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TMP-085

Interviewee: Patrick Daglaris, Alex Sargent

Interviewer: James Harnsberger

Date: October 23, 2015

D: Hello, my name's Patrick Daglaris. I'm here at the Historic Christ Church in Lancaster County with –

S: I'm Alex Sargent.

D: We'll be interviewing Dr. Harnsberger.

H: I'm Jim Harnsberger, medical doctor. I was born and raised in China until I was seventeen years old. We came back in 1939 because of the Japanese invasion of China, had been going on for three years. My father was heavily involved in relief work. When the Japanese invaded from the coast, fifty million Chinese people just started walking west with whatever they could carry. The lucky ones had a water buffalo, others had a wheelbarrow, but most of them just whatever they could carry. The Japanese had the same reputation as ISIS does now: just absolutely heartless. My father had six little churches out from our town of...we knew it as Taichow. It's now known as Taizhou. Zhou in Chinese is the same as burg in this country, Williamsburg. But anyway, it's the city of Tai. My dad had these six little churches out in the country of . . . little farming villages of five hundred thousand people. At sunset, twelve thousand people would land on them, been walking all day long, had nothing to eat or drink, and the kids were sick. So, they sent him a telegram and said, "We're in big trouble. We need big help." So, my father, who had supervised the building of a dike in 1931 – that's another story coming up – but he went to Shanghai, to the Foreign Famine Relief Committee, and got a suitcase full of Chinese dollars, one million dollars in

Chinese money. Dad put it in the most beat up suitcase he had, but the problem was, he had to go through the Japanese lines to get to his churches and he was in Shanghai. So, he went to the sentry and what people don't realize is that, before Pearl Harbor, Americans were persona grata to the Japanese because we were providing them with munitions, with steel, with all the things they needed to build their military machine with. But after Pearl Harbor, everything, of course, changed. So, dad spread this out among his six little churches and other churches and at least got them on their way fed. But these little villages of five hundred thousand people could only sleep maybe three or four hundred of them. They opened the churches, schools, and so on, but these were tiny little towns. They just couldn't handle it. Anyway, the rest of them had to sleep out on the rice patties in the rain. So, anyhow, they eventually built kinda sheds onto the churches so they could at least sleep under cover, but it was big time operation. This went on for a year or two. So, my father was very busy with this, taking care of these thousands of refugees. I've been a refugee two or three times in my career in civil wars and bandits and other nefarious people that have . . . anyway . . . so, dad got that taken care of, but he did this for two and a half years. Finally, he just simply collapsed. He'd gone too long without. He went to the doctors in Shanghai, they said, "Mr. Harnsberger, even the most grisly sergeant can't stay on the front lines more than three weeks without an R&R, and you've been at it for two and a half years. So, you just got to get away from it." So that's when we came back from China in 1939, the spring of 1939. That's the end of the story – well, one end of the story.

D: There's so many questions I wanna ask, but I wanna make sure I cover our bases. So what year were you born?

H: I was born in 1922.

D: Okay, and your date of birth?

H: April 14, 1922. I was born on the tenth anniversary of the sinking of the Titanic.

D: Wow.

[Laughter]

H: I went to my mother and I said, "Mother, couldn't you have waited one day either way so I didn't have such an awful day for a birthday?" She said, "Son, we made it up to you. You were born on your daddy's birthday." So, we always tried to get together.

D: Before we started recording, you mentioned your grandfather was also doing work. Could you start off with kinda talking about your family ancestry and the kinda mission field they were in?

H: Yep. My mother's father was Dr. James Baker Woods of Charlottesville. He went out to China in 1894 and they settled in this little town called **Wyann**. All they could find was a thatched roof shed – shack, really. One room, but it was a place for people to come. But the problem was nobody came for a year. Finally, the cook came to him and he said the word on the street is that you American doctors mutilate dead babies, and that's considered a non-forgivable sin in China. They'd gone to Shanghai, found out that we did autopsies, and yes, we

did autopsies on babies, too. They interpreted this as mutilating dead babies. But anyway, this went on for about three or four months. And one cold November night, there came a lot of shouting and banging on the gate. We had ten-foot brick walls around our compounds with a gateman. The gateman came and says there's this mob out here and they demand to see you. So, grandfather went out and the spokesman said, "You claim to be a healer, and if you can heal this woman" – and by the way, they were carrying a woman on a door for a stretcher. So, grandfather took her in and they said, "Our Chinese doctors have worked on her, but they think she's dying. But if she dies, you die and your whole family dies." You know, law of Hammurabi. So, he took her in and fortunately his brother, who was also a doctor from a neighboring station, was there visiting and did the kitchen table operation. They removed a thirty-six pound fibroid tumor on her uterus. She survived and became a very grateful patient. By the way, she was the mayor's wife. So, anyway, then things began to pick up. So, grandfather became very well-known in that area. He had a little Austin car. He had a call one time, this woman came in and said, "My grandfather's sick," and he had seen the grandfather in the office one, two times, said, "He's crippled and he can't come into the office. Could you come out and see him?" So, he said, "Sure." So, he says, "After my office hours, I'll come out and see him." So, at about five o'clock in the afternoon, he's driving his little Austin. By the way, there's only one road in and out of these little villages, Wyann. He got about five or six miles out in the country and suddenly a bunch of armed bandits surrounded his car and dragged him out and told him to start walking. So, this one guy was very rough poking his

