lower bed. I slept on the sofa. Over the years, I let Teddy use the best accommodations because of his poor health.

After saying goodbye to the people from the university, the four of us felt very happy. We walked everywhere to watch what was going on around the ship. Before we left the harbor, no food was provided. There were many small boats selling food by the ship. We preferred to eat

the food we brought with us. The day was still not dark after we finished eating. I suggested going out to play again. Teddy wanted to sleep. It was around 7 pm in the evening. Teddy always felt tired every evening for a few months. He lay down and fell asleep right away, and woke up in the middle of the night, unable to sleep anymore. That night he must have felt carefree when he was relieved of official duties. He lay down in bed and slept for twelve hours. He said he did not hear the noise outside or the children climbing onto the upper bed, and did not know the three of us were in and out.

The next day when the ship left the harbor, the weather was warm and sunny. The four of us stood against the rail to watch the scenery. Sailing the Mingjing River out to the sea affords the most beautiful scenery anywhere. There are hills on both sides of the river. The ever-changing rocks on the hillside are in many different shapes. One may look like a boot; another, like a tiger. A person may travel the world and not find a sight more beautiful.

Arriving in Shanghai, we stayed in the Zhu's family home again. They were living in a three-story bungalow inside the French concession. Wen-Yu Huang and her husband lived on the second floor. Our family lived on the third floor. The first floor was the living room, dining room and kitchen. There was a beautiful small garden inside the walls.

Getting passports to go back to America was not a problem because the American ambassador to China at that time was the former President of Yenching University, Leighton Stuart. Teddy had the hiring letter from USC in his hands. Formerly the administrative personnel of 13 Chinese Christian Universities held meetings in Shanghai once or twice every year, so Teddy and Leighton Stuart knew each other. According to the custom then, all people immigrating to the United States needed chest x-rays. Of course we had to follow the rule.

After the anti-Japanese war, many overseas Chinese students returned to participate in rebuilding their country. Our good friend, Dr. Zhe-Chuan Chen, worked at the Shanghai Central Research Institute for biological research. When he came back to China, he brought a refrigerator with him. Before he returned to America in 1947, he sold the refrigerator for 600 to 700 US dollars. The buyer paid him over 1 million Yuan in Chinese national currency during the inflation period in China. He did not know what to do with so much Chinese currency. Zhe-Chuan told Teddy about his emergency. The president of Farmers' Bank sent a truck. We followed it to Zhe-Chuan's home. The driver and the bankers put the Chinese currency into two big bags and took them to the bank. The next day the Farmers' Bank gave us a check. We were in a hurry to use the check to buy Chinese rugs. That was a very interesting experience in the country during the inflation period.

Returning to America, we took the same kind of modified troop transport. Its name was something like *Marine Adder*. It also had separate cabins for men and women. After a few months of crisis, this trip was like our vacation. The night before we arrived in San Francisco, I could not sleep all night from worrying that the immigration officer seeing Teddy's x-ray would not let him in because he had only one lung. If that happened, all four of us would have to return to China. After the ship docked, we all lined up to see the immigration officers. When it was Teddy's turn, I saw from the side he was talking to the immigration officer with relish. They two talked and laughed like teammates because the man knew Teddy was a professor at USC.

They talked about USC football. At that time the USC football team was the national champion. Teddy and our two daughters were USC football fans. That man was also a USC supporter. That's why their conversation was so amiable. After seeing Teddy's x-ray, the officer said, "Your wife and your two daughters' lungs are normal. Of course your disease has already passed the infection period." He shook Teddy's hand to say goodbye, and wished him a bright future. We passed a critical examination in that way. That night the four of us stayed in a hotel in San Francisco. It was my turn to sleep all night. When we left for China, we rented out the upstairs rooms to other people. When we decided to come back to America, we wrote a letter to the tenant. It happened that the downstairs rooms were vacant, so the tenant moved downstairs, and we returned to live in the same house we had lived in before.

Chapter 13

1947: Returning to Southern California

When we came to America to study in 1937 and later became professors, we shared a feeling of impermanence. Now that we had finally immigrated to the United States as permanent residents, it was time to make a long-term plan. In 1948 we bought our own big house. There were three bedrooms upstairs. Teddy and I used one room; Helen and Ying each enjoyed a private bedroom. Growing up in America, the children felt that having their own bedrooms as teenagers was completely natural; otherwise life would be abnormal. There was a big rooftop upstairs. The living room downstairs was so big that we put down both of the Chinese rugs we had brought back. Two sofas and a few chairs occupied only half of the living room, so we bought a big piano to fill up the other side. Besides that, we had a dining room, a study, and a small family room. There were two desks in the study. The basement was also very big. The hot water tank, heating stoves and washing machine were all in the basement. Most important of all: We had space for all those suitcases, large and small, that we brought back from China. The basement had a door to the back yard. Teddy came home every day for lunch and a nap, so we located ourselves within five miles of USC.

We entertained a lot of people in this big house. In addition to friends, relatives and distinguished guests, the most important visitors were Chinese students. During that time, over 30 Chinese students were studying at USC. Every year on Christmas Day or Chinese New Year's Eve, they all came to our home for the holidays. I was the only cook. Teddy and the children were the helpers. After dinner we all stood around the piano singing Christmas songs, with Teddy playing the piano. He did not need sheet music. Any song he could sing, he could play on the piano. I admired his talents very much, and hearing him entertain our guests like this gave me great happiness.

One time, Chinese students from all the universities in Southern California came to our home for a dance party. The two Chinese rugs were rolled up to make room for a dance floor. Those who didn't dance could sit on the chairs in the living room and dining room. There were snacks and drinks in the study room and the kitchen, so quite a few people stayed in the kitchen. Over a hundred people joined the party that night. We had a lot of fun. We could not dance, but we were very happy to enjoy the fun with all those young people. Many American organizations depend on dance parties to make money, and the tickets are not cheap. We charged nothing for admission that night.

After Teddy returned to USC he concentrated on studying Chinese issues, especially the manner in which China was being governed by the Communist Party. He sought to propagate Chinese culture and American /Chinese cultural exchange. The following are organizations outside of the school that he was in charge of or participated in:

- (1) China Society of Southern California: This was the only society in the Los Angeles area at that time that propagated Chinese culture. The founder was Dr. William Hummel. Teddy was invited to give a speech one time; after that he became interested in it. From 1942

to 1944 when Teddy was the association president, the organization enjoyed an unprecedented boom. He invited famous people such as John Anson Ford and David Ferry to be the directors. Ferry was a famous attorney, born in China. His father was a doctor for Shi-Kai Yuan. For two years of Chinese National Days, Teddy invited first-class speakers. The first such speaker was John B. Hughes, a prominent news reporter during the radio era. Television had not been born yet. The meeting place was the Ebell Club. John B. Hughes was doing the on-site broadcast. A few hundred people attended the meeting. By coincidence, that was the day that America increased the immigration quota for Chinese people. Everybody's spirits were particularly high. The second year Teddy invited Pearl Buck, whose book *The Good Earth* had been made into a movie. She was very famous at that time; later she won a Nobel Prize. The organization met again at the Ebell Club, and again had a few hundred attendees. Now the person in charge of the China Society says that Teddy gave speeches for them many times. During the fiftieth anniversary celebration, Teddy was invited to be the chair of the conference. He organized an afternoon forum and delivered the keynote speech at dinnertime. The attendees were two times more numerous than usual.

- (2) Association for Asian Studies: This is the biggest Asian association in America, representing all East Asian countries, India, and the Philippines. China of course is the most important country in Asia. The association has an annual meeting. Teddy was a member. He attended the annual meeting every year, and was in charge of the discussion group. I remember one time the meeting was in Washington, D.C. Teddy invited all the China experts to a Chinese restaurant for dinner. A lot of effort went into negotiating menus and prices and calculating each person's share. Teddy posted a notice requiring everyone to register at a sign-in desk. He enjoyed putting together special events like this.
- (3) Association for Asian Studies West Coast Conference: The Association for Asian Studies was formed on the east coast of America. The most important members were all outstanding American east-coast scholars. In the beginning the meetings were held in eastern cities. Later people began to advocate holding meetings in different big cities around the country, including the west coast. One time the meeting was held in San Francisco. Teddy gathered all the representatives from the west coast universities. Their conclusion was to form the West Coast Conference so that the west-coast scholars would have more chances to publish their research and host academic forums. The West Coast Conference is still active today.
- (4) Association for China Studies: This association was also formed on the east coast. The initiators were Qi-Bao Cheng, Guang-Qian Xue, etc. They invited Teddy to join when the association was formed. At the beginning the meeting was only for one Saturday at the University of Maryland to discuss China issues for the whole day; then the Chinese Embassy would invite them for dinner. Because this meeting was devoted to Chinese issues, Teddy was interested from the beginning. Soon he was elected president. During his presidency, the annual meeting expanded into three days of events, starting on Friday evening and ending on Sunday noon. Just like other academic organizations, the meeting emphasized discussion and publication of research. At first the meetings were held

mostly in Washington, D.C., or New York, but now they are held in different cities throughout the country. Teddy participated every year, playing an important part until three years ago, when he could no longer make the long-distance trip. In 1990, when the annual meeting was held in Orange County, we went to the dinner party. The person in charge awarded Teddy a medal.

- (5) Chinese-American Faculty Association: Teddy started this association and served as its first president. This association has a dinner party every year, inviting Chinese celebrities to speak. Members are professors at universities in southern California. They invited me to join their 1991 annual meeting. The second president, Professor Chen of Caltech, gave a speech about Teddy's life which could be regarded as a memorial for Teddy. Later other celebrities also made speeches.
- (6) Chinese Benefit Society: This organization was especially set up for elderly Mandarin speakers. During the anti-Japanese war and after the Communist Party took over China, Chinese and Taiwanese students did not want to go back. They stayed here, having families and pursuing careers. Some people brought their parents here too. The American government gives very good benefits to old people. Anyone can apply for S.S.I. and receive over \$600 per person per month after age 62. Medical care is free. The rent for resident seniors is only a couple of hundred dollars per month including water, electricity and gas. The Chinese do not need to support their parents after they come to America. If the parents get sick, the children do not need to hurry back to Taiwan or China. A famous Chinese person, Shi-Zhi Hu, once said that America is children's paradise, young people's battlefield, and old people's grave. That was true years ago. However, today in America old people can lead happy lives, living near their children and enjoying all of the benefits. The Chinese old people tend to live in apartments for the elderly where they can visit each other and play mahjong. Some old people would rather live in senior citizen housing than with their children.

Formerly the only Chinese association for old people was for speakers of Cantonese. Now there are organizations to serve speakers of other Chinese dialects. The Chinese Benefit Society was the first old people's association speaking Mandarin. Teddy was the first president, serving for two 2-year terms.

- (7) FCU Alumni Association Los Angeles Chapter: The Los Angeles Chapter of the FCU Alumni Association was formed a few years ago. A meeting was held once a year just to wish Teddy happy birthday and longevity. They also got in touch with alumni in China and Taiwan. The FCU does not exist anymore. Teddy was the living symbol of FCU. In 1991, the meeting was to wish Teddy "h□". (Wishing a happy birthday for a deceased person.)
- (8) Tunghai University Alumni Association Los Angeles Chapter: The Tunghai University Alumni Association, Los Angeles Chapter has many members. Every year they invited us to their annual banquet. On the day of Teddy's memorial service, the Tunghai University Alumni Association sent us a big wreath.
- (9) Ren Society Los Angeles Chapter: This fraternity was formed in 1944. The parent club started at Columbia University in New York City and has over 60 years of history. During

that time, Chinese students living in America battled feelings of loneliness. White male students had their own fraternities in every American university, so Chinese students wanted to get organized too. The purpose of this organization was friendship because they were all planning to go back to China after finishing their studies. That is why the association song has the objective of benefiting the country and people of China. When Teddy was in New York, he was selected to join the society. He formally joined after he returned to Fuzhou. At that time, the Fuzhou Ren Society had only a dozen or so members, all of them movers and shakers of Fuzhou society. In the 1930s, officials and business people socialized together without their wives. The Fuzhou Ren Society was more westernized, with families always gathering together. Teddy was very satisfied with the Ren Societies in New York and Fuzhou, so he formed the Los Angeles chapter in 1944. At the beginning, there were only a dozen members. Everybody participated in the monthly meetings. They had dinner at a Chinese restaurant first and then came to our home to chat and discuss the affairs of the association, and eat ice cream. After the San Francisco Chapter was formed, Teddy established the west coast annual meeting. The Ren Society has chapters in every city on the east coast. There is one annual meeting for the whole country. The Los Angeles Chapter gained 64 new members from 1944 to 1987. Teddy hosted all of the introduction ceremonies. In 1987 Teddy was getting weaker. He still attended the monthly meeting occasionally.



Chapter 14

Working at USC

In 1947, Teddy returned to USC to serve as the Chairman of the Asiatic Studies Department. For the first few years he continued to teach Comparative Education. He also liked to teach a course on the history of diplomatic relations between China and America. This class belongs to the International Relations Department. The popularity of this class generated interest in China and motivated many students to study Chinese and/or major in Asian Culture. Later Teddy's interests turned to studying Communist China, so he was no longer teaching Comparative Education. However, the School of Education kept listing his name as one of the professors in the college.

Not long after the communist government had established itself in China, Teddy asked a friend, Min-Xin Li, to help us order the *China Daily*, *GuangMing Daily* and some magazines. Min-Xin Li was a graduate of FCU. Teddy helped him get his Ph.D. from USC. He returned to China after the war, working as a professor in Beijing. That was the beginning of Teddy's study of Chinese Communist Party issues. A few months later one of Teddy's American students, recently returned from Beijing, came to our home to chat. He said, "When the communist army entered Beijing, I and the citizens of Beijing stood in the street to welcome them. The communist army's entrance was very majestic and orderly. It looked almost as good as the American Marine Corps. "He had studied Chinese at USC and later joined the Marine Corps. He said he bought the *China Daily* the first day when it was published, and had never missed a day in the last few months. Besides that, he also bought some small newspapers and magazines. He gave Teddy a valuable gift: Two big boxes of Chinese newspapers and magazines. With this gift of "China Daily" from him, plus the newspapers Teddy ordered, the USC Theodore Chen library now has the complete collection of *China Daily*. The President of USC was very interested in international affairs. After the Communist Party took power in P.R. China, he gave Teddy a grant of a few thousand dollars. That enabled Teddy to ask his friends in Hong Kong to help him buy research materials.

At this time the American government also began to study the activities of the Chinese Communist Party. One day in 1950, Teddy received a letter from an institution of the American government, asking him to research Chinese Communist Party issues. The grant for the research project was hundreds of thousands of dollars. Teddy showed the letter to the Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences. He could not believe it, thinking the number was wrong. When Teddy wrote a letter of inquiry, the number proved to be correct. In an American university, if a professor can get a grant, his status is enhanced because the school can use part of the grant to buy equipment and fund improvements to buildings and libraries, etc. The institute providing the grant was also willing to give the money to USC because the school could supervise the project. The money was to be kept at the school. The school would pay the salary to the researchers. Teddy was able to get this grant because one of his students working in that government institute recommended Teddy as an ideal person for this project.

