From the Editor  Mimi Gardner ’52

Once again, however sad, the most interesting part of this newsletter is “In Memoriam”. There are life stories among us that are indeed remarkable and should be read about with relish. Especially, I invite you to read every word of Professor Harold L. Kahn’s tribute to David Roy (SAS ’50), his life-long friend from college on. It is funny and juicy and so well-written, as well as being truly informative, as David would appreciate, about David’s 30-years-in-the-works translation of the Chinese classic, Jin Ping Mei. Another fascinating person is Harriet Mills (SAS ’37)– one could dedicate a whole issue to her work. And the others – Ted Nace (Faculty ‘48-’49) and Lloyd Craighill, Jr. (SAS ’44) and Nicholas VanDyck (SAS ’51) – rich lives all.

Two other articles you should read word for word: Jim Scovel’s (SAS ’48) delightful account of his return to home territory with Carl and the second installment of John Liu’s documenting of the remarkable and heartening environment restoration project on the Loess Plateau in China.

But then, all of it is important and interesting – Carl’s time with SAS kids as this year’s SASA lecturer, Betty’s day at the SAS Commencement representing all of us. Enjoy all of it, please!

Important Reminder: May 7-11, 2017

Plans for the 2017 reunion at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor are shaping up very well. Joseph Ho, our new friend and organizer, was able to secure a considerable grant from the Lieberthal-Rogel Center for Chinese Studies (LRCCS) at the university. I refer you to the long article in the last issue of SASA News about the reunion. If you need a new copy of it, please email me at mimihollister1@verizon.net. In our next issue of SASA News this early Winter, we will have details about signing up and more on the program. Suffice it to say now that it will be an extraordinary event that you won’t want to miss so please put it on your calendars and plan to attend.

The Shanghai American School Association

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Treasurer: Charlie Way ’51, cybway@aol.com

Photo Courtesy of Joseph Ho
In Memoriam

David Tod Roy, SAS ‘51, 1933 to May, 2016
Obituary courtesy of Stapleton Roy, SAS ’52, David’s brother and distinguished U.S. Ambassador to China from 1991-95.

David Tod Roy, a professor emeritus in East Asian Languages and Civilizations at the University of Chicago, died on May 29, 2016 at home in Chicago from complications of ALS (Lou Gherig’s disease) with which he was diagnosed three years earlier. Professor Roy, is best known for his five volume translation of a famous Ming Dynasty Chinese novel, *Jim Ping Mei*, published by Princeton University Press.

David was born in China in 1933 of American educational missionary parents. His father, Andrew Tod Roy, was a professor in the Philosophy Department of the University of Nanking (Jinling Daxue). The family spent the war years from 1938-45 in Chengdu, Sichuan, where they were subjected to frequent Japanese bombing raids. The family returned to China in 1948, just in time for the final stages of the communist revolution. David spent a year at SAS until it closed in 1949. Then he and Stape rejoined their parents in Nanjing, where they remained until 1950 when they returned to the U.S.

During his year in Nanjing, while university professors tutored him through his junior year, David developed an obsession with learning the written Chinese language. Within a year he could read the local newspapers. While completing his high school education in Philadelphia in 1951, he enrolled in a graduate level Chinese program at the U. of Pennsylvania. He went on to study at Harvard, interrupted by a two year stint in the Army that included service in Japan and Taiwan, and then a return to Harvard where he completed his Ph.D.

While teaching for four years at Princeton, David married Barbara Chew in 1967. They then moved to the University of Chicago where David remained for the rest of his academic career. He began the translation of *Jim Ping Mei* (*The Plum in the Golden Vase*) in 1982 which he completed 30 years later. The first volume was published in 1993, with the final one appearing in 2013. The novel is notorious for its pornographic passages, but his translation was praised for what one reviewer called its “masterly rendering of a richly encyclopedic novel of Ming dynasty manners.”

His beloved wife of nearly 5 decades survives him.

From Joe Wampler, SAS ’51. David was an avid connoisseur of the jazz era music and would collect ‘78 rpm records that he found in Shanghai flea markets. Records such as *Basin Street Blues, Muskrat Ramble, Traffic Jam* and *Serenade to a Savage* with a long drum opening solo found their way into his room.