rifle in his back and shoving him. So, he stumbled a lot. Finally, they got to where their bandit chieftain was and this spokesman for the group said, "This man owns an automobile so he's got to be a wealthy person and I think he'll bring a good ransom." The bandit chieftain looked at him and said, "Do you know who you've got here? This is Dr. Woods. He's our friend. He takes care of us when we get shot by the troops and he does not turn us over to the police. He treats us and sends us home. Now, you get on your knees and you beg his pardon." And he did. [Laughter] After that, he had immunity from the bandits in the area. Now, that's grandfather. Now, my father was Thomas Littleton Harnsberger from Stanton, Virginia. By the way, while we're still on grandfather, his wife was Bessy Smith and James Power Smith's daughter. James Power Smith was General Stonewall Jackson's aide de camp and later became a very well-known minister in Richmond. He was minister of the second church in Richmond for forty years, I guess. But anyway, they had a daughter, that was my grandmother. She was nineteen years old when she went to China, pregnant. My mother was born in 1894. That first year they were in Wyann. And mother had Chinese tutors from the time she was able to talk, two years old. So, after eighteen years, why, she spoke extremely fluent Chinese. Not only that, but she knew the history of China, all the emperors, who did what to whom, and that goes back five thousand years in China. She also could quote Confucius until it came out of your ears. But when she got to be a teenager, there were no American schools in China. That didn't begin until 1912 and grandfather was quite a scholar, so he taught my mother from kindergarten through high school. Be about 18 – no, 1910. 1910, she came

to this country to Mary Baldwin College in Stanton. She was a boarding student, and the Smith's lived in Richmond so they were nearby. They were her grandparents. One side story, James Power Smith was a very well-known minister, as I told you. One day, in 1920, he was walking down the street and this woman came up to him, said, "Dr. Smith, doesn't it bother you to have a common name like Smith?" He says, "No, madam. I take great comfort in the second book of Samuel, chapter nineteen verse seven where it says 'the children of Israel were discomfited because there was no smith in the land.'" But mother came to this country and she put in four years at Mary Baldwin and graduated in 1914, summa cum laude. Was also valedictorian of her class. My father came to China in 1911 and he spent the first year in Beijing in language school. He was having trouble with Chinese language. So, he was...let's see. He came 1911. His wife was pregnant and they had a little girl. She's my sister Vivian. Vivian was about ten years older than we were, so she was a little tyrant, as most older daughters are. They become mothers, but very disciplinarian minded. Where was I? Anyway, my father had to do a lot of travelling and he finally got a station – a very remote station – up very far inland China, three days by boat on the Grand Canal to get there. After a year, she suddenly had severe pain in her abdomen, so my father put her on a sampan, which was the only transportation they had, and they started down this canal for three days to get to nearest hospital, Mission Hospital. About twenty four hours into the trip, she died. She'd had an ectopic pregnancy and it had ruptured. So, she's buried in Chinkiang, China, and we have visited there. But now my father is in his forties and he's got this five year old girl to take

care of, and the ladies in the mission were very good about taking care of her while he had to travel a lot. In one of his travelling trips, he came through Wyann. He got in late at night, nine or ten o'clock at night, and the cook had shown him up to his room. The next morning he came down to breakfast, and sitting across from him was this gorgeous red-haired, blue-eyed typical Anglo-Saxon, my mother. So, dad was just amazed that there was such a beautiful person available. For some reason, he found lots of reasons to go back to Wyann that first or two. Eventually, they got married in 1918. They were on a riverboat going up the Yangtze River to Hankou, which is a trip of about two days, the trip up the Yangtze River. As they approached Hankou, there was a lot of fireworks going on, skyrockets, and many, many thousand firecrackers going off. The Chinese had these long strings of firecrackers, about ten feet long. They go for a long time. So, mother turned to dad and said, "What's all this about? He says, "Well, honey, they knew you were coming." Of course, this was the Armistice of 1918 and the end of World War I. Now, my father's work, they settled in a town, this town of Taichow, also which is now called Taizhou. But dad did his work. He was always setting up new churches everywhere he went. Oh! Now, his big job. This is 1930. In 1931, August, we had had three weeks of monsoon type rains. I don't know how many of you been in the tropics and seen monsoon rain, but it is the heaviest rain you've ever seen in a thunderstorm, and it keeps on for about six hours with maybe a half-hour break and then another six hours. It's just rain, rain, rain. Flooding rain. All the rivers and lakes were at flood stage. Then, a force four hurricane, which out in China in the Orient is called a typhoon. That's the British

Romanization they call it. The word for big wind is dafeng. They said, that sounds like typhoon to us. So, that's how typhoon got named. But anyway, this typhoon built up twenty foot waves on this lake, rather large lake about the size of Lake Erie. This is a dirt, earthen dam and it broke it in fourteen places. This happened at three o'clock in the morning and this huge tsunami came down over this flat rice country. Three and a half million Chinese people drowned, or those who didn't drown got on high ground. But nobody ever came for them, so they starved to death. We know now that that flood caused ten thousand square miles in Jiangsu Province – that's the province that Shanghai's in the southern tip of – under fifteen to twenty feet of water. The town we're living in was built on a rise, not a hill, but it was just a mound. But anyway, we were not flooded. We had a hundred foot brick wall surrounding our city, about a hundred feet high. But it made a perfect way to walk because you could see. You know, at a hundred feet, you could see way over the horizon. Everywhere, I can recall right now, we walked up there almost every afternoon, and as far as your eye could see in every direction was muddy water with an occasional treetop sticking up somewhere. It just looked like an inland ocean. My father was the only person who could move because he had a houseboat, had a fifty-foot houseboat. This is a three boatman houseboat, no motor. You pulled it, pushed it, rolled it, or sailed it. So, he sailed across country up to – he was pretty sure where this water came from, this big lake. He sailed up there and he saw this fourteen Niagara Falls coming out of this lake. So, he went down where the Grand Canal enters the Yangtze River, and he sailed down the Yangtze River to Shanghai, a hundred

