

THE ALLIANCE FAMILY



With the Lord

With the homegoing of *Rev. Richmond M. Jackson* on March 8, another of the pioneer missionaries to Viet Nam is now with the Lord.



He served in what is now North Viet Nam from 1918 through 1954. During his last years on the field

much of the area was in the combat zone, as the war between the Vietnamese and French was in progress. Earlier, during World War II when the Japanese occupied French Indo-China, Mr. and Mrs. Jackson were interned with other missionaries in Mytho. They were repatriated in 1943.

Richmond Jackson was born in 1894 in a godly home in Massachusetts. He dated his conversion from 1907, under the ministry of Gypsy Smith. It was in 1914 at Old Orchard, Me., that he received a personal knowledge that he was indeed a child of God. While studying at Massachusetts State Agricultural College he sensed his lack of knowledge of the Bible, and accepted the offer of his aunt and uncle to support him at the Missionary Training Institute at Nyack, N.Y. When his brother Herbert visited him at the college he led him to accept Christ. Both men went to Viet Nam, Herbert opening up the work among the Montagnards of the south.

Mr. Jackson's first appointment in Viet Nam was Hanoi, replacing Rev. and Mrs. W. C. Cadman. Upon his marriage in 1921 to Miss Hazel

Peebles, who had arrived in 1920, the couple was asked to take up work in the large port city of Haiphong. Their first convert, Mr. Ap, later became a preacher and led many to God. Others who were brought to faith in Christ went on to responsible places of leadership for their country.

In addition to evangelism and church-planting, Mr. and Mrs. Jackson also did literary work. Mr. Jackson worked with the committee revising the translation of the Vietnamese Bible, and received recognition from the British and Foreign Bible Society for his service. He was very well versed in both Vietnamese and French.

Faithfulness to God and to the work, a conscience void of offense to God and man, transparent honesty, meekness, love, humility, understanding—these are the words that come to the minds of his missionary colleagues and friends when they think of Mr. Jackson. He was scrupulously honest in financial matters. Usually he took the most economical means of travel, even at great personal discomfort.

Among his papers following his death his wife found a prayer he wrote in 1945: "I prayed, telling God that I put my stubborn, rebellious heart on the altar. I asked Him to slay it, consume it with fire, and put

within me a new heart of flesh that would always obey Him. Hebrews 8:10; 10:16. I know God wants me to be holy. He has said 'Call and I will answer.' Now I must believe He is answering even without any feeling on my part." Mrs. Jackson commented: "No one needed less to pray such a prayer."

He prayed faithfully for his family, the work in Viet Nam and around the world.

In addition to his wife, who is living in Austin, Tex., four sons survive: Raymond, Dr. Bernard Jackson, Albert and Victor.

Rev. J. V. Krall went to be with the Lord on January 31 at the home of his son, Rev. Franklin H. Krall, in Dorseyville, Pa. He was in his ninety-third year and was among the few pastors now living who personally knew A. B. Simpson.

Prior to serving with the Alliance Mr. Krall was pastor of two Methodist churches. He was ordained in 1914 at the Mahaffey (Pa.) Camp Meeting. He served thirteen Alliance churches, and during his ministry built churches at McKeesport and Lawrence Park, Pa.

His son, pastor of the Community Church of Dorseyville (C&MA), conducted the memorial service.

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HAZEL JACKSON VISITS FOREST LAWN — TWICE DAILY



Hazel Jackson enjoying the grounds.

We had seen her around the Glendale Park for a long time. All last summer we watched her — leaving the grounds in the morning as we arrived — walking down the road past the Little Church of the Flowers in the warm afternoons carrying her tote bag — and we wondered about her. We decided she came to visit a family memorial, and it might be intrusive to ask. Then we received a call from Isabel Goeze, now retired from the Flower Shop. Isabel had gotten acquainted with the lady and suggested this story.

At age 84 Hazel Jackson is not your average little old lady in tennis shoes. Educated, articulate and aware, she's been around the world twice, studied in Paris and spent 35 years as a missionary in Vietnam. And lest you think that missionaries are unsophisticated folk, Mrs. Jackson knows more about the world than most of today's turn-on types. She's fought off insects and disease on the humid plains of Vietnam, been under bombardment from the Viet Cong, survived a Japanese concentration camp, was evacuated on the S.S.

Gripsholm, raised four successful sons and experienced the adjustment of widowhood, all without once entertaining a doubt that Jesus has her by the hand.

She has visited Forest Lawn twice a day, almost every day of the week for nearly three years. Only heavy rainfall keeps her away. She has no family members interred here. Why does she come?

"I couldn't live without Forest Lawn," she tells you. "The beauty — the serenity — it helps me physically to be in an atmosphere like this."

She's familiar with the entire Park, but she's partial to the older sections. She sits on a bench under the trees, reads the Christian magazines she carries in her bag and prays. There are a lot of people depending on her prayers. Some call long distance for her help.

A member of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, Mrs. Jackson was born and reared in Nova Scotia, attended the Nyack Missionary College in New York state and in 1919 sailed from Vancouver on the Empress of Russia, bound for Hong

Kong. She proceeded to Tourane, now Da Nang, in what was then the French Colony of Vietnam.

She spent two years learning the very difficult language of the Vietnamese. She married fellow missionary Richmond Jackson, with the ceremony performed by the Mayor of Hanoi and solemnized at the French Protestant Church. The couple was sent by the Alliance to Paris to study French, and they returned to Vietnam to dedicate themselves to their work and raising their family.

They worked in various places around the country — teaching, translating, converting — often in the most primitive conditions. In 1940, during World War II, the American Consul advised women and children to leave Vietnam. Many did. Mrs. Jackson stayed on with her husband. With the entrance of the United States into the war, the situation worsened. There were Communist uprisings, evacuations into the mountains and news of nearby massacres. The Jacksons were placed in a Japanese concentration camp in 1943. Months later they were exchanged for Japanese prisoners of war and sent to New York on the Swedish S.S. Gripsholm.

After the war the Jacksons returned to Vietnam and stayed until 1954, leaving Hanoi just one day before the Communist takeover.

"If it weren't for the Communists," Mrs. Jackson says firmly, "I'd still be there doing my work."

She still works, teaching English to Vietnamese refugees, who are overjoyed at meeting someone who speaks their language.

She lives just up the street on Glendale Avenue, walking distance from Forest Lawn, but she may be moving further away soon.

"Forest Lawn plays an important part in my life, so even if I move, I'll keep on coming back. I'll just take the bus.

"I think Forest Lawn should put me on the payroll," she laughs. "I keep regular hours. And I'm a fixture as much as the statues."

You'll see Mrs. Jackson feeding the ducks, strolling along the roads and quietly meditating. She'll be pleased if you say Hello. And it will brighten your day, as she tells you:

"This is the day the Lord has made. We will rejoice and be glad in it."

Wheaton, Illinois
February 1953

Dear Friends:

It was exactly one year ago that I wrote my last circular letter from Lanai. Now once again we are turning our feet toward the land of our adoption. I have revised the list of names for these letters and added quite a few more. If your address is changed or if you wish to discontinue receiving them, will you be so kind as to inform Rev. Carl Measell who has offered to continue this work for us. The other day a lady asked me if there was any charge for them. I said, "No, but if anyone wishes to send Mr. Measell a small gift to help with postage and handling, I'm sure it would be welcome." We have never discussed the matter, but I believe he agrees with me that the only return we ask is that you read the letters and share them with others who might be helped in some way by them, especially individuals and groups who pray for missionaries and their work.

We came to Wheaton nine months ago in order to attend Bernard's graduation from college and to make a home for him and Victor during our furlough. After working as a chemist during the summer holidays, Bernard entered the Dental School of Northwestern University in Chicago. Since we are only twenty-five miles apart we have the joy of having him home each week-end. We will all miss the happy fellowship but "he that loves son or daughter more than he is not worthy of me." If God so leads he may some day go to the field as teacher and dentist. Victor attends college here and is also following the R.C.T.C. program. The army called him to Chicago yesterday for the routine physical examination of eligible draftees. We expect they will permit him to continue his college work. He is much interested in botany. All of his grades were high enough this time to put him on the honor roll - a coveted place. Since he has no G.I. funds he is obliged to earn his way through. Bernard has also to do the same to pay very high university expenses. It's enough to discourage any but the most determined and stouthearted. So we thank God for making them willing to climb up the hard way.

Albert and his family came to see us at Christmas time and also say good-bye. He is still with the Atomic Energy Commission in Kentucky. God willing, we will see Raymond and family on the West Coast from where we expect to sail about the end of March. If we can make satisfactory travel arrangements we plan to spend a few days in South Dakota on our way west. I had the privilege recently of visiting some of my sisters in several Canadian cities and also speaking in several of our churches.

We have greatly enjoyed the fellowship of other Christians during these months at home. The people here have all been so kind to us and we shall miss them. It will help a lot if you all remember Proverbs 25:25. We know that we can count on many of you to uphold us in prayer. We don't have a definite appointment, but fully expect it will be in the war zone of Tonkin where we were the last term. This may be our last term. In any case the time is short and "the work that centuries might have done must crowd the hours of setting sun." Though it is pleasant and comfortable here in America we feel that we are more needed over there. Ever since we left a year ago the natives have been writing us to hurry back. It will be nice to renew their friendship again. Let me share part of a poem with you since it expresses our feelings at this time:

"My brain is dazed and wearied with the New World's stress and strife, (life.
With the race for money and place and power, and the whirl of the nation's
Let me go back! Such pleasures and gains are not for me;
But oh, for a share in the harvest home of the Fields beyond the sea.

For they are my chosen people, and that is my place to fill,
To spend the last of my strength and life, in doing my Master's will;
Let me go back! 'Tis nothing to suffer and do and dare;
For the Lord has faithfully kept his word, He is with me always there.

For March please address all letters in care of The Home of Peace, 4700 Daisy St., East Oakland, California. Thanks a million for your prayers and interest in the past. "Let us not grow weary in well-doing."

(Mrs. R. M.) Hazel Jackson

This is being recorded in the home of Rev. and Mrs. R. M. Jackson, Paso Robles, California, September 25, 1962.

born Feb. 1895

M. J. - p. 8.

(Reel #41 A)

Mickelson: Mrs. Jackson will you tell us how you found the Lord as your Savior?

Mrs.: Yes, I was brought up in an Episcopal Church.

M.: Where was that?

Mrs.: In Nova Scotia, Canada. I had gone to church and Sunday School I think from the time I was a small child. But I had never heard anybody say they were a christian or anyone use the word saved or born-again. But from the time I was a small child there must have been a hunger in my heart for something better, or different. I didn't know what it was, because no one had ever spoken to me personally about accepting Christ. I knew nothing about that until I was 19 years of age. When I was small I would write scripture texts like "God is love", and put them up in a branch of a tree by the roadside. I was a small child and evidently God had put a hunger in my heart for something for him from the time I was little. There were twelve children in my family; I was the second. I would stand up on a table and preach to my younger brothers and sisters. Tell them a Sunday School lesson or something like that, you know. I memorized the Psalms and various passages of the Bible at Sunday School. But as I say, no one ever spoke to me personally till I was 19 years¹⁹¹⁴ of age and I was working in the city of Montreal. I had gone from High School up there to work and earn my living. One day I was walking along the street and I saw a sign. There was a mission to be opened that night. I used to walk along the street of Montreal reciting nice poems and things that I thought would help me to be good and be what I thought I ought to be. There was a Scotchman standing at the door of this mission as my sister and I walked by. We didn't have any hat on and of course we didn't think we could go into any religious service without a hat. We asked this man, "would you let us go in without our hats?" And he said in his Scotch brogue, "It isn't your hats that we want but your hearts." So we went in and we sat there and listened. It was just amazing to us to hear the people talk. This layman, a brick layer, was the preacher and in a moment I will tell you how they happened to open that mission. So that night when they gave the alter call the said, "Anybody here want to know the Lord Jesus as their personal Savior just raise your hand." So I did and I said to my sister, "Would you accept Christ too?" So that word personal was the word that did it for me, see. Because I had known about God and all that through going to church and Sunday School but he wasn't personal. So a lady, an elderly woman, prayed with us after the meeting and I didn't feel anything at the time but as I walked home to my boarding house after the meeting I felt like a big heavy burden had been lifted off of my head. The next morning, as I walked to my office, it seemed like all the houses had been newly painted, as if the birds were singing so sweetly because I was changed. Everything seemed different after that. Shall I tell you how that mission came to be opened?

M.: Who was it that was sponsoring this mission?

Mrs.: Well I'll tell you. This mission was opened as a result of a sermon preached by Dr. Simpson at Old Orchard Beach. This would be about 1913 or 14. Some of the people from Montreal used to go down there to the camp meetings at Old Orchard Beach. There were a couple of men who went from Montreal and heard this sermon on "The Value of a Soul" and the sister of one of them - one was a business man and one was a mason and brick layer. He preached on - "What should a man profit if he gain the whole world but lose his own soul." And they were very much stirred over this message and when they went back to Montreal, the business man said, "well now, if I could find

somebody to preach I would be glad to finance the opening of a gospel mission here in the city or in the suburbs." So he found this brick layer who was a christian and was willing to undertake the preaching end of it and it was this man and his brother who were at the door the first night it opened when my sister and I walked by and asked if we could come in without our hats. Then a few months after I was saved, ---

M.: Just a moment. Do you recall the names of those men who took part in that?

Mrs.: Yes. Mr. Louis Tarelton was the business man and Mr. Middleton was the brick layer or mason.

M.: Where was the home church located? Is that Montreal Church?

Mrs.: What do you mean, home church?

M.: There was no Alliance church there then?

Mrs.: Oh no! That was some years later.

M.: They were just laymen who were interested ---

Mrs.: Yes that was all.

M.: How long before you learned about the deeper life?

Mrs.: Then the next summer the sister of this business man was a very earnest christian lady and taught a class there in the city. (Miss Tarelton) In Montreal. She asked me to come down to Old Orchard with her the next summer you see, after I was saved. There I met Dr. Simpson and Dr. Turnbull and I heard an appeal for the mission fields. But previous to that, just after I was saved, several months after I was saved, one day I was sitting in my office - I had a little private office - and each day, as I would have time, I would read the Bible and perhaps sing a hymn and have a service all by myself, you know. Of course I witnessed to the other people who worked in the store. I was doing the office work for a big company - a meat packing company - then afterwards I worked in other offices too. But as I read that verse, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." It seemed like the Lord was just talking right to me. Just like you would speak to me, his voice was so clear. And so after that I said, "Well, Lord, it'll be hard to leave everything here but if you want me to go I'm willing."

M.: You date your call back to that?

Mrs.: Oh yes! Definitely! If someone will provide the funds for my training and all that, well, then I will go. And of course these people wanted me to go train at one of the Alliance schools and Nyack was the nearest. So I waited a couple of years and worked and saved up what little money I could. It wasn't very much and I worked in a Chinese mission and a Presbyterian Church and I worked at outdoor meetings where we preached the gospel and gave our testimonies on the street corners and things like that in the meantime. And then after a couple of years this business man offered to finance my going to Nyack.

M.: He knew about Nyack too then?