He read James Hilton’s *Lost Horizons* during the 1948-49 winter and was taken with the imagined life of Shangri-La. He told me that his dream life would be to live in a remote Tibetan valley in a building that had a magnificent library. He chose Tibet because of the stories his father told of excursions into Eastern Tibet. I guess that his life at Chicago with its huge library was close to his dream.

…because of his mastery of classical western scholarship, he was drawn into trying to understand a complex Eastern society that flourished 400 years before his time.

*(Continued on next page)*
The Things He Carried

By the time David Roy arrived at Harvard in 1951, hauling the baggage of his youth as a mish kid in China, he was stamped forever as a SAS brat and brainy swashbuckler. It was as obvious as the mark of Zorro. He walked with the hunched gait of either an elder on the slopes of Olympus or a seeker of spare change on the sidewalk. He talked of slaying rats on the dump heaps of Shanghai and of lubricious readings far beyond his age. He talked of Hoagy Carmichael singing the Hong Kong Blues and Bessie Smith belting out naughty New Orleans classics. His parents would not have approved.

They would have approved, however, his love of books. It was almost physical, that love. He handled them with the kind of affection others conferred on friends and lovers. In later years he hewed to a rigorous principle. He regarded no book as fully read until everything, including end notes and indexes, colophons and acknowledgements were put in his trophy bag. David kept a log of every book he read, and I wish I had a copy of it. It surely comprises an autobiography in itself.

We all know the consequences of this love affair. But not everybody knows its origins. It began in the fateful decision he made as a 16-year old “looking for a dirty book at a used book store in Nanjing… “(a quote from the NY Times: David Tod Roy Completes His Translation of ‘Chin P’ing Mei’). As anyone at SAS even partially awake at the time knew, he found one. And more. He and his bunk mates – precocious lads they were – already distinguished between the literary Frank Harris and the anonymous authors of such, er, classics as The Autobiography of a Flea. Connoisseurship began at an early age. It was a practice David continued at Harvard. Many of us, innocent of the hallowed bibliography of pornographic literature, became, as it were, salivating disciples of The Man Who Knew.

(Continued on next page)
The Harvard Years

By the time David arrived in Cambridge, he was already well schooled in Chinese. His interest had been sparked way back in Nanjing when a scholar tutoring him and his brother in the spoken language taught him to write his Chinese name and later gave him a basic facility in written Chinese. At the time he also met Frederick (Fritz) Mote, a student of Chinese at Nanjing University who was to go on to become the eminent professor of Chinese history at Princeton. We have no evidence that the learned Mote was reading naughty Chinese books. But for David the connection was obvious: read Chinese – all of it: classics, fiction, verse, drama, newspapers, candy and toilet paper wrappers, movie marquees, even, occasionally, passages in the Book of Common Prayer – and buy a dirty book. Voila! The table was set.

When he left China in 1950, David found himself outside of Philadelphia attending the Quaker Friends Central private high school for his senior year. Twice a week, however he took the train in to the University of Pennsylvania where he had been accepted to join a graduate-level course in Chinese under the direction of the renowned sinologist Derke Bodde. There is no record of what the graduate students thought of being upstaged by the Nerd from Nanjing, but I bet it wasn’t pretty.

Harvard at first was not kind to David. Or rather he was not kind to himself. Professor Bodde had impressed upon young David that if he were to become a serious sinological scholar – did teenagers aspire to such things? – he would need to know the European languages as well as the East Asian languages. David signed up for German. Trouble came quickly. He did not take to declensions. They in turn did not take to him. The “ders” and “dens” and “dems” violated his sense of disorder, so he took to another kind of disorder, missing classes (except Chinese and literature), spending his time in Boston’s used book stores and other unseemly joints. His tutor was not amused. By the end of his second year, he was invited to leave the university with a right to come back when the adult broke out of its tough teen chrysalis. David joined the army and was sent off to Taiwan where he spent two years listening in to Chinese military broadcasts from Korea. He listened well. His spoken language comprehension flourished, and in his ample spare time he read and read and read. He was ready to return to that great brick Valhalla on the Charles River.