and forty miles. He went to the Foreign Famine Relief Committee and they had no idea the extent of the flood. They knew we had a flood, but nobody had been up there to see it. So, dad told them it looked like an inland ocean and they just had to get it stopped or millions of Chinese are gonna starve because rice is a very important food for the southern Chinese. Once you get beyond the Mason-Dixon Line in China, then they begin to eat bread. It's too cold for growing rice. Rice is a semi-tropical product. Finally, the Foreign Famine Relief Committee gave my dad a half a million dollars on one condition: that nobody was to touch it except him and especially no Chinese official was to touch it. They were notorious for being sticky fingered. So, dad became the foreman of the dike rebuilding project, overseer of it. He did this for eighteen months. By the way, there was no bulldozers, no backhoes; everything was done by hand. Every rock, every bucket of dirt was carried on somebodies shoulders. They rebuilt this dike and plugged up all fourteen of the breaks. They did and the water began to recede and ten million Chinese people got back into their homes, farms, and schools. So, then we came back to Taichow, dad had hardly gotten back to Taichow, he got a letter from the mission board saying that the depression had hit them and that they were gonna have to cut salaries by a third. Salaries were a whopping twenty four hundred dollars a year. A year. They're gonna have to cut it a third. But if you couldn't live on that, they would give you a one way ticket with your family back to the United States. So, dad went to Shanghai and he says, "Look, there's a third alternative. Give me a leave of absence. Then, if you get things improved, you can put salaries back to a livable basis. You won't have to

pay my family and me to come back to the United States." They were happy to do that because it meant immediately they could save money. So, dad went to Shanghai and, through a Chinese friend, heard that the chocolate shop, which was the American restaurant in Shanghai. The only place you could get hotdogs and hamburgers and milkshakes. It was the place for American businessmen to meet for business meetings and one thing and another. So, dad's job was the factory. The BakeRite Company, which was the parent company of the chocolate shop. BakeRite Company had bought an old textile mill that'd gone out of business and had made it into a factory to manufacture food for the chocolate shop, and making candy, cookies, ice cream, and all the good stuff. So, the problem was that Mr. Rabin's son, he was the president of the BakeRite Company. His son had just graduated from MIT in economics and he came with a stopwatch, and he walked around to the various workers and said, "You ought to be able to do that job in another half hour less time. You ought to be able to cut an hour off of yours." Well, the Chinese were not about to strike and lose their job, but there were **pass masters** at the slowdown, and whole batches of stuff was going bad, machinery was breaking down, and it got to the place where they could hardly get enough food for this one outlet, the chocolate shop. So, finally, this young guy threw up his hands and says, "Nobody can work with these Chinese people. They're just impossible." So, he left and went back to the United States. So, the factory manager job was open. My father went in to Mr. Rabin and said, "I'd like to apply for the job of managing your factory for you." Mr. Rabin said, "Well, what do you know about making candies, cookies, ice cream, and

stuff like that?" He says, "Nothing. I like them all, but I don't think that's your problem. I think your problem is you got a personnel problem, and that's something I think I know something about." So, Mr. Rabin said, "Well, tell you what. You've got one week. If they can get that factory working in a week, you got a job. Otherwise, forget it." So, dad went and he smoothed some feathers and talked to people. In a week's time, the factory was working. Now, after about six months, they had to lay off a shift because they were overproducing. So, dad went to Mr. Rabin and he says, "You know, you've only got this one outlet. You've got a factory here that's gonna produce enough for ten chocolate shops." He said, "We've got plenty of room to expand in this building," and he said, "But you need some other outlets." So, Mr. Rabin says, "Fine, you're now general sales manager. Go do it." So, dad travelled for six months and he opened ten new chocolate shops in Hong Kong, Hankou, Beijing, all the big cities. So, now, this is the middle of the depression. This is now 1935, and the BakeRite Company's making more money than they've ever made in their life before. So, Mr. Rabin called my dad in and said, "Look, if you'll stay with me for – sign a contract, work with me for two years, the company's yours because you're the only person that understands it." So, dad went home and talked to mother and they talked about relocating to Shanghai permanently. This is in the fall of 1935. In the spring, dad got a letter from the mission board saying, you lucky man, we can give you twenty four hundred dollars a year again. I don't know what dad was making, but I've heard by the grapevine that he was making about fifty thousand dollars a year including bonuses. He got a bonus for each new store he