Mrs.: Yes, he had been down to Old Orchard, you see, and his sister, through him no doubt, - she was perhaps a more earnest christian than he so ----

M.: Did that mission develope into an Alliance Church?

Mrs.: Well, I believe it eventually led to Alliance branches there. I don't know if that particular one did. It remained an independent mission. It really turned into a church. Out in Verdun, a suburb of the city. "Onward Mission" was the name, to begin with. I think that's been changed now for some different name. Of course, there have been Alliance churches started there. One or two since then and in other parts of Canada, even down in Nova Scotia where I was born and perhaps in New Brunswick.

M.: What year did you go to Nyack then?

Mrs.: I went in 1917 and I was there until 1919.

M.: You graduated in 1919?

Mrs.: Yes, and then I went to the field with Dr. and Mrs. Jaffrey.

M.: How did you happen to get interested in Viet Nam?

Mrs.: Well, one day at a meeting, at our chapel meeting I think, in Nyack Mr. Hess from South China was speaking. I'd never heard of Viet Nam of course. I didn't know where it was or anything about it and I had felt in a general way - I didn't have any desire to go to Africa among colored people, but I thought that I would like to go to Asia but I had no idea where. When Mr. Hess spoke at our chapel meeting he mentioned the need of missionaries to go to Viet Nam.

M.: Had he been down there? - yes

Mrs.: Maybe he had but anyhow he made a strong appeal for young people to go to Viet Nam. When he said that I felt that God was directing me very definitely. Before that the reason I looked toward Asia was because from my office window, in the city of Montreal, there was a big sign across the street. I don't know if it was the China Import and Export Company or not but in big letters the word CHINA seemed to be always before me. That was one thing too that was an indication that the Lord wanted me in that direction. I thought, of course, that Indo-China was part of China. Just like nearly everybody in America does today. It's very hard for us to convince people that we weren't in China.

M.: Who was in charge of Nyack at that time?

Mrs.: The Turnbulls, as far as I remember. And Dr. Simpson came and gave classes, studies there.

M.: Do you recall any of the classes he taught while you were there?

Mrs.: Well, just classes on the deeper life and different Bible studies. I don't remember anything - the particular name of the class, but ---

M.: Who were some of the other professors there?

Mrs.: Some man from Canada who went to Palestine - what was his name? A. Thompson, Pardington, and Cable. --

M.: Were you examined at Nyack for foreign service?

Mrs.: Yes, at the close of my two years of study I went before the board of examiners.

M.: Was Dr. Simpson in the meeting that examined you?

Mrs.: I don't remember if he was or not.

M.: Were you acquainted with your future husband there?

Mrs.: Well, it was while I was there. I had been praying from the time I was saved that the Lord would lead me to the right man. Several others had proposed, but I didn't feel it was right. I was going with a young French boy at the time I was saved and I immediately told him I couldn't go with him anymore because I was a Christian, and he said it was a shame for a nice girl like me to become a Protestant. And I told him I couldn't go with him anymore. One day at Nyack - you see, the men sat on one side and the women sat on the other - and when I saw Mr. Jackson there and I heard people talking about him and one thing and another, the Holy Spirit said to me, "That's the man you will marry." I never said a word to anybody. He knew nothing about it at all. It wasn't my place to make any offer or anything and his brother was there in my class with me and he went to the field one year ahead of me. He was a year ahead in school. I kept just praying and keeping silent and kept praying that if that was really the Lord's voice, that we would get together somehow. And the Lord really did work it all out. I could tell you that.

M.: After completing Nyack did they require that you have home service or did they recognize that you had enough.

Mrs.: No they didn't. They were in a hurry for me to go out. Dr. Jaffrey's daughter needed someone to help her with her French lessons and I knew considerable French, so they wanted me to travel along with them across the country. We stopped at different places to hold conventions, you know, where he was speaking. I was a sort of companion to Mrs. Jaffrey and their daughter Margeret, and I helped her on the ship with her French lessons.

M.: Was there any particular church that had a farewell for you? Do you recall?

Mrs.: No I don't think so. I had never been in an Alliance Church until I came home on my first furlough. I had never been in an Alliance Church at all.

M.: From what port did you set sail?

Mrs.: I believe it was from ^{the Vancouver} San Francisco that time. San Francisco or Seattle.

Mr.: Excuse me. I think more likely it would be Vancouver? Because you went on the Empress of Russia.

Mrs.: Oh, perhaps yes. It was Vancouver.

M.: Do you recall the ports in which you stopped en route to the field?

Mrs.: I believe we stopped in Japan; most of the ships across the ocean stopped in Japan at that time. And we stopped in Shanghai.

M.: Did you meet the missionaries there?

Mrs.: Oh yes! The Woodburys were there at the time. And Dr. and Mrs. Jaffrey got off the ship there to take their daughter up to Chefoo. I was so happy on the ship, having such a good time, I didn't want to get off with them. They allowed me to stay on the ship and meet them in Hong Kong. The ship went down to the Philippine Islands and we stopped in Manila. On the way between Manila and Hong Kong, we got into a terrible typhoon. They sent the S.O.S. call out fearing that the ship was going down. The captain headed into the middle, or the eye, of the typhoon; they felt

this was the safest place. And everything in our cabins came tumbling down and rolling all over the floor and everything. We had to hold on to both sides of our beds or bunks there to keep from falling out because the ship would tip end to end as far as it would go. And it would go side to side as far as it would go, and each time you were sure you were going under. And then it would shake, just like a cat shaking a mouse and many people were afraid and praying and crying and I told them, "don't be afraid because God has called me to Viet Nam and the ship can't go down."

M.: Were there any other Alliance missionaries on the boat beside the Jaffreys and yourself?

Mrs.: That I can't recall. I think Mr. Hinky was then in Hong Kong and I think he had just died when we arrived there.

M.: Where did you get off the ship then?

Mrs.: I got off in Hong Kong.

M.: Do you remember who met the boat? Missionaries? You arrived alone then?

Mrs.: Yes. I don't remember the name. But it was an elderly couple from China. I forget the name of the couple.

M.: How long did you stay in Hong Kong?

Mrs.: Well, they didn't wish me to go alone. You see, we had to change ship, a coastal steamer, to go to Viet Nam. French Indo-China at that time. They didn't wish me, as a single girl, to go alone so they advised that I go up the river with Dr. and Mrs. Jaffrey to Wuchow and that I would begin French lessons there with someone who could help me. So I stayed up there in Wuchow for about three months waiting for Edith Frost, who is now Mrs. John Olson, for her to come. She was to arrive, you see, a few months later. So they thought that when she came it would be all right for the two of us young women to go on a ship alone from Hong Kong to Indo-China. Dr. Jaffrey told us to go on a certain ship. When we got to Hong Kong we found that that ship had sunk on the way. We didn't know what to do and we stayed in a hotel and the hundred dollars that we were supposed to have on hand extra, you know, when we arrived on the field, was pretty soon all used up. Paying this hotel money; some christian hostel - not a hostel but a relieving home. It was up on a hill. I forget the name of it. We stayed there for quite awhile and every day we would go down to the docks and inquire of the shipping office if they had any ships going over to Haiphong or Saigon or any ports over in Indo-China. And each day they would say no and we would keep praying and praying for the Lord to show us what we should do. One morning while we were praying and reading the 107th Psalm we came to the verse - "then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble and He delivered them out of their distresses and he led them forth by the right way that they might go to a city of habitation. Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness and His wonderful works to the children of men." When we read that I said to Edith, "I believe that this means that God has a ship for us today." So we began to praise the Lord. We went down and we found a captain of of a ship, of a little ship, that was going and he said, "all right, I will take you but you will have to stay on board the ship in Haiphong." I was supposed to go to Tourane to study the language. We said, all right, we were willing to do that. He said it wouldn't be safe for us girls to go ashore alone. The mission had told Mr. Jackson and Mr. Jeffrey, who were alone working up in Hanoi, in Mr. Cadmans place at the time while he was on furlough, to come down. So they came down to the ship to help us to attend to anything that was needed, but we just used the ship as our hotel until they sailed several days later. We must have been there several days.

Mr.: She got in the Third of December.

Mrs.: Well, it was while we were there that we were engaged then; on the ship deck. But he had written -- it was a custom in Indo-China for the old missionaries, former missionaries to write to the new ones that were coming out. So he wrote a letter of welcome to me up in Wuchow and that was the first opportunity I had to say anything to him. I answer his letter and we keep writing back and forth. Well, one day he wrote a letter of proposal that I got in Hong Kong saying - "You're invited to the wedding of Mr. Richmond Jackson with so and so --" I thought that he was going to marry someone ---

Mr.: Excuse me. "As his bride."

Mrs.: Yes, but before I came to that part I thought he was marrying somebody else.

M.: Oh, I see.

Mrs.: Then I saw. He was kind of timid about proposing, so then that gave me a chance then to really accept this. Because I knew several years before since the Lord had told me I was to marry him, so you see, I knew there was no doubt about it. But Edith said to me, "Now Hazel, be very careful. You don't know this man very well and you better be careful before you accept his proposal." But I knew that it was all right, that it was of the Lord.

M.: Now what were your first impressions upon arrival in Viet Nam?

Mrs.: Well, from the port of Haiphong we went down to Tourane. (That's another big sea port.) We anchored out in the harbor a distance. We had to wait for some launch to come out from the town or city - it was a pretty big place. Lots of natives were crowding around us with their little boats, everybody begging to take our baggage. We were looking for some of the missionaries on these launches or some of these little boats coming out and we were just about frantic because we couldn't understand anything anybody was saying.

M.: So you hadn't met Mr. Jackson as yet?

Mrs.: No, he was up in Hanoi. They were up in Hanoi and we left Haiphong. We two girls. We were on the ship alone from down there to Tourane.

Mr.: I received a telegram from Wuchow telling me to meet the ship.

Mrs. Yes, so we got off and put our things on the dock there with all these natives clamoring around us begging to take our baggage and we didn't see any of our missionaries yet. We really were in great distress. We didn't know what to do. We couldn't talk or couldn't understand anything.

M.: Couldn't you use your French there and contact some of the Customs Officials?

Mrs.: No, at that point there would probably be no Customs Officials around there and we would have to go a little later to the Customs office. So Edith and I sat there on our baggage waiting for someone to come and help us out of our dilemma. Finally some of the missionaries, the Erwins probably - there were several couples living in the Tourane Compound at the time - and they came down there then and took us up to the home.

M.: They didn't know you were coming, did they?

Mrs.: I imagine that Dr. Jaffrey told them. I'm not clear on that point. I think

they must have known somehow but I don't know how.

M.: What were your impressions upon arrival in that new country?

Mrs.: Well, it was pretty confusing to begin with. When we got to the missionary receiving home there in Tourane, some of the natives were there. A native pastor, old Mr. T^{uan}, who's dead now I believe. It was raining at the time. I was looking out the window and he was trying to teach me how to say "it's raining." It had a difficult vowel in it. The words in Vietnamese are M-U-A and that is a whiskered U which was very difficult for a foreigner to learn to pronounce correctly, and those were the first words I learned. I found out that if you pretended that you were angry or something that it was easier to pronounce that letter. As if you were disgusted or angry. So that's the way I finally got that letter correct.

M.: What were your first responsibilities or commitments upon arrival?

Mrs.: Of course, it was to study the language for the first year, year and a half that I was there in Tourane.

M.: And who was studying that with you?

Mrs.: Miss Frost and Miss Foster - Marion Foster was there at the time. (Of course she knew the language pretty well by then. She had come out a year or two ahead of us.) Then after a year I think I began to speak a little and try to teach the children in my faltering language. Hold childrens meetings.

M.: Did you have a regular language course then?

Mrs.: No, they had not yet established a regular language course. There was some sort of a little primer that we went by to study the vowels and the combinations of vowels, and sounds and consonants with vowels; it was very difficult. We sat all day long, or perhaps we sat half a day with the teacher saying these sounds over and over and over again. The teacher didn't know any English or French. We knew a few words of French at that time. Of course we knew nothing. We couldn't understand what the teacher said and he couldn't understand what we said, but we got along the best we could until we learned a few phrases so that we could say what is this, what is that, and so forth. At the end of the year I was able to say quite a bit and was able to begin doing a little bit of work.

M.: You still remained at the station there?

Mrs.: Oh yes. At that time we were supposed to remain single for two years until we were pretty far advanced in the language. We were supposed to have two full years of language study but they were so anxious to get a station opened up in the port city of Haiphong that they gave permission for us to be married after we were there a year and a half, I believe. I went up to Hanoi, where my husband was, and we were married there in a French church.

M.: Who performed the ceremony?

Mrs.: A French Protestant pastor.

M.: What Alliance missionaries were present?

Mrs.: The Cadmans and Mr. Jeffrey. I think they were the only ones there at the time. We had a civil service first which was the only one that counted under the French Government. You didn't have to go to a church to get married if you didn't want to. But of course, we went to the French Protestant Church and had a regular ceremony performed with just a small audience of French friends and those who came. And then

we rode around the city. The pastor was with a horse and carriage, two horses and a fancy carriage we rode around in. Then that evening we took the train and went to Haiphong and there again we lived in the French Protestant church. They had an apartment up over the church and we lived there our first year.

M.: Did the French have rather strange regulations regarding getting permission to marry and so on? Was there a certain age you had to be and so on?

Mrs.: Oh no, we had no difficulties whatever.

Mr.: Pardon me. We had to get our birth certificates translated into French.

M.: I'd like to ask what you recall of Dr. Simpson. How did he impress you?

Mrs.: Well, he made a great impression upon me. I remember as a young woman studying there at Nyack, that when Dr. Simpson would walk into the auditorium, as he would walk down the aisle, his very presence made him seem as if he were God himself almost. He just radiated the presence of God to such an extent and he was just full of the Holy Spirit. I would say it was the Holy Spirit in him. He was a wonderful Bible teacher. He died just after I arrived on the field in 1919.

M.: You'd attended quite a few services that he conducted?

Mrs.: Yes, a number of classes.

M.: Classes yes, but how about some of his services. Do you recall how he used to draw in the net or if he did?

Mrs.: No, I don't remember very well.

M.: You don't recall how he presented the cardinal doctrines of the Alliance, do you?

Mrs.: No, ohly perhaps, as I would have heard it at Old Orchard Beach. I heard the Four-fold gospel explained there at the camp meetings at Old Orchard Beach the year I went.

M.: He would bring a Bible message and then the missionaries would speak?

Mrs.: Yes.

M.: Mr. Jackson, now we'll ask you some questions. How did you find the Lord as your Savior?

Mr.: My grandmother, Sara Merrill Goodwin, felt a call to missionary work in India. But her parents forbade her to go and she didn't. Later she married and my mother was the second of four girls. Mother and Father faithfully taught us the gospel. They attended a Congregational Church in Massachusetts.

M.: What town?