Teddy started writing letters to many universities in America to hire Chinese who had their Ph.D. degrees. Many candidates applied for the job. Teddy hired Shao-Er Ong, who had just received his Ph.D. in rural economics. Besides him, many talented people with backgrounds in psychology, history, political science, religion, journalism, and philosophy were hired. My major was sociology. Over a dozen of these Chinese people would get together to read Chinese newspapers and books. We got along very well. We lived an academic life and felt satisfied. The friends in Hong Kong helping us to buy research materials also got some of the money. When Lan-Sun Dai studied for his master's degree at USC, he took Teddy's Chinese-American Diplomatic Relations class. Teddy studied Chinese issues out of purely academic interest. His work had no political tendency.

While all of our academicians were busy researching and writing, Teddy already planned to write a book, and had made contacts with a publishing house to publish it. His efficiency was several times higher than ours. Before our booklets were completed, he had already finished his book and submitted it to the publishing house. Soon the publishing house returned the manuscript to him, saying that this was the first book using Chinese source material to study Chinese Communist Party (CCP) issues. Everything was fine except that the evaluations of the CCP were too positive. They requested modifications of the manuscript before the book could be published. Teddy was disappointed. He showed us his manuscript and the evaluation. Everybody said that we did not expect such a thing would happen in the United States. During that period, the American people were against the CCP. A book publisher of course has to think about market sales. Teddy would not change his standpoint; therefore the book was not published. Only a few of our researchers knew about this. The CCP initial policies had many benefits; the party was supported and loved by the Chinese people. That's why Li-Zhi Fang and Bin-Yan Liu joined the CCP. I think Teddy's academic attitude was very objective. He covered both the good and the bad about the CCP.

Our researchers wrote two or three booklets, with the copyrights retained by the U.S. government. I wrote a booklet about the impact of CCP policy on families. Two years ago, a lady in Texas sent me a big bag of printed material. She said the president of a small college in Texas where her husband was teaching had copied a lot of material into his master's thesis from my booklet without quoting the source. The teachers at that college were working to oust the president. She said that I should sue him. At that time Teddy was very weak, and I did not have the energy for litigation. I replied to her letter saying that this thing had happened in 1960. The statute of limitations had expired; besides, the copyright of this booklet did not belong to me. I joked with Teddy, "You have many publications, and nobody steals content from you. I write one thing and someone steals it. Obviously, I'm a better writer than you."

The grant from the government only lasted two or three years. We were dismissed after that. Most of the researchers are still our good friends.

The USC Asiatic Studies Department was improving year by year. Four-year courses were set up for students studying Chinese and Japanese, and selected Chinese Ph.D. candidates who had finished all of their coursework except the dissertation could serve as professors. The department also set up courses in Chinese and Japanese Culture. During the period when Teddy was researching CCP issues, the researchers organized a course called "Communist China." They

took turns presenting the publications of their research results. After the project ended, Teddy continued to direct this course. I also taught a course called “Chinese Family and Society,” covering both ancient and modern times. Students majoring in this subject could select the History of Chinese-American Diplomatic Relations course or an Asian subject from another department.

In 1945, Teddy’s friend applied to the Chinese Kuomintang government to give scholarship help to five students in the Asiatic Studies Department. Each one got \$5,000. Teddy accepted students from other states. The Asiatic Studies Department granted both BA and MA degrees. He also applied for the authority to grant Ph.D. degrees, but this was not approved. When there were fewer students, Teddy often invited the students majoring in Asian Studies to our home for dinner. When there were more students, all of the professors brought food to campus to share with the students.

Teddy always advocated that every college at USC have a Far East expert. Of course that was not easy. He once formed a committee hoping to achieve this goal. Soon the History and Religion Departments hired their first Asian experts. Coincidentally, the American government gave financial aid to qualified colleges to revitalize their Asian Studies programs. Teddy represented USC to apply for this aid and got it. Every college at USC could hire an Asian professor. The American government paid the salary. Therefore, the number of professors in the Asiatic Studies Department increased to over ten. Before the professors were all of yellow skin, but now two white men with Chinese and Japanese expertise were hired. So the “East Asian Studies Center” was created. Financial aid for students was made available. For these reasons, the number of students in the department suddenly increased a lot. Participating universities had to reapply every year for government assistance. If the money was not used up, it had to be returned. Therefore the money was spent desperately before the end of each year.

From 1960 to 1970, Teddy was also the director of the East Asian Studies Center. He strongly encouraged the professors to participate in academic meetings in various regions throughout the country. Teddy chaired the annual retreat talks for the teachers, students and their families in Idyllwild on Thanksgiving weekend. That was a USC meeting place. In this way, the faculties and their families got to know both the students and each other better. Teddy also arranged academic research and other entertainment programs. Part of the student expenses were subsidized by East Asian Studies Center. Teddy often went to Washington, D.C., and the Far East for the meetings.

In 1960, Teddy received a Carnegie Foundation Grant, also worth hundreds of thousands dollars. I remember the school appreciated Teddy very much, because that year USC had a Ford Foundation matching grant. No matter how much money Carnegie gave USC, the Ford Foundation would match it. Teddy was able to get so many grants because he often went to New York to visit the institutions that gave them.

In the past, American high school students had to learn one foreign language. Students could study French, Spanish, German, Latin, or Greek. Nobody ever studied Chinese or Japanese. Teddy proposed that if any high school included Chinese or Japanese in their curriculum, the Carnegie Foundation would pay for the Chinese or Japanese teacher’s salary. For that Teddy

had to go the Department of Education and local school districts to encourage and promote the study of Chinese and Japanese. During the first few years, all high school students studying Chinese or Japanese gathered at USC for speech or performance contests. Suddenly learning Chinese or Japanese became very popular.

At Teddy's memorial service, the College of Arts and Science director said, "Among all the professors working at the College of Arts and Sciences, nobody but Teddy got so much financial aid from outside sources." One day the UCLA Asiatic Studies Department director came to see Teddy saying, "The President wants me to ask you, 'How do you get so much money from outside sources to fund your school?'"

In 1967, at age 65, he retired from the Asiatic Studies Department. However, USC invited him to continue working as the Director of the East Asian Studies Center for three more years. During the 1967 graduation ceremony, the board of directors awarded him an LLD honorary degree. In 1970, he retired from the East Asian Studies Center. The School of Education invited him back and gave him a nice office. There was a commemorative plaque hanging outside of the office to appreciate his contributions to comparative education. Besides that, they designated a room in the School of Education library as the Theodore Chen Bookroom. Teddy transferred the balance of the Carnegie grant from the Asiatic Studies Department to the School of Education and hired a full-time secretary to help with his writings. In 1973, the Carnegie grant money ran out. He did not plan to apply for it again, but he continued to write books. After his retirement, he wrote two books about Communist Chinese education. Both books were successfully published. Generally speaking, his 35-year career at USC was smooth and successful. We can say that he did it in bursts of vigor. After the Korea war, a few thousand Chinese soldiers unexpectedly surrendered to coalition forces. The American army lacked the capacity to communicate in Chinese. A soldier who had been a USC student volunteered to translate for them. An American news reporter interviewed this soldier, who said that he learned Chinese at USC. He also said that he had been influenced by Teddy to become interested in Chinese. After the Vietnam War ended, a former USC student was among the released prisoners of war. When he returned to USC, the school gave him a warm welcome. A *USC Daily* reporter interviewed him. He also said his interest in Asian culture had been inspired by Teddy. The school invited him for lunch, and invited us too. Teddy, who had studied education, could not go back to his own country due to the Chinese and Japanese War. He automatically became a Far East expert, so he could promote the culture of the country, oppose the Japanese, and provide aid to Chinese in order to serve his country more. I think Teddy was simultaneously a visionary and a patriot. A few days ago, I attended the Yenching Alumni Association Los Angeles chapter meeting. I introduced myself, saying that my name was Wen-Hui Chung, a graduate from Yenching in 1931. However, those people in Los Angeles all considered me to be Mrs. Theodore Chen. That day, the speaker was the director of the Asiatic Studies Department in some university. He began his speech by saying, "I am so glad to meet Mrs. Theodore Chen today." I talked to him after the meeting. He said he had read Teddy's books and articles but had never met him. A long time ago, Occidental College had a big party, which we were invited to attend. The speaker that day was Edgar Snow. When we arrived, the President introduced us saying, "This is Theodore Chen." We did not expect it when Edgar Snow mentioned us twice in his speech. He said, "If I am wrong, Dr. Chen,

correct me please.” Of course Edgar Snow had read Teddy’s writings before. It could clearly be seen that many people knew about Teddy among the Asian Culture Experts group.

After Teddy retired, he went to his USC office twice a week and also participated in USC activities and dinner parties. The Asiatic Studies professors often told him, “What we do today is all built on your foundation.” Academics, politicians, and business people are all shouting “Pacific Rim” slogans, but Teddy was actually the pioneer in the promotion of Pacific Rim cultural exchange.



Chapter 15

Founding Universities Overseas

- (1) 1954: Tunghai University. The New York United Board for Christian Colleges Committee founded 13 universities in China. After the Communist Party took over China, all the school properties were expropriated. Yenching University turned into Beijing University, FCU turned into a pharmaceutical factory. So the Committee intended to open an FCU in Taiwan, which is now Tunghai University. In February 1954, Teddy asked USC for leave for one semester to go to Taiwan.

That was the first time we had been to Taiwan together. We lived in a Japanese-style house with one bedroom upstairs and one bedroom downstairs. The house also had a living room, dining room, kitchen, maid's room, and a toilet inside the house. The bathroom was Japanese-style. Water was heated by burning wood outside of the house and then using a big ladle to move the water from the bathtub to a wooden bucket to do the preliminary washing, followed by a soak in the tub to finish the bath.

Taiwan's weather is quite cold in February. Even with his coat on to eat breakfast, Teddy still felt the breeze. He tried to close the door tight but broke the window instead. The Japanese windows, made of wood frame and covered by paper, could be pushed back and forth. We lived in Taipei on Ertiao Lane off Chungshan Road. Teddy walked to the Chungshan Road office every day. The office included Dr. Wu De-Yao and an English/Chinese secretary.

In the early stages of preparation, the New York United Board for Christian Colleges Committee sent Thomas Graham as its representative. A few months later, Graham had to go back to America for some reason. The Committee appointed Teddy to continue the preparations. By that time the 15 candidates of the board of directors had been selected. A location was selected in Taichung. However, some of the lands were privately owned, which required multi-party negotiations. When Teddy left Taiwan, the lands had not been completely acquired. When Teddy arrived in Taiwan, the job seekers were plentiful. He was not planning to be the president, so he did not want to place his own people at Tunghai. Taiwan society hoped the school would open right away. Teddy considered that Tunghai must have a provost, so he introduced Shou-Qian Tang, who had a Master's degree from the College of Teacher Education at Columbia University. Tang had served as a Minister of Education in both Fuzhou and Taiwan. For him to work in the university, Teddy arranged for him to get an honorary doctorate from a small American university. Mr. Shou-Qian Tang worked at Tunghai University from the preparation period until he retired.

The director-general at New York United Board for Christian Colleges Committee was a good friend of Teddy's. When the director sent Teddy to Taiwan, Teddy asked him, "Are you going to put the President's job on my shoulder?" He said sending De-Yao Wu to go with Teddy was preparing Wu to be President. De-Yao Wu had graduated from University of Nanking. He was an outstanding student of Dr. Fenn. Dr. Fenn was teaching English at University of Nanking. Wu had his Ph.D. from Harvard University. Although his teaching

background was exemplary, people were against him because he was too young. His background was overseas Chinese from Singapore. When he was in America, he worked for the United Nations, not in the field of education. After Teddy went to Taiwan, he kept indicating that he did not want to be the President. In Taiwan, the Presidency of the Tunghai University is a good job. Many people wanted it. Nobody believed Teddy meant what he said. One of the directors indicated vigorously that he wanted to be the President. According to our view, he was competent. Teddy supported him too. Many people told Teddy that this person's private family morality was questionable. Teddy had just turned 52 that year. He had a Ph.D. from the Teacher's College at Columbia and had the experience to be a university president; he was also a Christian with an impeccable moral reputation. After much deliberation, the Board of Directors believed Teddy was the most qualified person. They selected Teddy three times to be the President, but he resolutely refused each time. (Tunghai University history book: Republic 44 years to 69 years, page 50.) Someone who wanted to be the President contrived an indictment against him at that time, saying that "His anti-Communist Party credentials are not thorough," and produced Teddy's book as evidence. He even caused the Ministry of Education to pressure the Board. Anyone working in Taiwan must be thoroughly anti-Communist; but Teddy had studied the Chinese Communist Party (CCP) from an academic point of view. Teddy had explored both the good and the bad about the CCP. That had nothing to do with being anti- or pro-Communist. I don't remember how this antagonist attacked him, but I remember one day Teddy came back from the office telling me, "Today was very hard. With great difficulty I persuaded Paul Wiant to stay. Now he is not quitting anymore." Paul Wiant was the Tunghai University architect who drew the blueprints. He was very unhappy to hear that someone was attacking Teddy. Paul Wiant opposed the unjust accusations against Teddy; that's why he wanted to quit. That was the reason Teddy told me about the crisis brought on by accusations against him for not being sufficiently anti-Communist. Wiant had worked as a design architect for churches in Fuzhou before. That was how he knew Teddy. Some Americans in Fuzhou loved and esteemed Teddy very much, thinking he could do no wrong. In addition, this American architect did not think that being "insufficiently anti-Communist" was a sin.

As I remember it, after that crisis the Board recommended Teddy to be President for the third time, and Teddy turned it down again. The reason was that he had asked for a leave of only half a year from USC. He had to return to USC to retain his credibility there. The Council wanted to send a representative to talk it over with USC.

Although Teddy did not want to become President, Tunghai University admitted that he had already made great contributions to the school because he had drafted the university's administrative and educational policies, advocated a set work and study system with emphasis on liberal education, etc. (Tunghai University book: Page 38 to 40)

Our life in Taiwan for six months was quite busy. The FCU, Yinhua, and WenShen alumni and the Fuzhou Fellowship Association all entertained us. Some of the government dignitaries were also Teddy's good friends. After we arrived in Taiwan, we attended many welcome dinner banquets. Later I also took time to give some banquets in return. When we decided to leave, we were given farewells for quite a while. The people living in Taiwan have a very strong human touch.

After Teddy left, the Board recommended Yue-Nong Zeng to be the President. Yue-Nong Zeng was one of the old-fashioned scholars. Already 62 years old, he was the great grandson of Guo-Fan Zeng. He resigned two years later. The next President, De-Yao Wu, also resigned a few years later. It could clearly be seen that it was not easy to be the President of Tunghai University.

We left Taiwan for Hong Kong and returned to the United States by boat. We wrote a letter to Lan-Sun Dai, who had selected Teddy's classes when he was pursuing his Master's degree at USC. He replied to our letter saying, "My mother wants you to live in our home." Lan-Sun's mother was a Fuzhounese. In 1954 Helen graduated from college, came to Taiwan for two months, and returned to America together with us. We planned to buy some antiques and Chinese artworks in Hong Kong; we also bought two old-style small tables and new clothes for each of us, so we had to return to America by boat. The *President* had started sailing again, so we took it back to the United States. Teddy and I stayed in the same cabin room; Helen enjoyed another room alone, so perhaps not all the rooms were occupied. On the boat, we met a Doctor Smith, who was working in Twenty Nine Palms, over 50 miles from Los Angeles. We played bridge with Doctor Smith and became good friends.