opened up. So, dad decided to go back into the mission. And he did. Now, this is 1936, we're breaking up housekeeping in Shanghai and getting ready to move back into mission housing. Dad had built a summer home in a place Kuling. This is six hundred miles upriver from Shanghai. This is an earthquake formation, a mountain, that's just pulled up at a forty-five degree angle out of this flat farm country. The valley was four thousand feet, the peak was five thousand feet around. This mountain, called Lushan, had nineteen large springs on it and each one almost a river coming down. But all this water came. Nobody could figure out where this water came from. There was a big lake called Poyang Lake about fifteen miles to the east, but how does get up at a four thousand feet. This made a wonderful summer resort because each of these rivulets had a waterfall and a pool at the bottom, which was a natural swimming pool. It was just an ideal spot to go for picnics, camping, and so forth. But a summer home in China was not a luxury, it was a life and death matter, because in the summertime malaria is endemic in China, every summer. Still is. Mosquitos in China not only carried malaria, but they carried dengue fever, yellow fever, half a dozen other tropical fevers. So, the British found out in 1840 that mosquitos can't fly above four thousand feet. So, if you could find a home at four thousand feet or higher – well, above two thousand feet, but four thousand feet was better – you were free of mosquitos. Now, you still had chiggers, fleas, and some other varmints, but the deadly ones, mosquitos, couldn't fly that high. So, this British entrepreneur by the name of Mr. Little bought the whole top of this mountain for almost nothing. He had it surveyed into lots, dad bought a lot, and grandfather bought a lot just uphill

from us. They built summer homes out of native granite. Granite was very native rock for this and it's still standing. We have visited there four times. This is 1936. So, we're getting ready to move all the furniture and everything up to this summer home, and a friend of dad's, a Chinese missionary who frequently came to Shanghai to mission meetings, said, "I've got to go to the United States on sabbatical next year. Here's the keys to my cottage on Lake Nojiri and it's up in the Japanese Alps." There's dozens and dozens of these extinct volcanoes. These fill up with water, and these are lakes, and this Lake Nojiri was an extinct volcano. But it came with a sailboat, a Snipe sailboat. My brother and I had a wonderful summer sailing on this lake, which was about two miles wide and about three miles long, or something like that. But it was very adequate for a small boat. So, we spent the summer in Japan. I've told you this. Told you the bathroom story.

D: Do you wanna repeat it so that we can have it on the record?

H: Hm?

D: Would you mind repeating it so that we have it recorded?

H: So, this is the June of 1936. We got on a Japanese ship, express ship. It sailed from Shanghai to Kobe in twenty-four hours. So, we get to Kobe and we transfer to an express train. This train runs for six hours with no stops, and not until we're four hours into this trip do we find out there's no bathroom onboard. So, we go to the conductor and he points to the opening between two cars. Well, I don't know if you've ever tried that, but all the air blows back on you, you know. So, that

didn't work. So, we went to my mother and said, "What are we supposed to do?" Mother said, "Well, I think we've got about two more hours before we get to Nagano and I'm sure in Nagano there's a bathroom there." So, just as the train pulled into the station, mother could read Japanese characters. The Chinese and Japanese can write each other, but they can't talk to each other. So, she says, "That's the bathroom over there." I broke all world's records getting over there. And here was this huge room with fifty urinals in it and nobody's in there. Nobody in there but me. So, I picked one in the middle and I'm just getting some relief and I look up and here's two Japanese women in their kimonos coming towards me. I'm sure they were saying, "Let's give that boy that business." So, they got on either side of me and started talking back and forth in front of me. My fourteen-year-old bladder just went [makes noise] and stopped working. So, anyway, they finally left, I was just getting some relief, the train whistle is blowing, I'm only half empty, and I'm not looking forward to another train trip with no bathroom. The same train, by the way. But anyway, I finally got empty and finally got on the train just as it was getting ready to move. But that's my one introduction to a unisex bathroom in Japan. But it was a wonderful trip. Our older brother, Tommy, had just graduated from Shanghai American School. He was coming back to Davidson College in North Carolina. So, he came with us to Nojiri and we sailed. And then, he and a Japanese missionary and the Japanese missionary's teenage son, the four of us. My brother and myself. Four of us hiked the Japanese Alps for about two weeks and we were just amazed at the hospitality of the Japanese civilians in the mountains and rural areas. They were

just exceedingly hospitable. We were four guys, came in out of the woods, hadn't had a bath for three or four days, and we were pretty grungy looking. They invited us in, gave us hot tea and some cookies, showed us where a bathroom was so we could wash up. Then, they'd say about four miles down the stream here there is a power station. The Japanese had done a very interest thing, which I don't think anybody else has done. We have to build huge dams to try to take care of a whole city. But in these mountain areas, they got a small stream and dammed it up about every three to five miles. This would run one generator, but enough to provide electricity for all the people in that area. And then, every five miles they would build another dam and use the same water over and over again. Anyway, they gave us an introduction to this. Gave us the man's name, and so we went in and this guy is a graduate of MIT in electrical engineering. He'd been at work here about two years and he was delighted to have somebody who spoke English. He was very cordial, gave us a place to sleep. The next day, he gave us an envelope with an introduction to the next power station down. So, we worked our way down this stream about four nights. Our end result was a mountain called Shirauma, which means White Horse Mountain. And it's called White Horse Mountain because it's got a glacier on it, it's got a five mile glacier on it. So, we get to the power station at the foot of this glacier and this guy's also a graduate of MIT. He gave us a place to sleep. Then, the next morning, he gave us Alpine stocks and spikes to put on our shoes, and we hiked up this five miles up this glacier. It would never pass in this country because of lack of security, but about every mile there would be this hole as big as this table. This table's what,