Mr.: Georgetown. County of Essex. My mother was trained as a teacher and she taught a Bible School of young ladies in the church when I was old enough to take notice; not notice of the girls, but notice of what was going on. She was very strict. We had special games for Sunday. Bible pictures; charts and maps of the Holy Land cut up in jig saw to put together. She was particular about that. I remember one time, I asked Mother for permission to stay away from church and she said I must be sick if I didn't want to go to church and so she made me stay in my room and I think she gave me a bit of quinine (I don't remember whether I could swallow it or not); She made me

stay in my room. I suppose they gave me something to eat at noon but I wasn't allowed to come down and eat with the family. The next Sunday I went to church without any argument but there came a time, quite a bit later, when I went to church on my own accord. I'll put it this way, and I'm ahead of my story, but in our church I remember back in about the spring of 1908 the Y.M.C.A. held services and I believe I signed a card at the time. At the end of that year Chaplain Alexander was preaching in Boston. My aunt and uncle, that's Mr. and Mrs. Floros Kenny, were living near Melrose, near Boston, and they invited my brother and me to come to Melrose. Allen and Smith were carrying on other services there close by in a Baptist Church in Melrose and we attended some of those meetings. I don't have any idea what they were preaching about but I just remember that my brother and I were terribly under conviction. We were weeping over our sins and we went to the prayer room and they explained to us and I think they gave to us a little vest pocket book that they called "Without Excuse", or something like that, to help us. They explained. My mother died in May. I was not quite 14, my brother 10, my sister 19. After my mother died my aunt Mary and my aunt Lydia, the oldest and youngest in the family, did all they could to help us in a spiritual way. I knew they were praying for us and, as they had opportunity, they helped us. I never met my grandfather Jackson, but Grandmother Jackson died when I was about six years old. I didn't know much about her spiritual convictions. I do remember that every morning, as soon as breakfast was over, Father would read from the Bible, usually something pertaining to the Sunday School lesson for the following Sunday; and then he would pray. If Dad had to be away Mother would take over. We never got excused from morning prayers. When we went out to the country to visit one of Mother's cousins whose husband was a farmer, they took time to read the Bible and pray after breakfast. I went to the home of my uncle and aunt, the Tennys. They had prayer and my aunt Mary would have prayer with us. That was the accepted method and we were carefully trained.

Following the conviction and realization of my need and receiving the Lord, I don't remember too much change. We had attended the Congregational Church but that summer the pastor, who had been a student in Boston - he had just completed three years of service, was a German from Toronto, Canada, very fine man and he preached the funeral service for my mother - but he had earned a scholarship to study in Germany. He'd married in the meantime and was living in the Church parsonage and he was leaving. Our church united with another Congregational Church. Way back they had split when my father was a boy and now they concluded it was better to work together. In the meantime the split-off had become quite a church and they had built a nice church; so they met in that church and closed ours; - a brick church that was given by George Peabody and his sister. My sister had been converted in the Baptist Church in special meetings. As long as our parents lived she attended the Congregational Church with them, but when our church closed she asked Dad permission to go to the Baptist Church. Well, I went to Dad one Sunday, and the pastor was no doubt a good man, but he preached way over my head and I couldn't understand what he was talking about, so I begged Dad for permission to go to the Baptist Church with my sister. Before too long my brother came along too, and finally Dad said, "What's the use - I'm going to be with the children" and so he came over. Then we were all immersed the same Sunday. (We had been sprinkled when we were infants.) We continued there with the Baptist Church as long as we were in town.

M.: Well, how did you learn about the deeper life?

Mr.: Well, I remember this, before I answer that. That we never heard any teaching that I know about regarding the Holy Spirit in that Baptist Church or the Congregational Church either. They used the formula, The Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, but they never told us who he was or what he would do for us. My aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Tenny, attended a Congregational Church - I think it was in Melrose - and in that church there was a school teacher, Miss Snell, who used to attend the Old Orchard convention almost every summer. She became a good friend of my aunts and told my aunt and uncle

Mervell
Tenny's
parents

about Old Orchard, so that in 1913 my uncle arranged to have his vacation while that ten day conference was going on in Old Orchard. My aunt and uncle and my cousin went to Old Orchard. After that they told me plenty about it. My aunt said that for the first time she heard definite teaching about the Holy Spirit and she said, "That's what I want." My uncle was an Englishman, though he was born in the States, and was a sound, wise business man and he endeavored to live the best he knew how by what teaching he'd had but to say, "all my best efforts are nothing but filthy rags," was pretty hard for him. My aunt told me that for three days he didn't sleep much and didn't eat much, but at the end of three days he was willing to agree that he'd have to come God's way and he received the Holy Spirit. He was the only one of three children to grow up and his mother fed him very well indeed. His father had a good position in Boston and he was well cared for. No lack of anything but not wealthy. He was used to having things pretty fine. My aunt said she noticed a difference. After that he'd never complain about anything and later they went to Nyack the same year I did. I'm getting off my story now but I'll explain that later. You check me. The next summer, 1914, my aunt and uncle arranged for me to go to Old Orchard. So I heard a whole lot more for myself.

M.: Who were the speakers, do you recall?

Mr.: Not too much. I remember I heard the sermon that Hazel mentioned. Dr. Simpson took his text from "What should it profit if a man gain the whole world but lose his own soul," showing that a soul is worth more than the whole world. Then that other portion in the 25th of Matthew, where it says, "in as much as ye did it for the least of these my brethren you did it to me." Or, "you did it not." "The Sheep and the Goats Separated"; those were his texts. I heard the message and there was \$64,000 pledged in that convention in 1913. Well, the two gentlemen that Hazel mentioned were there and heard the message and got together and said, "What can we do?" She told you about Onward Mission. I never met those men that I know of. I'd completed one year at the State College of Agriculture. (I wanted to be a scientific farmer). I went right on for my second year and the third year but I became convinced that even a farmer should know more about the Bible than I knew. So before Christmas of 1915 I applied to study at Nyack, thinking I would take the Christian Workers course and then the following year I would go back to college and finish. I realized that probably if I finished first and then went to Nyack, well, then I might not want to. I'd be looking for a full-time job. Otherwise I'd just work for the summer. I went for one year and I think it was Mrs. Pardington who urged me not to take the Christian Workers course. She said, "Why take the Christian Workers course?" I'd already had three years of college, English and all; she said, "You might just as well take the Junior course and then if you want to continue you haven't lost your time." I took the first year. I remember that first year I studied Greek with Mr. Cable. Dr. A. E. Thompson was there. Dr. Turnbull -- at that time Dr. Simpson used to teach us Bible I every evening. I remember that. Dr. Dubreeze was our teacher of Church History. Miss Quate and Miss Cartright were teaching music. I did take a few lessons there - I'd had a few at home (piano lessons).

M.: Did Dr. Simpson teach while you were there that year? Or just special lectures?

Mr.: As I remember, he spoke every Wednesday night. It was Bible I- Exposition of the Bible. But beyond that I don't remember. But, of course, every once in awhile he would preach on Sunday morning, and maybe for special occasions. But they had other teachers who would take turns. Visitors coming in also. I think I met Hostler and Hughes, the first two missionaries from South China who went to Indo-China. I remember hearing Mr. Hostler and -----

M.: Do you recall anything that he said? Did he tell of the Viet Nam exploratory trip?

Mr.: Oh, he'd been there already a term or two. He went in 1911 and here it was 1916. He was back on furlough.

Mrs.: They were driven out by World War I

Mr.: You see, people with German names were not trusted too much by the French. Now Mr. Cadman, of course he was English, Mr. ^{Canadian} Irwin was English. Mr. Cadman was allowed to marry Miss Hazenbourg, who was Dutch, but her father became nationalized in America before she was of age so she was an American citizen. They were allowed to marry and her name vanished. The same thing with Frank ^{Irwin} and Marie Morgant^{Heiler}. She was German, American, but they allowed them to marry and her name vanished. So both men were British and they shut their eyes beyond that. But the other folks, now there was Hostler and his wife who had to come home, Berk^{ed} who had to come home, and another ^{man} ~~couple~~ - German ^{Soderburg} - they had to come home. ~~They had German names.~~ Well, because of that they were anxious to fill up the ranks as soon as it was convenient. Then I reasoned this way; my sister was married, my younger brother was working and supporting himself, father was in pretty good health, and didn't need me and there was no reason why I shouldn't offer to go. And I knew my aunt, Mrs. Tenny, was praying because her mother felt a call but she didn't get to the field, but my aunt heard at Old Orchard but she married, or rather was married with a child ten years old, and it didn't seem possible for her to go then and so she was anxious to have some member of the family go and she was praying. I offered and was accepted. Regarding my experience, that summer I was sent up to ---

M.: Just a moment. Do you date your call then from that decision you made while at Nyack? Your call to foreign service.

Mr.: I don't know as I really thought about it in just that way. I saw a need. I met Rev. Hess. Rev. Hess was there. You see, he, as the chairman of the South China field, was superintendent for Indo-China. But there again his name was German and just how, I don't remember, but I do remember hearing that at one time things were difficult with the French and Mr. Jaffrey, who was then an important member of South China, went down there. His name isn't French but he went down there and talked with the French people and at least persuaded them that they shouldn't shut the work down altogether, and they agreed to let him go on. And when I arrived he was our superintendent in Indo-China. (We had no chairman at that time.)

M.: He was still located in South China?

Mr.: Oh yes! He'd make a trip once or twice a year.

M.: Mr. Hess had an influence upon you at Nyack then?

Mr.: Oh yes indeed.

M.: And then when you met the board did you apply for ---

Mr.: I rather think so. I don't remember exactly.

M.: What year did you graduate then?

Mr.: 1918. I had two years.

M.: Did they require you to have home service?

Mr.: Well, I was getting to that. That summer I went to Delaware County in New York. John Gafney was then the sub-supervisor for an area there. He took me back and put me in Harvard, I think, where he lived and he went around to get other new recruits settled in their tasks and I spent the summer there. From May up until August.

M.: What place was that again?

Mr.: It was at Harvard. From there I would visit two or three places. I went from Harvard to Conocia^{Kinetic}(?) on a Friday afternoon. I'd get on the steam train and I'd go to Conocia. And there I'd stay in a home and we'd have a village prayer meeting. Interested folks would meet there and usually I'd change every week. They'd give me my evening meal and lodging for the night, we'd hold a service, I'd sleep there, then they'd give me my breakfast and then I'd go back to Harvard in the morning.

M.: Who was the district superintendent of the area at that time?

Mr.: I think it was G. Vurner Brown.

M.: Did you go to the field that fall then?

Mr.: Yes, before though, along about July or August, I went to Binghamton for a convention. I remember Milton Scriptures father was still very very active in the work. He was there at Binghamton. A summer convention; a tent camp. From there I went back to New England and prepared to go to the field. About the end of May I was informed that they would let me go to Indo-China.

M.: What year was that now?

Mr.: 1918. So after that camp meeting I went back to New England and prepared to leave.

M.: Did you have to get your outfit and transportation?

Mr.: Yes, I believe we were required to trust the Lord for \$400 plus transportation and outfit.

M.: Where did you sail from?

Mr.: Vancouver.

M.: Who sailed with you?

Mr.: It was supposed that Stebbins and I would leave New York together but he couldn't get his passport in time. He came later. I went out by myself through Buffalo and Chicago and then up into Canada to Vancouver. At Vancouver I met August Destahat
Destakhaft
who was on his way to China.

M.: First term?

Mr.: That was the first term. He and I went on the same ship - The Monteagle. It was an old cattle ship made in England but converted into a passenger ship and we traveled first class on that small ship. They were carrying lumber and they had first, second and third class passengers. We left Vancouver in the morning of September 6, 1918. It took us 16 days to get to Yokohama, Japan. We saw the sun just two days and it was typhoon season, rough water, often big waves and I was seasick twice in the first four days, but after that I was all right and enjoyed the rest of the trip in spite of the rough water.

M.: Where did you get off the ship?

Mr.: At Hong Kong. But we had to stay over three days in Japan until the typhoon passed by.

M.: What port was that?

Mr.: Yokohama. An old gentleman was my cabin mate and Destahat was in another cabin. The shipping was limited so that they'd fill one cabin with men and other cabins with ladies. Husbands and wives were separated, but of course that didn't concern me. Mr. Bunting was a wool merchant living in Yokohama and he invited me to visit him while I was there. Destahat^{dest} was sick most of the way but I really enjoyed it.

M.: Who met the boat in Hong Kong?

Mr.: In Shanghai Destahat^{dest} and I met Mr. Woodbury and he took us to his home and we got acquainted with him. Then we went on to Hong Kong. Evidently the letters didn't get through. No body of the Alliance was thereto meet us but there were two couples, Southern Baptist, I think, and they came to the ship to meet two young ladies who were coming to their mission. One of the gentlemen said, "We'll be taking the baggage for these ladies and transporting it to a boat and they'll go with us back to the mission, but I might just as well take your baggage." He put our baggage on a boat that was going up river to Wuchow. He looked after that for us. I don't remember when we went ashore but it was a Saturday. We had travelers checks but we couldn't get anything cashed so this man went to Wingon(?); he had money on deposit, Hong Kong money on deposit, and he loaned us, (he knew Mr. Jaffrey very well), and without any further evidence he loaned us \$40.00 so we could pay our fare up the river and have a little change on hand.

M.: They were Hong Kong dollars?

Mr.: Hong Kong dollars. He said Mr. Jaffrey would arrange with him and it was all right. We thanked him as best we knew how and he simply said, "Pass it on, pass it on to somebody else." And later in Haiphong we had a chance. So Destahat^{dest} and I got on the ship that evening. We looked around town during the day and then got on the ship. Saturday night we started up river. About half past five we lifted a anchor. I think we got into Wuchow about ten or eleven o'clock in the morning and there was nobody there to meet us so we just took a little of our baggage and left the rest of it on the ship. They told us where to go. We walked in Wuchow until we came to Linkseefoo(?), I think and then we got on a sanpan and went across the river and then we walked up the hill to the headquarters and Mr. Jaffrey was there. Well, they hadn't gotten the mail. Destahat was staying in South China and before long he went off somewhere to his station. I was there for about 24 days waiting for others to come. While I was there, once or twice they asked me to speak to the students down in the Bible School. Mr. Coles was there in the printing press. The big tall gentleman. And Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Field were there. Mrs. Olfield; her husband was not there at the moment. They were some of them. I don't remember about the others. Mrs. Jaffrey was home on furlough at the time. Miss Marsh was there in the office. I stayed there for 24 days. In the meantime, Mrs. Stebbins - (he was supposed to come with me but he couldn't. He came on the next ship.) Miss Hartman who he later married.

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to p. 4.
Mr. Olson came up from Hong Kong. Soon after Dr. Jaffrey, Brother Stebbins and Miss Hartman and John and I went down to Canton. Then we got on a ship and went over to Haiphong. Mr. Jaffrey spoke Chinese, of course, and he could find enough Chinese to understand him so we just went ashore. On the ship the table boys were Vietnamese and, beside the way they dressed, we noticed that they had black teeth. When we went up the river we anchored in the river and these little boats came out as usual to take off our baggage. Mr. Jaffrey was able to arrange for that. We went ashore and I think that we got there at 10:00 in the morning. I believe we took an afternoon train - or maybe we slept there one night and then took a morning train to Hanoi where Mr. and Mrs. Cadman met us. We stayed there --

M.: Who was chairman of the field then?

Mr.: We had no chairman. Mr. Jaffrey was our superintendent and he took us over there. We stayed a day or two with the Cadmans and then we all, they and us, went to Haiphong and got on a ship and went to Tourane, down the coast. At Tourane we had a conference of those on the field.

M.: Jaffrey was with you?