- (2) 1959: Maritime University. The dean of the USC summer school hired Teddy as the director of USC Summer Maritime University. There were four full-time professors, including Teddy, and one part-time professor, which was me. Full-time professors taught two classes. I only taught one class. The other three professors' wives were there too. Two of them were librarians; one was the secretary. In this way, all the wives got paid too. That school was jointly organized by the American Teachers' Union and the USC summer school for the whole country. The students were teachers from middle and elementary schools. They had registered for classes at USC, so we already knew how many students we would have. The students could buy their textbooks on the yacht. All the necessary reference books were turned in by the teachers to the librarian for central depository.

The *Mariposa* was a luxury yacht that accommodated over 300 guests, half of them U.S. students and half of them ordinary passengers. Teddy and I stayed in a first-class cabin. Our berth was very large, with a bed on each side, a dresser table in the middle, a bathroom, and a closet. We had classes while the yacht was sailing. When the yacht stopped, we would go onshore for sightseeing. In the evening, we came back to the yacht to sleep. The yacht started from Los Angeles, stopping first in Tahiti and proceeding to Australia and New Zealand. On the way back, we stopped at Samoa, Fiji, and Hawaii. USC gave Teddy \$600 for unexpected expenses. Two professors drank at the bar every day. Teddy disliked all of that. These two drunken gentlemen asked Teddy to spend the \$600 on fun and entertainment. Teddy would not listen to them and returned the money to USC later. These two professors were very unhappy about that.

There was an announcement that ladies should wear long dresses and men wear formal suits for dinner on the yacht. Teddy had worn the same two black suits when he made speeches for all those years. Prior to the sailing, he bought a white suit. He said the first night he would not wear a suit. If there was one man in the dining room not wearing a suit, he would not wear one. In the end the suit was still new. After he passed away, I gave it to Goodwill.

On the yacht we liked to take walks on the top deck. We walked before breakfast, in the morning, in the afternoon, and again in the evening.

We liked to play bridge too. There was a bridge competition the first afternoon. We did not go because of a teachers' meeting. That night we found the couple that won the competition in the afternoon to play bridge the whole evening. This couple has remained our good friends. On the yacht we joined the bridge competition every afternoon and won most of the time. In the evening we played with that couple. After the six-week summer school ended, we were the champions on the yacht.

On July 14, the yacht stopped at Sydney. One Chinese student studying in Los Angeles wrote to his parents ahead of time asking them to entertain us. Mr. and Mrs. Liu came to the yacht to meet us and then took us everywhere for sightseeing. Dinner was at Mrs. Liu's sister's nightclub. I told Mr. Liu, "Today is Teddy's birthday." The band played "Happy Birthday" and we all sang together. Australia is an English-speaking country. Over 100 people celebrated Teddy's birthday that night.

- (3) In 1962: American professors went to Taiwan to study Chinese culture. This summer school was launched by the Taipei embassy culture counselor Pardee Lowe. He asked Teddy to preside over the school; it could be said that the school was the result of this two-person collaboration. The other three professors were selected by the American Department of State. The students also sent their applications to the State Department. They picked 31 students from these applicants. We had a good impression of Tunghai University, so Teddy selected Tunghai University as the school location. The criterion of picking students was whether the student could incorporate Chinese culture into the curriculum they were teaching after they returned to their university. The students paid for the travel expense. The American government gave them \$75 per week for living expenses. The students lived in the dorm; the professors lived in the guestrooms. Rent was free for all. We also stayed in the guestroom for one night. After talking it over with President De-Yao Wu, we borrowed a two-bedroom house from an American couple that was vacationing in Europe.

In the maid's room lived a couple and their child. They took care of our housework, and we paid their salary. The husband cooked the meals; the wife cleaned the house. That year I wanted to relax and enjoy our life, so I told the cook some of our eating habits. He was put in charge of everything. In the evening I paid him back. In this way we only knew what we were going to eat when we sat down for dinner. The Taichung City government wanted to provide for our safety. There was a security guard to protect our house and the residences of the teachers and students. One night it rained heavily. The second day the cook told me that the security guard wanted to come into the house. The cook would not let him in. I said I would have let him in if I had known about it.

The summer school lasted about eight weeks, with morning classes four days per week. Each of the four professors taught one day per week. In the afternoons some VIPs were invited to give speeches or watch performances, such as Tai Chi or Chinese music. I was invited to speak about the Chinese family. Those VIPs were all famous Taiwanese scholars. Some of them were contacted by letter before we arrived in Taiwan. They were all paid for their

speeches. The person responsible for leading this group to visit was hired from Taiwan ahead of time. The students were required to accompany the group on field trips, but the teachers could go as they liked. I often went with the students. After the 31 students and professors returned to America, they made great contributions to the advancement of Chinese culture. Some of them were already China experts before they went to Taiwan. We often met them at the Asian Society meetings. One of them studied Chinese Christian Universities and often wrote to Teddy to ask his advice; one organized a discussion group within the Asian Society and invited Teddy to be the chairman; and another was introduced by Teddy to become the director of the China Conference. We met every year and he was always our good friend.

Some of the professors in 1962 wanted to learn Tai Chi. Twice a week a Tai Chi instructor came at 6 o'clock in the morning to teach them.

Before going to Taiwan in 1962, we went to Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia's capital, living at my niece Min-Zhang Chung's home. It happened to be my birthday. Min-Zhang set up a three-table banquet. The guests were Kuala Lumpur celebrities, Fuzhou friends and Wenshan classmates. Min-Zhang had gone to elementary and middle school at Wenshan, and high school in the Philippines. After she graduated from Jinan University in Shanghai, she taught at Kuala Lumpur Teacher's University. The friends in Kuala Lumpur called her Mrs. Chung. I was not used to hearing it because it seemed like she had stolen my name. In 1950 Min-Zhang was invited by the State Department to USC to study for six months. From Kuala Lumpur we went to Singapore for five days. We lived for two days at the home of my brother and his second wife, and three at the home of my fifth sister. It was 30 years since we had left my brother's home in Shanghai. This was the first time we met the new sister-in-law, Phoebe. My brother was working for the Singapore government and living well. The last time I had seen my fifth sister was in 1928 in Fuzhou, when I was returning to Yenching that year. Later my fifth sister and her husband immigrated to Singapore, and were now living a good life in a big house with maids, cars, and chauffeurs. My brother-in-law was in charge of the Office of Education for Overseas Chinese. We were really busy during our five days in Singapore. FCU alumni and friends got together to invite us for dinner, and individuals invited us separately. Two days after we arrived in Singapore, we received an invitation from Chen Liu, chairman of the board for Singapore Chinese University. He invited Lin YuTan Lin to be the President of Singapore Chinese University. Before we arrived in Singapore, we heard that Lin YuTan and Liu Chen had already split. Lin YuTan had resigned as President of Singapore Chinese University; an Alumnus of FCU with last name Zhuan was acting president. Unfortunately that night my fifth sister had already scheduled a three-table banquet for us.

We discussed it with my fifth sister and some friends. People living in Singapore all knew that Liu Chen was an important person in Singapore. It was not polite to turn his invitation down. So my fifth sister's banquet was moved one hour ahead of schedule. We went there to meet all the guests. After that Liu Chen sent a car to pick us up. In my memory the banquet had only one table. Liu Chen wore a short white gown, black pants and a pair of brown sandals, dressed very casual. Like most of the Chinese in Singapore, Liu Chen and most of the guests spoke the Xiamen dialect. We are from Fuzhou, so we spoke Chinese with them. Lin YuTan was from Xiamen so he spoke the same dialect as they did. Fortunately Teddy would absolutely not be a President in Singapore. After the dinner, we thanked them

and left. Coming to Singapore this time, the most important thing was seeing my brother and fifth sister. The fifth sister died before my brother. This trip was the last time I saw her. After leaving Singapore, we went to Vietnam and were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Yong-Li Liu. Liu was the Chinese Economic Counselor in Vietnam. After they graduated from the Southwest Associated University, they got their graduate degrees at USC and became our good friends for life.

From Vietnam we went to Thailand. After Shao-Er Ong left USC's research job, he had been working in undeveloped countries doing rural economic improvement projects under the United Nations. Although he lived in Bangkok, he often went on business trips to various undeveloped rural areas in Asia. It so happened that the gentleman who created the storm of "insufficiently anti-Communist" was also in Thailand. He worked as a Taiwanese ambassador in Thailand during that time. Having heard from Shao-Er Ong that Teddy was coming, he was really sincere to invite us. Actually we only stayed in Thailand for two days. Shao-Er let the ambassador in Thailand have one night to invite Teddy to a banquet, and he treated us like friends and family. I believed his sincerity because he found out later that Teddy truly did not want to be President of the Tunghai University; he also realized that the decision of Tunghai University not to hire him as President had not been influenced by Teddy.

- (4) In 1968: American high school teachers went to Taiwan to study Chinese culture. This was also launched by the American Department of State and administered by the USC School of Education. This time the American government very much encouraged teachers in American high schools located in Asian countries to apply. Of course, high school teachers in America were also eligible. The State Department sent out notifications for the teachers to apply. The students who were interested in going to Taiwan to learn Chinese culture sent their resumes and applications directly to USC, to the Asiatic Studies Department if I remember correctly. Teddy hired another general secretary who was a Ph.D. candidate at the School of Education to be in charge of the applications. Only 50 people were selected. Again, the main criterion for selection was that the applicants must incorporate Chinese culture into their high school classes. That year USC sent Teddy and another professor in the School of Education, plus the general secretary, to run the school. The State Department sent an additional two professors to go with them.

To select the school location and the room and board facilities, Teddy made two trips to Taiwan. I don't know why he selected the Taipei American School. The school was set up for the children of Americans working in Taiwan. The selection of curricula from elementary school to high school, and even the hiring of teachers, were all done from America. The Taipei American School was located in Shilin. During the school year, there were school buses to pick up students from each station in Taipei. In summer, the school gave three months' vacation. Many American teachers came back to America for their vacations, so their houses were vacant. Some of the houses were in Shilin, some in Tianmu. People living in Tianmu had to take buses to go to classes. Tianmu's houses were better than those in Shilin; professors paid for the rent themselves. The amount of rent depended on the house. I did not discover how students paid for their rent.

We were living in a two-story house in Shilin. Downstairs had one bedroom for the maid. Upstairs had three bedrooms. Each of us had one bedroom, the doors of which were very close to each other. By placing an electrical fan outside the door, both of us could enjoy the breeze. The weather and air in Shilin are better than Taipei. Tianmu was even better than Shilin.

Monday through Thursday the students had classes in the morning. The four professors each taught one class. In the afternoon, Taiwanese celebrities were invited in to give speeches or performances, just as they had in Taipei. This time some students wanted to learn Chinese. The school hired a Chinese teacher to teach Chinese in the afternoon, but not many students joined the class.

Friday to Sunday was devoted to field trips, so a tour guide was hired. The summer school students were mostly teachers from all over the America, with only one from a Los Angeles high school; one was from Japan. She was a Japanese citizen growing up in America. Another was an American from the Philippines. The American government subsidized the students at the rate of \$75 per week. The students paid their own travel expenses. The American high school teachers who participated in summer school had higher chances of getting raises or promotions.

- (5) In 1970: Teaching in Germany. According to the American system, all military personnel can retire after 20 years of service. After retirement, they can get 50% of their salary for the rest of their lives. Wiesbaden was the American Air Force base in Germany. During the daytime, military personnel worked in the army; in the evening, they could go to classes freely. Many American universities have campuses in Germany to prepare retiring military personnel for their second careers. Suppose someone joins the army at age 20. After serving 20 years in the army, they are only 40 years old. That's why these military personnel need second careers. The USC School of Education also had a campus in Germany. The classes were taught all year round. A long time ago, the dean of the School of Education invited Teddy to teach in Germany. Teddy did not want to go. I was the one asking him to go in 1970. Teddy did not like travel because of his physical constraints. Outside he could talk and laugh, treating people in a lively and friendly way. He also liked to go out for social engagements, and to invite friends and guests home for dinner. He was competent to go on trips for business, but his most enjoyable life was staying home, reading books, writing, and playing bridge. He liked to get up early and go to bed early. When he felt tired of reading, he would go outside to take a walk and breathe the fresh air. The criteria for us to select our residence were very simple: Less than five miles from USC and easy walking for exercise.

In his life, Teddy has been to many places, but always to fulfill some task. I knew I couldn't ask him to go to Europe for sightseeing, so I asked him to teach. He taught the summer school in Germany. We lived in the five-story dorm of the U.S. Armed Forces Club in Wiesbaden. Our living place had two bedrooms and a bathroom in the middle; a refrigerator was placed in a recessed space near the front door. Each room had one twin-sized bed, one desk, one dresser, and a sofa chair. We paid someone to clean the house and to change the sheets every month.

Teddy was teaching the Comparative Education course. Every Monday and Wednesday he taught at Wiesbaden. It is within the walking distance of the Club. Tuesdays and Thursdays he taught the same class at Rhine Main, which was over 20 miles away from Wiesbaden. Originally there was a professor from the USC School of Education, a former student of Teddy's, teaching at Rhine Main on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Unfortunately the class was cancelled because not enough students registered for it. Therefore Teddy went there with a female professor from Utah. This female professor bought a Volvo sports car ahead of time. The back seat was very low. Two weeks later, her husband came from Utah, and every evening he went to class with his wife. This white man was taller and bigger than Teddy. If Teddy sat in the back to go with them, he had to lie down on the seat. Fortunately, one of Teddy's students in Wiesbaden had a very good impression of Teddy. He volunteered to transfer to Rhine Main to take Teddy's class, so he could give Teddy rides every day. From the perspective of the student, both classes were identical, with the same amount of credit. That student became our good friend. After he returned to America, he came to visit us twice. He was an Air Force officer.

Teddy taught classes every evening from 7 pm to 10 pm with a 15-minute break. Every Friday to Monday was free time. Most of the professors went to other European countries for sightseeing and shopping. Teddy was not interested in this. The whole summer we lived in Germany, we followed a friend's driving trip to France for one weekend; on the Fourth of July weekend, we went to London for a few days, staying at the home of one of Teddy's former students at Yinhua. The student's name is Jia-Shong Wang. His wife Yang-Cao Ma is the daughter of the famous Chinese economist Yin-Chu Ma. Both Jia-Shong Wang and Yang-Cao Ma were my classmates at Yenching. The same summer we visited attractions in Germany. We once asked the tour guide why they built such a high wall. The tour guide said it was because West Germany paid such high salaries. If the wall were not so high, all the East German people would go to West Germany to work. We also felt that the streets of East Berlin had no people and no cars. The tour guide explained that everyone was working during the daytime. After we returned to West Berlin, we took a lot of pictures of places like the American checkpoint and the watchtowers of the Berlin Wall. Now all these have become historical sites.