Once Professor John King Fairbank, the most influential historian of modern China in the West, brought David under his wing, the die was cast. Fairbank inspired unswerving loyalty, almost abject admiration, and quivering fear among his graduate students. He also believed in comic relief, the only defense against the hopeless scope of Chinese history. It was too hard, he said, and there was too much of it. David, still formally an undergraduate, admired and feared and laughed with the rest of us, and as he segued naturally into the graduate program, he began what would be his first book. We tend to think of David as the Jin Ping Mei guy, as if that’s all he was or did. But his little monograph on the early career of Guo Moruo is still cited by scholars of modern China. Guo was famous and infamous, hailed at one time as the Goethe of China – a sobriquet he immodestly claimed for himself – but also as a toady to the eminence of Mao. He was modern China’s all-purpose intellectual. Bad or good, he was in his time, the 1930’s to the 60’s, a legitimately important figure in contemporary Chinese literature, archaeology, history and poetry. David dawdled over the manuscript. He took it with him in 1962, still unfinished, to Princeton where he accepted a position as an assistant professor of history. Therein lies a tale. Professor Fairbank did not approve of procrastination, even in the guise of perfectionism.

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He was visiting Princeton to give a talk, visited David in his office, spied the manuscript on his desk, took it in hand, and while leaving, congratulated David on having completed his PhD degree. David was fond of telling the story on himself. Truth be told, he had lost interest in Guo Moruo long before.

By 1958 David was inducted into Harvard’s Society of Fellows, the most prestigious honor a young scholar could hope to receive. To read its requirements is to foresee such coveted awards as the MacArthur “genius” fellowships. “They must,” says the Society’s official brochure, “be persons of exceptional ability, originality, and resourcefulness, and should be of the highest caliber of intellectual achievement, comparable to successful candidates for junior faculty positions at leading universities.” Members had no responsibilities except to work on whatever they wished to, either toward a Ph.D. degree or not. For the next three years David was free to do what he wished. So he spent the years reading widely in Chinese and English literature and history. One could find him of evenings in the smoking lounge of Dunster House, where he served as a tutor. Over wine, beer, or single malt whiskey and in a cloud of cigarette smoke, he held forth to anyone who happened to stop by. It was brilliant. David was a raconteur, a critic, an authority all in one, with firm – sometimes rock hard - opinions. As the evening wore on and the libations wore down, David would become more voluble, and finally we would trudge off to Hayes and Bickford, an all night joint, for a 4:00 am booster of coffee, tobacco, and pie.

Translating Jin Ping Mei*
*(I am grateful to Professor Catherine Swatek for advice on this section.)

David was already reading the Jin Ping Mei in these years. He began to assemble a library of works he would need to seriously study the great work. By the time the last volume appeared in 2013, his shelves contained several thousand such books. He also purchased while still at Harvard the 1962 complete Japanese edition of Jin Ping Mei, and when it was not on David’s desk it was making the rounds of his Chinese colleagues. The story is still told that Dr. Chang Hsin-pao (Zhang Xinbao) insisted on hiding the book in paper wrappers when walking in Harvard Square. He did not wish to be exposed as a pervert! And it cannot be denied that the dirty parts were a magnet too strong to resist. This led to the famous night when David and his medievalist friend John Bruckman sat down to do some serious translating. David owned a little red book which comprised in its entirety the Latin passages primly published in Clement Egerton’s 1939 translation, and they wanted to get things right. David’s SAS-acquired Latin had long since joined German in the trash heap of history. Bruckman knew his stuff. (I watched as they poured over the Chinese and the Latin.) The result was a delightful and silly surprise. The Latin too was expurgated! We would have to wait decades for David to lay it all out for us in its full undress.

For the next 30 years, from his time at Princeton and then at the University of Chicago, he taught and read and studied the book. In the process he produced a generation of brilliant young literary scholars who went on to eminent careers in the academy, including his cousin Catherine Swatek, now a professor of Chinese literature at the University of British Columbia. He taught them to be what he was, a close reader of the text.