about four feet across? This is a hot spring and it's melted the ice all the way down. This is about a fifty foot ice tunnel down to this hot spring and the steam's coming out. This is in July. In the mountains of Japan, that's chilly. But there's no fence around it, no warning signs, nothing. If anybody fell into here, they're gonna get boiled down in those hot springs. There's no way to get out. But there were about five of these on this glacier. So, we got up to the top. They told us there was a lodge at the top. We get up there and there's a smoky little shack. They had a couple of tables and served us some hot tea. This Japanese missionary's son says, "Let's have a beer." I said, "Well, what kinda beer do you drink?" He says, "Let's some Asahi beer." That's the cheapest beer the Japanese had. So, we ordered four of these and when it comes, it's hot. The case of beer had been sitting right behind the kitchen stove. I don't know if you've ever tried to drink hot beer, but it's not good. I took one taste of this and was like, "Oh, wow. How in the heck did these marines and sailors in Shanghai drink this stuff? It's terrible." I never had another drink until I got in the navy during Korea. So, anyway, we came back and my brother left to go to school in this country. Vivian is now married to a lawyer in Louisville, Kentucky. So, that was the nearest family that he had at Davidson, which is just about a day's drive from Davidson. So, now, Vivian becomes part of the family again. I have a picture of all of us. She has a very famous daughter who writes mystery stories, Sue Grafton. You probably haven't read any of them, but the women have. You mention Sue Grafton to the women and they, "Oh, yeah. We know Sue." Now, I've gotten down to me. Well, I'm at William and Mary, where I met Anne, and we were

married in 19...let's see. We're married in 1944. I had applied to medical school in MCV in Richmond, but I didn't have one cent to pay for it. My brother and I worked our way through William and Mary. We had seventeen part-time jobs between us. Between the college, the restoration, and the town, we had seventeen part time jobs between the terms working. So, we worked, we paid for our college education. So, at least I got through college without any debt. But I did not have anything saved up for medical school. Pearl Harbor happened my sophomore year at William and Mary. This happened at lunchtime, my brother and I were both waiting tables, and it came in on an announcement on the loudspeakers. Almost half the kids in school at that time were military kids, so they all made a mad rush for telephones, and nobody can ever get through in times like that. They finally got through three or four in the morning. Fortunately, everybody's family was okay, many of whom were in Pearl Harbor. So, I had applied to MCV, been accepted, and finished all my pre-med work. But then out of the clear blue sky, I get orders to report to Parris Island, South Carolina, the marine base, and I was working in the navy hospital. Marines hate to admit that the navy does anything for them good, but we do provide them with medical care, transportation, and all of that. So, I wrote MCV and said that I would be back after the war, and about fifteen thousand of us had written the same letter. Medical schools . . . this would've been 1934. Let's see, [19]44. So, the medical schools that fall were gonna open with half classes. They tried to fill them up with women in those days weren't very interested. They are now, but in those days, they weren't all that interested in medicine. They couldn't fill them up. So, the

medical schools in the whole country sent a telegram to the war department, that was before the defense department was dreamed up, said, "Look, we're gonna need doctors after the war and if we close down for four years, we're gonna be that far behind." So, out of the clear blue sky, two weeks before Christmas, I got orders to report in uniform and go to MCV as a medical student. So, I got two years of medical school under the navy and I had enough GI Bill time from the reserves to take care of the third year. We went summer, winter, spring, and fall. No summers off, no time off, couldn't go home for Christmas, all of that. Everything in World War II was just urgent. Rush, rush, rush. Get through.

S: If I could just ask, what is MCV?

H: Huh?

S: What is MCV?

H: The Medical College of Virginia [laughter] as opposed to the University of Virginia Medical School. So, anyhow, I got through medical school without any debt. I'm a very fortunate man. Let's see, I graduated 1947 and I interned at Johnston-Willis in Richmond. Next year, I got a job working at the Davidson College as an assistant position. So, we put in two years there and we were working with my uncle, by the way, who was a senior position. That was very pleasant living because we were socializing with the young college professors group. But then we decided to move out west, and sister had married a guy in Helena, Montana when he was in the Navy. They had moved to Helena and he had an electronic business, sold televisions, and all of that, and it was doing very well. We decided

we would move west. We went to a little town called Valier at the foot of the Rocky Mountains. It was a beautiful town because these snowcapped peaks were rising right up out of the plains where you got little geography about Montana. Montana is two-thirds Great Plains, rolling prairies and one-third Rocky Mountains. Everybody wants to live in Rocky Mountains, of course. The Great Plains, no trees, sage brush, about all there is. It's not very pleasant living. So, anyway, we visited in Valier and they needed a doctor, so we had agreed to come there. On our trip back from Montana to North Carolina, Korea broke out. I had a letter waiting for me from the Navy. Welcome back, so glad you could be with us again. So, I'm now back in the Navy. Before I get to Korea, though, let me tell you about my two brothers. I had two brothers: one younger and one older. My older brother graduated from Davidson College, he went immediately into the Navy air arm, and he became a fighter pilot. When World War II, Pearl Harbor happened, he was on an aircraft carrier at Midway and flying off of the carrier. There were two carriers and each carrier had fifty planes. So, they got a radiogram from San Diego and said, "Find a Japanese fleet and sink it." Now, this is before radar was invented, but they did have planes who could get up to twenty-two thousand feet. So, they gave them some big telescopes, they got up twenty-two thousand feet, and they could just make out three hundred miles away. At that height, you could look way over the Earth's circle. They couldn't see clearly, of course, but they could make out there were a lot ships close together. So, they came down, told the admiral, and the admiral says, flank speed ahead all night and all day until we get there. So, this battle group –

cruisers, lots of destroyers, two carriers – when they got within a hundred miles, two carriers sent up fifty planes each with bombs and torpedoes. So, they took care of about a third of the Japanese fleet. By the time they were finished, the cruisers got there with their big guns and they took care of a lot more of them. Finally, about twelve beat up Japanese ships made it into Yokohama Harbor, but we got our revenge on the Japanese surprise attack. So, anyway, my brother was leading a squadron.

