



## From the Editor *Mimi Gardner '52*

As a retired minister, I'm asked on occasion to do the funerals of folks who are not particularly church connected but want the passing of their loved ones to be celebrated by a clergy person. Spending time with those families, whom I have not known, to prepare is always a moving experience for me. I find that people are generally so real and open in times of grieving and so very often, my sense of the one who has died should be celebrated with poetry, even more than scripture. As I read the obituaries and the memorial testimonials of SAS alums who I did not know, it is most often the same moving experience. This time, a Mary Oliver poem that I often turn to, seems so very apt for those we are memorializing in this issue. Here is the last verse of:

"In Blackwater Woods"

*Every year everything I have ever learned in my lifetime  
Leads back to this:  
To live in this world you must be able to do three things:  
To love what is mortal  
To hold it against your bones  
Knowing your own life depends on it  
And when the time comes, to let it go, to let it go.*



There are some gems in this issue: from Joe Wampler and Betty Barr Wang and take note of Marion Lanphear Naifeh '45 in "Notes from You". We are so indebted to Contributing Editor, Ted Stannard '48, for keeping us posted on obituaries that he comes across through internet wizardry about friends and fellow alums of long ago. Please take it all in and enjoy.

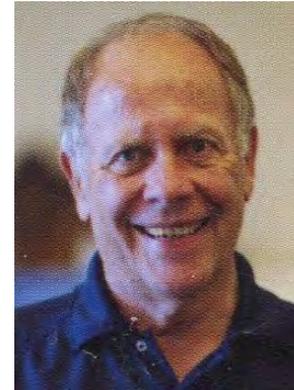
### The Shanghai American School Association

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## A Wampler Story

By Joe Wampler ('51)

*Editor's Note: Joe is a really fine writer. As a result of recent events, there are two pieces of Joe's writing that will be of as much interest to you as they were to me, I'm sure. So I decided to make of them a feature section. The first is Joe's letter telling several of us about his brother, Gene's death (SAS '53). The second is some delightful remembrances of SAS. Several of us have been a part of a history project that some current SAS students have undertaken, asking questions by email for us to answer. Joe's answers are just great! In between the two pieces, I have included parts of the China Daily News article about Gene.*



### Part I

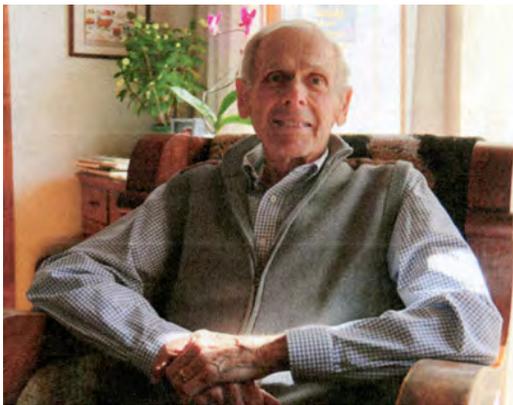
My brother Gene passed away shortly before noon on April 24, 2019, as a result of sarcoma cancer.

In recalling Gene's life, it seems to me that it was marked by what cast him as a sort of "life guard" for the rest of us.

In the winter of 1940/41 the two Smith boys, kids from our mission in Shouyang, Shanxi were playing with Gene and me on the frozen moat outside the city wall of Tongzhou, near Beijing. At one place a spring had melted the ice and we were using sticks to herd a small flotilla of sticks around in the melt pond. One Smith boy stood too close to the ice edge and fell into the moat. The moat was deeper than the boy

S height and he would sink out of sight before pushing off the bottom and briefly resurfacing.

While I was frantically looking for a long pole to extend to him, 5 ½ year-old Gene stretched out on the ice and called for me to grab his feet. The other Smith boy grabbed me and we inched out our human chain until Gene could reach the drowning boy's hands. We managed to pull him onto solid ice and safety. But then because we felt that our misadventure would get us into trouble we tried to convince the soaked lad to stay outside with us until his clothes dried out. But that didn't work, he got too cold and we had to report back to our parents to warm him up. I always was amazed that a 5 ½ year-old boy would have the wisdom to quickly organize a rescue plan.



When Gene turned 18 the Korean War was underway and the American draft was in force. Gene was a pacifist and rather than serve in the army he took two years of alternative service with our Church's Brethren Volunteer Service. He was posted to Austria and spent most of his service time in Vienna. His posting there was just in time for the Hungarian Revolution of 1956. Vienna was a staging post for Hungarian refugees and Gene helped distribute relief clothing and food and arrange settlement for many individuals and families.