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His aim over the decades was to produce not only the first complete English translation but a scholarly reading of the work, identifying every allusion to earlier writings, every passage or fragment of earlier plays, operas, vernacular literature, philosophy, street slang, poetry, religious texts and practices, including corrupt latter-day popular proclamations of faith. These efforts were of a piece with his reading of Jin Ping Mei as both an ironic reflection on and satiric expose of late Ming culture and society. This remarkable scholarship led eventually to over 5373 end notes over the course of the five volumes. By doing so David created an encyclopedic repository of literary and cultural knowledge unprecedented in the annals of vernacular literature.

Jin Ping Mei may be the world’s most comprehensive examination of bad behavior. The varieties of corruption and excess in all things is stunning: the book begins with a murder and ends, almost three thousand pages later, in ignominious death of the remaining survivors of the fall of the house of Xi-men Qing, the wealthy merchant who gave late Ming villainy a bad name! The novel teems with characters – over 800 of them – who range up and down the ladder of success. The Ming dynasty court was on the take; so were its great officials. Bankers, sellers, buyers, con-men, forgers, bribers, brokers, delinquents, fraudulent Buddhist bonzes, dishones Daoist priests, and quack doctors pushing tainted or fake cures: all danced across the seductive stage of corruption.

Women at all levels, courtesans and whores, wives and concubines, singing girls and slaves, sold their bodies or were sold by others. They murdered and poisoned with as much brio as the men. Money ruled the world, indifferent to the winners and losers. Jin Ping Mei was the first and greatest Chinese urban novel. You can almost smell the incense and dung, cloy at the rich banquet fare, savor the sweets of street snacks and later in the book, reel at the stink of ruin. Crowds gawk at women walking the streets for the Lantern Festival, funerals unfold in mind-boggling detail, and corrupt eunuchs and venal officials come and go. David commands the entire scene. He gives us the feel and texture of things: elaborate clothing sported by the nouveau riche, baubles piled up in the hairdos of the women, sumptuous gardens and courtyards within courtyards, and embroidered shoes and filigreed hairpins that are the tokens of status. He (and the anonymous author) are masters of the minute. The devil, they show us, is brilliantly in the details.

If the Jin Pin Mei is portrayed as an immoral universe, David shows us how much the anonymous author (his identity is still debated) meant it. David argues that the author grounded his satire in the teachings of the ancient Confucian philosopher Xun Zi. What better way to expose the wickedness of his times than to enlist a sage who sought to know it for all the naughtiness that spreads its delightful stain over those thousands of pages. This is a translation for the ages.

A Fond Farewell

Dear David, old friend, you were sui generis, one of a kind. You were eccentric to a fault. It adorned your genius. You were compulsive and obsessive. You memorized early on the names and makes and models of cars; then it was trains. Then it was – how do I put this? – oral hygiene. You brushed your teeth five, ten times a day. I watched in awe and puzzlement. Then it was smoking. Every cigarette had to pass the freshness test. If it failed, it was thrown out. The tobacco industry loved you.

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You bought pack upon pack only to dismiss them, having failed to live up to your exacting standards. The Republic of Letters must have sighed in relief when you stopped smoking: you would live to write another day. Then, and finally, there was the Jin Ping Mei. Yours was a magnificent obsession. We are your eternal beneficiaries.

No, dear friend, you didn’t do it by yourself, though the notion of the reclusive scholar must have been attractive. The world has a debt to pay to Barbara Chew Roy, psychotherapist and, whenever you looked up from your manuscript, your wife! She became custodian of the last citizen of the Age of Reason. It couldn’t have been easy. She managed your life with grace. And she took you skiing! I always thought that you were of the tribe that believed that if god wanted us to ski s/he would have given us long feet. Your survival was our good luck. Your brother Stape nods in agreement.

The sweetest way to say farewell is to give the final word to your father. As accomplished poet, he wrote this at the age of 96 to celebrate your retirement in 1999. No one could have put it better:

Now sixty-six, and what a mix of wisdom and hilarity!
His brain still ticks; he still lights wicks as beacons for posterity.

In his scholarship he’s thorough but pugnacious as a burro if he’s thwarted or aborted or delayed.

He’s addicted to translation and has earned our admiration for his plethora of footnotes on each page.

If he doesn’t know an answer, it affects him like a cancer, and he’ll fly as far as Shanghai for new facts.