Living in the U.S. Armed Services Club in Wiesbaden, we ate all three meals in the club's dining room. The prices were fair. However, I lost my appetite after eating American food for a few days. Before, when we were on the *Mariposa* yacht and eating superior western food with more selections, I lost my appetite after four weeks. I felt nausea when I saw beefsteak and salad. Teddy was better than me. The western diet did not affect his appetite. He could eat beefsteak three meals a day. In Germany, I neither cooked nor cleaned the house, so I felt bored. Therefore, I decided to prepare three meals every day myself. There was a place in Wiesbaden that kept all kinds of used household items. Of course they were reserved for the America army. We went there to borrow two electronic stoves, two cooking pots, some bowls, dishes and forks. I started cooking in the bathroom. We could buy food from American Army's PX or other stores. The food was both excellent in quality and reasonably priced. These places sold both American and local food. When we arrived in Germany, we received a card that enabled us to enjoy some of the benefits of

American military personnel, such as transportation. After breakfast, we walked to the German food market; in the afternoon, we walked to the PX; after that we took the transportation car home. In this way my life was much richer. Teddy needed books to prepare for his lectures, so we often went to the American Air Force Library to borrow books about Chinese culture. After dinner, Teddy went to teach his classes. Most of the time I would take a walk nearby, returning home to clean the dishes in the bathroom. There was a TV in the living room. I did not understand German so I did not watch TV. Every morning I bought a newspaper printed by the American army. There was a 15-minute English news report each hour on Armed Forces Radio. In the evening I had nothing else to do except use the radio we brought with us to listen to the news. Around 10pm I squeezed a cup of fresh orange juice for Teddy to drink when he returned home. After the summer school ended, the students were very satisfied with his teaching. The person in charge of the USC Germany campus wrote a letter to the School of Education asking Teddy to teach there again. Of course Teddy did not accept it.

Every time I went with Teddy to Taiwan, I did not need to cook or clean house, but I did not feel lonely or bored because there was no language problem. I could listen to the TV or radio. We had many friends there that I could talk to on the phone, and I also enjoyed many social engagements.

Nowadays, American hostages are sometimes detained by Iran or other Islamic countries. After the hostages are released, they are sent to Rhine Main by plane, and then to the Wiesbaden hospital for health exams. We have been to that hospital.

Summer School Classes Given Ship As Teachers Take South Sea Cruise

By NITA BISS
Asst. to the Editor

Graduate classes aboard a luxury liner, accompanied by genuine tropical environment, have become the newest feature of SC's Summer School educational program.

This past summer, 135 school teachers from 15 states traveled 16,000 miles for six weeks of summer session and a tour of the South Seas.

Four members of the SC faculty and two outside in-

structors offered classes in conjunction with the California Teachers Association. Of the 360 passengers aboard the SS Mariposa, 175 were teachers and 135 received credit for class work.

This is the first cruise of its kind and the largest number of miles ever covered by an educational group of this size. The group also had the distinction of being the largest tour group to cross the Equator in the Pacific.

Dr. Theodore Chen, professor of Asiatic studies and head of the department, served as educational director of the tour, teaching classes in "Comparative Education" and "The United States and the Far East."

Dr. Wen-Hui Chen, lecturer in Asiatic studies and wife of Dr. Theodore Chen, conducted a class in "Family and Social Life in China."

Dramatics found its way shipboard, as Dr. James H. Butler, DeMille professor of

drama and head of the department, led a class in "Experimental Theater and Production" and a class in "Recent Plays."

Dr. Joseph E. Weckler, associate professor of anthropology and department head, conducted courses in "Social Anthropology of Contemporary America" and "Peoples of the South Pacific."

His wife, Dr. Nora Weckler, a member of the psychology faculty at San Fernando Valley State College, taught courses in "Abnormal Psychology" and "Exceptional Children."

Classes in "Human Geography" and "Geography for Teachers" were led by Dr. John W. Reith, associate professor of geography and head of the SC geography department.

Dr. Lionel De Silva, executive secretary of the California Teachers Association and tour director, conducted a class in "Organization and Administration of Public Education."

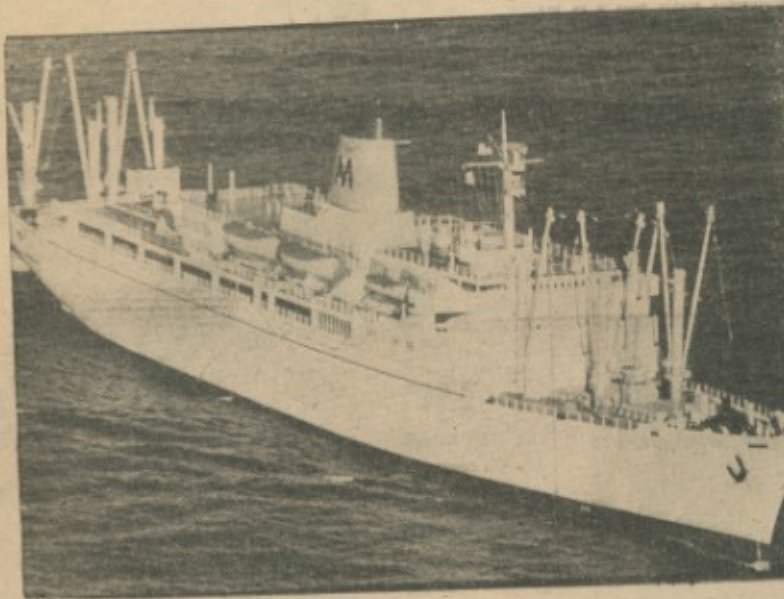
Classes met for 1½ hours daily during the days at sea, except for Sunday. They were held aboard ship in the theater, card room, recreation rooms and cabins.

The tour group left Los Angeles on June 22, and classes began the following morning at 7:30. Classes were also held at 9:15 and 11 a.m. Following classes, the students were free to participate in ship and tour activities.

Stops on the 42-day tour included New Zealand, Australia, Tahiti, Fiji, America Samoa, Hawaii and San Francisco. The ship was used as a hotel although land excursions were frequent.

Dr. Weckler, one of the tour faculty, pointed out that the main advantage of such a study tour was that students had the opportunity to form close associations with one another and travel together.

He indicated that the tour permitted practical application of his course in "Peoples of the South Pacific" as the students were actual-



SHIP AHOY—Scene of the South Sea Study Cruise offered as part of SC's regular Summer Session program is the SS Mariposa.

Teachers participating in the cruise were charged tuition for their classes as well as travel expenses.

Dr. Weckler reported that the "school" aspect of the tour was very successful and the people studied and were able to conduct good discussions. His only criticism was that the physical facilities for teaching were not as good as they might be under normal classroom conditions.

Dr. Reith found that educational standards on the cruise were able to be main-

Chapter 16

The Pinnacle

We could say that the period from the founding of Tunghai University in Taiwan until his retirement from USC was the pinnacle of Teddy's career in the United States. When we were in Taiwan, we received a letter from the USC Research Institute inviting him to be the speaker that year. The Research Institute selects one person from the whole USC faculty to give an academic speech each year. It was a great honor to be selected. I remember that night USC had a big dinner banquet. The president was sitting next to me. After Teddy's speech, the president said, "That speech should be printed into a booklet right away."

Teddy's involvement with the Maritime University, and the fact that the American government trusted him twice to be in charge of summer schools in Taiwan, show that people regarded him highly. Getting funding from so many outside sources to promote Asian culture at USC shows how much people trusted him. A few days ago, I wanted to find information about the American military personnel retirement system. I called someone named Commander Rolph. I told him that I was writing the memoir of Theodore Chen. His wife cut in from another phone saying that Dr. Chen's demeanor, eloquence, knowledge and vision in the classroom had inspired her. Rolph's wife had received her Master's degree from the USC Asiatic Studies Department. Many people selected his classes because of their admiration for the professor. For example, USC Vice President Carl Franklin, who was a navy officer in Long Beach when he was young, came to USC just to take one of Teddy's classes. Even today he still remembers the words Teddy used in his class. Later Carl Franklin went to a university on the east coast, got his LL.D., and returned to USC to work. He considered that his relationship with USC proceeded from attending Teddy's class. That the Chen Fellowship got started in 1991 was due to his help.

During this period Teddy was often invited to Taiwan for conferences. The first was the Yangmingshan Conference; later was added the China Issues Studies Conference. Those were all annual meetings. According to Teddy, one time when he was in Taiwan, he received a letter from President Chiang Kai-shek summoning him. Of course he went. During the conversation, he mentioned that he read the Chinese Communist Party newspaper collected by Taiwan government intelligence. (This of course was by a very special arrangement, approved by the intelligence service.) Teddy believed that the anti-Communist faction must know everything about the Chinese Communist Party; therefore Taiwan's intellectuals and academia must study Chinese Communist Party issues. Chiang Kai-shek told Xiao-Yi Qin, "Write it down quickly." Teddy believed that conversation gave rise to the Mainland Issues Research Board.

After attending the Yangmingshan Conference, Teddy thought the Taiwanese government had a lot of talented people. They desired good governance, so they invited scholars and experts from inside and outside the country to listen to the new opinions. The name of the conference was changed to the National Council for the past few years. It also had the same role.

The Taiwanese consul-general and news bureau were also very friendly to us. One day after dinner and tea, Teddy said, "*Current History* has asked me to write an article. The title is 'China

after Chiang Kai-shek'. I want to ask your advice." We did not expect that they would call Taiwan right away. The government invited us to Taiwan at once. We were treated to business class on the flight. When the plane landed, many TV and newspaper reporters and photographers were waiting with cameras and floodlights pointing right at us. The next day all the newspapers had our pictures. All the TV stations reported the news of Theodore Chen's arrival in Taiwan. We were having our first taste of VIP status. At that time Jia-Jian Yan was the President. He invited us in for a conversation. The next day, the newspapers posted our pictures again. It happened that a few important people of the Taiwanese government and party (such as Jia-Jian Yan, Guo-Ding Li, Yan-Shi Jiang and Minister Sun) were the members of the Ren Society. Yan-Shi Jiang and Minister Sun came to the place we stayed to visit Teddy. When Yan-Shi Jiang was the minister of Education, he invited Teddy for lunch one time. When Teddy came home he said, "That was simply a cabinet meeting with all great people of noble character and high prestige." Everybody was working earnestly, hoping the scholars and experts would provide more valuable opinions to build Taiwan into a heaven on earth. Teddy respected their dedication and ambition for their country. The Taiwan government always pays great attention to intellectuals, hoping the experts of the National Council can give the Taiwan government timely help.

Teddy said he had never looked for a job in his life; the jobs always looked for him. When he graduated from the university, the President, Gowdy, valued him very much and hired him to teach at Yinhua High School, later helping him to come to America to study. After he finished his studies in America, he returned to FCU. Before he got his Ph.D., USC invited him to teach summer school, which led to a distinguished career. Everybody knows he turned down two university presidencies. Actually he turned down a third one. When Teddy was in Taiwan, the President of Yangmingshan Cultural Institute, Qi Jun Zhang, invited him for dinner twice, asking Teddy to be the President of Yangmingshan Cultural Institute, Los Angeles / Orange County campus, after he retired. The location was in Santa Ana. The institute had already bought a big parcel of land there and put up the sign. Teddy never considered accepting this job. The candidates for vice president and the general staff had been appointed. Those people came to Teddy's office to discuss the presidency; Teddy kept turning it down. President Zhang promised to match Teddy's USC salary. Teddy knew that the school wanted to exploit his prestige to raise funds and attract students. Fundraising was not Teddy's specialty. He did not like such things. One time Hsi-Mou wrote to us saying he met with the vice-presidential candidate who said, "Your brother did not want to be president, so I missed the chance to be vice president." The Taiwanese government once invited Teddy to be a legislator, but he turned that down also. When Teddy was the director of the East Asian Culture Center, he often went to Washington, D.C., on business trips. At that time someone named John Caldwell at the Department of Education asked Teddy every time he saw him to work there. He said, "We here must have someone talented like you." Caldwell had grown up in Fuzhou. Teddy came home to tell me, "Other people do not know my difficulty. Going to an office to work at 8 o'clock in the morning and coming home at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, I cannot take such a life." So working as a professor was the only job that worked for him.

One day we received a letter from the University of Hawaii, inviting him to be the director of the Asiatic Studies Department. We both thought that was a great possibility. Hawaii's air is better than Los Angeles. I always love a seascape. If we could buy a beach house, letting the

sound of the waves lull us to sleep in the evening, that will be ideal. As a result of our communication with the University of Hawaii, Teddy received a formal letter of hire. Hawaii's cost of living is higher, so the salary offered was higher than USC's. Teddy showed this letter to the dean of College of Arts and Sciences. He affectionately retained Teddy right away. He said USC would match the salary Hawaii offered him. Usually the school gives the professors their raises in September when school starts. USC made an exception for him to receive part of the raise in February, with the rest in September. Teddy became one of USC's highest-paid professors. I felt dis-appointed that we could not live at the beach house. However, we were living in a self-designed custom home on the hill with a 270-degree view, and a big study room with built-in bookshelves and cabinets on one side. One wall of our living room had a built-in antique cabinet, and the front door had a panel with the big wooden Chinese character "h" which means "good fortune". A pavilion was built on the hill with the words "Ying Pavilion" on the lintel to commemorate our loving daughter. We were reluctant to give up this house too. So we had to give up the beach house dream. Being a wife sometimes means having to worry about a husband losing his job. I didn't have such concern.

At this time Teddy's popularity had already spread to general American society. In our photo album, we have a picture of Teddy and Helen Gahagan Douglas. That year she was campaigning for Congress and held a big cocktail party at her home. We were invited to go. We also have a picture of us with Jane Wyman when the movie studio was promoting her new movie. Jane Wyman was President Reagan's first wife. When Steve Allen invited Pearl Buck for dinner, he also invited us. We saw quite a few movie stars in their homes, but we did not know much about the movie stars' names because we did not see movies often.

One day Teddy was sitting in a chair in the study room, reading. I was writing at the desk. The phone rang. He answered it and laughed out loud, saying, "I have no acting talent." The person on the phone told him that his company was planning to make a movie called "The Ugly American," and he asked Teddy to play the part of the ambassador from Thailand. Teddy said, "When your company makes movies, the actors have to be on the set at a moment's notice. I have a full-time job; therefore I can't make that commitment. Teddy's life had to be arranged by him, not dictated by outsiders.

Teddy and President Nixon once showed up at the same event. One of the organizations had invited Teddy well in advance to give a speech. Later the chairman called to tell us that President Nixon was coming. The program table had both of their names on it. On the day of Teddy's speech, Nixon was campaigning for the presidency. When he stood on the podium, the chairman introduced him. He shook his hands with people. When enough people had assembled, Nixon made a brief campaign speech and left immediately.

We were also invited to a big gathering featuring President Reagan as the main speaker. We were sitting in the VIP row in front, facing the President. We could see him very clearly. Teddy's prestige was high at that time; the political societies and film organizations all invited him to join their activities. However, Teddy had no interest in these two types of organizations. During that time, Teddy's name was on the lists of American celebrities and American Education experts. After China opened to the world, one of our friends, Shu-sheng Chen, found our address on the American celebrities list and wrote to us. We did not move to this new address

until 1973. It could be seen that the American “Who’s Who” list re-published in 1973 still had his name.