On returning to the US Gene continued his schooling and obtained a PhD in organic chemistry. He eventually found a career home in the research labs of the pharmaceutical giant Merck Sharp and Dohme. He specialized in blood chemistry and diseases.

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Merck had negotiated a contract with the Chinese Government to transfer Merck's technology for making a hepatitis B vaccine to the Chinese. Gene lobbied Merck to be put on the team to implement the agreement. He was given post of science head for the transfer. There was no guarantee that the effort would be successful. Cultural differences were a formidable problem. Zhou Yongdong, one of Gene's Chinese counterparts wrote:

"For the project, WHO (World Health Organization) recognized it as a very good example to help/improve the public health condition for the people in developing areas. We can imagine what's a great achievement/success to protect 80-120 million of people from infection by hepatitis B virus, 20-30 millions from Chronic hepatitis and 2-3 millions from death cause by the virus (HBV), by the performance of the project (immunized Chinese children by the recombinant hepatitis B vaccine during the past 2 decades). All the people involved in the project can be proud of this wonderful achievements, as Gene definitely should be at the top of the name list who made a great contribution for making this happened. Thanks Gene and all the colleagues from Merck and local China team."

This year Gene's work with the hepatitis team was the subject of a China Daily newspaper story and short documentary film.

Adieu, sweet prince. May hosts of angels sing thee to sleep.

Con Dios, Joe



### **Part II "Mission Accomplished", China Daily News, 3-19-2019**

Born and raised in wartime Shanxi, Eugene Wampler's life came full circle when he returned to China to help develop a vaccine that would go on to save millions of lives.

In 1922, Elizabeth Wampler, a nurse who had been sent to work in China by the Christian church, had a photograph of her taken with Chinese twin brothers, children that she had either treated or helped

to deliver, in southern Beijing. Thirteen years later, Wampler, whose time in China extended far beyond that point, had two boys of her own...For the next 70 years, the Wampler family saw themselves riding a roller coaster through the ever-changing landscape of China. They labored alongside local farmers, survived a Japanese bombing raid and an aircraft malfunction, witnessed the killing of their Chinese friends, endured the pain of separation and helped to improve the lives of many newborns.

"We are half-American, half-Chinese," says Eugene Wampler, her younger son who returned to China half a century after his departure in 1949, to, as he adds, "close a circle first opened by Mom."

Between the late 1980's and the mid-1990's, Eugene Wampler was closely involved in introducing to China the genetically engineered hepatitis B vaccine – Recombivax HB – that would be used to protect a huge number of newborns from what was then China's No. 1 disease... China in 1989 had more than 180 million HB carriers...

The goal was for China...to be self-sufficient in HB vaccine production...As one of the patent holders for the vaccine's purification process, Gene's professional background made him an ideal participant in the China project

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...”What I saw was a continuation of my own and my family’s china story,” he says.

In 1914, an American doctor named Fred Wampler – Gene’s uncle – traveled to China to open the first Western hospital in Shanxi. Five years later, he was joined by his younger brother Ernest, who also brought along his wife, Vida.

Partly responsible for the construction of a 121 kilometer road designed to combat a local famine by facilitating transportation, Ernest Wampler had no choice but to leave China for the US in 1922, when his wife grew more ill from tuberculosis. She died later that year.

In 1928, Ernest Wampler married Elizabeth, who had once worked at the hospital founded by Fred Wampler. The next year, the newlyweds returned to China and eventually gave birth to Joe and Eugene.



“Evangelism was the main purpose of my father’s work as a missionary. But growing up on a farm, he could easily relate to the local peasants, with whom he built a bridge of trust through agricultural work,” says Gene. The couple also sought to help improve local revenue by cross-breeding an indigenous stock of sheep with Merino sheep, which are prized for their wool. Today, one reminder of that history is a wool curtain woven by a local woman and given to the Wampplers before their departure in the late 1930’s.

On July 7, 1937, Japan invaded China...Life in the war zone was perilous with many bombings. One time, Gene said, “When she heard the approaching airplanes, my mother took me from my afternoon nap in the crib and carried me downstairs. While we crouched between the downstairs windows, the bomb landed and the room was filled with dust and debris. Then amid all that confusion, my mother heard a voice ask: ‘Mommy, am I dead?’ That was my brother, Joe.”

The nonstop bombing forced the family to move from town to town. For some time, they lived in mountainside caves...The family left China in 1941, right before Japan attacked Pearl Harbor. The Japanese had killed 13 Chinese members of the mission. The Wampplers were spared because the US was not yet officially at war with Japan. They didn’t return to China until 1947.