An Abbreviated Bio on Harold Kahn by HLK
When Hal Kahn arrived for graduate work at Harvard in the mid-1950’s, the only Chinese names he knew were Anna May Wang and Charlie Chan. Somebody named Mayo SayDung ruled in the East. But US expertise on China having been weakened by the McCarthy era attacks, universities were trolling for eager, sometimes ignorant, candidates to replenish the field. Enter H.L. Kahn. By 1963 he was Lecturer in History at the School of Oriental and African Studies in the University of London. Dodging the Beatles and Rolling Stones, too poor to nab tickets to see Nureyev and Fonteyn, he managed to complete the manuscript for his study of the Qianlong Emperor, Monarchy in the Emperor’s Eyes, and head back to the U.S. and a professorship in the history department at Stanford in 1968. He taught there til his retirement close to forty years later.
Harriet Cornelia Mills, SAS ’37
by Angie Mills, SAS ’42

Harriet Mills, who spent over four years in a Communist prison in Beijing during the 1950s, died March 5, 2016 at Collington a retirement community in Mitchellville, Maryland where she had lived since 2002. She was 95. Ms. Mills had been in declining health for several years.

Ms. Mills, a professor of Chinese Language and Literature at the University of Michigan, from 1966 until retirement in 1990, was one of the first recipients of a Fulbright scholarship. She received the award in 1947 while doing research for her PhD at Columbia University. In August of that year, she went to Beijing to continue her research on the noted 20th century Chinese writer Lu Xun. She soon became, along with two other Fulbrights in Beijing, Allyn and Adele Rickett, part of the city’s lively postwar expat community.

When the Communist Party took control of China in 1949, Peking’s convivial expatriate life slowed and at the outbreak of the Korean War in July 1950, Westerners throughout China, sought exit visas to leave. The Fulbrights tried for a year to do the same, but were repeatedly denied. Contacts with Chinese colleagues became increasingly difficult and for reasons of mutual safety, communication, and cost, the Fulbrights decided to combine households. On July 25, 1951 security police entered their compound, arrested all three and charged them with espionage---the charge based mainly on the fact that, as Fulbrights, they were supported by the US government and were therefore spies. The police handcuffed Ms. Mills, before driving her and Mr. Rickett in separate cars to prison. Ms. Rickett was placed under house arrest and later moved to prison.

Ms. Mills was also suspect for possessing a second-hand, short-wave radio. Despite previous permission from city authorities to own the radio (its short wave ability was inoperable), the city officials claimed she could transmit secret messages to the US. A possible additional cause for Ms. Mills’ arrest was that a decade earlier her father, Plumer Mills, had received for his war relief work during the Sino-Japanese war, the highest honor given by the previous government of China to Westerners---the Order of the Green Jade. In prison, but never in solitary, Ms. Mills withstood many hours of interrogation and exhausting sessions before guards or cellmates of enforced “self-criticism” and “thought reform”. In addition to periodic physical restraints---handcuffs and shackles---she had to endure inadequate heat, bedding and poor food. Through the prison grapevine she learned of the presence of other Western prisoners, but had no contact with them. She had no news of the outside world except for occasional snippets of Communist propaganda, and no contact with family in New York City until her final year of imprisonment. After four years and three months, due to continuous efforts by her parents, the State Department and the Red Cross, guards escorted her to the Hong Kong border. Interviewed upon her release at the border October 31, 1955, the American press labeled her as “brainwashed”.

Life after prison

Diagnosed with tuberculosis (contracted in prison) shortly after arriving home in New York, she spent the next two years in a TB sanitarium. Upon recovery, she accepted an offer as an instructor in Chinese at Columbia University while continuing work on her PhD.

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She joined the department of Chinese Language and Literature at Cornell in 1960, spent a year as Director of the University Program for Chinese Language Studies in Taipei, Taiwan and, in 1966, became a professor of Chinese Studies at the University of Michigan where she remained until retirement. Over the years she received many academic honors and fellowships and co-authored, with Ms. P. S. Ni, a well-regarded Chinese language text, “Intermediate Reader in Modern Chinese”. Her students considered her an excellent teacher.