Publications: Teddy wrote nine books. Fifteen times he collaborated with other authors, always contributing the chapter about education in China. Five different Encyclopedias had his articles. In addition, there were 122 articles published in all kinds of newspapers and magazines. “China after Chiang Kai-shek” was one of them. Up until his death he continued to write all of the articles about Chinese issues in the *World Book Encyclopedia*. The users of this popular resource are all high school and middle school students, so families with children wanted to buy it. When we had dinner at the homes of friends, we often heard the children mention the *World Book*. (The 1992 edition still keeps Teddy’s article and resume.) The rest of the encyclopedias all asked him to contribute articles. For example, the *Encyclopedia Britannica* asked him to cover the history of Chinese education from ancient to modern times. All Encyclopedias were revised and republished every ten years. The *Encyclopedia Britannica* first asked Teddy to write about Chinese Education History around 1970. In 1988 he was asked to revise his article for republication. The article he submitted in 1989 was his last academic contribution.

The Chinese textbook published in 1945 was dedicated to Helen and Ying in the hope that our children would never forget Chinese. The book published in 1960 was dedicated to me – “To Wen-Hui, My Partner in Work and in Play.” 1972 was our 40th wedding anniversary. Helen’s family came back to Los Angeles and arranged a 10-table banquet, inviting 100 people. That evening Teddy gave a speech recalling the book dedication and thanking me for our 40-year partnership. He had lived up to my waiting for him for eight years before our wedding. Our married life was somewhat different from most people at that time in that we had so much more time together. In traditional families, the husband worked outside the home and the wife governed the family life within it, while in modern families, both work daytime jobs. The two of us were able to stay together during most days. During the USC years, we went in to work together in the morning, came back together at noon, and usually stayed home in the afternoon. Every semester I taught the same class – “China’s Family and Society.” I liked my students and they liked me too.

This period the speech remunerations were especially high – up to two or three hundred dollars, and more for out-of-town speeches. I don’t know how much he got paid for the nationwide academic speeches in 1961. I did not ask him either because I believed he knew what to do and what not to do.

During that time we had a lot of social engagements. Everybody knew that invitations to Teddy must be booked a month ahead of time. Everybody knew that he was always on time, so the guests would arrive on time whenever Dr. Chen attended. If the host started the banquet within the 15 minutes of the set time, he would be happy. Otherwise he considered that his time was being wasted.

After he left the nursing home, he lived a very full and successful life. Over ten years ago, a Chinese professor was promoted to be Vice President of Caltech. I congratulated him when we saw him. He said our younger generation just hoped to follow in Dr. Chen’s footsteps. We could tell that most people recognized his success. Teddy was quite happy with his life too. Although

he was limited by his health and the environment, he still had bursts of vigor. That was enough to be glad about.

During all these years I cut out all of the newspaper and magazine reports about Teddy's speeches and interviews and pasted them into albums. I now have over 10 big albums. In those days, whenever something happened in China, the news reporters always came to our home or called him to ask his opinions. Examples include the establishment of People's Communes, the success of the atomic bomb test, and events of the Cultural Revolution, etc. When Nixon visited China in 1972, the *Los Angeles Times* interviewed Teddy, and so did *Time* magazine. One time when we were eating dinner at a friend's house, the TV happened to air a broadcast of one of Teddy's interviews. Another time he made a speech at New York Science Foundation. The topic was "Chinese Science and its Scientists." The *Los Angeles Times* published his speech on the front page the next day. It seemed that his speech was very newsworthy. It can be said that Teddy was a newsmaker.

Chen's Fellowship – I mentioned before that Teddy was particularly enthusiastic about helping to advance youth study. From 1969 to 1973, we helped one college graduate from Taiwan to study at USC graduate schools each year. An FCU graduate named Ming-Xun Ye formed a committee in Taiwan to be in charge of this project. Most of the members of this committee were FCU alumni; he also invited the American Embassy culture counselor to join. Ming-Xun Ye had status in both political and journalistic societies in Taiwan. He had been the president of Xinhua news agency, and he later became the Dean of the School of Journalism. Every year he explained to each newspaper about the procedure to apply for the scholarship. The application form had to be sent to one of the Taiwan newspaper agencies prior to January every year. The applicants had to have graduated from college and passed the TOEFL and G.R.E. tests. After all the applications were received, Ming-Xun Ye and other members of the committee would carefully exam them and pick three to send to us. We then picked one out of those three. The winner got free tuition and \$2,000 per year for living expenses. During that time the living standard was lower. Female students could live in a cooperative dormitory for only \$50 for room and board each semester. Male students had similar arrangements. The winners of these years all got masters degrees. One of them even got a Ph.D. Using these methods to pick winners, we received a lot of letters of inquiry. After the winner was picked, Teddy would help the student to apply to the appropriate college or department at USC. When the student was accepted by the school, we helped them to apply for the dorm. We picked up the student from the airport when they came. Later we still needed to help them with a lot of things. After Teddy retired in 1973, he did not have a personal secretary to work for him anymore, so the scholarship was stopped temporarily. The students getting the scholarships in those years all settled in the U.S. and had families and jobs.

After Teddy retired and moved back to the School of Education, he was very interested in the Theodore Chen Bookroom. The Dean planned to rebuild the library for the School of Education. A blueprint was drawn. Theodore Chen Bookroom was on the main floor with extensive stacks and a reading room. So Teddy set up a fund for the bookroom right away. In the future he was planning to hire a fulltime librarian to be in charge and buy new books. He also planned to have Chinese-style tables and chairs for the reading room. In 1973 we moved from the hillside house to flat ground and no longer had space for our antiques. We donated part of them to the School

of Education. There are three glass cabinets full of antiques in Teddy's office, all of which were prepared to be set up in the reading room. Unfortunately Dean Melbo got old and retired. The new dean did not plan to rebuild the library. Teddy contacted Taiwan; the Taiwan Forbidden City Museum donated over 4,000 copies of Si Ku series magazines (師古). All of them are kept in the Theodore Chen Bookroom, which is quite big, in the basement of the library. The door is kept locked. Anyone who wants to read the books has to ask the person on duty to open the door. The Theodore Chen Bookroom has many books about Eastern and Western culture and education. Now the dean of the School of Education wants to take out the books in English to display in one section of the School of Education Library and hang up a sign to memorialize Theodore Chen. As for his office, besides the three cabinets of antiques, I hung all of the commendations he received over the years on the wall, plus our pictures. That could be considered the Theodore Chen memorial hall.

After the Theodore Chen Bookroom setup was unsuccessful, Teddy decided to set up Chen's Fellowship. In the winter of 1988, we went to see Vice President Franklin and handed him \$40,000 as the initial funding for Chen's Fellowship, and we agreed to donate \$40,000 every year. Now that Teddy has passed away, I continue to do this. In the future the scholarship fund will be over one million dollars. Of course that has to wait until both of us have died and the fund reverts to USC. Then the fund will have enough money. In the summer of 1989, Teddy was getting weaker. I called the Vice President of USC in 1990, asking him if Chen's Fellowship program could start in 1991. I wanted to take the scholarship student to see Teddy, which might make him happy. The Vice President and the Dean of the graduate school were very cooperative. They found the way to divert some money from other foundations and school funds. Besides the \$40,000 per year, I have to donate a few thousand extra dollars. The 1991 winner, Xiang-Yang Lin, was a medical doctor from Fuqing County. He is now studying geriatric medicine at USC. He came to the U.S. a little late, so he did not get to see Teddy. The winner in 1992 was a female student studying computer science. Chao-Hui Ren's grandfather was an FCU alumnus. We only provide one year of living expenses for current winners. The winners after I die will get two years living expenses.

Before this book ends, I want to say that bridge was a very important part of Teddy's life. He played it well, with a highly refined style. After two or three rounds of bidding, he would know who most likely had what cards in their hand. If he did not have a chance to play for a while, his hands would start to itch. He once organized a USC professors' bridge club. Every month they took turns to meet in one of their houses. Bridge was blooming in those days. Later some professors got old and left the club, and others moved away. The club dispersed. Teddy also liked to sit down with three other master hands, either at home or elsewhere by invitation. Helen and her children often participate in the national bridge championship. It was a pity that Teddy could not have that opportunity.



Chapter 17

The Last Chapter

Because of the tuberculosis, Teddy had to eat more and rest more, so he gained weight. Before our marriage he had lived like an American, eating western food. After we were married, he was so grateful for Chinese cooking that he gained more weight. His weight climbed to 178 lbs. To buy health insurance, he had to get a health exam. The doctor found out that he had diabetes and recommended that he get back down to 150. Teddy was very good at self-control. As soon as he finished his allotment of food, he would leave the table to avoid watching us eat. After the success of this diet, he knew what kind of food, and how much of it, he should eat. The food had to be weighed and measured. His urine had to be tested after each meal to make sure there was no sugar. We bought nutrition books and memorized the starch content of every food. For example, the fruit he ate in the morning had to be measured after discarding the skin and core. If there was one piece extra, he would put it in my mouth. If there was not enough, he would take one from my dish. Due to his daily exercises and this high degree of discipline regarding food intake, the diabetes remained under control for over 10 years. Every two to three months he had to have his blood sugar checked. When Teddy was first diagnosed with diabetes, I went to the USC library to borrow quite a few books. Both of us read those books. He persisted in walking every day, rain or shine. If his blood sugar was a little high, he would chop wood, or go to the steep slope in back yard to pull weeds. Sometimes he sighed, saying, "I rest for lung disease, and exercise for diabetes." Fortunately his hands were quick, his feet were fast, and his brain was instantaneous; that's why he achieved surprising success.

After Teddy's weight dropped to 150 lbs, going to Taiwan for a few months helped him lose two more. When we returned home, Teddy turned down all invitations for banquets and speeches and began to live an easy and comfortable life. His weight did not gain any more. Generally speaking, if someone loses fat and continues to lose weight, it will be hard to gain it back. We have a scale in our bathroom like the kind used by the doctors. Teddy weighed himself twice a week. When he lost weight, he was worried and I was distressed. Usually when he went overseas, he got diarrhea and lost weight. That was the reason he did not like to travel very much. In conclusion, once Teddy had lost weight for diabetes, we both had to worry during the last decade of his life that his weight might drop too low.

When we were in San Francisco in 1946, I discovered that his face had a small lump and took him to the doctor right away. The doctor thought it was not a big deal. After coming back from China, we went to see an oncology expert. He told Teddy to have it checked once a year. The lump was a swelling of the salivary gland. Surgery for that condition may injure the facial nerve, hindering muscle activity and facial expressions. Ten years later the doctor said the lump had started growing bigger and that surgery was necessary. He was admitted to the hospital the day before the surgery, and I was there with him the whole day. In the evening, I did not want to stay in the big house alone, so I went to Li-Hua Ong's home to stay with her. I was like a frightened bird that could not sleep the whole night. The doctor said Teddy would be sent to the operating room at 6 o'clock in the morning, so I hired a taxi early in the morning and arrived

in his room at 5:00. When the nurse came to move him to the OR, I followed him until we got to the place prohibited to visitors. After the surgery, the wound was not wrapped. The nurse said we should prevent him from using his hands to touch the wound, so I stayed by the bedside to watch him. That was a Catholic hospital. Teddy stayed in a private room. In the evening I told the nun that I must stay in the room to watch Teddy. She allowed me to do that. I put two comfortable chairs together and found a blanket in the drawer. I slept very well on the chair that night. After the doctor released Teddy the next day, a friend came to pick us up and took us home. Two or three days later, Teddy's face was swollen. We called the doctor, who said it was caused by serum. Teddy needed to go to the hospital often to get the serum extracted. One day we went to a friend's home for dinner. His face was so badly swollen that I could not eat my dinner. With a smile on his face, he began to feed me. I said, "How can I eat when your face is swollen like this?" He said, "This is not a big deal. We can use a small needle to get it out. Everything will return to normal, no more pain. When I was living in the nursing home with water on the lung, the doctor inserted a big needle into my lung. That was very painful. This is nothing compared to that." He also said, "Anyhow, my life has picked up. That's why this kind of small thing will not worry me." I always admired his stoicism in the face of hardships. Every time we went to the ER, when the nurse took a few samples of blood and inserted the IV tubes into his wrists, my body hairs stood on end. He was indifferent. I don't remember how many times he had to get the serum extracted to return to normal. Fortunately, his facial nerve was not damaged and his facial expressions returned to normal. After the surgery, the doctor asked Teddy to get it rechecked once a year. One year Teddy called the clinic to make the appointment for a checkup. The nurse told him that the doctor had already passed away, from cancer as we later heard.

On December 26, 1968, Teddy had gallbladder surgery, which was not simple either. After two weeks in the hospital, he returned home with the wound still red. The doctor asked him to wash it with soap and water every day. I was afraid to watch as he followed the doctor's instructions. A few days later, he was admitted to the hospital again because of high fever. Normal people recover quickly after the surgery, but Teddy took a long time to recover due to diabetes. In normal people, the stitches are absorbed into the body in time. Teddy's wound was so infected that he had to see the doctor again and let the doctor remove the stitches. In summer 1970 when we were in Germany, he went to the American Army Hospital twice to have stitches taken out.

That surgery was scheduled right after Christmas. When I sent out the Christmas cards and letters, I mentioned Teddy's surgery on the 26th. Therefore an especially large number of visitors came to see him, and we received a lot of flowers. Many people from the Asiatic Studies Department and East Asian Culture Research Center visited him in the hospital. In the morning I still went to USC, and there was always somebody to take me to the hospital at noon. In the evenings, someone would give me a ride home. Every evening I would bring a few pots of flowers home because there was no more space in the hospital room. At that time we lived in the hill house. There was a walkway inside the main gate and another one in front of the study room. I put flowers all along the walkways. When Teddy came home, the walkways looked like flower gardens. That time Teddy's hospital room had two beds. His roommate was a shopkeeper. He admired Teddy's life very much. His wife also visited every day. One night

someone came to drive me home. The shopkeeper's wife insisted on going with me. The driver was willing to take her home too. The front side of our hillside home was all thick glass windows, from which we could see the nightlights of the whole city looking colorful and very beautiful. I turned on the back yard flood light so that we could see the trees, pavilion and grass, and also the many flowers by the walkway. She envied us even more. The day Teddy left the hospital, all the teachers and secretaries of the Asiatic Studies Department went to the hospital to pick him up and take him back.

Although the hillside house is beautiful, it is not suitable for the elderly. There are 22 steps to the front door, back door and garage. The hillside grows a lot of weeds which all turn yellow during the fall and winter. The weed pulling and watering were all Teddy's work. He fell two times. One day after lunch, I was washing dishes in the kitchen when I saw him sitting on the steps, moving down one step at a time. I hurried to open the kitchen floor-to-ceiling window, helped him to the room, and called someone to take him to the hospital. He said, "Not necessary. Let me take a nap." When he woke up, he said, "I can drive myself." Of course I went with him. After taking x-rays, the doctor did not think his bone was cracked. The injury was mostly muscle and nerve. The doctor used a very wide bandage to wrap him up. The second day, he went to the east coast to deliver a speech. Three days later he came home feeling very proud. He sat on the wheelchair at the airport. On the airplane, the flight attendants let him have three seats to put his legs on. When he got on the stage, with the chairman supporting him slightly, the audience did not realize he had any problem.