### Part III Joe’s two letters to Clark Shen Wu, current student at SAS for Clark’s history project

From the first letter from answers to specific questions:

“1)...a lesson for later life was that when people are faced with difficult times a group bond that can develop strongly supports a calm attitude during turbulent times. My brother called it a ‘coming of age.’ Stape Roy (’52), who was in his class and later was US Ambassador to China and Indonesia was at the US Embassy in Indonesia when there were riots that led to Suharto’s resignation. Roy said that his experiences in Shanghai when the Communists occupied the city prepared him to advise and calm his staff during the Jakarta riots.

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2) There were two favorite dining hall dishes that we boys like to eat: frog legs and beef stroganoff. If either of these appeared on the menu, a group of us boys would grab a table and stuff ourselves. When we couldn't eat any more, we would go to the track and race one quarter mile round. (I never went.)

3) We lived in a dormitory setting without any parental control. Our teachers were the social authority in our lives. We had a lot of freedom. We could go down to the Bund; go to restaurants, or have parties off campus in the homes of other students. In one case a group of students made friends with a US Navy sailor who ran a weather station for the Navy and they liked to hang out in his apartment. This freedom gave us a lot of confidence in ourselves, but I doubt that we got into much more serious trouble than modern teens.

4) SAS didn't affect my choice of career, but it certainly strengthened my outlook on international affairs. My international view of the world is much stronger than my nationalistic, patriotic view.

5) Shanghai is an interesting city, the street cars went everywhere and were cheap so we were pretty free to explore it at will. We would go to restaurants, swimming at the YMCA, take girls to movies, go on hikes in the countryside since back in the day the school was not far from the edge of town.



6) There were two kinds of local population. European and Asian. Within these there were many nationalities and many languages that we didn't speak. And even between the British and Americans there were enough cultural differences that outside of school there were barriers to close social interactions. But, like today, it was fun to people watch. Sikh police with their big turbans, young women in red qipao dresses, farmers selling smelly spices and all wonderful street food and pancakes.



7) This is a boarder's day: after the wake-up bell, we would dress and go to the dining hall for breakfast, then back to the room to pick up books and go to class. Break for lunch and back to class. In the afternoon we had sports – soccer, basketball in the gym, etc. Then dinner and at 8:00 pm we had study hall until about 10:00. If you were on the Dean's list, you could study in your room. Then back to the dorm and lights out. On weekends we had two free days to do anything we liked.

8) We were taught by a remarkable group of teachers and by 1949 the class sizes were small enough that we received a lot of individual attention. Two of the teachers had been professional actors. In the evenings they would give dramatic readings of Shakespearean plays. So it was a community that catalyzed rapid cultural and emotional development.

9) Probably the biggest challenge was just to stay calm. Once the communists took over the city government, they were concerned about security. The Nationalists were still bombing the city.

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In fact, one bomb blew up a number of graves in a cemetery across the street from the swimming pool we often used. And with the city under martial law the army had a soldier posted at a street corner near SAS. As we would come and go past that corner he would point his rifle at us and follow us as we walked past him.

From the second letter:

“There are two things to keep in mind in my answer to your questions. First, I was only at SAS for its last pre-liberation year, 1948-49. Before that I was at Peking American School. Second, in January 1949, I turned 16 and everyone knows that teenage boys are often “off the rails.” Wisdom can be somewhat beyond us.

After WWII the Chinese countryside quickly became controlled by the Communists. By January, 1947, it was no longer possible to travel from Shanghai to Beijing by train. Transport between those two cities was either by air or by rail to Tianjin, and then by sea to Shanghai. In north and central china the Nationalist Government only controlled the major cities, including Beijing and Shanghai.

In both Peking American School and Shanghai American School students with Chinese nationality made up about ½ of the student body. But few of these were children of middle class Chinese families. Rather, many came from very wealthy Chinese families or from high military or government families. For instance, John L. Fugh, who was the aid to John Leighton Stuart, President of Yenching University and later US Ambassador to China. The Fugh family was descended from the princely Manchu Fuca clan. (These are famous names. They each have their own Wikipedia page.)

While some of our Chinese classmates were among our good friends, the school kids tended to form their closest bonds with kids with similar parental backgrounds: missionary kids, business kids, European refugee kids, etc. all formed their own cliques. And of course, the students who were living in the SAS dormitories had their own special relationship. Most of the boarders were from missionary or educator families and they were boarders because their parents were living away from Shanghai.