M.: Oh yes! He went with us that trip. We arrived about two-thirty in the afternoon. That was the day of Armistice, November 4, 1918. In the evening the church bells were ringing and everybody was rejoicing because the armistice had been signed. I don't remember just how long we stayed there but during the conference it was decided that Olson and Stebbins would go to Saigon to learn the language down there. I returned to Hanoi with Mr. and Mrs. Cadman and lived in their home. Brother Cadman found a teacher and he dictated and wrote useful sentences. Then, with my teacher, he'd sit one side of the table and I the other and we'd have what they called a silibare - that was just words to help us learn to pronounce the letters and the combinations of letters. Then each lesson the youngman would read off a short sentence and I would repeat it and we'd keep going over that and over that, reviewing the words and reviewing the sentences. I continued with that. Before very long Brother Cadman arranged with me to live in a French home. He had taught the young man, the son, English, but the parents were very anxious that the boy would learn English very well and so I lived there. The gentleman was the Underchief of all the gardens in Hanoi. He had a classroom with a room at the end. They gave me the room at the end to live in. It had a fire place for cold weather and then the classroom in front. I had my breakfast served in my room but lunch and the evening meal I ate in the house with the family. The boy already knew a good deal of English; he could interpret. The parents knew practically none. They spoke only French. I had had French in school at home here, but in that way I had a chance to hear and to try to use French. As I say, I lived there. Each morning I would go to Mr. Cadman's house for my lesson in Vietnamese and I'd be back by lunchtime to eat with them. In those days I remember that I used to pay four Indo-China cents on the Tram car. At that time just about two cents to get over to Mr. Cadman's house and as much to get back. Before very long there was a French gentleman in a business concern who also cashed checks for the Hong Kong - Shanghai

Banking Corporation. He wanted more English, so between five-thirty and seven, I would go to his home. Three quarters of an hour he would teach me French, three quarters of an hour I would teach him English. That way we both benefited and it cost nobody any money, just time. Before too long I was able to use French and then there was the tendency to use French whenever I could rather than to try to use Vietnamese. As I say, Brother and Sister Cadman were there carrying on the work. Then in January of 1919, Ivory Jeffrey arrived.

M.: Had he been on the field before?

Mr.: Not before. He was arriving for the first time. He went to the home where I had been and I went to Cadman's home to live. Of course Ivory and I were in every meeting, pretty near every meeting, so we could hear and try to talk with the people. By March of 1919, Brother and Sister Cadman went home because they had been there eight years. Their furlough had been delayed. They left Jeffrey and me to carry on. We had eleven baptised believers. They had a chapel on the busy street.

M.: Mr. Cadman had started that work there?

Mr.: Oh yes!

M.: That was Hanoi?

Mr.: That was Hanoi. Mr. Cadman had established a church. They had eleven baptised believers; they had the call-porter who did the preaching at first and Ivory and I were studying the language. We were also responsible for a ~~call~~-porter in Haiphong, the port city. One or other of us would usually go down once a month, on a Friday afternoon, and we'd sleep there for the one night and the next day we'd go around visiting with the call-porter. Saturday night we'd have another meeting. We'd have the meeting between seven and eight and then I'd rush over to the railroad station near by and get on the train and get home about half past eleven at night. We'd take turns getting experience there. To supervise a little bit. The old gentleman was a converted Catholic Catechist. He spoke French well enough for us to understand. I remember the first time I ever tried to give a message in Vietnamese. My knees were bumping together and I was sweating. I don't expect I talked more than ten minutes but the Lord helped me. I also remember there were times when we had a fair group of listeners and then at other times there were - I remember once not a soul came in. It was pouring rain. The old ~~call~~-porter and I sat there trying to sing hymns, because neither of us could sing. Sometimes we'd have one or two. Another thing I remember, there were some Catechist from the Roman Church who would come in and try to spoil the meeting. They'd ask us questions intended to confuse us. The old gentleman was wise. He'd say, "Now you come to my house tomorrow morning, fix a time, and I'll get out a Bible and the books and we'll talk this thing over if you wish." Usually they never came. They wanted an audience to embarrass us, but they never came. But he was a wise old fellow. Little by little we got experience and the Lord enabled. I couldn't sing but he helped me to get the language moderately well.

M.: Where was the first conference that you attended?

Mr.: The first conference had been in Tourane as soon as I arrived. We went to Hanoi and then went down to Tourane.

M.: And Jaffray presided over that?

Mr.: Oh yes!

M.: And who was at the first conference?

Mr.: Who were present. Well, Mr. and Mrs. Erwin and Marion Foster. They were there when we got there. I guess they were all that were there. Then there was Stebbins and Mary Hartman and I. Olson and Stebbins and I and Mary Hartman; I guess we were all there the first time.

M.: Was it a regular conference? Was that the conference that appointed the first superintendent?

Mr.: Oh no! That was years later. I think Frank Erwin was the first chairman, but I can't tell you the first year.

M.: Did you have a conference every year?

Mr.: About once a year Mr. Jaffray came and presided.

M.: At the same station?

Mr.: Usually in Tourane. He'd come down and go back.

Mrs.: You see, most of us were still young and he would come down as a father and counsel and advise us.

M.: When were you made a senior missionary? How many years were you on the field?

Mr.: I think about two years after we arrived. I really don't know. I was ordained in Wuchow and the reason for that was to avoid any difficulties with the French officials.

M.: Who was on the ordaining committee, do you remember?

Mr.: Well, John Olson was there. Of course Mr. Jaffray. I guess Stebbins and I were ordained together. Mr. Field was there. Mr. Coles was working in the press and no doubt he was there. I might dig up my certificate and find out who signed it.

M.: That's all right. Did you continue at that same station until you were married?

Mr.: Yes. You see, Jeffrey and I were there together and then Brother and Sister Cadman - Oh, I might say that while Brother and Sister Cadman were gone Jeff and I had the job of supervising the building of the mission houses there. Mr. Cadman had selected an able Vietnamese contractor-builder and he and the mission had accepted the plans. Everything was done for us. All I had to do was to sign the contract. Jeffrey was more expert than I at building and he and I together supervised the building. Mr. Cadman had the assistance of Alfonse Crug. He was a German but happened to be born under a French Government and so he was a French subject. But he was a civil engineer. I understand he was a good pianist too. He planned the Tram-Way service for Hanoi City. In later years he had a plan where he

made bricks. He was an expert and a friend of Mr. Cadman's. He spoke English well. (Of course, French and German). He had a home in Hanoi and maybe several houses that he rented, I don't know. He had a big family. He would come now and then and look at the place and he'd make sure that everything was done right so that we didn't have to carry all the responsibility. The servants quarters and a little storage place had been omitted in the plans and Jeff and I had to plan for that. We got consent from Mr. Jaffray but that hadn't been planned for and it was necessary.

M.: So you were engaged in building too during those first two years?

Mr.: Somewhat.

M.: When were you married?

Mr.: We were married June 2, 1921.

M.: What was your brides maiden name?

Mr.: Miss Hazel Irene Pebles.

M.: Mrs. Jackson, we'll come back to you now. After your wedding what was the station to which you were appointed?

Mrs.: We were sent to open up a church in the big port city of Haiphong. That's been made famous since by the famous Dr. Dooley. Tom Dooley who died recently.

M.: Did you open up the work there?

Mrs.: Yes we did.

M.: You pioneered that.

Mrs.: Yes we pioneered a number of places.

M.: Would you tell us about the entrance into the area and what you met up with.

Mrs.: Well we rented a chapel and we started having meetings in the evenings. Quite a crowd would come. Of course wherever the natives would see any foreigner there would always be a crowd gathered around you. If you stop to look in a store window or if you stop to tie your shoe lace, or anything, there's always a crowd gathered around you. You always have ample opportunities for witnessing or inviting them to come to your house to talk. They would come to meetings and sit there quietly and listen. If they weren't quiet we would just put them out. Little by little we gathered a congregation there. Our first convert was Mr. Upp. He later trained and became a preacher.

M.: How long were you at that station?

Mrs.: In Haiphong, perhaps we were there several years until our first furlough. Our first child, Raymond, was born there.

M.: What was your first home?

Mrs.: The first home was an apartment that was over the French Protestant Church. Sometimes I helped in the French Protestant services.

M.: Did the conference continue to convene at Hanoi?

Mrs.: No, all the first conferences were held in Tourane. For a number of years, I think. That was the central location.

M.: Where were the older missionaries located?

Mrs.: Mr. and Mrs. Cadman were in Hanoi. We were not too far from them. Perhaps 80 or 90 miles. Then when they went on furlough we took their place. They had a printing press and we did the best we could in supervising the native printers, though we didn't know very much about printing ourselves. When they came back then we were sent to open other stations further south in Tonkin.

M.: What stations have you been active in opening?

Mrs.: We opened the station of ^{Thanh Hoa} ~~Pinha~~. Mr. Fune was single at that time and he lived with us for awhile and then he opened up the work in Nam Dinh. That's a little further north from where we were at the time. Then later on we opened a station in Dinh.² ~~Vinh?~~

M.: These are stations that have remained and developed?

Mrs.: Oh yes. They became quite big stations. We built churches there using our own funds and a little money that the natives could give us, and the little that could be donated from the board. We just had to gather up the money anywhere we could. If we got a little birthday gift from America we added it all to it and our tithe money, and we built a number of churches. We also built churches out in the country. Outstations from these main stations. We opened quite a few.

M.: Where are some of those stations?

Mrs.: Some of those stations are Bai Tuong, HaTinh and Badon.

M.: What was the nature of your ministry, Mr. Jackson?

Mr.: Most of the time we were doing what they called district work. That is, in the early days we had to do all the preaching ourselves, but as soon as the Bible School could send us a native preacher then we would place these preachers around and it was our duty to visit with them, to encourage them and to help them in any way we possibly could. Do you want me to name some of the places?

M.: Yes, if you would.

Mr.: On the station sometimes I or my wife would spend some time in preparing Sunday School lessons to be printed at Hanoi and distributed to the people.

Mrs.: We translated tracks also. I wrote a book of stories for children and young people with a lot of pictures in it. Perhaps the first one they

had ever had with any pictures in. With the native help I was able to do considerable literary work.

M.: You have been engaged in publication work, too.

Mrs.: Yes, we have done a lot. My husband was on the committee that revised the Vietnamese Bible that our missionaries have written. It took them ten years.

M.: What missionaries did the bulk of the work of translating the Bible?

Mrs.: Mr. and Mrs. Cadman and Mr. Olson. I think they did the bulk of it. Mrs. Cadman knew many languages; perhaps five or six at least. They had the help of a very well-educated and intelligent Vietnamese man to correct their work. But then, of course, after some years it had to be revised and my husband and Mr. Stebbins and Mr. Olson were on this committee to revise it. And now in the letter we just received yesterday from Mr. ^{Hung Minh Y} Lee, who is the deputy of the National Assemblée of the Republic of Viet Nam. He says that the language is changing again and he feels it will have to be revised once again.

M.: Then you also acted in translating tracks did you say?

Mrs.: Yes.

Mr.: I would say, on the revision of the New Testament - Brother Olson carried the bulk of that. Stebbins and I were responsible to check it to see if it was easily understandable in the area where we lived. You see, there are dialects North, Central and South. Some words are used everywhere, and other words are local. We would get natives to help us. We couldn't do it all alone. Each of us would have a native to help us so that we would find words that would be acceptable in all three areas. I remember one thing that might be a little amusing. Sometimes we would have a preacher from the South serving in the North and folks would come in and they would say after the service, "He's from down South. I can't understand him." I'm sure if he offered to buy something from them or give something to them they would understand him. But when he told them they were sinners then they didn't understand his dialect. That's my notion. As a rule I think they would understand one another.

Mrs.: Yes, it wasn't so different as that. It was more like the difference between the language in the New England States and the Southern States, or New England and the rest of the country. There were words that were different. Perhaps like the difference between Great Britain and America. There were a number of words used quite differently.

M.: After you came back from your first furlough, where were you located?

Mr.: We came home in 1924 and after furlough we were allowed to go to France where we studied the French language for five months and then continued on a French ship back to Saigon and Tonkin. I heard, before I got there, that Pruett and I had been appointed to make a trip into Laos to gather information.

M.: You had the field organized by this time?

Mr.: I don't know whether we had a chairman then or not. It was well organized. We landed at Saigon and at Tourane Mr. Erwin told us about it but he said there wasn't money enough in the treasury to make the trip. However, when we got to Hanoi, Brother Cadman was very, very earnest that we should go. Because it was the dry season from November on and we'd have to wait a whole year if we didn't do. So Brother Cadman consulted with Pruett and I and we were able among us to finance the trip. Perhaps Mr. Cadman was the chairman at that time in 1925. We asked permission to make the trip with the understanding that the mission would pay the cost when they were able. We went in that way.

M.: Describe the trip that you made and who went with you.

Mr.: Alfred Pruett and I left Hanoi on November 4, 1925. His wife stayed in Hanoi, my wife and child stayed in Hanoi. We went South by train - about eleven hours. We slept in Vinh, got up three o'clock in the morning to take the bus about an hour later, and went over the mountain to Nape.[?] It was still up in the mountains. I think that was already up in Laos. We slept there in the home of a government official. A small government official. He was an observer, you might call him. He was there to meet the people and answer some of their questions. Then the next day we continued down to Thakhek which is a Laotian town on the bank of the Mekong river. We slept there Friday night, and Saturday morning we got on a river boat and went up river. We had our own blankets and mosquito net. We slept on the deck and we bought our meals on the ship; native food. We slept on the deck. We reached Vien Chan, the French administrative center, about four or five o'clock Monday afternoon.

M.: You were the first Alliance missionaries to enter there?