In 1973, we sold the hillside house and moved to an apartment-style house down the hill that was more suitable for the elderly. There were two bedrooms upstairs, plus one study room downstairs with a bathroom next to it. Older people who cannot walk upstairs can live in the study room. This community occupies 60 acres, a third of which are devoted to open space with lawn, flowers, and trees, so that the effect is like living in a garden. It is an ideal place to take a walk. As soon as we moved in, Teddy established the routine of an hour-long, fast-footed walk after his daily nap.

One day he went to have a bowel movement after breakfast. He discovered that the stool was too hard. The harder he tried to take care of this necessary chore, the more difficult it became. When it became so painful that he could neither sit nor drive a car, I asked a neighbor to take him to the hospital. The doctor put a laxative into his body and let him rest for one hour between two bottles. After three bottles, he still could not move his bowels. I went out to buy two bags of sandwiches and a carton of milk for him. After the food intake, he was able to go. From then on, the doctor authorized a colonoscopy screening every year. Of course he had to fast and empty the contents of the colon before the procedure. The strange thing was that the doctor had to remove small polyps every year for the first three years. Later the exam discovered colorectal cancer. Colonoscopy screening without anesthesia is very painful. I tried it one time and will not do it again. Teddy acted as though it were no big deal.

In 1979 Teddy had prostate surgery. It was supposed to be a minor operation to clear the prostate from the urethra. The surgery was in the morning. I asked one of his secretaries to stay home with me. The doctor promised to call me right after the surgery. By noon I had still not received the phone call. I asked the secretary to go to the Urology Clinic to ask. Somebody said

Teddy was still in the operating room. At 1 o'clock I asked the secretary to look for Sam, who was the doctor's assistant. Sam went in to take a look then told us that the doctor was still in surgery. At 2 o'clock I could not wait anymore, so I went to the clinic myself. The doctor had just come into his office. He told me, "I was just going to call you." Teddy was already out of danger. Because Teddy had diabetes, his blood could not stop flowing and his body would not accept the transfusion of blood, so the doctor had to stay by his side to monitor his condition until he was out of danger. This surgery used spinal anesthesia, putting Teddy in a semi-conscious state in which he was aware of many doctors and nurses rushing around in the OR. It turned out that he had been to the edge of death and back. At 4pm he was back in the recovery room. His face was so pale that it seemed drained of blood. I stood by his side for over two hours; his face color started coming back. I asked him if he wanted something to eat because he had not eaten any food over two days. He said ok. I asked the nurse to bring some soft liquid food. He could not eat it. I thought I would eat it myself, but I could not eat either. At 8 pm he felt well enough to drink some liquid food, so I went home to rest. Fortunately his sister Hsi-Yin was at our home. She prepared some dinner for me. I was finally able to relax a little and eat. The stranger thing was the Teddy looked like he was not even ill. The doctor discharged him only three days after his near-death experience.

Before the prostate surgery, the doctor thought that if the urine could not be completely emptied out, the over-accumulation of urine in the bladder would cause other problems. That's why we decided to have the surgery. A few years later, the prostate was swollen again. Sometimes the urine had blood in it. In the beginning the blood stopped in a few hours. We went to see the urologist again. One time the blood did not stop after two weeks; the doctor thought that the only solution was to have the surgery again. The first time when he had prostate surgery, his health was in fair condition. This time he was so weak that we would not dare risk another operation. So every time he had blood in the urine, I let him take Yunnan white medicinal powder. That seemed to solve the problem. One month before he passed away, more blood was found in his urine. I let him take the Yunnan white medicinal powder again. Half a day later the blood stopped, so I did not let him take any more. Now we still have a lot of the white medicinal powder at home.

June 30, 1982, was our golden wedding anniversary. Teddy was 80 years old. Helen and her husband came to Los Angeles to set up a 14-table banquet for us. At that time Teddy's body weight was 128 lbs., a little too slim, but his spirit was still strong. He could drive, read, write, give speeches, and manage things. Everything seemed to be normal. In summer of 1983 he was discovered to have colorectal cancer. San Francisco society had a Confucius ceremony; the 70th generation grandson of Confucius, De-Cheng Kong, was in charge of it. Teddy was one of 10 west-coast professors selected to receive awards. We promised that we would go to San Francisco for the awards banquet. The doctor thought it would be fine. The surgery could wait until Teddy came back from the award ceremony. We only participated in the award dinner, not the Confucian ceremony the next day. I told the doctor that the last time Teddy had the operation the surgical wound took a long time to recover, with many complications including the stitches not being absorbed. The doctor said this time Teddy would not have such difficulty.

Helen came back one day before the surgery, which gave me spiritual support. Around 5 o'clock in the afternoon, Teddy came back to the recovery room with many tubes in his body—oxygen, blood, and IV.

At that point, some friends, nephews, and nieces came to see him. I was so afraid of infection that I would not let anyone into the room. We all stood outside. I decided to hire a special care nurse. When I talked to the hospital, I found out that the special care nurse could not get there until 11pm. Teddy had not yet awakened from the anesthesia. Ping Chen and Jick Chen said they did not go to bed until 12pm every day. They could wait for the special care nurse to come. She arrived at eleven. After Ping Chen told me that on the phone, they went home.

Every time Teddy stayed in the hospital, I always wrote down the phone number of the nurse on duty and his room's telephone number, and would call the hospital two or three times in the evening. The next morning around 7 am, Helen and I went to the hospital. Teddy was awake. The tubes of oxygen and blood had already been removed. He looked much better. He was not happy that we had hired the special care nurse and argued with us. I told Helen, "Your father looks better. Let's cancel the special care nurse tonight."

The doctor told us that 18 inches of the large intestine had been cut away to remove the cancer, and the remaining intestine was clean. Teddy recovered quickly. After he was out of danger, Helen went back to work. In the evening, Ya-Ping came to stay with me. Ya-Ping, from Taiwan, is one of our scholarship students. Teddy stayed in the single bedroom this time. Because this was major surgery, many friends sent flowers. I put most of them outside in front of the ceiling-to-floor glass window of the study room. Some flowers were taller, some shorter; they all looked very beautiful. We had Kaiser medical insurance for over 30 years. The good thing about Kaiser is that it provides all kind of medical treatment. We don't need to look all over the place for specialists. The downside is that we don't have the freedom to select the room when we are admitted into a hospital. Other insurance companies allow the selection of a private room as long as the insured pays extra money for it.

A patient recovering from surgery cannot move much; they usually sleep on a special sponge mattress to prevent getting bedsores. At first I did not know that sponge mattresses are very warm. After Teddy came home, I still let him use the mattress. Unfortunately, the weather was very hot that day, reaching 105 degrees. A few days later, he was ill with diarrhea. He did not want to eat or even drink water. I had to call the doctor again and send him to the hospital for another week. When he came home, his body temperature was fairly normal. He brought another sponge mattress home. Teddy had such a hard feeling about this kind of mattress that he would not use one again even in cold weather. After this surgery he did not have problems with the incision and stitches, most likely because of advances in medical technology in the intervening 10 years. After that major surgery, aside from his weight loss, his body and spirit recovered well and he returned to a normal life. We often went out for social engagements and participated in the annual academic conferences as usual.

In 1984, one day after lunch, I was washing dishes while he went upstairs to prepare for his nap. When I went upstairs, I saw him lying in bed with his shoes on. I asked him what happened. He said, "I fainted. You go see the toilet." The stool was all black. I said it must be internal

bleeding. He said: "I am too tired to move. Let me sleep for a while." I called my neighbor to tell her the situation, and let her know that we needed to go to the hospital ER when he woke up. At the same time, I prepared the things he would need in the hospital.

This time he stayed in the hospital for two weeks. The first six days he had five blood transfusions, ate only liquid food, and had colon hydrotherapy. After an examination of the large intestine, small intestine and stomach, the doctor could not find where the bleeding was. When his red and white blood cells and blood pressure returned to normal, he came back home to rest. In 1985, he was bleeding again. After a week in the hospital and another transfusion for Teddy, the doctor still could not find the bleeding spot. Having lost 18 inches of intestine, plus the internal bleeding, Teddy's body weight dropped again. Although he was weak, he insisted on living a normal life. His movement was slowing down. Every day he took a walk with the walker from one side of the Village Green to the other side and turned back. Because his walk was so slow, he needed an hour to finish his route. He said at that time, "I only have so much strength. When I use it up, I won't have it anymore." Sometimes when he had no strength to walk back home, he had to ask a neighbor to drive him back. He walked every day for over a decade, so many people here recognized him.

In the fall of 1987, he went for the last time to the east coast to attend the annual Chinese Academic Conference. At the airport people wanted to give him a wheelchair. He refused and insisted on walking slowly himself. That year he also attended the west coast Ren Society annual meeting. Some new members had joined the society, and he felt obligated to preside over the induction ceremony. At the dinner, the man in charge prepared a big cake for him, with a few dozen candles for his birthday celebration. After everybody sang the birthday song, he went on the stage to speak. Everything seemed to be normal. We did not know that was the last time he would attend the west coast annual meeting.

Josephine Chen and her husband bought a big house in Palos Verdes. On December 25, 1987, they invited us there to celebrate Christmas with them. Ping Chen, Jick Chen and Hui-Hui Zhang drove us there together in our car. When we arrived, all of us including Teddy took a tour of the house. After the tour, we all went to the master bedroom to rest. The house was big with a beach view. Teddy sat in the biggest and most comfortable chair, and we all surrounded him to talk. I sat on a carved wooden chest by the end of the bed. I asked the host to give him a cup of apple juice. He only drank a few mouthfuls of juice; I finished the rest. Soon he said he needed to go to the restroom. He walked to the end of the bed. I was still sitting on the wooden chest. I saw that he could not remain standing. I opened both of my arms to catch him. He fainted in my arms. A few seconds later he woke up and asked me, "Where am I?" He still wanted to use the toilet. He had internal bleeding again. The host called 911 and the ambulance came. According to American policy, the ambulance must take the patient to the nearest hospital. When we arrived at the ER, I told the nurse that it must be internal bleeding. He examined Teddy at once and confirmed that diagnosis. However by policy, they also needed to check the lungs and heart. Fortunately I always followed Teddy to the ER every time because the doctors might not know what had happened to the lung when they saw Teddy's x-ray. I had to tell them that Teddy only had one lung. After the examination, they called the Kaiser Hospital near our home. Kaiser sent an ambulance to pick us up. When the emergency ambulance arrived, I told our nephews, nieces and the secretary to eat some dinner and come to

the hospital afterward. After dinner they all came to the hospital, bringing some food for me. I could not eat anything. When the Kaiser ambulance arrived, I followed it; the young people all drove to the Kaiser ER. Teddy was well enough to talk.

During the Christmas season the ER had a lot of food, mostly cookies. I could not eat food so I asked the nurse to give me a cup of tangerine juice. We had left home around 6 o'clock in the evening; it was midnight when we arrived at the West Side Kaiser Hospital. Again I told the ER doctor the details and handed him the x-ray film and other documents from the first hospital. I usually stayed in the ER and waited in the visitors' room for Teddy to settle down before going home. This time I was too tired to stay, so I went home with our nephew around 1 am. The next morning Teddy had a gastroscopy. The doctor found out it was the stomach bleeding, so he added stomach medicine in the IV. The bleeding stopped right away. We had been invited earlier to a big banquet on the 31st, New Year's Eve, because Ambassador Qian had come to Los Angeles from Washington, D.C. The doctor allowed Teddy to leave the hospital on the 29th, so we were still able to participate in that big banquet on New Year's Eve. Later Teddy told me twice, "That Christmas Day at Josephine's home, it would have been all right if I had died in your arms."

For many years, both of Teddy's eyes had cataracts and glaucoma, requiring eye drops every day and checkups every three months. About 1988, the eye doctor told him one day that his right eye pressure was too high, so the cataract on that side had to be cut right away. For 95% of patients, eyesight gets better after the surgery, but Teddy's case was different. We consulted many doctors and had laser treatment, but nothing worked. That gave him a big blow. Before the eye surgery, his eyesight was poor but he was still able to read books and newspapers and drive locally in the daytime, transporting himself to USC or Kaiser Hospital or the dentist. After the surgery, he could not drive anymore. Reading required the use of a magnifier or zoom lamp. He was very weak. I thought he might have AIDS because he had received blood transfusions prior to 1988. Sometimes he would proudly say that his blood was international. I asked the doctor to check him for AIDS. During the waiting period, he told me, "If I have AIDS, you can send me to the AIDS patients' home to die." I said, "If you have AIDS, I want you to live at home. If necessary, I will hire a nurse for three shifts to help me take care of you. I am willing to spend money because you made it." Of course we were relieved when the AIDS test came back negative.

One afternoon in the winter of 1988, he used his cane to go out walking. Later I heard him come back, and I assumed he was walking around in our little backyard, maybe looking at the flowers. Suddenly I heard him shout and fall again. During this period, if he fell, he could not get up by himself; I was also unable to pick him up. If there was someone outside, I would ask for help. That day nobody was outside. I put a relatively strong chair next to him, let him hold the chair, and grasped him from behind so that he was able to get up. After drinking a glass of water, he went upstairs to rest. We thought there was no serious problem, but who could know whether he would be able to get up at midnight? Usually he got up once at midnight to use the restroom and drink some liquid nutrition, so I called Kaiser Hospital and asked them to send the ambulance. It usually takes Kaiser an hour to dispatch an ambulance, not the same as 911. However, this was not enough of an emergency that we could call 911. While we were waiting for the ambulance, I gave him a bottle to release the urine and prepared some food to feed him

by tube. The ambulance came. I went with him to the hospital again. The x-rays did not find any broken bones. The doctor said if he needed a hospital bed, we could call the hospital tomorrow to ask for one. That night the doctor sent the ambulance again to take Teddy back home. He and I slept on the living room sofa chair, expecting he would recover in a couple of days. Two days later, my back hurt. We called someone to deliver the hospital bed, putting it in the dining room, hoping he would recover in a couple of weeks. Two weeks later, he was still not well. I hired someone to move the queen-sized sofa bed in the study room to the dining room and move the file cabinet to the closet in the living room. The study room became his permanent bedroom. From the winter of 1988 to June 1989, Teddy lived downstairs by himself in the evenings; he was able to take care himself. Sometimes he would go upstairs because he preferred the upstairs shower.