By early 1949 it was becoming clear that the communists were going to win the Chinese civil war. The Chinese students at SAS were for the most part of the Chinese Kuomintang (KMT) establishment and by the end of the school year in 1949 most of them had relocated to Taiwan. At Peking American School the teaching staff felt that we should know something about Communism, so we had lessons about the foundations of communism. For instance, we studied the Communist Manifesto and debated the establishment of bourgeois private property. These kinds of classes in Peking were viewed with great suspicion by some of our parents, but they instilled in many of us a rather open mind concerning the incoming tide of Communist rule.

The national currency was collapsing, and we would go down to Nanking Road to change paper money into silver dollars as a hedge against inflation. We got pretty good at detecting fake silver!

Politics were an immediate concern in our lives. For the students of European decent there was no obvious threat, but for some of the Chinese students there was a worry of being on the wrong side of the revolution. A rumor was circulating just before the Communists took Shanghai that 500 college students that had been arrested by the KMT had been taken out into a field and shot. The Communist state that Mao declared in October, 1949, was quickly recognized by the British but not by the American government.

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During the winter of 1948-49 many foreigners and wealthy Chinese were leaving Shanghai and in the spring the US Navy pulled out as well. As the Navy was leaving, the school was invited down to the Navy yard to pick over any equipment that might be useful to the school. A group of us boys, with Mr. Sundt, our biology teacher, went down in a stake truck and gathered useful and not-so-useful items to bring back to the school. Among the useful items was a gas powered 25 kilowatt generator and among the not-so-useful stuff was an empty 8-inch brass naval artillery shell that weighed about 80 pounds. We boys used it to practice weight lifting.

Of course, the most memorable event was the fall of Shanghai to the communists. We woke up one morning to find communist soldiers sleeping along the sidewalk outside the school bamboo fence. The night before, Mr. Wilkes, our English teacher, who had been an Army Captain during WWII, organized a group of boys, armed with baseball bats to patrol inside the school fence and protect the grounds from possible looters. After the school area had been secured by the Communist forces, fighting between Communist and Nationalist rear guard forces was still going on in downtown Shanghai. Several boys went down to see what was going on and came back with hair-raising tails about being caught in a fire zone. So of course a new group of us went downtown to view the battle ground. We were just behind the front line and collected several live mortar rounds and a bag of new hand grenades. On the way back to school the grenades were stolen from us and we were stopped by a western reporter from, I think, the North China Daily News. He wrote an article that appeared the next day about irresponsible parents who let their children wander around in a battle field. When we got back to school and showed our loot to Mr. Wilkes, he was horrified and after dark he marched us to a remote corner of the football field and there had us dig a four foot deep grave for our munitions.

So these were exciting times and like Teddy said, luck had a lot to do with our experiences. We were lucky we didn't kill ourselves.

With best wishes, Joe



## SAS Adventure, May 13, 2019 *By Betty Barr Wang '49*



I had not visited the Puxi campus for two years. What changes! Our tree, planted by 19 alums in 2004, is still there, growing well, and Teddy's gavel still has pride of place at the History Wall where old Columbians and newspaper cuttings are also displayed.

But the campus in general has a spruced-up look. There are bright red new signboards telling you where to go for each division of the school, e.g. Middle School, and the paths are much improved – wider, well paved and surrounded by flowers everywhere. The most spectacular change is in the Center for Innovation and Design, an amazing building in ultra-modern style housing all kinds of ultra-modern scientific apparatus. I did happen to see two books saying "Physics" and "Chemistry"! In that building there is a liberal arts approach to teaching science.

There were not very many students around and we were told that it was because the Freshmen and sophomores were away on their China Alive activities. This is a program under which the students leave the campus for a week and take part in a great variety of activities, some traveling to faraway villages in other provinces, others doing special sports. As the name implies, it is an attempt to help the students understand present day China.

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On this occasion it was ICS (International Channel Shanghai), a local TV channel, who took me to the campus. They are doing a project on local international schools and, of course, SAS is one of the most important. They asked me to chat to a number of students at different levels, on, purely by chance, turning out to be a Senior called Donna. She is active in the History Club and has sent questions to several of us in SASA regarding our old school.

Another Senior with whom I had quite a long chat was Chansol Park, a young Korean, who is about to go to Oxford University. The story was that he is interested in history and therefore applied to Oxford. At the interview he was asked about the history of his school and, it seems, he knew all about it and was therefore accepted! He told me that another reason he chose Oxford was that he admired the students' debating skills.

At the other end of the scale, I was asked to talk with a group of 15 kindergarten students in their classroom. This is not my forte but I took my '49 Columbian and showed them the photograph of the 10 kindergarten students that year. The present students were very lively, mostly Asian faces (probably with US passports) but with a sprinkling of children from the US (Houston, Texas), Sweden and Finland.