Mr.: Yes, so far as I know. The Swiss mission already had missionaries there. We arrived in Vien Chan and we went to the native hotel where we found a Vietnamese from Tonkin. We could easily talk to one another. We stayed there two or three days. We visited the French officials and gathered information. We each bought a horse and then, with the information about the road, we started out. Going Northwest. The first one hundred and twenty miles it was a good road so there was no difficulty. The first night we stayed in a Laotian home. In the meantime we had learned a few Laotian words from people who had traveled with us. Vietnamese perhaps, who spoke some of the language. We could ask where the Chief of the village lived and ask if we could stay there. We'd go to the home of the Chief and often we would sleep on the veranda, but that was alright. Usually they were very kind and friendly. Once or twice we met Vietnamese who were working on the highway and, of course, we were right at home with them. Then I remember the fourth day we got to the end of the road and then we walked on a ways and met a French man who was responsible for supervising workers to move the telegraph line; it had been passing one side of a big hill or mountain and they were putting it on the other side. He was there alone. His wife and child were down in the Administrative Center, Vien Chan, and being alone, he invited us in. I should say, that before leaving Vien Chan we sent home as much of our clothing and goods as we could spare, even our razors. When we got there, he opened up one box and brought out clean pajamas for us and, of course, he provided the food, and then he coaxed us to spend a day there. Before that day he ordered his servant to wash all our clothes for us. He fed us. He was back there in

the bush and he was glad to have a chance to chat with some white people. We found invariably the French, especially if you meet them under those circumstances - back in the woods - were glad to see anybody. Then we went on. We had a list of the towns where we were supposed to stop. I don't remember just where, but on a certain mountain we found a match shed, they call it a "salah," where people pass the night. There was a kitchen nearby. We didn't use that; we had food with us. We were warned that there might be tigers around so we shut our horses up securely in the kitchen shed there, and we made the doors fast where we were and went to sleep. We had a gasoline lantern with us and about 11:30 we woke up. It sounded as if some person or creature was talking across the veranda. You see, it was built up off the ground and then they used limbs instead of floor timbers, woven bamboo on top of that, so that any person or animal passing over would make it squeek. I imagined I heard some animal scratching on the door. We tore apart a bench for a bed to get more braces for the door. I don't remember how much we slept through the rest of the night, but in the morning we saw nothing. No tracks or anything. I guess Pruett used to laugh at me quite often about it because we never saw any animals, but we didn't care to see any anyhow. The next day we went on our way. It took us thirteen, fourteen days to get up to Vien^{ti} Chan, a distance of about 500 kilometers. But the night before we got in there we slept at Thakhek and that was the beginning of a good road. You see, they began from the two ends. 25 Kilometers into the city. When we got into the city, we discovered that Dr. Hugh Taylor, a missionary from Siam, Presbyterian, I think, had come over from Siam and was living in a house loaned to him by the second king of Luang Prabang. He was there all set up with his carriers and his cook and he invited us to come right in and stay with him. He was living at Nam up there in the north, opposite Luang Prabang. His language and the language in Luang Prabang was close together. So close that it was practically the same. He was there loaded down with scriptures. He'd been there before, I think, and was visiting around. We stayed there with him about a week. We got there the 28th day of November and I think we stayed there with him about a week. We got there the 28th day of November and I think we stayed a week or more; maybe two. Dr. Taylor and Pruett went off on horses visiting villages that he knew about and had been to before. They left me in the home of a Vietnamese who was serving as Post Master there in the city. He and his wife had both learned the native language, the Laotian language. His wife was teaching school in the Laotian language. They were both Christians in the church where my brother had been in Kenton^{Cantho}. I stayed there with them. When Pruett came back, he had malaria. He picked that up on the trip. I don't remember just what day we left, but we went back on the mail boat. They took dugouts and they put bamboo across them, side by side. They had bundles of bamboo on each side to buoy them up. Then they put a platform across and built a match-shed on top and we went down the river with the mail. Took us eleven days from Luang Prabang to Vien^{ti} Chan. I believe we stopped in at Prelei. Pruett called in to consult somebody. He was really sick with fever, and I think he got some medicine there. Quinine or something. We got back to Vien^{ti} Chan. I don't remember how long we stayed but then we went back the way we came. Down the river to Thakhek, we went across on bus to Vinh, and by train to Hanoi. I do remember we got back to Hanoi the 22nd day of December. Just before Christmas. Pruett was sick with fever. I didn't come down until the 27th, two days after Christmas. I had a seizure. Malaria and dysentery,

but I praise the Lord that the entire time the fever I got rid of rather quickly, and I thank the Lord for that. It took longer with the dysentery. For a long time I had to be careful about my eating. Now for quite a long time I have been able to eat most anything if I don't overdo.

M.: Did you make a written report of this trip to the chairman or to whoever was involved?

Mr.: I imagine we did but I can't answer definitely. - *Yes. In the A.W.*

M.: You don't know if anyone has a report on the field or here.

Mr.: I simply couldn't say. Soon after, that was in 1925, in 1928 Ed Roffe arrived and he went in there to learn the language.

M.: He was the first missionary appointed to Laos?

Mr.: By the Alliance? I think he was. I think he went alone, ^{Yes} I don't remember.

Mrs.: There were missionaries from another country who were there for a little while. From Europe.

Mr.: Oh yes. They'd been there for years and maybe still are. Those are the Swiss missionaries. They started in 1902. Mostly south.

Mrs.: What they were doing was the agricultural work, ^{no. Bible work, translating} I think. Assisting teaching the natives how to do agriculture.

M.: Were they glad to have help?

Mr.: Oh, I think the cooperation has been friendly all the time. Our missionaries went north and they were working in the center and the south.

M.: Do you recall the conference that appointed missionaries to go in?

Mr.: I suppose probably that would be, I don't remember whether it was 1927 or 1928.

M.: Were they sent out from the states to go directly there?

Mr.: I can't say. But I know that Ed Roffe was the first one. Was he married when he went in there or later? I think he went in alone. And then Grobb was the next one to come. He and his wife came out married. They were the second ones.

M.: Then you returned after this trip and you continued your work there?

Mr.: Let me see. I went back to Hanoi. That was in 1925.

Mrs.: My second son was born just after January. You were still very ill in bed at the end of January when I had to go to the hospital.

Mr.: Yes. But very soon after Mr. Cadman went on his second furlough,

and we took over his work and had to supervise the press. He had trained a native who was responsible for the printing work. A capable fellow. I had to keep the books and correspondence with the missionaries and see to paying the bills and shipping out, they would bundle them up - but I would have to supervise that.

M.: Did you continue there for the balance of that term?

Mr.: No, in February - about October of 1927 Jeffrey and I made a trip down to ~~Tien~~^{Phu Tho} - that's the northern most province in Annam.

M.: That was an exploratory trip?

Mr.: Well, we simply went and visited the official there. The resident. The man there told us that it would be quite all right for wife and I to come down there and settle and begin work. He said, "All you have to do is make your declaration of residence." But when we got there in February, whether there was a change of official or not, I don't know, but we were told that we - he said, "I think an edict from Hue, by an old man named Dontahurd," - he was a friend of the royal family and a Roman Catholic, and they had some document to hinder us. We said, "But could we stay here and study the language?" "Well that wouldn't matter, but of course we assume that you want to evangelize." Anyhow, I believe we shipped our goods in a freight car right back to Hanoi and we went back to Hanoi and waited just a bit and Mr. Jeffrey, then in Tourance, went to Hue and discussed the matter with the officials there. We called him the Resident Superior. There was one for Tonkin and one for Annam. They were Protectorates. Whereas down South it was supposed to be a colony and the folks in Cochin - China were allowed to vote if they met the requirements. We were told, "Okay you can go back." And so, without unloading, we shipped our load of goods back and rented a house in advance. We moved in and that was in 1928. ~~Version~~^{Resident} was six months old. We stayed there until 1931. About 1929 we received authorization from the Resident Superior in Hue telling us that around September we were allowed to rent a chapel. We had a preacher come to help us and we started services there.

Mrs.: Usually the French Protestants in France took it up with the government. We were greatly persecuted, you see, and we were forbidden to speak in the name of Jesus. The French Protestants in France heard about this and they said that there was supposed to be freedom of religion according to their government. So they got permission through their protests. The French officials in France wrote to Indo-China officials and told them that they would have to allow us to go on with our missionary work.

M.: Now was that just one of many such interventions when you had difficulties?

Mrs.: That was one of the worst. You see some of our people were put in prison at the time. Our native preachers - if they were found distributing literature or anything like that in the market place. But in the town where we were, I would take my little organ to the door and play hymns and a crowd would gather around and we would talk to them and give them the

gospel or we would load up a rickshaw with tracks and gospel literature and go out a few miles from the town and distribute it. I took my French Testament to the French officials. (We were friends with them) I showed him where it said in Acts that we should obey God rather than man. This French official was very congenial and he went to his room and he brought out his New Testament and said, "I've got the very same testament that you have." So from there we went right on. We got bolder and bolder and we started work preaching.

M.: What town was that in?

Mrs.: ^{Sanct Hoa} Tinwha, I guess.

Mr.: Fune was with us for awhile and he was a French subject. We had services with him there and the next year we got the permission.

Mrs.: It was a very hard time though, because there were false accusations made against us. One was that we were carrying liquor or something in our suitcases with our literature. A number of things. Even the French Protestant Pastor said, "Though we in our hearts believe you and we know that you are not guilty of the things that you are accused of, yet even we find it very hard to believe that you are not spying for your government." It was sort of ingrained into the people by the Catholics and Priests there that that's why we were there. They couldn't believe it was possible that anyone would come from America with the sole purpose of helping the natives to be better. They didn't think this possible that anyone would go to all the expense and trouble, even the French people. They had not sent any missionaries out there. No missionaries came from France at all and I think some of the French Protestants felt very much concerned and convicted over that and challenged by we American missionaries going there to take the gospel. It was their colony and their protectorate and they had done nothing.

M.: Did you see this attitude change throughout the years?

Mrs.: Yes. It got easier afterwards and then we were allowed to go almost anywhere. Of course, with permission. We were always checked and somewhat spied on all the time but we carried on our work and we weren't afraid of them really. We were trusting in the Lord and the Lord saw us through all these difficulties. The work grew very rapidly. Many, many converts were made.

M.: Could you tell us about some of the natives who suffered persecution at that time? I think some were jailed.

Mrs.: Mr. ^{Lee} Lee was one of them and his picture is in one of these books here and he tells some about that. I remember in the prison our preachers preached the gospel. They were apparently allowed to witness and they won a number of converts among the prisoners. Some who were murderers and so forth. They even held a baptismal service in the prison using tea, perhaps for wine.

M.: Where was this located?

Mr.: I think Mr. ^{Lee} Lee was in prison somewhere in the south, ~~down around~~ ⁱⁿ Nahtrang, or possibly in Quinhon. I think Mr. ^{Yen} Huan and another man were out selling scriptures. It wasn't in our district. We didn't live there but I think they were out selling scriptures or giving them away. They were brought before a magistrate and among other things they told him, "We

used to do many things that weren't right but since hearing the gospel God has enabled us to change our ways." Then he said, "Well, you keep on doing good, but just forget about this teaching." "Well," they said, "If we throw the teaching away, we can't be good." Something like that. "If we don't have Christ, we can't be good." But ~~Huan~~^{Yen} is the dean of the Bible School in Nahtrang right now.

M.: Now can you give me further developments of your work the second term on the field?

Mr.: That lasted 'til 1931.

M.: Until 1931 and then you came and had another furlough. Then you returned in 1932?

Mr.: Yes, in 1932.

M.: Then where did you go?

Mr.: The same place, ~~Tinwa~~^{Hanh Hoa}, until 1935 and then we moved to Vinh. You see, while we were at ~~Tinwa~~^{Hanh Hoa} there were - I must go back to 1925. There was a man named ~~Zoum~~^{Diem}. Like the President now, but not him. ~~Zoum~~^{Diem}, a native of Tourane, had been to the Bible School. He went to Vinh, 200 miles from Hanoi and further from Tourane, in North Viet Nam. It's south of ~~Tinwa~~^{Hanh Hoa}. He went to Vinh and rented a little house. He was a student preacher. In those days we used alot of Chinese gospel portions because the educated people could read Chinese. It wasn't until 1926 that we had a whole Bible. In 1923 we had a New Testament. He went there and went around to the market and the streets and houses and sold scriptures and witnessed. A number of people believed. I remember one fellow I met when Pruett and I were on our trip to Laos. We met Mr. Peu, I think it was then. He came from up North. His family were well-to-do. They had land, rice fields, cattle, houses of brick and tile. I think one member of the family had served as an official. The young man spoke French well. I suppose he knew considerable Chinese characters so as to read some. He had a good job with the railroad. But he was an opium addict. Two or three had believed already. Mr. ~~Zoum~~^{Diem} was also badly in dept though his family had property. After awhile he was ready to believe the gospel and trust Christ to forgive his sins. But there was the habit. They told him that the Lord Jesus could set him free from the opium habit. After awhile, he was willing to trust the Lord to deliver him from that. When the desire for opium came on him, he would go to the preacher and any brethren that were there and he would ask them to pray for him. In time they prayed him free from opium. Then he began to pay his debts; he began to get promotions; and in time he became the top man in one department in the big railway station in Hanoi. After he paid his debts, he began to buy a two-tenement house. He lived in one side and rented the other. In time, because he no longer used the opium, the Northern District chose him as their treasurer. I don't know whether any of his children are in the service now, but in connection with the Peace Corps we hear about, I wrote Mr. Peag, our representative from this area, and asked about him. The Peace Corps - no doubt the motive is good - but it seems to me that the missionary can do a heap more than the Peace Corps representative because when a person is delivered from evil habits then he is able to support himself and his family too. You don't need to give him a hand out. As long as the habit is there, it is no use to give him money or help or anything because it'll all go into the opium. So I feel that if the governments would encourage the missionary societies to send out

missionaries and make it easy for them to get their passports, instead of putting blocks in their way, make it as easy as possible for them. All Christians - of course, some that we wouldn't favor - would get out. Instead of sending foreign aid if the Government would encourage missionaries to go, they could do a better job because it's a long term, life service in many cases. They can do a better job, I think, than the Peace Corps. Now I'm not against the Peace Corps.

M.: You were telling how God transformed his life and how he became a great leader there. Who was active in helping him find the Lord?

Mr.: That was ^{Diêm}~~Zoum~~. ^{Diêm}~~Zoum~~ was the first one and the local believers helped him in Vinh. He moved to Hanoi and was district treasurer.

M.: Then you continued there at this station of Vinh for a whole term?

Mr.: Yes, but another thing I forgot. While we were at ^{Thanh Hoa}~~Tinwa~~, I was expected to visit Vinh, about 100 miles or so south, every month or two. Then we went on - the mission sent a young man - and we went on and opened HaTinh which was about 25 miles or maybe 30 miles beyond. You see, I visited those three. That was my district. Now Stebbins at Hue would come up north and visit various places. When he went on furlough, I would go right down to Hue and visit the places in his district. When I went away, he would come up north and visit my district. Or Fune might come down from Nam Dinh and visit my district. We went to ^{Thanh Hoa}~~Tinwa~~ in 1928, came home in 1931, came back in 1932 and stayed there till 1935. Then we moved to Vinh. It didn't matter where we lived in our district. I was responsible to help the preachers there as much as possible. We came home in 1938 and went right back to Vinh in 1939 and we stayed there until we interned in 1943.

M.: Well, I'd like to get the story of your internment a little later.

(Taped September 25, 1962) Reel # 42A

Mickelson: Mr. Jackson, tell me about the occupation of Vietnam by the Japanese.

MR.: Perhaps it might be a little bit better to say - not to use the word occupation, that did not actually occur till March 9, 194~~4~~⁵. What happened was this: the Japanese were in China, on the border of Indochina at Lochi. Other Japanese came by boat around to Haiphong and the French, we were told, had 70 or more thousand of troops; French and native. They sent messages to Singapore and to Manila asking if either country could send them fighter planes and ammunition. But the answer came back - we have none to spare. Whereas they had troops but they lacked fire-arms, ammunition and fighter planes. The Japanese had both. And at first the French tried to, they did resist at the border of South China, but when they realized the Japanese were coming behind them from Haiphong, coming up the railroad, they realized it was no use and so they made for what was called a Commercial Treaty. Folks said that Admiral John Dupre was as good a bargainer as was an old country farmer and he gave up to the Japanese just a little bit at a time. First it was Commercial Treaty; he allowed them to come in and they might rent houses and live in them, they might buy food, they might use the railroad. But the French were still in full authority. And then they'd say, "Well, what about this." And he'd say, "We'll talk about that later." And he gave up little by little by little and from September 1940, it wasn't until March 1945, before they finally took over and put the remaining French officials in internment. In the meantime, we'd been interned and we'd gone home, but a few of our missionaries, I think 17, yes, I think there were 11 missionaries and 6 children stayed behind until the liberation. The Chinese came in in the North and the English came in from the South and disarmed the Japanese when they surrendered.