D: What's his name – your brother's?

H: Huh?

D: What's your brother's name?

H: Tommy.

D: Tommy, okay.

H: My younger brother was Hutch, but Tommy was an ace pilot by that time. So, he led his squadron in and they sank a number of ships. He came back, he went back for three tours of duty in the South Pacific flying off of carriers and never got a scratch. So, when VJ came, victory day over Japan, Tommy and seven of his pilots in his squadron decided to go to New York and sign up with General Shinault's Flying Tigers Airline, which is still operating in the South Pacific. So, they all passed. They were flying on a Navy transport. They were flying from New York to Jacksonville, where all their homes were, their wives. They were flying back to tell their wives to pack up and go to Singapore. That was gonna be the headquarters. They were flying through a thunderstorm and they were thirty

miles from Jacksonville, so they decided to let down under the clouds so they could see the runway lights. They were flying at three hundred miles an hour and thirty miles comes up in a hurry at that speed. So, they were flying just about a thousand feet off the deck. And a bolt of lightning hit the plane, crashed in the swamp, and killed them all. Tilly, his wife, had just had a baby. Baby was two weeks old when Tommy crashed. He saw the baby as a baby, but he never saw it grow up. Peggy is now a sixty-year-old woman with two daughters, each of whom has children, and he would be very proud of her. My younger brother, Hutch, when Pearl Harbor happened and they put the Japanese Nisei in the desert under guard, people in the war department suddenly woke up one morning and said, "How in the hell are we gonna listen to the Japanese radio broadcasts. They've been all our interpreters." Nisei, by the way, are Japanese who are born in this country. They had Japanese parents, but they're citizens, but they were put into concentration camps along with their parents. So, some smart guy in the passport office said, "Well, I see where there's some students from China and Japan coming back to go to school in this country. I'll bet you they can learn Japanese faster than we can. They were right." So, we were both interviewed by the FBI, wanted to know if we'd like to go to Japanese language school in Boulder, Colorado. I said, "Thank you, but I've been accepted to medical school and I think I'll stay with medicine," and my brothers took him up on it. So, he married his girlfriend from William and Mary and they went to Boulder. In eighteen months, he learned eighteen years' worth of Japanese. This is one of these immersion things where you couldn't ask for the salt and pepper,

you had to ask in Japanese. Anyway, he came out a Japanese interpreter. But he'd had no battle training of any kind. He had a forty-five on his hip, which he'd shot twice at a shooting range. He married his girlfriend at a nice military cross-words and all that. They had a two weeks honeymoon, and three days later he was told to report to the port on a convoy . . . troop ship on a convoy. In those days, you didn't ask, where are we going? That was a no-no. You don't even think it. Loose lips sink ships. It was the motto in those days. So, nobody knew where they were going. They did know they were in Pacific Ocean. Three weeks later, they landed on Iwo Jima. Hutch landed with the third wave of the Fifth Marines on Iwo Jima. Iwo Jima is a volcano, like so many Pacific Islands, and the sand is black. This is true of many of the South Pacific islands, the sand is black. Ground up lava. His description of the landing, there're all these shells exploding, mortars, and so forth. This gigantic, black cloud is over the – and in a way, this is helpful because they could unload the landing ships without the Japanese seeing them. Of course, the Japanese were lobbing mortar shells and machine gun bullets into this helter-skelter. He wandered for about four hours and every marine he saw, he asked, "Where's headquarters." Everybody shook their head; nobody knows anything. Total confusion. Finally, at about five o'clock in the afternoon, he breaks clear of this cloud and he's walking west. A west wind had come in and cleared it up. About this time, this marine captain came to him and said, "What's the matter lieutenant? Can't you find your unit?" He says, "Well, I'm supposed to report to headquarters." He said, "Headquarters, hell, they won't be here for two weeks." But he says, "I'll tell you, this is five o'clock. It's gonna be

dark in about two hours. We better get a foxhole deep enough for the two of us to cover our heads." One thing you do not do is to walk around after dark. Anything that moves is the enemy and gets shot. They don't challenge or anything, they just get shot. So, they dug this foxhole for the two of them and put a tarp over it, and this marine captain had come over the side with an eighty pound knapsack, a rifle, ammunition, all of this, and somehow managed to bring a beat up, old, guitar. So, they had their K-rations and they got through. He pulls out this old guitar, he starts strumming, and they start singing all the songs we sang in World War II. It's the last time that soldiers had done a lot of singing. But Korea, certainly Vietnam, and none of the recent times has there been any singing. No songs have come out. World War II had loads of songs came out about it. *I'll Be Home for Christmas*. Boy, did we sing that one. He came through that. Oh, but of the forty-two thousand Japanese soldiers on Iwo Jima, only two survived. All the rest died of battle wounds or suicide. The marines came to him one morning and said, "This guy wants to surrender, but he's afraid to put his head up for it to get shot off." And he was probably right. So, Hutch went, talked to him and he says, "No, you're my prisoner and I guarantee your safety. But take all your clothes off except your skivvies and come with your hands up back of your head. And for heaven's sake, don't bring any weapons of any kind. Put your hand back of your head, come out, and I'll guarantee your safety." He came out, and they found him a pair of coveralls to put on. They walked back to the headquarters about three miles. They were sitting at a table, having coffee, and this Japanese prisoner says, "You know something, lieutenant? Your Japanese is pretty bad. Do you