### Betty Barr Wang

In 1994, a small ceremony was held on grounds of the US Consulate to celebrate the first four graduates of the re-founded Sihai American School. And Betty Barr Wang, SAS Class of '49, was there to witness it.

Since then, Betty has attended the graduation ceremonies of every single SAS senior on both campuses – the only person in the world to do so. It is merely one example of the unending support Betty has shown to the school. Betty is also heavily involved with

*Photo and blurb courtesy of Kevin Lynch*

Near the end of the afternoon I was taken outside the school to where “my” school bus was waiting. I had heard earlier that there is a bus named after Teddy but did not know that I have one too! There is a copy of my '49 Columbian photo on the side of the bus, the numbers '49 and, of course in these days, a QR code which, once you have scanned it, tells you a little about me. Photos were taken...

The ICS reporter interviewed Kevin Lynch about the development of the school after 1980 and we look forward to seeing the program – next week!



## In Memoriam

**Harold Thomas, Jr. 1924 to December, 2018**

**SAS 1942**

**Information courtesy of the *Hingham Journal* and Mary Thomas and *The Boston Globe***



Harold Thomas was the son of Baptist medical missionaries in Ningbo, China where he was born. His father was director of Hwa Mei Hospital. He finished high school in Fairfield, Maine and joined the Army serving as a medic during WWII in Germany. After the war, he attended the University of New Hampshire in Durham. In 1959, he married Mary Rushit who was his beloved wife for 59 years and mother to their son, Loren.

In the community he was known as Hal, to his family he was Tom, and to SASites he was Tommy. At SAS he played tennis and was on the 6-man football squad. After graduating from UNH, he got a master's degree from Cornell and went on to teach industrial arts and drama at Weymouth South Junior High for 37 years. He was a master at carpentry and problem-solving, as evidenced by his beautiful Hingham

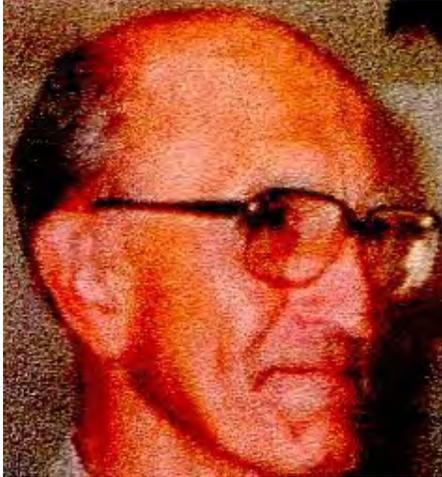
home which, in the 1960's, he transformed almost single-handedly from a chicken coop. Hal and Mary shared a love of music, dance, poetry and literature. He was an activist in the cause of world peace. He was loved by all who knew him for his curiosity, compassion, mild manner and sense of humor. His intellect and vitality were strong right up until the last moments of his life. He was an active member of Old Ship church in Hingham, serving on the building committee and playground committee, as a mentor to youth and as a member of the men's breakfast group, taking on many projects for the betterment of the Meeting House and Parish House.

From Mary: "Tom had a long life with a beautiful ending. For now, I am continuing to live in the chicken barn Tom converted into a finely crafted house since 1965, here in Hingham, MA . Currently my granddaughter, Olivia and I are addressing the China family archives, readying them for the American Baptist Historical Society Library. They include some papers of Tom's maternal grandfather, conditions of the mission Hwa Mei Hospital in Ningbo and the papers of Tom's father, Dr. Harold Thomas, who spent 30 years as superintendent sharing in the collaborative leadership of the hospital with three Chinese physicians from 1920 to 1950."

*The Boston Globe* had a wonderful article entitled "...a retired teacher with a Transcendentalist touch..." It was much more than an obituary. I quote from it:

"Around the time his teenage son earned his driving permit, Hal Thomas had just finished installing a wood stove he'd custom-designed to fit the family fireplace. It was time to stock up on wood. 'Your typical family would have had wood delivered,' his son, Loren, said in a eulogy. 'We were not your typical family.' So father and son attached a trailer to their 2-wheel-drive pickup truck and drove to New Hampshire, where the family owned 8 wooded acres. After a snowy day spent felling trees and chopping and loading wood, 'we rolled out of there around dusk..."

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When the old truck began slipping on a steep incline, it was clear we were not going to make it. Without a word or a swear, my dad hops out of the truck as if he had done this before. I felt the truck surge ahead. With wheels spinning and the engine revving, he pushed us to the top.”

When Mr. Thomas had settled in at the Hospice home, he said, “This is no solemn occasion, it is a marvelous one.”