M.: At the time of the Pearl Harbor, you were in Vietnam? And how long did you continue then in Vietnam?

MR.: Oh, yess, we kept right on with our work. As I say, the Japanese came in in September, 1940. France was defeated-----

M.: Not '40 because '41 is when Pearl Harbor was bombed. '42 then?

MR.: Right, right. The French were defeated in Europe in June of 1940. The Japanese came in to Indochina in September of '40. And I say, the Commercial Treaty. They just lived there and they had offices here and there. For instance, from that time on if I wanted to make a trip into the country, I would write a letter in French and give it to the French Secret Service, asking for permission to go to such and such a place, or several places, for so many days, and they would turn it over to the Japanese official and I remember that at first, perhaps they never mentioned it, but later I would get a paper - the chief of police, now that's the local French police, not the secret service, would call me in and say we've got this paper. It was written in Japanese and I knew just enough Chinese to read the figures for the month and the day and it was signed giving me permission. But then I'd have to get my French paper from the French Secret Service telling me I could go so many days at such places. And everywhere I went I'd have to present that paper. And perhaps get a visa on it. But that went on as late as January 1943, I think.

I got a permit for eight days to go up to ^{bank Hoa} ~~Tinian~~ to the north of me. But we went right on with our work because the Secret Service kept watch of us and in February of 1943 we were called in the 22nd and they took our fingerprints and our ear prints and the like of that, and they wrote up a book for us with all the data we-----

M.: How did they take your earprints?

MR.: Well, not earprints, a photograph. The French Secret Service, they use the ear. Evidently that's as distinctive as the fingermarks. They get a side view of the ear.

MRS.: In the meantime, the first patriation ship had come and gone and we refused-----

MR.: Oh yes, July 4, 1942 -----

MRS.: We could have come home on that but we refused you see, because -----

MR.: We were still able to work.

M.: You wanted to stay on?

MRS.: We wanted to stay on.

MR.: And I got permits for - one for thirty days, I think, to visit up north and ---

M.: You had greater liberty when they saw that you had an opportunity to leave and you stayed? Did they grant you more liberties?

MR.: I don't know but everyone--- and especially at the last I saw the signiture of the local commander, Japanese commander, saying okay. I couldn't read it but instead of taking it back to the Secret Service they took it back to the local police. He called me in, he knew me, and he gave it to me and I took it to the other office and then they gave me the document in French. But I don't know whether I - perhaps I don't have any of those now, but, oh yes, it wasn't until February of '43 that they asked us, February 22, they asked us not to go to the church anymore lest the Japanese create an incident. But they said the preacher could come to our house as often as he wanted to. But then the 28th of February they told us to prepare to go to Dalat, a hill station, in fixed residence. And we had four days to pack up and go. But the Lord helped us to arrange that and we sold our stuff, our furniture, and got there. And then we stayed there about seven weeks. We'd have to go around every Tuesday and sign the book as evidence we hadn't run away. But otherwise we were free in the city of Dalat. And then in April, April 27 or 28, 1943, we were ordered down to Saigon and some of us had slept one night at Saigon and then the next day we got on a train and went to Meetan(?), My Tho about 70 miles away on the Mekong River where they put us in the army barracks, interned.

Mrs.: We were under army guard too, weren't we?

MR.: Yes, some of the folks that chose were allowed an extra day in Saigon. They came the next day.

M.: What missionaries chose to stay behind? When the Gipsone left.

MR.: Well, you see, perhaps it wasn't so much -----

MRS.: I think the single women and perhaps mother with a lot of little children, maybe they went first. A lot of us didn't want to come home to America.

MR.: Pruett came home and I guess Paul Jeffrey came home with him. I don't really remember who went first.

M.: When you were interned, were you not all interned together?

MR.: Oh yes, all that were left. There were 63, not all Alliance missionaries, but business people, French people, a few, for instance, French women married to English men, and things like that. And there were five Dutch people, five Canadians, and so forth. But, you see, of our party, now I'll try to think of who came home on the Gripson^{le}. There was ---

MRS.: You mean the first one or the second one?

MR.: The second one. There was ^WCowen Smith, his wife and three children. You can add them up if you want to. Then there was my brother and two children. Wife and I and one child. Travises with five. Who else? Oh, Bob Ekqvall came with us, and I don't know if there were any others.

M.: Were there any missionaries remaining then?

MR.: Yes, there were folks remaining. Jeffrey^s and his wife stayed behind, and Peterson with two or three children, and - did ^{Kerwin}Kerwin come with us or did he stay behind? I think he came with us. Now let's see, Peterson I know, and Jeffreys and Dutton - Agnes, he came with us on the ship. Eleven missionaries and six children stayed behind. Maybe it was ^{Kerwin}Kerwin Smith with three, -- oh, Betty Home^ddixon stayed behind, - Norman Grob^b, no, he died there, his widow came home and Betty came home. The Cadmans stayed behind, the Olsons stayed behind. Now let's see, Olsons, - two adults, Cadmans, - two adults, Grob^b - two adults; that's six. And Irwins, Mr. and Mrs. Irwin and Helen May. That's eight. I think it may have been ^{Kerwin}Kerwin -- and, oh, Peterson. Peterson, that's ten. And the children -----

M.: Well, that's okay about the children. They remained until when?

MR.: They remained until the Liberation. You see, I mentioned a moment ago that the Japanese took over and interned the French on the 9th of March of 1945. And then, no doubt they had hardship. I believe Olson told us that at one time, I don't remember the circumstances, that they held a revolver to his head but didn't fire; and they tried to intimidate them. Tried to forbid them to use money even, but I don't remember the circumstances. They did have some hardships but eventually that was ironed out, possibly by the Red Cross and the Swiss Council.

M.: How were you treated?

MRS.: It wasn't too bad while we were there, but after we left they made it much harder.

M.: How long were you actually interned then?

MR.: Five months. The end of April to the end of September.

M.: And that's when the Gripson^{le}, the second one, came.

MRS.: Yes, we put our names in for the second Gripson^{le}. There were only two of them. Two patriation ships, you see, and we waited a whole year.

M.: Now, could you tell us about the decision by the Foreign Department to permit to leave Viet Nam those that felt they wanted to leave.

MR.: Not only permit, they urged us to - we refused to go on the first return ship --

M.: I'm not talking about the Gripson^{hr}. Way before then. Those that went to the Philippines.

MR.: Oh that! They urged the young people ---

MRS.: Yes the Board told the young ones.

MR.: Young folks, like Clingan and his wife, and was it Harry Taylor? Harry Taylor and his wife. Or maybe it was Secrest, not Harry Taylor. Secrest. They urged them to go - they fared far worse than we did.

M.: Yes, I realize that. Could you tell us a little about that?

MRS.: Well, our Board thought they would be safer over there.

M.: Why the difference between the older people and the younger ones?

MRS.: Well, they hadn't been there so long and we were more experienced in work and everything, and the board evidently thought that we could do better by staying there as long as possible. And they thought that the others going over to the Philippines would be in less danger too, those young ones.

MR.: And could work there too. Work in the Philippines. They were new missionaries, relatively.

MRS.: As it turned out, they were much worse off than we were.

MR.: The French took good care of us. We had plenty to eat and Mr. Erwin used to say the ravens fed us just like Elijah.

MRS.: All the funds were cut off. All the American funds. But, just like the ravens fed Elijah, God fulfilled his promises to us. When we refused to come home the first time the Lord gave us that verse, "Thou shalt dwell in the land and verily thou shalt be fed."

M.: Well, did the Japanese or the French give the nationals more administrative responsibilities during that period?

MR.: I think the French continued to hold it until the Japanese finally took over. As far as I know.

M.: When the Japanese took over did they make it easier for the nationals to find places of administration? What I'm driving at is the development of nationalistic spirit.

MR.: That I don't know. But this, I think we could safely say; that as soon as the Japanese admitted to themselves that they must surrender before too long, then they did everything in their power to encourage the natives and help the natives, --- in fact I think some Japanese, I can't prove it, some Japanese stayed behind to drill, help the native troops. Gave them arms and ammunition so that they could fight against the French when they knew they had to give up. I believe that's true, though I don't know much of the details.

M.: When was it that you came home on furlough? By Gripson^{hr}?

MR.: We left the end of September, '43. We got to New York the last day of November.

M.: When were you able to get back?

MR.: Not till '47. A few went back before. You see, Mr. and Mrs. Cadman came out of internment in September of '45. They stayed right on. They were old, and they helped in the native church tremendously. Mrs. Cadman died in, maybe April '46, and then Brother Cadman came home. I'm not sure about that date. New York would have it, I think. Then Mr. Cadman came home for furlough, well, let's see, that was January '47. Mr. Cadman stayed right on working with the natives.

MRS.: He died of a heart attack soon after that.

MR.: But, you see, it was this way, my brother and Dutton come home with us. They had time to rest, about a year at the end of '46. Herb and Dutton were sent to the Philippine Islands so that Bresler could come home. Perhaps he was home, but they were sent over there to carry on so that Bresler, or somebody could have a six to ten month rest in this country and then go back and take over. And they carried on the Bible School at Ebenezer as best they could with the native christians helping Dutton. They had a wonderful time, just the two men, and then in the spring of '47, no, maybe the end of '46, the board asked Herbert (I don't know about Dutton), to go across to Viet Nam and - Herb was temporary chairman I think, so Mr. Cadman could come home. I think that was it. He came home and then various ones -- they had nineteen out there. I don't know who. Herb and Dutton were there. Jeffrey and his wife I guess were back, and perhaps the Smiths. But they had nineteen of our old missionaries back on the field by May 7, 1947, I think. Because Herb left at the end of '45 for --- Philippines.

M.: What was your ministry now then after you got back in '47? We'll follow your life through there.

MR.: When we got there in '47 in August, Hazel and I were asked to take over the Saigon receiving home. I looked after the business and she looked after the entertainment of the guests.

M.: How long were you there?

MR.: Two months. And, by the way, perhaps I shouldn't say it, but Hazel ran that house. People were satisfied with the food and she had a little profit to turn over to the mission. That's beside the point. Jeffrey said that nobody else ever did it. Then Mr. and Mrs. Erwin came in and they took that from us and we stayed on until February - I don't remember just what we did, anything we could. Then we moved up to Haiphong again, up north, and we got there in February and stayed there until in September when we got permission to visit Nam Dinh. That was formerly ~~Truct's~~ ^{Puett's} station.

M.: You still had to get permission to travel?

MR.: Oh yes, you see, that had been taken over by the natives and much of it was destroyed and then the French had taken back the city and we had to sign a document. We went on convoys. We had armored ships to guide us and planes flying overhead and gunboats to guide us. We went in landing barges carrying provisions for the people; coal and stuff.

MRS.: We figured if business people could go there that found that city and started work again, that we missionaries should go back too and do what we could. But when we got back there the people were certainly amazed, you know, that we would come back and they wanted to take our pictures on the street and everything to show that there were white people daring to come back there and work. Our church was all in ruins. The Japanese had used our church as a stable for their horses and there was

just nothing left but the walls and the roof, I guess. All our christians were scattered. They had fled to the country and as they got news that we had returned to the city, one by one they stole back in all in rags and tatters and then we would clothe them in clothes that we brought out here from America. We got permission to repair our church and start up our work again. They all came back; the old ones and many more were saved after that.

MR.: We went in on protected, guarded boats. Then we went back to Haiphong and got our stuff, our furniture.

MRS.: We were fired on every time on our three trips down the river by guerrillas along the bank. Sometimes only a few yards away from us. On some trips we had to lie all night on the dirty floor of our cabin with a machine gun just outside our door.

M.: That's national guerrillas?

MRS.: Oh yes! They were, of course, ^{persecuted}insighted by the communists, you see, and they would fire on everything. The captain would come in during the night and say, don't be afraid, you're safe, you'll be all right, we won't let them kill you, and we managed to get there safely each time until we finally settled there. It was a hard job to find a house because the whole city had been bombed to pieces by American bombs, I guess it was, but we finally found a house belonging to some Vietnamese. It was on the outskirts of the city only a mile or so away from where the guerrillas were, Communists, but we said that we were not afraid to live in it because we believed the Lord would protect us, that he had brought us back, and he would protect us. (The owner was afraid to live in it.) Of course we found grenades in our yard which we told the police to come and take away and the house was somewhat in bad repair. The Japanese had used this house as offices for their officers and sleeping quarters. Quite a big house and in the middle of the living room floor there was a great big hole where they had dug down to the tile and cement hoping to find treasure that the owner of the house had buried there. There was some furniture left in the house. There were holes in it and things like that, you know. But the Lord kept us safe there. We weren't allowed to go very far on walks because, as I said, the guerrillas were right there, about a mile away from the town and we were on the outskirts of the town so the guerrillas were very close by and the artillery was about a block away from us and we could hear these big shells going over our heads almost night and day. Especially at night. Some nights we were under very severe attack all night and the people in France had heard that when we were under attack all night that we had been killed or taken prisoners and the next day we got a number of telegrams, through the officials, you know, of people inquiring if we were still alive and all right. Many nights they were firing. We could hear the machine guns and grenades going off right outside our doors. I remember one night we didn't care to undress, my husband even kept his shoes on, and we lay in bed and could hear them right outside. We thought every minute they would smash down our door and kill us, but they didn't - the Lord protected us. We lay in bed all night just ready for any eventuality, quoting the 91st Psalm. (That was a great comfort to us in those days.) As I said, we just ate and slept and worked with the noise of warfare all around us. We could hear the big shells as they would explode just a few miles away. We'd hear them when they left just a block away from us at the artillery and then we could hear them a minute or two later when they would explode. We'd wonder who was being killed and what town was being destroyed. We saw a great deal of warfare in those days; perhaps more than many of our soldiers did because we were in the midst of it there. Later on in Hanoi, when we were there, it was the same thing. We had to be removed from Nam Dinh to Hanoi, that was in 1950. Our mission felt it was too dangerous for us to stay there any longer, that we better move to the big city of Hanoi. But not to let anybody know it if we could possibly avoid it so as not to scare the native christians and the others there because they would think now that the missionaries have gone it must be very dangerous for us. So we got out as quietly as we could,

but naturally they got to know it right away.

MR.: Hazel and Mrs. Taylor, with their children went south, and Dick and I were left in Hanoi.

Mrs.: Yes, then the women and children were told to leave Hanoi and go up to Dalat.

M.: Well, how long did you two gentlemen stay there then?

MR.: Well, that was about the 23rd of November, of '50, and I don't remember just when, maybe in March or so, Dick got permission to go to Dalat because his wife needed help with the children. I think they had three or more. Three children at least. He got permission to go so for the last couple of months I was there alone. Then in the end of April I went to be present for the annual conference of '51 and at the conference, when they thought it was safe, my wife and I came back together, in about June 9. And a little later, Dick and Dot Taylor came back with their little children. They had left the older ones in school.