In 1988 Teddy looked fine except for walking slowly. He liked going out for social engagements. If the car parked near the restaurant door, he could walk in. Going to Kaiser to see the doctor, he had problems. Sometimes I went to the ER to get a wheelchair to save time and effort. Sometimes the social engagement was at a hotel that he could not get to. The doctor said the health insurance could not cover the wheelchair because he was still able to walk. I called one of his students named Mel. After Mel graduated from USC, he joined the army stationed in Shanghai. Teddy once introduced him to Mr. and Mrs. Wen-Yu Huang. After the war, we saw him at Wen-Yu Huang's home. That day Helen and Ying were very happy to see someone speaking English. We went back to Fuzhou hearing that Mel was retired from the army already and had his business in Shanghai. Unfortunately he contracted polio. At the hospital, he married a Chinese girlfriend and the couple came back to America. Mel's mother was very rich, also happy about someone taking care of her handicapped son. After Mel came back, he went to a vocational school to study and later got a job. He drove his specially made car and used a wheelchair for over a decade. After Mel's mother passed away, Mel got the inheritance and became very wealthy. Lately he had been driving a big van, also specially made for a handicapped person, and was now using an electric wheelchair. We had kept in contact with him for over 10 years. I called Mel to ask him if he had an extra wheelchair. Three days later, he brought the wheelchair to our home. They had a metal ramp inside the van. Using the ramp to cover the steps of our front door, his electrical wheelchair could roll into our living room. That day Mel and his wife had lunch with us and chatted.

Teddy liked to go to banquets. Having the wheelchair, it was more convenient for him to go to many banquets at hotels or at USC. He ate less outside than at home. He died on May 7. We had already promised to join the School of Education Ph.D. candidates' graduation ceremony breakfast on May 9. On May 6 I asked him if he still wanted to go to the breakfast. He said yes. Actually his health had deteriorated rapidly in the last week. I did not think he should go.

In June 1989, one day his stool showed blood again. I called the neighbor again to take him to the ER. I stayed there with him until someone took him to his room. It was a private room. I expected that with stomach medicine to treat the bleeding, he would return home soon. I saw the male nurse before I left and asked him to take care of Teddy. At midnight I called the nurse on duty. The nurse said, "He would not sleep. We just gave him a sleeping pill. He is probably sleeping now." The next morning, I called the hospital again to talk to Teddy. The nurse said, "He can't pick up the phone because he fell last night. Today he is having a mental disorder." I

was shocked and called Hui-Hui right away. She came at once. We went to the hospital together and saw him awake. He wore a vest with a belt. The belt was tied onto the handrail of the bed so he could not get up. I asked him, "Do you recognize me?" He said loudly, "No." I asked, "What happened last night?" He did not answer me. I believed he was angry, not that he could not recognize me. In the morning, he had to get a checkup for his stomach and intestines, so Hui-Hui and I went to the bank. After we left the hospital, I cried all the way. In the afternoon, I went back to the hospital looking for the male nurse. He said, "Last night he fought with me." Teddy wanted to get up by himself, so the nurse tied him up. I felt that was strange because Teddy was always polite to the nurse. How could he fight with the nurse?

The first day he was in the hospital, the nurse tested his blood sugar, which was too low. They gave him a cup of orange juice. A few months previously, his blood sugar had been too high. The doctor gave him a pill to take once every day. I thought that if he took the medicine and ate more starch that might help him to gain weight. After taking the medicine for a while, the doctor tested his blood sugar again. It was still high, so the doctor asked him to take two pills a day. Unexpectedly the blood sugar was too low when he went to the hospital.

The doctor found his stomach bleeding again. That time the hospitalization did not go well. The first two days he did not sleep, so the nurse gave him sleeping pills, and later an injection. He finally fell asleep. The third day I went to see him; he was still sleeping. I did not make any sounds and was afraid of waking him up. It turned out that this was no small matter. Teddy always loved to sleep like this in the last two years of his life.

Teddy was very unhappy about the hospitalization this time. He said, "They treated me like a prisoner." He liked to sleep but had no appetite. Every morning I called the nurse asking them to feed him breakfast. In the afternoon and evening I was there. I helped him up to sit on the chair and feed him. He still ate very little.

A brain specialist was called in to determine if Teddy had brain damage. A CAT scan was done, but it did not find anything wrong. One day the internal medicine doctor told me that they had done everything they could do. I could pick him up and take him home after two days. The doctor also said that Teddy could not take care himself because he could not control his bowels. I had seen all this in the hospital, so I had already found a helper. The first man to interview was Doctor Chong-Xin Yu. I booked him right away, asking him to come the night before Teddy was discharged from the hospital. The next day I went with Doctor Yu to the hospital to pick up Teddy. I was afraid that Teddy would not like Doctor Yu, so I called a professor at the School of Education, asking him to go with us and let Teddy sit in his car. I asked the hospital to give me a few mattress pads and the vest to tie him up, thinking all these were necessities. After two weeks in the hospital, Teddy began to improve once he was home. At first I put the mattress pad on the bed and put up the handrails when he slept. We did not expect that he would be able to control his bowels. A few weeks later, I would not put the mattress pad on the bed, and did not raise the handrails anymore. I cut his food into small pieces and served it in a big bowl; he could use a spoon to eat the food himself. Doctor Yu and I would practice Tai Chi and Qigong with the music on the front porch. Twenty minutes later, Teddy would be almost finished with his food.

The first few months nothing unusual happened. Later some accidents happened that meant we could not practice Qigong anymore. After breakfast Teddy would lie down to rest. At 10 am, he got up, ate some fruit or orange juice, and then went out to walk; after the walk he lay down to sleep again. At noon he got up to eat lunch and went to bed again after lunch. At 3 pm, he got up to drink a half-cup of Ensure or Isocal (a nutrition drink in a can); then he went out to walk again, returning to sleep once more. At 6pm, he got up for dinner, listened to the news and watched TV. At 8pm he prepared to go to bed. He would fall asleep right after lying down in bed. Sometimes at midnight he used the little bottle to urinate; other times we helped him up.

For someone having poor health, loving sleep is better than not sleeping. When he was idle, the person taking care of him had an easier job. Sometimes he could even put on his clothes, socks and shoes, walk to the bathroom, and come back out without assistance.

This time when Teddy was sick, it was relative easy to find a helper. Because more people coming from China lack steady employment, legal status, and English skill, they are willing to work as domestic helpers. Most of these people are intellectuals who adjust relatively easily to the new life. Doctor Yu was a surgeon for many years. His wife was still a doctor in China. Yu's family is very religious. His father, also a doctor, died a martyr's death. Yu's two brothers were beaten to the point of serious injury. Doctor Yu liked to sleep on the floor when possible. Our living room and dining room were not used when there was no visitor, so the carpets were still clean. In the evenings, Doctor Yu put the sponge mattress we brought back from the hospital on the floor to sleep on; in the daytime he read and wrote on the dinner table.

I often ordered the religious magazine *Daily Words*. After Doctor Yu came to our home, the three of us shared spiritual study before breakfast. I read from *Daily Words*; Doctor Yu read the Bible passages assigned by the magazine. Sometimes we had a discussion followed by a prayer. After Doctor Chong-Xin Yu's brother came to stay with us, all four of us had the spiritual study together. If there was information Teddy liked in the *Daily Words* for that day, he would put the booklet into his pocket. In January 1991, I ordered a large-print subscription to *Daily Words*. Every day Teddy read the booklet, and he enjoyed this routine very much. I felt very comfortable about our morning spiritual study. Teddy had grown up in a Christian family. He always proclaimed that he was a Christian. I felt very pleased that he had a chance to communicate with God in his later years.

Doctor Yu devoted his life completely to God. Every Sunday he went to services at three churches. He came to America to study theology. After school started in the fall, he had all-day classes on Mondays and afternoon and evening classes on Tuesdays and Thursdays. In this way, he had three days away from home in the daytime. When he was home, he had to prepare for the classes and write articles. Both of us felt plenty busy. For a while, Teddy was walking by himself in the mornings and afternoons. One time Teddy fell, and I took him to the hospital again for x-rays. He would now require full-time care. As we faced this dilemma, Doctor Yu's brother Chong-Jia Yu came from mainland China. We all liked him. These two brothers had good feelings about each other. Chong-Jia also liked to sleep on the floor. The four of us got along together quite well. When Doctor Yu was not there, Chong-Jia was always there, except on Sundays when both of them went to church services. Under their care, Teddy was making more progress. He could walk a longer route using a cane instead of a walker. Chong-Jia would take

Teddy to walk outside. When they passed outside the dining room ceiling-to-floor windows, Teddy blew a whistle, and Doctor Yu would turn the front porch light on and off a few times to give him a signal. When Doctor Yu worked in the dining room, he liked to open the window curtain to see the trees outside. Teddy would walk to the living room door and blow his whistle again. Doctor Yu would open the door to greet him. If I was home, I would walk to the front door to greet him. If Helen was home, she would do that too. Jesse often stayed upstairs helping me sort out the bills. Teddy said there was one person missing. In the afternoon we repeated the same ceremony. That gave Teddy more happiness. He blew his whistle vigorously, like a child. On Sundays when I took him to walk, there was nobody home. When we walked outside of the dining room and living room, he would blow whistle the same way. I told him that there was no one home, so he did not need to blow the whistle so hard. He would not listen to me.

In the fall of 1990 someone introduced Chong-Jia to work as a Chemistry teaching assistant at a city college over a hundred miles from Los Angeles. Doctor Yu needed to go to school too. I hired Lao Hu, who was a Chinese medicine doctor. Every day when Lao Hu took Teddy to walk, Teddy still blew whistles. I opened the door to greet him. On Christmas, Robert came and gave Teddy two new whistles and a beautiful ribbon. Every time Teddy went out to walk, he hung a whistle around his neck, blowing it zestfully as usual. When he passed, I put these two whistles and the ribbon in the pocket of his burial clothes.

Teddy was normally an active, intelligent person who loved to move around. A couple of times he became fretful when confined to bed due to sickness. He felt powerless and desperate. When he was anxious, he said, "Why can't I do anything anymore?" I had to comfort him by saying, "You have done many important things before. Now it is your time to rest." When he got angry, sometimes he would put the blame on me. Most of the time, he was very happy or sleeping quietly.

Actually he was a very lucky man. For a while there were three of us taking care of him. Our home always had company for him. I spent a few hundred dollars installing six smoke alarms, in case there was fire and he could not run outside himself. I also prepared all kinds of food and water in case of earthquake because he could not survive without food. Every time he took a bath, he sat on a chair comfortably. The chair was put inside the bathtub. His hands grabbed the handle and people used water to rinse him. The person helping him would wear a vest and short pants, and sweat all over. He did not have to move a finger. At his bedside was an electric bell that would summon help whenever he rang it.

The doctor still checked Teddy's eyes every three months. Every day we put drops in his eyes. We made a chart and marked on the chart after we administered the drops. One day the doctor said his left eye cataract was ripe for surgery. Teddy was not very enthusiastic about this idea. I told him, "If you have the surgery, your eyesight will improve a lot, and maybe your brain will be sharper too." He agreed with me. After the surgery, his eyesight seemed to be better, but it did not change his brain function.

One day at dinner time, Doctor Yu asked me, "Mrs. Chen, why are your eyes so red?" I said I did not know. A few minutes later, Chong-Jia Yu said, "Why is your ear so red?" I was a little frightened because I had felt dizzy the whole day. My eyes and ear were red; those symptoms

can be predictors of strokes. I announced that after dinner I would go to Kaiser to see the doctor and asked Doctor Yu to take me to the hospital. We left right after dinner. I also asked Chong-Jia Yu to watch TV with Teddy. Hui-Hui came to our home. Chong-Jia told her that I had gone to the hospital ER. Hui-Hui followed us there right away. Doctor Yu and I were still waiting outside of ER. Hui-Hui left soon. I let Doctor Yu go home, but he insisted on remaining with me. When we left Teddy at home, we did not expect that Teddy would be very worried about me. But he put on his coat and demanded that Chong-Jia call Hui-Hui to take him to Kaiser, fearing that he would never see me again. Hui-Hui called Kaiser asking me to call Teddy to comfort him. I did that. Going to Kaiser without an appointment, we had to wait at every stop, from emergency room to outpatient care, to family pharmacy, and back for an electrocardiogram. When I came home, it was already midnight. Teddy was still wearing his coat, having refused to go to sleep. He was very excited to see me back, and held me tight. His face had tear tracks. I also held him and comforted him. I said, "I am ok. I want to live much longer and take care of you forever." He was like a frightened child. I helped him to take off the coat to get in bed, and wished him good night. Usually he could sleep a lot, but when something happened like that night, he could stay up for many hours. The same was true with social engagements.

After two years of recuperating at home, Teddy could control his urine and bowel movement very well. Only two or three times he had accidents when he could not get to the bathroom on time. Immediately after the large intestine surgery, he had bowel movements three or four times daily. The last two years were better, one time each day. During the last decade, he had upper back pain, lower back pain and leg pain. Sometime he used a medicinal liquid, sometimes medicinal plaster. After lying in bed for two years, all pain was gone. For many years, his skin was dry and itchy all over his body. He would devote up to an hour after bathing to applying medicine to it. During the period he was lying in bed, his itchiness was gone too. In the last month of his life, he had a little urine drip. I took him to see the urologist. After the examination, the doctor thought his bladder had no problem, and referred him to ER to see an internist. This doctor checked his pulse and blood pressure and took a chest x-ray, but did not give us special instructions. We had to go home. I used a safety pin to fasten a cut towel to his pants as a diaper.

During the last month of his life, he had no appetite. I had to feed him every meal. I encouraged him to eat more because I wanted him to live a few more years. It was no use. He could not lift up his spirit, and slept a lot. After meals we had to dump his bowl of food, or half of it. The last week, his urine could not be controlled. He said himself that, "I do not know when the urine will come." Therefore, we had to use diapers in this situation.

May 5 was on a Sunday, so I was alone taking care of him. Our life had become a routine: Three meals each day plus two snacks and two walks. The last month he was so tired that his walk route had to be shortened. On May 5, he ate his breakfast as he did everyday; then he went to bed to sleep. I went to the market to buy four big bags of diapers. When I came home, Lao Wang said Teddy would not eat fruit today, nor would he walk. I felt his forehead, which seemed a little too hot. I said I would take him to the ER in the afternoon. He would not get up to eat lunch. Lao Wang and I ate something; then we helped him up, put on his clothes, and let him sit in the chair. We gave him a straw to drink liquid food. He drank very little. Lao Wang went to get the car; I helped him to go outside. In the backyard, he would not walk anymore.