This was a reference to a game he loved that involves keeping a straight face after a false declaration of solemnity. “He was all for fun, all the time,” said his wife, Mary. He died an hour later.

There were many testimonials at his memorial service:

As an industrial arts teacher, “he had some wild kids in class, but they didn’t bother him at all, said one of his former stu-

dents. Mr. Thomas would typically end detention periods five minutes after they began. “He was the kind of teacher you always remember- a nice, easy-going, very mellow guy who was also a very big inspiration.”

He also enjoyed being involved in the school drama program, working with students to build sets. A retired music and drama teacher said that “he would do anything to make his life richer and fuller and he’d do the same for people around him.”

Tommy’s design contributions at his church include a conductor’s podium, a rack for folding tables and chairs, and wood cabinetry.

He was a devotee of Emerson and Thoreau and Emily Dickinson. His pastor said that Mr. Thomas “believed we are part of something larger than ourselves. He was a Transcendentalist who loved the material world.”

Tommy’s grandson, Will, wrote that most of his memories of his grandfather “revolved around nature, whether it be barefoot meditation in the morning dew, scaling the rocks at Nantasket Beach, or wading in the murky waters of Houghton’s Pond...he scaled ladders and mounted rooftops into his late 80’s. When he was given a walker, it did not take him long to find out he could move much faster when he gave the walker a bit of a push and hoisted himself into the air.”

His granddaughter, Olivia, recalled collaborative efforts to bring her and her brother’s ideas to life, including a car made from old boxes or a 3-story wooden house for her many stuffed animals. Tommy would provide the tools and then take a step back and let them work.

He loved to reminisce about China, curious about the hospital and what it’s like now. “In a 2015 Storycorps.org interview, Tommy said that “because of the strong influence of being in China at the start of the war, because of the bombings in the city where I grew up...I made a decision that I would participate in the war in a way that I could help alleviate the pain it caused.” He enlisted as a medic in WWII out of high school.

He was a peace activist all his life, including weekly protests with Mary in town against the US invasion of Iraq. He met Mary at a square dance in Cambridge. She was taken with his “imaginative and creative” dancing style. On their first date for “conversation and coffee” they kept talking until 2 am.

Editor’s note: Reading and writing about this interesting man has been a joy.

## In Memoriam, continued

Joan Price Spencer, 1932 to 2019

SAS 1949

Information courtesy of Ted Stannard and Legacy.com, Santa Fe New Mexican



**From Ted:** “Last month we lost a star of the first post WWII SAS year. Joan Price, Class of ’49, was probably the most active and popular sophomore at SAS in 1946-47, her only year there. She won two titles in the yearbook superlatives poll: most popular and best personality. She served on the Student Senate, was feature editor of the school paper, handled features for the Columbian, was secretary-treasurer of the Outings Club and served on the Athletics Council.

She sang in the Glee Club, rode in the Riding Club, joined the drama class, starred as female lead in the all-school play, and captained the women’s hockey A-team to victory in four out of eight matches with rival Shanghai teams.

She was co-star with Jim Cavanaugh (’48) in “The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife.”

**From Legacy:** Joan spent her childhood in Beijing and Washington, DC. She graduated from Swarthmore College and earned a Master of Education from Northern Arizona University. She married Steve Spencer in 1955. They lived in Minnesota, Michigan, Arizona, Tanzania, and New Mexico, following Steve’s career as a physician.

Joan was a skilled and beloved teacher. Her specialties were Remedial Reading and English as a Second Language. She taught elementary students, college students, adult learners, immigrants, prisoners, and international students.

She was also politically active, committed to making the world a better place. She worked as a caseworker for US Congressman Morris Udall, was instrumental in the NM Coalition to Repeal the Death Penalty and volunteered for many other organizations. Joan was a member of the Religious Society of Friends (Quakers). She and Steve traveled widely throughout the world. Family and friends remember Joan for her lively intelligence, her warm smile and genuine respect and affection for all people, as well as her love of reading, nature, and classical and folk music. A celebration of life will be held June 22, 2019 at 2 pm at the Unitarian Universalist Church in Santa Fe. Donations may be made in her name to the American Civil Liberties Union or the Alzheimer’s Association.



### SASA Membership Renewal

\$15 annual fee. Make check payable to “SASA”. **Be sure to include your name, address, and email in a cover note and your high school graduation year.** If you are paying for more than one year, please note that.