MRS.: Of course, during the warfare there the railroad and highways were all mined, you know, and we were forced to do all our travel by airplane. One time when we wanted to go back to our station at Haiphong we had a plane ticket. I guess we were coming home from conference. We had our plane ticket through to Haiphong but when we got to Hanoi, for some technical reason or other, they would not acknowledge our plane ticket and they told us we would have to go on train. Of course we knew that was very dangerous but we went anyhow. We got on the train and when we were out in the middle of a rice field, a very quiet, peaceful place, the train stopped and we saw a young man who was sitting beside us reach up in the rack and take his gun down and we thought to ourselves - well, perhaps they are just going out to get a little exercise or something - but in a few minutes we learned what had happened. We had reached a mine and there we saw the battle right before our eyes, between the pro-Communists and the French soldiers who were sent on our train for any eventuality of that type. It was a terrible thing to go through. We saw the dead. We hid behind the seats of the train. The battle lasted about an hour or so. Curiosity, of course, made us peek out once in a while as we dared and there we saw the bodies of the men who had been killed lying there in the rice fields all full of blood--and the water, you know the rice fields are filled with water, and they were all bloated up and we could see our own soldiers going around with their bayonets, sticking them into the bodies to see if they were dead. They were very adept at doing that, that is, lying under water and breathing through a little bamboo tube so that the enemy could not find them. So they had to make sure that these men were really dead and not just playing possum. I could not sleep for some nights after going through that experience. As I said, we had our plane ticket but could not use it so that is how we happened to be in that situation.

M. Were you able to continue on then after an hour or so?

Mrs. Yes, after an hour or so when this battle was over, the train continued. They had cleared up the mines and the trains continued. But that was a regular job every morning for the French to do. They sent out crews of men early every morning to clear the tracks and the highways. But for us missionaries, it was too dangerous, our mission felt, so we always took planes everywhere we went. Like if we had to go to conference, or to visit one of our stations, we would go in a very small plane to one of our out stations, you see. A small plane that would perhaps hold six or eight people.

Mr. They had a Nordwind from Canada, Montreal, and a Haloland by-plane from Britain. Two more of them. But they take seven or eight little baggages besides the pilot.

Mrs. The night we first arrived there in Nam Dinh, of course we had no home. It was not until some days after that we were able to find a place to live at all.

So we stayed in what was called a hotel but what was really a home where prostitutes entertained the French soldiers. We had to stay in places like that for the first few nights until we could find some other place to live. And I think our food, what did we do? We went out to some native restaurants or something and got something to eat. That was the first time that we ever heard the terrible noise that was going on and we were just scared to death.

Mr.: One hundred and five millimeter guns.

Mrs.: We were scared to death, you know, but after living there awhile we had to get used to all of that.

M.: How long were you able to continue on there?

Mrs.: Well, from 1947 to 1950 when we were told we had to leave because it was too dangerous.

Mr.: Now lets see. How did that come about? I forget. Because it must have been after conference. That must have been the summer of 1948 that we went back to Haiphong.

Mrs.: You see, all these details are hard to recall now without having a lot of time to think.

Mr.: 1948, because in November 1948 we went to Nam Dinh and that was our home for two years. After we got there with our stuff we went in to inquire and got permission to rent a house. We came out and got our stuff and came back and Dick went in with us. He arrived from Dalat.

Mrs.: Our youngest boy was with us in the internment camp.

Mr.: He went in with us and we stayed there. Later we put him on a plane and he went back to school in January. We stayed there until Conference time and then we went afterward by plane and went to Hanoi and Dalat and back again afterward. I guess that's the time we met ^{uan}Twung (?) when we came back there in '49. Then in '50 we went to Dalat and back again and in November, Jeffrey and Mr. Ty came down and advised that we move to Hanoi and then you ladies went south.

M.: Where is ^{uan}Twung's village?

Mr.: I actually don't know.

Mrs.: I'm actually the one who did it all.

M.: Could you tell us about your contacts with ^{uan}Twung?

Mr.: He met us at the airport. He was working for the airplane company.

Mrs.: He was working for an airplane company in Nam Dinh. He already knew some English and he was himself trying to teach English. At first we refused to teach English. We thought we could not afford to take the time from the Lord's work. And then after definately praying about it, after we came home from Conference, I felt that we should start taking a few pupils and help them with English. Mr. ^{uan}Twung was one of them. We helped him with English and at the same time, we gave him the Gospel. It was not very long before he accepted the Lord as his Saviour. Then a little later I got him a position as a secretary in the city of Hanoi with our American ^{ambassador} ~~ambassador~~, I believe. He became secretary there. He got to know English quite well. He is a very bright and intelligent young man, as most of the Vietnamese are who have had any education at all. They're very intelligent people. Very fine people. And then a scholarship was offered to him to come to America and study.

There was a lot of legal tape, you see, and a number of papers had to be filled out for the American Government before they would allow him to come. I was willing to take a chance on signing these and sponsoring him, guaranteeing him as a safe bet to come here to America and study. I suppose they were afraid of getting Communists in here. He came here July 1952, just ten years ago. Single man. I suppose his first studies were at the University of New Mexico in Albuquerque, where he got his M. A. degree.

Mr.: After that he taught some years in Monterey, near Fort Ord.

Mrs.: Then he worked in an office up here at Fort Ord for the military. In the office or as an interpreter?

Mr.: I think he went there to teach Vietnamese to G.I.'s.

Mrs.: Yes, they were giving a course in Vietnamese to the G. I.'s that they were sending overseas. Our son Victor, who knows Vietnamese quite well, was very anxious to go under the military over there to Viet Nam because he knew the language and he knew the people, having been born there. But they didn't choose to send him. They kept him here in other work. So Mr. ^{Trang} ~~Tung~~ was brought there to Fort Ord to work in an office there and teach his language. Some of the other Vietnamese who were there persecuted him and made it very hard for him because of him being a Christian and a Protestant Christian. So that it came to a point where it was unendurable for him and then he felt that perhaps the Lord would have him go on to Stanford University and take further studies. He was very much interested in engineering, especially electronic engineering. So he went there and stayed there for four years, I think. I don't know how long he was there. It must be about four years because he had to work part of the time to earn money and had to borrow quite a lot of money from the University in order to pay his expenses.

Mr.: His wife worked too.

Mrs.: Yes, and it was while he was up there that we began praying about getting a wife for him. A young girl that we knew from the city of Hanoi. She and her sister were very special friends of mine and two girls that we loved very, very much. Her sister especially was very wonderful and she is there still in the city of Hanoi. Whether she has been forced to become a Communist or not we do not know. We have no word whatever. Perhaps he was able to tell you something, I do not know. Anyhow, this summer Mr. ^{Trang} ~~Tung~~, (we call him Teddy here in America), he has completed a certain amount of his studies and gotten another degree here at Stanford. I just read you the letter in which he said he was accepted on the teaching staff of the University of Alberta, in Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.

M.: That's fine. That's a little digression from when you mentioned having contacted him in Viet Nam and I got interested. Now, how long did you continue in the station where you were in Viet Nam? Where you met him.

Mr.: We came home in '52. We left in March '52.

Mrs.: I think perhaps didn't we have to leave Nam Dinh in 1950 and go to Hanoi?

Mr.: Right! And then you went South.

Mrs.: And then I had to go to a highland state when it was too dangerous in Hanoi. Then the mission told the women and children to leave and you and Mr. Taylor stayed behind in Hanoi.

M.: And you continued that for how long?

Mr.: Till after conference. I went to conference and then wife and I came back about June of '51. Taylors came later to Hanoi and we left on furlough in March of '52. We returned in '53.

M.: Where were you located? Was that your last term of service?

Mr.: We went back to Hanoi.

Mrs.: We went back to Hanoi but we were then appointed to work in Dalat; to do literary work in Dalat.

Mr.: Until May of '54. We went to conference. The day after we left Hanoi the Vietminh took ~~Vinh Yen Phu~~. (Dien Bien Phu)

Mrs.: We had to flee from Hanoi because of the defeat of our troops at the garrison at ~~Vinh Yen Phu~~. (Dien Bien Phu)

Mr.: We couldn't go back.

Mrs.: Our American Council called us in one day and took us into a private room and told us the situation was becoming daily more dangerous. And that especially all the American women and children should leave. We were getting prepared gradually for this, but we wanted to stay just as long as we possibly could. We were asking the Lord to guide us about our packing because we didn't know if, when we left, we would be able to return again or not. We hoped that we would be able to return again, but just in case we couldn't we packed in one or two trunks our best ^{clothes} and things that we would not want left behind in case we would never be able to return. The American Council told us to have a reservation ready on a plane. And so we did. When we realized that the end was drawing near we took a plane and went up to our station at Dalat. We were just there, I think it was the next morning or the morning after, when the news came over the radio that the garrison had fallen at ~~Vinh Yen Phu~~ ^{Dien Bien Phu}, and the Communists had marched in triumph entering into the city of Hanoi. Just previous to that, the year before that I was led of the Lord to make a canvas of the city of Hanoi and then when I finished that I went to Haiphong ----

M.: A canvas? What type of a canvas?

Mrs.: Taking the gospel door to door and distributing literature, selling; we often sold all we could and gave to people who were too poor to pay a penny or two. I'd go in to the stores, you know are their homes; the people live in their stores, as they do in many oriental countries, and in that way I got a chance to witness to many, many hundreds of people and it was the last witness, and was perhaps the first time any American had ever done anything like that, and the Vietnamese were reluctant to do things like that. They felt it was below their dignity and they didn't especially approve, I mean our preachers even, they didn't particularly approve of my doing it either.

M.: Below their dignity.

Mrs.: Yes, they felt it was below their dignity to do anything like that. As I would appear at each shop the people were amazed to see an American woman coming around selling literature. They said, - why, how is it that you, a rich American, that you have to come around and sell literature and do like this? What makes you do it? - Then I would have an opportunity to tell them why I was doing this; that God had sent us out there to give the gospel to them and because we love them and wanted them to know the Lord. So in that way I made a canvas of the entire city, from street to street and door to door. It took me about a year and I would go out early every morning, you see, at first walking to the nearest places, and when it got too far

I would have to hire a rick'shaw because the bag of literature would weigh quite alot. In that way I sold perhaps thousands of piasters worth of literature to help our printing press. I sold in a month more than all the churches in the southern part of Indo-China would sell in a year. Because, as I said, the natives were, well, they had the positions of being pastors and they thought it a little beneath their dignity to do anything like that. Whereas I, being an American, didn't think it beneath my dignity and I wanted the people to know the Lord.

M.: So that was the last witness before it was closed.

Mrs.: Yes, then when the Communists came in, then I saw and understood why the Lord led me to do that. After Hanoi I also went down to Haiphong and went over part of the city at least, and I also went to some places in the country. Some big native cities. I did all I could to give them the gospel there. And we tried to even open up a work there but it seemed that we couldn't get started. There were many hinderences. No doubt it was of the Lord that we couldn't. And that's the way it went on until we had to leave for good. We never got back to the city of Hanoi.

M.: Then your appointment was changed to Dalat?

Mrs.: Our appointment was changed to do literary work in the city of Dalat.

M.: Now, when you say literary work, what was the nature of that? Translation?

Mrs.: Translation, and -----

Mr.: Wasn't it checking manuscripts? Before they were printed ---

Mrs.: We were checking manuscripts; we were working on a Bible dictionary. I think it was there that I was checking on the accuracy of the scripture references in the Bible dictionary that some of our missionaries were writing, and then financial crisis came when, as the new government officials came in, they would not allow us to exchange our money on the blackmarket as we had been doing previously; which gave us alot of piasters to use, you see. Then that meant that our mission didn't have enough money to keep us all in Viet Nam, and so they sent out word that a certain number would have to return to America because there wasn't money to support us all at this new rate of exchange. The new government insisted that we must change our money at the legal rate. Before it was legal enough. We were allowed to do it, you know, but then new officials denied us that privilege. The mission said that especially the young couples with young children, those who had recently arrived, and those who had a number of children to support; that they should come home. Those who were just studying the language, and so forth. All our children were grown up or were here in America studying, we already knew the language of course, and were able to stay and work. So we were very amazed when we were asked to leave. It was such a shock to us that it affected my heart.

M.: At what year was that?

Mrs.: That was in 1954. My heart had always been perfect until then. When I came home I found out that there was a low count in the white corpuscles, I think. My blood count and heart and everything had always been perfect up to that time. And then a year ago, just about a year ago now, when I had a check with a good doctor, he told me that I had coronary heart trouble. But if it gets well, it might get well, and if it does I wish I could go back. They would like us to go back if possible because they say they need us there. But whether the doctor would clear me now or not I don't know.

Mr.: Pardon me. Didn't they say that folks who were due for furlough in '54 and '55--?

Mrs.: But in any case we did not come in any of the catagores that permission mentioned. Then a year later, after we were home, the mission wrote to us and asked us if we would not return. At that time I felt, after having three ocean trips with all the strain, going back and forth, three trips in four years, I did not feel emotionally equal to the strain of going back again. Well, we told them we felt that we couldn't go. And that's the way the situation remained until the present. And then the other day Dr. ^MTenny, who was out there, said that Mr. Jeffrey and Mr. Mangham were wishing that we were back again. Well, I thought if my heart condition clears up enough sufficiently that there might still be a possibility.

M.: Are you feeling all right, Mr. Jackson?

Mr.: Well, the doctor found that I have emphysema - a condition of the lungs - and now they say that the elasticity is diminishing; that is when I breath in they don't collapse as they should. He says there is nothing that can be done about it but the Lord gives strength one day at a time.

M.: Do you know how they secured the property at Dalat?

Mr.: I believe it was bought in the name of Brother John ^{Punet?} ~~Punet~~; a French subject.

M.: Did the mission buy it in his name then?

Mr.: I don't know the details. The chairman would have that.

M.: Could you tell about the Hanoi church and how we secured that? The property and so on.

Mr.: Brother and Sister Cadman were living there and Brother Cadman, I think, applied to the city to work a certain garden plot right next to a market in a native section for sale by auction. I due time the thing was divided into plots, I think 23, and the auction was set and Brother Cadman was there. Now I forget if our lot was no. 23 or what it was but they started with number one, and the way they sold those lots was rather interesting. A price, I think, of a piaster 50 was set per square meter, and they would ask for a bid. Then if the bidding was slow they would light - they had three little tiny candles - (I never saw it Mr. Cadman told me) - they would light a candle. If that burned out they would light the next one, and if that burned out they would light the next one. If three little candles burned out before they got an increase in price, the last bidder got it. Well, I don't know how many lots they sold, ten or eleven perhaps. There were representatives of the Roman Church there to bid against Brother Cadman and prevent him from getting it. When half past eleven came the representatives of the Roman Church went home to get their noon meal thinking with only ten or eleven sold they'd easily get back to vote, but the naylor of the city was the auctioneer and after they had gone out he turned to Brother Cadman and he said, "Mr. Cadman, would you like to bid on that lot?" And I think it was fixed at a piaster fifty, to start with. He raised it five cents - 1.55, and maybe another person raised it five more - 1.60, and then I think Brother Cadman raised it five cents more 1.65. I think that was it. And nobody increased it so he bought the lot for one piaster sixty-five cents per square meter, and that lot, I believe, was seventy meters across the front facing a big market. There was a street on either side and a street in front of it. Between the property and the market. And then on one side, I think it was about fifty meters on one side, and almost fifty meters, maybe a little less, on the other side. And then the perimeter at the north, on the fourth side, was a little more. It wasn't absolutely straight. But that piece of land he was buying for a church, for a mission home, for a printing press, and at times it had had a school there. The Government stood behind the Mayor. But he was put out of his job, dropped I don't know how many grades, because he took it out of order. He was demoted, but the law upheld the sale. Brother Cadman bought that before

I got there and then I told you how Jeffrey and I supervised. The mission arranged for all the plans. (The senior missionaries and Brother Cadman) And he was there when I signed the contract, but all I did was sign my name and then we did our best, Jeffrey and I, to see the building went up right.