He wanted to sit down. Lao Wang carried him to the car. When we arrived at the hospital, we put him in a wheelchair and pushed him to the ER. The nurse checked him and found that his blood sugar was too high, although the body temperature was normal. She sent us to the General Outpatient Care Unit. The GOCU sent us back to the ER. I was upset. I told them, "The patient is too tired. I want him to lie down right away." The nurse put Teddy to bed and connected IV to Teddy's body. Lao Wang and I stood by the bedside to take care of him. Doctor Yu called in the morning, saying that he wanted to visit us in the afternoon. Before we left home, I left a note on the backdoor telling him we were at the ER. In the evening, Doctor Yu came to the hospital to see Teddy. I told him, "Doctor Yu is here to see you." Teddy opened his eyes then closed them again. While he was resting, Lao Wang and I came home to have our dinner; then we returned to the hospital. Soon the nurses transferred Teddy to the patient's room. We followed Teddy there. That was a private room. We walked around for a little while; then we were ready to go home. I told Teddy, "We are going home and will come back to see you tomorrow morning." He did not respond. At midnight, I called the hospital. The nurse told me that he was sleeping all quietly. The next morning when I went to the hospital, the nurse told me that Teddy was in a coma. According to Kaiser's policy, every patient has his/her own assigned internal doctor. That morning Teddy's assigned doctor, Dr. Korb, had already come to see Teddy, so we asked the nurse to call Dr. Korb's office. Dr. Korb answered the phone and gave us a report. Teddy had two problems: High blood sugar and infection. The blood sugar was under control now, but the source of the infection was unclear. We did not know if the infection was in the lung or the bladder. There was no fever, but the patient was weak and losing resistance. Even after 12 hours, the medicine failed to control the infection, which did not look good. The high blood sugar was also caused by the infection. Teddy was so weak that his heart might stop beating anytime. We were not planning to use artificial means to keep him alive. Even if we agreed to use the machine, it could only keep him alive for a couple of days. Later the doctor came to the patient's room and repeated the same thing. I stayed in the patient's room talking to Teddy every few minutes, hoping to wake him up. At the same time I called our friends living nearby. Early in the morning, I had already communicated with Helen on the phone. At noon when we went home for lunch, I also called Teddy's sister Hsi-Ying. After lunch I returned to the hospital. Some friends came to see Teddy that day. At dinner time, Helen called. I told her that the situation would be unpredictable from now on. I would communicate with her every day. At 8 o'clock in the evening, the doorbell rang. Hsi-Ying and her husband and son Ken, and Mr. and Mrs. Gene Hung all came to see me. They had just come from the hospital. Ken is a doctor. When he went to the patient's room, he used his hand to touch Teddy's feet to see if they still had feeling. They did. I invited them to the living room. Before they sat down, the hospital called to notify us that Teddy had just stopped breathing. I told them that I needed to go upstairs to call Helen; later we would go to the hospital to say goodbye to him. It would be the second time in my life to embrace a lifeless body while weeping and saying goodbye to my dearest person. After we came out of the room, I asked the nurse on duty for the details. She said, "After the visitors left, I went in to fix the tubes and saw that he had stopped breathing, so I called the doctor right away."

The seven of us went home together to discuss funeral arrangements. The memorial service would be at the church where I often attended services. Once Robert came to see Teddy and me, and we asked him to drive us to a newly built church for services and lunch. Teddy liked

that church very much. A few months later he said wanted to go again. I asked Hui-Hui to drive us there. The night of Teddy's death I called the person in charge of the church. We arranged to hold Teddy's memorial service there at 10 am on May 11. When Ying passed away, Shao-Er helped us to buy the gravesite. In 1952 the anti-Chinese discrimination was still strong enough to exclude Chinese from a luxurious cemetery. A few years after Ying passed away, we decided to buy two gravesites at the same cemetery. Now some nice cemeteries have opened up.

In 1983 before Teddy had the colorectal cancer surgery, he used some old paper to write a few letters, putting them in a folder in the file cabinet upstairs without telling me about them. When he was in the hospital, he was afraid that I would find them, so he labeled the folder "For Use after My Death." Not until May 8, 1991, when I asked the former dean of USC College of Arts and Sciences to conduct the ceremony, did I take out Teddy's will. Teddy wanted the memorial service to be changed to "Service of Thanksgiving for the life Theodore H.E. Chen." He selected a few famous songs and stipulated that the service should not be longer than half an hour; he also said that the coffin did not need to be taken to the church. I understood what he meant by this. It is an honor to carry the coffin in an American funeral. However, some Chinese do not like to carry a coffin. Therefore he did not want his friends to carry the coffin for him. I discussed this with an old lady working at the cemetery, asking her if the cemetery could furnish a car to carry the coffin to the church and then carry it out the same way after the service. The old lady said carrying the coffin was required etiquette for the funeral. If we couldn't find people, they would hire six people to carry the coffin. I had to follow Teddy's will, not to have the coffin at the church during the service. Teddy did not like these so-called etiquettes. When Helen got married, he did not want the Pastor saying, "Who will give away the bride?" He thought his daughter was not his property that he had no right to give her away. According to Christian doctrine, children should be given to God and be baptized when they are only a few months old. Our children did not get baptized when they were young. We thought children could make their own decision after they grew up.

I suggested that friends and relatives donate money to the Chen's Fellowship Fund in lieu of flowers. Donations should be sent directly to USC Vice President Dr. Carl Franklin. Therefore there were only four big wreaths in the church hall on the day of the memorial service. Those were from the FCU Alumni Association, the Tunghai University Alumni Association, the Chinese Benefit Society, and the Los Angeles Branch of the Ren Society.

Teddy was liked and respected by all who knew him. Although this kind of respect can't be measured in dollars, Dr. Franklin shared with me and others that it was hard to believe how much money kept coming from all over the globe to USC because of Teddy. In another words, Teddy's students were scattered throughout the world. Many people loved him. Donations to Chen's Fellowship Fund had already exceeded \$15,000.

Theodore Hsi-En Chen died on May 7, 1991, at 8 o'clock in the evening. He lived a long, full life of nearly 89 -years.

PUBLICATION HISTORY

BOOKS

Developing Patterns of the College Curriculum in the United States
Los Angeles: University of Southern California Press, 1940.

Elementary Chinese Reader and Grammar
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Hong Kong: University of Hong Kong Press, 1960
New York: Oxford University Press

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Washington, D.C.: U.S. Office of Education, 1960

The Chinese Communist Regime: A Documentary Study (Mimeographed)
Los Angeles: Asian - Slavic Studies Center, University of Southern California, 1965

The Chinese Communist Regime: Documents and Commentary
New York: Frederick A. Praeger, 1967
London: Pall Mall

The Maoist Educational Revolution
New York: Praeger, 1974

Chinese Education Since 1949
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CHAPTERS IN BOOKS

- “Education in China” and “Education in Japan”, in *Comparative Education* (Moehlmand and Roucek, ed.) New York: Dryden Press, 1952
- “Education under Communism - Remoulding 640,000,000 Chinese” in *Education for World Leadership Yearbook of 1960 Convention of National School Boards Association*
- “Chinese Communism” in *Contemporary Political Ideologies* (J. S. Roucek, ed.) New York: Philosophical Library, 1961
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- “Mainland China: The Red Storm Over Asia” in *Behind the Iron Curtain* (J. S. Roucek and K. V. Lottich, _ Ed.) Idaho: The Caxton Printers, Ltd., 1964
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- “Education” in *China, a Handbook* (Yuan-li Wu, ed.) New York: Praeger, 1973

“The Educational System” in *Contemporary Republic of China: The Taiwan Experience 1950 - 1980*

(James C. Hsiung, ed.) New York: Praeger, 1981

“Educational Development in the People’s Republic of China”
In *China: 70 Years After the 1911 Hsin-Hai Revolution*.
Charlottesville: University of Virginia Press.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO ENCYCLOPEDIAS

Encyclopedia of Modern Education (Philosophical Library)

Encyclopedia of Vocational Guidance (Philosophical Library)

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Encyclopedia Britannica

Encyclopedia Americana

122 Articles Appeared in Various National Magazines and Newspapers

LECTURE TOUR OF THEODORE H. E. CHEN, FEBRUARY - MARCH 1961

February 27 - 8:30 PM -- San Francisco

Address in the regional conference of the American Association of School Administrators

March 2 - 9:00 AM -- University of Oregon

Meeting of graduate students and faculty of the School of Education

March 2 - 3 -- University of Arizona

March 2 - 9:00AM: Panel discussion, meeting of students and faculty of School of Education

March 2 - 12:00PM: Luncheon, School of Education faculty

March 2 - 3:30PM: Meeting of Students in Far Eastern Studies

March 2 - 8:00PM: Community lecture – Catalina High School

March 3 - 10:00AM: Informal conversation with faculty members during coffee hour

March 6 - 7 -- University of Texas

March 6 - 12:00PM: Luncheon with faculty of School of Education

March 6 - 3:15PM: Forum of graduate students of School of Education

March 6 - 7:30PM: Open lecture meeting. Auditorium

March 7 - 8:00AM: Undergraduate students in Education

March 8 -- Kansas State Teachers College

March 8 - 10:00AM: Radio interview

March 8 - 12:00PM: Lions Club

March 8 - 4:00PM: Faculty meeting

March 8 - 8:00PM: Open meeting for students, faculty, & community

March 9 - 10 -- University of Missouri

March 9 - 8:00PM: Faculty reception

March 10 - 1:40PM: Students in School of Education

March 10 - 4:00PM: Graduate seminar in Sociology & Political Science

March 12 -- Regional conference of AASA, St. Louis

March 15 - 16 -- University of Chicago

March 15 - 1:30PM: Television recording for "School & Society"

March 15 - 8:00PM: School of Education Panel

March 16 - 9:30PM: School of Education Panel

March 17 -- Eastern Michigan University

March 17 - 10:00AM: Undergraduate students: "School & Society"

March 17 - 12:00PM: Luncheon with faculty

March 17 - 1:00PM: Undergraduate students: "School & Society"

March 17 - 3:00PM: Informal reception: Students & Faculty

March 17 - 7:30PM: Open meeting for campus & community

March 19 - 20 -- University of Michigan

March 19 - 12:00PM: Faculty luncheon

March 19 - 4:00PM: School of Education forum

March 19 - 7:30PM: School of Education discussion group

March 20 - 10:00PM: Radio WOUM

March 22 - 23 -- George Peabody College for Teachers

March 22 - 10:00AM: Student Conversation

March 22 - 4:00PM: Seminar in Comparative Education

March 22 - 7:00PM: The International Club

March 23 - 12:00PM: School Administration Club

March 26 - 10:00AM -- Regional Conference of AASA, Philadelphia

March 28 -- Glassboro State College

March 28 - 9:00AM: Student Assembly

March 28 - 12:00PM: Faculty luncheon

March 28 - 2:00PM: Student Assembly

March 28 - 4:00PM: Informal tea

March 28 - 5:00PM: Radio interview

March 28 - 7:00PM: Dinner, Faculty & Students

March 29 -- Harvard University

March 29 - 8:00PM: Forum, Graduate School of Education

The Graduate School's Theodore and Wen-Hui Chen Fellowship Competition

The recipient of the Chen Fellowship is awarded as \$12,000 stipend, 24 units of tuition and payment of mandatory fees. The Fellowship can be awarded for a maximum of two years. Students who hold a Baccalaureate degree may enroll in any graduate program at USC, which leads to the Master's or Ph.D. degree.

Eligibility Requirements: Preference is given to USC Ph.D. students who have graduated from a four year university or college in the city of Fuzhou, China, or are descendants of alumni of Fukien Christian University, or are relatives of Theodore and Wen-hui Chen.

All eligible students who apply must have high scholastic standing, excellent moral character and good health. Applicants must meet all stated University requirements for admission to graduate status, including submission of TOEFL and GRE scores.

Students eligible to compete for the Chen Fellowship must be accepted by the graduate program of their choice. Graduate programs will rank and forward applications to the Graduate School Fellowship Committee of academic review. Upon receipt of the Fellowship Committee's recommendation, the Dean of the Graduate School will then award the Chen Fellowship.

APPLICATION PROCESS

Consideration for fellowships administered through the Graduate School is contingent upon (1) a complete application for admission to a Master's or a Ph.D. program submitted to Graduate and International Admissions, (2) a completed fellowship application and documents, and (3) nomination by a graduate degree program at USC. A complete application for admission and the Theodore and Wen-Hui Fellowship competition includes the items listed below, which must be send directly to the USC academic department to which the student is applying.

1. Sets of original language transcripts from each college or university attended.
2. Photocopies of GRE and TOEFL scores.
3. Three letters of recommendation from persons familiar with student's academic work who can comment on his/her qualifications for graduate study. Photocopies are acceptable.

Applications for the Chen Fellowship may be obtained by writing to:

The Graduate School Fellowship Office
Office of the Provost
University of Southern California
3601 Watt Way, GFS - 315
Los Angeles, CA 90089-1695
USA

Phone: 213/740 - 9033
Email: gradsch@usc.edu

Applications for graduate admission may be obtained in writing to:

Graduate and International Admission
University of Southern California
SAS - 210
Los Angeles, CA 90069-0911
USA
Phone: 213/740-1111

EDITOR'S NOTE

Hearing the news of my teacher Dr. Chen's passing, my heart cannot help but be stunned. I was so shocked that my heart sank to the deepest sadness. From now on, I will never hear my teacher's caring compliments and kind reminders!

For many years, I have often traveled between Taiwan and Los Angeles. Whenever I was in Los Angeles, I made a point of going with my husband to visit Dr. and Mrs. Chen; we also often invited them to get together. Every time I saw my teacher, he always praised me sincerely about how I inherited his enthusiasm about education, which led to the founding of both the YouDe High School and Concord Business School in Taiwan. Especially pleasing to my teacher was the decision to use the original FCU song score in the school songs of both of these new schools.

For the last few years, my teacher was getting older and his health was declining. However, his dedication to education and culture and to the nurturing of talent never slackened for a moment. Many times I counseled him to hand this long-term mission to his students and let them take over. However, teacher always thought he would do as much as he could. At the same time, keeping busy could reduce the worries about his health problems. In this way, teacher walked to the end of his life devoting himself to the education and well-being of his students; also he left me a permanent memento.

At the end of April of this year, I was about to return to Taiwan. Before I left, I visited Mrs. Chen again. As soon as I sat down, Mrs. Chen showed me her manuscript of "The Memoir of Theodore H. E. Chen," her labor of love for her beloved husband. She hoped I could carefully edit the manuscript and get it printed. She wanted to distribute copies to the teacher's friends, relatives, companions, students, and all the other people who miss him. In this way, the book will comfort their feeling of missing Dr. Chen. When with reverence I received this heavy manuscript, I could not help thinking about Dr. Chen and hearing his voice in my mind. My eyes teared up and my words caught in my throat. I kept nodding my head to answer her request. I was thinking that this might be the last thing I could do for my teacher.

I felt lucky to be the first one to read "The Memoir of Theodore H. E. Chen," thinking I was much closer to the teacher than other people were. The book used simple words, rich true feelings and the deepest memory. My heart was touched by every word and every sentence. Many times I put down my pen and spoke to my teacher quietly in my mind to this effect: "Dear teacher, having your wife write this book with such true deep feeling must give you comfort and smiles in the nether world."

To me, the most touching thing about this memoir was that Mrs. Chen wrote in detail about the true story of their love, from childhood playmates to adult sharers of an enduring lifelong love. After they were married, they supported, encouraged, helped, and followed each other clear to the end. The stories of their old age, showing as they do a level of love and understanding that few are fortunate to reach, touched me even more. This storybook

marriage was the foundation for all that our teacher accomplished. Based on this, I once suggested to Mrs. Chen that the memoir be titled “The Memoir of Theodore H.E. Chen and Wen-Hui Chung Chen,” or “Mutual Support for 60 Years.” However, Mrs. Chen insisted on the original title. Anyway, since my student days at FCU (when my teacher was serving as President of the University), he and his wife have been the two older people I respect the most. My teacher will always be the face of education and culture inspiring me to do my best to keep his teaching alive and live up to the caring compliments and praises he gave to me over the years.

Josephine Chen
TaiPei YouDe High School
May 20th, 1992