speak French?" Hutch says, "No, but I speak Chinese." Well, he didn't speak Chinese. Anyhow, they kept talking in Japanese. Finally, Hutch asked him the sixty-four dollar questions. "What was your duty station on the island?" This guy says, "I was head of the code department." As far as intelligence is concerned, this guy is pure gold. He knows everything about the Japanese military, where they're moving, and everything. So, he goes in and tells the general about this. A few minutes, half hour later, the helicopter comes over from the battleship, which was the big headquarters. The Big Mo was the big headquarters. So, they took him over there. But as he was getting on the plane, he turned to Hutch and he says, "You know, my wife and son, who's five years old in Tokyo, will never see me again because when you surrender you're considered dead and buried." He said, "I'll probably never see them again." That was the last Hutch ever saw him. Hutch tried every way he knew to find him, never could find out anything about him. Hutch died here about five years ago of colon cancer. His son Steve sells software. He thinks nothing of going to the Orient four, five times a month and flying across the Pacific fifteen hours four or five times a month. Don't know how he does it. He must have flying hours coming out of his ears. He called me about six months ago. He said, "We found him." I said, "Where'd you find him, Steve?" He said, "He went back to Tokyo and found his wife and son, but he can't use his last name so he took his wife's last name," and that's why Hutch could never find him. He'd never talked to him enough to find out what his wife's last name was. Anyway, he said, "He's a very well to do businessman in Tokyo, he's got six

children now, and he's just happy as a lark. He's delighted to get anybody to come and talk to him about Iwo Jima."

S: Do you happen to remember what his name was?

H: Hm?

S: Do you happen to know what the current name is?

H: I know is name. It's written down somewhere, but I don't have it right here.

D: You've told us so many just incredible stories and it's unfortunate that we are pressed for time. So, I wanted to ask you some questions. You brought a picture of a homecoming, I believe, that your wife is included in. We'll have this picture, we'll take a picture of it for our records, but could you talk to us a little bit about that photo?

H: Alright, this is 1930, and this is the year before the flood in China. We were in China at the time. This is Anne Edwards Harnsberger right there, the little short one. She's eight years old there. This is her cousin. No, this is her sister. Mary Edwards is a teenager there so she's a little taller. This is Audrey Summerville Edwards. That's her mother right there. Ruth Summerville is her mother's aunt. So, that's the little family gathering right there.

D: That's outside of this church?

H: Hm?

D: Is that picture taken outside of this church or –

H: Yeah. This is the church right here. That's where you go in. It's the main entrance.

D: Is your wife how you came to Lancaster or were you here before?

H: Yep. We came. Anne invited me. I first saw the Northern Neck back in 1942, this was the year after Pearl Harbor. Anne invited me down for a weekend. Her folks were living in White Stone at the time. Anne told me, said, there was no bridge then. So, you took the Gray's Point ferry across. As you come off the bridge, you'll see it. As you come off the bridge coming this way, you'll see all these pilings on the left here in front of that restaurant. That's the remains of the ferry dock. She said, "You come across on the ferry, then you drive a mile and a half, you'll see some houses, and we're the third house on the right." So, I got off the ferry and drove mile and a half. I saw two houses, I never could see a third one anywhere. It was very sparse. This is back sixty years ago. So, I keep driving and all of a sudden I look out in my rearview mirror and here's, leaving Whitestone. I see Whitestone in reverse in my rearview mirror. So, I turned around, went back, and finally I discovered there was a house set back farther under some trees, which I didn't see before. So, anyway, we got married at the White Stone Methodist Church. So, then, we, by this time, we're out of the Navy. This is after VJ Day. No, wait a minute. No, we got married because we got a whopping hundred dollars a month living expenses. This was unheard of in those days. Medical students have always been poor as jokes, turkey. So, anyway, we got married. So, we then went to – after the war we went to North Carolina. Then, we had three years in the Navy during Korea. I was stationed at Norfolk with the

Ninetieth Submarine Squadron. I was with them for a year and then I got orders to report, of all places, to Newfoundland. Argentia, Newfoundland. Argentia, Newfoundland was a refueling stop for all Navy planes crossing the Atlantic. Nobody dreamed that there would be jets that could refuel in San Francisco and fly all the way to London without stop. But in those days, you had to refuel every four hours or so. So, that all these Navy planes would come in and refuel, but this was an interesting . . . it's on the south exposure of Newfoundland.