Send to: Jeffrey Gorman, 3050 Military Road, Apt 2101, Washington, D.C. 20015-1325

## Sarah Price Wright 1/16/1919 to 1/25/2019 SAS 1935

Information courtesy of *The Northside Sun*, Jackson, Mississippi



Sarah was the first foreign born baby in Taizhou, Jiangsu Province, where her parents were medical missionaries. The Chinese were thrilled. Her father, Dr. Robert Black Price, was the first president of the Sarah Walkup Hospital, founded in 1917. On the site of the former hospital now is the much larger Taizhou People's Hospital.

Sarah was home schooled until she went to SAS. She was musically gifted and played piano and violin. At SAS she played field hockey and was vice president of her senior class of 1935. After SAS she returned to Mississippi for college, graduating from Louisiana State University in 1940 with a BA in Music. She studied piano in St. Louis for a time and then returned to Jackson, MS in 1943 where she met her husband-to-be, Mackey Mims Wright when he was on leave from the Army. They soon married in Sarasota, Florida.

Mims was called back into service during the Korean War and eventually was reassigned to duty in Frankfurt, Germany where they lived until 1954. When Mims retired as a Lieutenant Colonel, they moved back to Jackson where they raised their three sons and Sarah taught piano. Mims died in 1968. In 1976, Sarah went to Taiwan to teach music and English at Christ College in Taipei. In 1993, she made a final move back to Jackson where she again taught piano and was active in First Presbyterian Church as a choir member, piano player, and an inspiration to all, young and old, who knew her.

When Sarah was 89, she had an opportunity to return to Taizhou where she and her son were greeted with open arms, receptions and feasts. Everything had changed, of course, as we all know who have revisited. An article about her trip in 2008 was posted in the *Tuscaloosa News*. After the trip, she said that there were many things she admired, including the beautifully ornate and lovingly maintained gardens, bridges, and temples, and the people's kindness and reverence for the past. "They have great respect for old things and old people," she said, "and that's not a bad way to be."

### *The SASA News* Spring Issue, 2019

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Angie Mills '42 (1998-2003)  
Alexander Liosnoff '38 (1991-1998)  
James H. Hoffmann '37 (1989-1991)



**Mary Nasmith Means March 14, 1924 to February 8, 2019**  
**SAS 1942**

**Information courtesy of *The Washington Post*, Feb. 16, 2019**

Mary was born in Huchow, China and was raised there by her American missionary parents, Esther and Augustus Nasmith. She attended SAS from the 7<sup>th</sup> to the 10<sup>th</sup> grades and then graduated from high school in Rochester, New York. She graduated from Middlebury College in 1946, earning a BA in English.

After graduation she lived in New York City with three Middlebury friends and flew as a stewardess for Pan Am in the newest plane, the Constellation or “Connie”, with routes to Bermuda and London. Other routes included Lisbon and Leopoldville in the then Belgian Congo. She married Donald Means in 1947 in New York City. They were married for 57 years and raised two children, Robert and Wendy. Don died in 2004.

Editor’s note: We would love to know more about Mary’s life. If anyone of our readers knew her and can add to this, I will gladly print more in the next issue. Mary did attend a couple of the early reunions in 2008 and Bellingham. She occasionally kept in touch with Marion Heidel, Ted Stannard’s younger sister. The Columbian pictures of her from 1939-40 (I believe) suggest lots of SAS activities in her life and leadership positions, too.

[mimi.hollister@aol.com](mailto:mimi.hollister@aol.com)



*Class President*



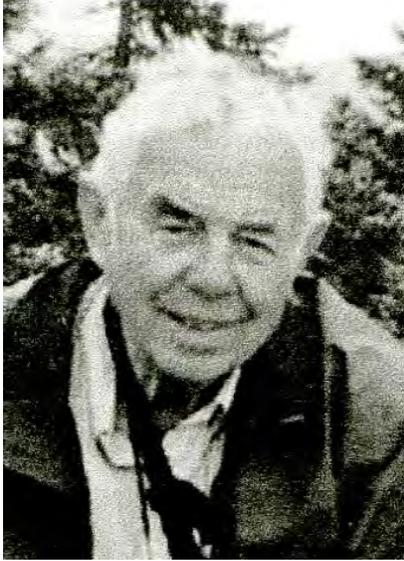
**Warren Woodbury Mitchell August, 1926 to February, 2019**  
**SAS 1944**

**Information courtesy of the *Portland Press Herald* in Maine**

Warren died in Kennebunk, Maine, surrounded by loving family, of advanced age and the ravages of dementia. He was born in Peking. His parents were Myron and Florence Mitchell and his father worked for Standard Oil of New York in China. When he was 12 years old, he and his mother were repatriated to the US with other dependents of foreign workers due to the threat of the Sino Japanese War. His father continued to work in China, and after the outbreak of WWII, he was interned at Santo Tomas Camp in Manila for two years.