M.: Will you tell me about the starting of the Bible School in Viet Nam?

Mr.: I remember that I, perhaps Brother Cadman and I, went to Haiphong to meet Brother Jaffrey when he brought Brother Jeffrey to the field in January in 1919. I think it was at Haiphong, but it may have been later at Hanoi, Mr. Jaffrey asked all of us there - Mr. and Mrs. Cadman, Jeffrey and I - to pray that the Lord would call somebody to start a Bible School. He had started a Bible School in China, Wuchow, and he felt the importance in having a Bible School to train preachers. He said to pray about it. I believe that Mr. Erwin had held some sort of a school in the stable, I think. He could tell you.

M.: Where?

Mr.: At the stable at Tourane. I think Brother Erwin had had a few natives and started to teach them in a stable, or some building in Tourane. But in 1921, I think it was at conference probably at Tourane, that Brother Jeffrey and his wife were chosen --- let's see we were married the second day of June and Jeffreys were married the 28th of June; they were married at ^{Hanoi} ~~Union~~ (?) before a British Council. (We were married in Hanoi, as you know.) But the Jeffreys, at conference, they were asked to start a regular Bible School and that was begun in Tourane. In later years Brother Jeffrey was chairman a good deal of the time, and Olson had a big hand in the Bible School. Hazlett helped when he was there.

M.: What language was used in the Bible School?

Mr.: Oh, Vietnamese!

M.: Do you know what was the year of the first graduates?

Mr.: That I couldn't tell you.

M.: And a course was how long?

Mr.: I don't know, I'm sorry. I believe Mr. ^{hua} ~~Tuner~~ was certainly the first one ordained.

Interview by Mr. Mickelson with Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Jackson of Viet Nam

(Reel 42 b - Side Two)

M.: Mr. Jackson, can you tell us how the Alliance got a foot-hold in Viet Nam originally?

Mr.: May I please refer you to "The Call of Viet Nam" for the spring of 1961? There you will find considerable information about the beginning. *Lina accurate*

M. Who wrote that article?

Mr.: Alfonce Wonting. This was prepared by Pastor Alfonce Wonting. ?

M.: Do you recall the organization of the national church? Were they various local churches organized into a national body?

Mr.: I think that took place about 1940¹⁹²⁷. I know that the church was well organized and was gradually taking more and more responsibility before we were put in internment. So that while we were interned, the work went right on. The Pastors were allowed to come into camp and consult with the missionaries to discuss problems and to give them guidance and help.

M.: You were telling about Mr. Cadman.

Mr.: We were mentioning the work in Saigon after the liberation in 1945. The British came in from the south and they disarmed the Japanese. I believe there were nine missionaries and six children who didn't come home in the second Gripstone in '43. But I believe Brother Grobb died there and Brother and Sister Cadman chose to stay on. But I believe the rest of the folks came home.

M.: Yes. Tell us about Mr. Cadman.

✓ Mr.: Brother and Sister Cadman were in Hanoi when I first arrived in 1918. In time I heard about his earlier experiences. His father was a policeman, his mother, or perhaps his step-mother I'm not sure, kept a public house. At eleven years of age he became, what he called, a "printers devil." He would sit there by the machines to do little odd jobs; oiling or anything, and reading, perhaps, dime novels, I don't know. But just a boy. By the time he was eighteen - seven years of printership - he knew the business. And well. He studied at night and he passed some of the English Civil Service Examinations. Brother Cadman did a great deal of reading. He was interested in politics. He took part, I understand, in the Labor Unions of the printers there in England. Then he was saved, I don't remember just when, before he was 23 in England. Almost immediately he transferred to Canada.

M.: After he was transformed by the Lord and was out in Viet Nam during the war - would you tell about him out there then?

Mr.: I don't know whether I'm repeating. After the liberation Brother and Sister Cadman chose to stay in Saigon and they just gave themselves to the natives. Conditions were not easy and they tried to iron out things. I believe he would see officials and try to help in any way he possibly could. Help the native church to get on its feet again.

M.: What was the characteristic you mentioned of Mr. Cadman?

Mr.: I remember that as I knew him there in Hanoi he never wanted to spend money on himself but he always had money for the Lord's work.

M.: That's wonderful. Now could you tell us about the starting of the school for missionaries children in Viet Nam?

Mr.: I think it may have been about 1928. I remember that my brother and his wife had been in ~~Kontum~~, but the boys health wasn't too good and they asked to go to Dalat in order to undertake work among the tribes. At that time it was decided that Herbert and Lydia should act as supervisors for the home of the students. As house parents for the children. I believe that Miss. Heikkinen had already arrived.

M.: She was the first teacher or she was in charge of the school?

Mr.: She was the first teacher and I think, as I remember, the first students were George Irwin, Harriet Stebbins and Evangeline Travis. I could be mistaken but I think that those were the first three. Then in time our boy Ray, and Franklin Irwin and Ruth Jeffrey and Ruth Stebbins grew up into the next class. We'd have what they called a "Squarary", I was it once in a while - and even with brother Jaffrey there. And he enjoyed it. He would sit there at the desk and he had - I don't know whether he changed his glasses, but if he were talking to us he would take his glasses off and talk to us, but if he were wanting to read a scripture, he would put his glasses on. My brother would, at such times, imitate someone. He might at times imitate Brother Jaffrey or Miss. Heikkinen, the teacher. He was a fairly good mimick and then I remember one time that he imitated Mr. and Mrs. Cadman. She was supposed to be at the wheel of the car and Brother Cadman would get out and crank the motor. An old, old car. They'd laugh too. I don't remember too much except -- Oh, I remember one time he dressed up in an old coat with whiskers and a cane, leading a dog.

Mrs.: Oh, we had wonderful times and lots of fun at our social gatherings.

M.: What do you recall of Dr. Jaffrey now? I mean, how did he impress you as a man, as a leader?

Mrs.: I thought he was a wonderful man.

Mr.: I certainly respected him most highly. One thing which I remember. One time he came to visit us in Haiphong. One evening we were having a meeting. I started out taking charge. I named some hymns, and whether I or somebody else offered prayer I don't know. Maybe I read the scripture. But Brother Jaffrey had told me - you see, he was traveling and very, very busy and very often weary, and when we started the meeting he sat there at the side. I was here at the desk and he said, "Now, when you want me to preach, you call me." He could sleep for one, two, three minutes while the preliminaries were being gone through with. Then I'd say, "Now Brother Jaffrey will speak to us this evening." And he'd get up and start right into his message. Another thing. We did travel together. I remember the first trip. We came from Hong Kong to Haiphong and the sea was calm. But from Haiphong to Tourane it was very, very rough.

Mrs.: Didn't he used to tease you about how you would always say no matter what happened, you'd say, "It's all right anyhow."

Mr.: I was thinking of that very thing. I think he and I occupied a cabin together Stebbins and Olson were together. To brother Jaffrey the sea was hard on him. He'd be sea sick, but he didn't eat, and he'd strain and reach and hurt himself terribly. But I remember, as Hazel said, that when anybody made any remarks, I might not be feeling first class, but I'd sometimes say, "It's alright anyhow." But I would eat on the ship. Even if I lost it, I'd start right in eating some more. Before too long I'd get over it and enjoy the rest of the trip.

M.: You were telling about a man who found the Lord there who was a great gambler. Would you tell us about that?

Mrs.: Yes, when we opened a new out-station in Bai Toung, we met a woman on the road there in the town who was crying very bitterly. We stopped and asked her what the trouble was and she said, "Well, my husband has been away, out gambling for several days and nights. He hasn't come home and we have no money to buy food for myself and the children." We were staying at the preachers house and we told her, "Will you please ask him to come over and talk to us as soon as he comes home?" In a few days he came home. He thought he was going to get money from us to gamble some more because he had already sold some of his children and his home and all their belongings, and they were practically out on the street with just nothing. So he came over to see us and we told him about the power of the Lord Jesus to change him and to take away from him the desire for gambling and drinking. As he listened to us he seemed much impressed. We asked him, "Wouldn't you kneel down and pray and we will pray with you and ask the Lord to change your heart?" And he said, "Yes, I'm willing. I'd like to get rid of this desire for gambling. I'd like to live a better life." He was known as the worst man in that town. After we got up from praying - he prayed too, and asked God to come into his heart - we saw that man's face literally transformed before our eyes. He changed into a different person in just a matter of seconds. He was so changed that the news spread all over that area of the country and all his old friends came to see what had happened to him. Some of them tried to persuade him - he was very adept at shuffling cards apparently, and some of them tried to persuade him to come back with them again and to do the things he used to do before. They missed his help. He said, "No, if you give me a million dollars I'll never go back to my old life again. The Lord Jesus has changed me and I'm far happier now." He wanted to go back to his place in the country where his relatives, friends and neighbors lived. He said, "I want to tell them about the Lord." And so, we walked over through the rice fields and went to his home. He had notified them and quite a crowd gathered. It was just marvelous to hear that man who had just been saved, perhaps a matter of a day or two, talk almost like a trained preacher. Right behind us, I remember, there was, - the custom out there is to buy your coffin ahead of time, to be all prepared for your death and burial. That's considered the proper thing to do to make sure that everything is going to be all right..So there was a coffin right there beside us where we sat and there was an ancestral altar. The way this man talked to his friends and relatives and urged them to come to God who alone could save them, was just the most marvelous thing to hear. Everybody in the whole country side knew that the man had been changed. He was a real testimony. They could not believe their eyes and ears that the worst man in the country there had been so changed. What had happened to him? What made him change like that? And so in that way a great many other people heard of the transforming power of the gospel of Jesus Christ, and many others turned to the Lord.

M.: Would you remember his name?

Mrs.: I Can't remember very well but I have it written in some of my papers and stories.

Mr.: I Can't remember his name or some of the details but I remember the man.

Mrs.: He was a real fire brand for the Lord after that. There was a person who was just changed immediately by the power of God so that you could see it right in his face. He was a different man.

M.: At what station were you the happiest?

Mrs.: I think we were happy in every one because the Lord was using us to win many souls for Him. We built up his church there.

Mr.: Some time was spent in county seats. And as we had opportunity we would work around the county seat, and we found that in each place we would usually make friends with French families. Not many of them were Protestant Christians but we had some kind friends even among the French Catholics. Nominal Catholics. We often heard the

the French say, "I'm a Catholic, but I don't practice." That is, they were Christened, as somebody said. Some French people go to church three times. They are carried into the church to be christened, they go to the church to be married and they're carried into the church to be buried. Some officers would come around with their badges at Easter and at Christmas to a church gathering and that might be the limit of their church participation. But we did have good friends among the French people.

M.: How do you feel about nationals being brought to America for Bible School education?

Mrs.: Well, we believe that since we have such a wonderful Bible School there at Nhatrang that all our Vietnamese young people who want training for the ministry should go there. We don't feel it is necessary for them to come here to America. The American Christians have just given \$250,000 to provide that wonderful school there and we have a fine staff teaching all the subjects that would be necessary and that they could possibly use. We think it's better for the nationals if they stay there in their own country with their own people and own culture rather than come here to America where they meet with such a different culture and where it would be very difficult for them. Their first year particularly. We think that because our school there is so good that there is no necessity for them to come here. Of course we don't know what the feelings of our board are in this regard or why they are insisting or advising some to come here. We don't understand. But from our own personal standpoint we think they should take their training in their own country. If we didn't have a Bible School there it would be different, but we have an excellent Bible School, just as we have an excellent school for our missionary children.

M.: What counsel did you give young people preparing for foreign service?

Mrs.: Young folks here in America?

M.: Yes, young Americans.

Mrs.: Well, definitely, the very first thing is that they would be so devoted to the Lord and have such a passion for winning souls that they could be happy anywhere they would go and they would be able to stand all the difficulties and hardships that are almost inevitable on any mission field. If they're not being used of the Lord here in America then I don't think it would be much use for them to go to a foreign field.

M.: You feel they should have home experience first?

Mrs.: I think it would be well, though I didn't. They sent me out right away. The board felt that I was ready to go and apparently Dr. Jaffrey wanted me to go with them. When the board examined me I heard some of the board say, "We think she'll do fine. She's not too bold or she's not too timid." That was the comment that the examining board made. But there seem to be a lot of young people, either single or couples, who go out and do not last very long and perhaps they can't get along very well with their fellow missionaries. That seems to be a main trouble on many fields. I think we ourselves should live so close to the Lord that we can, by prayer, overcome every difficulty that we might encounter.

M.: You feel that the young folks going to the field should have college as well as Bible School training?

Mrs.: Well, things have changed since we were young. I didn't have college work and I realize standards have changed in these past years. Perhaps the past ten years or more, and that college courses are being required now more and more of those who go out. And perhaps because the natives are becoming more educated on many fields like in Viet Nam and in some other fields. Perhaps it is well for them to have a college education provided it does not ruin them before they go.

M.: To what extent can radio be used on the field, and how is it being used?

Mrs.: Oh, we are using radio to a great extent. We have many broadcasts every day. Many hours each week and hundreds of thousands of people are hearing the Gospel through our radio broadcasts coming from Manila. When we were there we helped prepare some scripts and messages and our nationals, you know, some of them are very good singers, so we prepared the programs, the tapes and all, and sent them over to Manila, and then they beamed them back to the field. I believe Cambodia and Siam have broadcasts all over through the Far East Broadcasting Company in Manila.

M.: It must be quite effective.

Mrs.: Oh yes, I believe so.

M.: Do you have Bible Study Correspondence Courses in Viet Nam?

Mrs.: Oh my yes! They have thousands and thousands of people who are taking these lessons. They are getting hundreds of letters every day from these people. I think it is very successful there. There are many phases of our work. Many different ways in which we are working out there. Distributing literature in the prisons, and hospitals. And we had a Gospel truck. I think the Jeffrey's were going around with literature and preaching. We have opened up Bible book stores where we sell literature-the fiftieth anniversary sale. I think it was a wonderful thing in that it alerted many thousands of people who perhaps would not have heard of our work before and much good was done among the official classes and other people through that celebration. Perhaps the whole country became aware of the value of our work out there.

M.: Just how would you direct the prayers of God's people for Viet Nam?

Mrs.: Well, I think they should read all the literature that they can get hold of that the mission board in New York puts out. There's prayer letters and the Alliance Witness and all the missionary literature. They should read the letters that come from the fields and not just toss them aside and say, oh that's just a circular, I don't have time to read it. I think they should read everything that they can get hold of.

M.: And how should they pray for the field?

Mrs.: I think they should pray for every definite project and for our people. Even if they don't know them. Pray and believe that God is hearing and answering, because He does when we really believe. He says so.