Newfoundland's a big island, you know. A very large island. But it's only one percent arable. That means you can only farm one percent of it. Ninety-nine percent of it is covered with tundra, which is a very thick moss. Grows five and six feet. This thing likes me. It keeps just walking over here. Tundra's six feet thick, and when you walk on it it's like walking on a wet inner-spring mattress. It squishes under your feet and you kinda bounce. It can be removed. You get bulldozers. You can bulldoze it out of the way and you can farm, but it'll try to grow back very quickly. Newfoundland is semi-arctic. The southern exposure does not freeze. Ocean doesn't freeze because the Gulf Stream comes up, hits it, bounces off to the right, goes over to Iceland, circles Iceland, and then comes down by Europe. That's the British Isles. If you look at a globe, follow the latitude across from London to the United States, and it's in the middle of the . . . what is it? Anyway, there's a very large inlet from the ocean up there. It would be an arctic. England would be under snow and ice most of the year if it was not for the Gulf Stream having to come five thousand miles around. You have the opposite in the Pacific. You have a stream there that comes up and bathes . . . a tropical

current comes up the Asian coast, hits the Aleutian Islands, and then comes down the coast. That's all your California coastland, Washington, Oregon, and . . . but that's cool. I don't know if you've tried to swim in San Francisco, but it's fifty degrees. It's not until you get down to near San Diego that you can really swim in the ocean. It's finally warmed up enough. But anyhow, that's the story.

D: Well, one of the questions I have, because we are running out of time, I wish we could talk all day because you have so many things to say and I wish we could record it all right now. So, did you settle in Lancaster? When did you end up just like living here? Your wife is from Lancaster, when did you guys settle here?

H: We didn't settle here until 1999. When I got out of the Navy, we took a two months camping trip to Alaska in a Jeep station wagon. Anne, I, and a German shepherd dog named Princess slept in this. We put a wooden platform up over the wheel wells and all our suitcases and everything were underneath. We camped out for two months. Alaska's an absolutely beautiful state. There're so many lakes up there that only the lakes beside the road have a name. All the rest have numbers. 10,291, 10,292. When you look at a road map, you almost think about the charts on the bay with all the sonar markings. It was just a wonderful trip. We got to see the caribou migrating. We would turn a sharp turn into a mountain valley and the whole mountainside is wildflowers. These are seeds that have been dormant for maybe a hundred years, but Death – are you familiar with Death Valley? It's the lowest spot in the United States; six hundred feet below sea level. The Californians, they call it the Gateway to Hell. A hundred and forty in the shade. It's a big desert. It gets maybe a half inch of rain a year, because

it's right at the foot of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. All these rainclouds come over and they go up over the mountain, so they're up there at ten thousand feet, cool off, start rain, but it doesn't start raining until get about twenty, thirty, forty miles away. But poor Death Valley doesn't. However, about two years ago, National Geographic had a picture of Death Valley. How it happened, nobody knows, but a rainstorm came in and came down the mountain and they got about three inches of rain. The next day, all this desert is blooming wildflowers. They had some beautiful pictures of just acres and acres and acres of wildflowers. These are seeds that have been in there for who knows how long, a hundred years, but it does happen. But it was a fascinating trip.

D: Did you and your wife – did you guys have any children?

H: Never had any children, no. But my brother had four boys, so he made up for our lack.

D: Are they in the area? Where did your brother settle down? Was it in Lancaster?

H: California.

D: California.

H: Yeah. Hutch settled in California and got his PhD from University of California. He became a physio chemist with a specialty in . . . I can't think of the name of it. But anyway, it's a chemical that doesn't take part in the chemical – it helps a chemical equation, but it doesn't take part in it.

D: It's like a catalyst or something?

H: Huh?

D: Like a catalyst?

H: Catalyst! That's what I'm thinking of. He was a specialist in catalysts and he worked for the standard of California for thirty years. You know, when they cracked gasoline, they had these huge ponds almost of catalysts – platinum catalysts – and every so often, they stop working. Then, Hutch would have to go down to about five refineries for standard. He'd have to go down and figure out what happened to the catalyst, see if they could repair it. Sometimes they can, sometimes they can't. But that's why gasoline costs more . . . other people.

D: I guess one of our final questions will be, is there any story that you haven't shared or something you wanna say about your life or different experiences that you've had that you'd like to get on the record. It's kind of a loaded question, I know that, but I'd hate to miss something that you wanted to share.

H: Well, I lived in China for seventeen years and the last three were the war years – the Japanese invasion. When the war broke out, we were in Kuling. This summer is what I told you about. We had left our home in a town called **Funing**, which you have to go to Shanghai, then take a launch up the Grand Canal about two hundred miles up north, and then you come to a little town called Funing. My father had started a new church up there and had built a nice little brick cottage. This is in August of 1936, 193 . . . Pearl Harbor happened 1941, so this would be [19]42. We were in Kuling, and left everything that you usually leave when you go on summer vacation. The Japanese came in, took over our home, and used it as

headquarters. The day they left, they poured kerosene and burned it to the ground. So, all the baby pictures, all the toys, and all the things you had that you leave at home when you're on vacation, ashes. So, I'm living at RWC now, and that's a retirement home here. Every spring they have a program where they get people to put up pictures of their baby pictures, try to guess who they are. I was walking out with the CEO, Stuart, and Stuart says, "I didn't see a picture of you." I said, "No, because I don't have any pictures of me when I was a baby because all that was left at and the Japanese burned our home to the ground." He says, "Well, that's the best excuse I've heard yet."

[Laughter]

D: Well, sir, unfortunately, this is the end of the interview. It was such a pleasure just hearing all the things you say. I know that there's so many more stories bottled up in you, I just wish we had more time to hear it. I hope someone gets to record them someday, but...

H: Well, sometime we can redo it, start from after the war.

D: Alright. Thank you so much, sir.

H: You bet.

S: Thank you.

[End of interview]

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