After SAS, Warren finished high school in Lawrenceville, NJ and then went on to Yale, graduating with a Bachelor of Engineering degree and a naval commission in 1947. He was hired by Standard Oil of California (now Chevron) in 1947. Over a four-decade career, he performed and supervised designs of petroleum industry facilities and managed projects, mostly related to civil engineering. He did have a three-year hiatus working for Aramco in The Hague during his tenure at Chevron. He retired as senior supervising engineer.

*(Continued on next page)*



Among his honors: Tau Beta Pi Engineering Honor Society and Sigma Xi Scientific Research Honor Society conferee. He held Professional Engineering licenses in Texas, Hawaii, New Jersey, and the Canadian Provinces of British Columbia and Alberta. He was also a member of the Earthquake Engineering Research Institute and chaired the American Petroleum Institute Work Group on Earthquake Criteria for Fixed Offshore Production Platforms.

When he retired, Warren purchased a cottage on Pleasant Pond in Caratunk, Maine. He thoroughly enjoyed spending time at “Pond” with friends and family for many years. In 2007, he and his second wife, Joanne, purchased a home in The Villages in Florida, learned to play golf, and made new and lasting friends. His first wife, Lorraine, pre-deceased him. They had a daughter, Joyce Satzer who lives in Eagan, Minn. with her husband, William.



## Notes From You



### Ted and Femmy's Annual Lunar New Year Party

This annual event – a feast of no small proportions – was snowed out and re-scheduled. A very good time was had by all. To get on the invitation list, just email Ted ([restannardjr@gmail.com](mailto:restannardjr@gmail.com)) and get thee to Bellingham, WA.

*LUNAR NEW YEAR FEASTING WITH KITH AND KIN WAS DERAILED  
HERE THIS WEEKEND BY A TRAIN OF WINTER SNOW STORMS !!!*

**We propose instead a Great\*Leap\*Forward to four Saturdays hence:**

**NEW Date\***  
FEMMY & TED INVITE YOU TO FEAST  
WITH FAMILY & ASIAPHILE FRIENDS

~ 4pm Sat, Mar.16, 2019 ~

**The Stannards Place**

4328 FRANCES AVENUE  
BELLINGHAM WA 98226

**RSVP**

[restannardjr@gmail.com](mailto:restannardjr@gmail.com)

r.360-392-0712 or c.360-543-3669

[NO texting or voice-mail... E-mail works...]



*To locate us on the north side in our three-story white house with 2-door garage, you drive:*

**North on James from Sunset Mall** [I-5 exit 255, clockwise behind K-Mart] a mile north to Bakerview traffic light. Continue straight north (uphill), past a huge blue watertank to 3rd intersection dead-end sign and dip at Frances. Frances angles 45° off-right. Head uphill 800ft to big, black mailbox 4328, & turn in right up the rope-lit drive. **Or, from the Guide Meridian**, drive a mile east on Bakerview to the traffic-light at James, turn left uphill past the blue tank and at the 3rd intersection follow the instructions above.

In our driveway, **angle**-park left, snug to top as possible for easy exit. [Don't block right door or lane] Street-parking is risky; barely has shoulders; unsafe if slick. Car-pooling helps. Some surge space at yard level. **Enter house around left on arbor path. No ceremony needed. Ring, stomp, walk in, & mingle...**

## Finding My Mother



### Marion Lanphear Naifeh '45

*Finding My Mother: The Red Box* – “Reaching back 100 years was a true adventure to find her after 88 years,” wrote Marion. “My mother went to China in 1917 with the YWCA. She worked in Tientsin and Chengdu until two bouts of typhus sent her back to the States. She married my father in 1926. He was a missionary educator with the Episcopal Church in Wuhu, Anhui. They had first met at the Nanjing Language School in 1917. He died in China in 1951. My mother died in 1928, six weeks after I was born.”  
 “I was at SAS from 1937 to 1940 and graduated from high school in the U.S. in 1945.”

## The Red Box

If you go to Marion's website:

[www.marionnaifeh.com](http://www.marionnaifeh.com), you will see that this e-book is one of several she has written. Her very interesting and far-flung life in foreign service with her husband is documented in pictures on the website.



### David Bridgman (SAS '50) and the Royal Asiatic Society

A note from Julie Chun of the Royal Asiatic Society informed us that David Bridgman's article featured in the 2018 RAS Journal is accessible on their website under publications. We wrote about this article and the honoring of David by RAS in the previous edition of SASA News – Winter, 2019.

**If possible... Go Green with SASA News! Get it online or through your e-mail!**

**FORWARDING SERVICE REQUESTED**



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