Harriet Cornelia Mills was born April 2, 1920 in Tokyo, Japan where her parents were on a year’s assignment for the YMCA. Her parents, Wilson Plumer Mills and Cornelia Seyle Mills, both from South Carolina, served in China with the YMCA from 1912 to 1931 and from 1932 - 1947 with the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. Though born in Japan, Ms. Mills grew up in China and attended American schools in Nanking and Shanghai. In Shanghai she became editor of the student newspaper as well as a protégée of her English teacher Peggy Lou Durdin (née Armstrong), a correspondent for the New York Times. She left Shanghai for Wellesley College in 1937---a month before the Sino-Japanese war started. She graduated from Wellesley in 1941 with a Phi Beta Kappa key and a degree in English Literature.

**Life before prison and beyond**

Hoping to return to China to find a job in the country she knew as home, but thwarted by the ongoing Sino-Japanese war, she found a job in New York as a junior editor at John Day Publishing, a company that specialized in books on Asia. Ms. Mills always acknowledged that her hiring may have been influenced by Pearl Buck, co-owner with her husband Richard Walsh of John Day. Pearl Buck had known Harriet as a child in Nanking. With a future in China increasingly uncertain, Ms. Mills began to focus on academia and left John Day in 1944 to enter the graduate program in Chinese studies at Columbia University. Though she had had some instruction as a child in spoken and written Mandarin, it was at Columbia that she became proficient in both.

Ms. Mills seldom spoke of her time in prison. However, at the urging of Peggy Durdin, she wrote an article, “Thought Reform: Ideological Remolding in China,” published by The Atlantic Monthly in December 1959. In addition, she held many academic administrative positions in her field and contributed articles to academic journals and to books on Chinese Literature. Her sister, Angie, survives her. A memorial gathering was held at Collington April 30, 2016.

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**SASA Membership Renewal**

$15 annual fee. Make check to Charlie Way, Treasurer with “SASA dues” on the memo line. **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: Charlie Way, 222 Highland Drive, Bellingham, WA 98225-5414
In Memoriam, continued

Lloyd R. Craighill, Jr., SAS ’44, 1925 – March, 2016
Information courtesy of his son, Larry and his brother, Peyton Craighill, SAS ’47.
Lloyd was born in Englewood, New Jersey to Rt. Rev. Lloyd and Marian Craighill, Episcopal missionaries stationed in China. Lloyd attended schools in Kuling and then Shanghai American School from 1938 to 1941. He finished high school at the Episcopal School in Alexandria, Virginia. While at Swarthmore College he met his wife, Maryly, and they were married right after graduation in 1949. He went on to study for the priesthood at Virginia Theological Seminary, during which time he sang countertenor at the National Cathedral in Washington and took time for coursework at the New England Conservatory of Music.
Lloyd and Maryly began their missionary work in Japan in 1951, living in Kyoto, Okinawa, Sapporo, and Osaka at various times. They spent summers in a cabin Lloyd designed at Lake Nojiri in Nagano prefecture. In 1965 Lloyd began doctoral studies in Asian art history at Harvard and went on to teach at Eckerd College, Amherst, College, and the University of Massachusetts at Amherst, among other institutions before returning to Japan to finish his teaching career at Kansai University of Foreign Studies.
Lloyd retired in Amherst where he continued to pursue his lifelong interest in outdoor recreation, gardening, music and art. He studied painting under a Chinese master in Beijing and earned a top prize at an exhibit in Paris. He often gave lectures on Japanese masters. He studied under a master luthier in Maine and built and rebuilt cellos, violins and violas, giving lectures on new understandings of the acoustics of stringed instruments of the early Renaissance. His travels included kayaking trips in the US and Japan with his son, Lang, and he built his own kayak for local day trips in New England. His back yard featured a Zen garden he designed and installed himself. On Sundays he sang with the choir at Grace Church in Amherst. Even after moving to Seattle to live at Merrill Gardens at the University he continued to lecture on music and art, and to dabble in modifying designs for the cello piccolo.
Maryly died two weeks after Lloyd.

Theodore Keifer Nace, SAS Faculty ’48-49
1925 to April, 2016
Information courtesy of Martha Nace Johnson
Ted was born in Akita, Japan, of missionary parents. The family returned to the U.S. in 1930, living in Pennsylvania and then Portland, Oregon. Ted graduated from Grant High School in Portland and joined the Navy. He attended Oberlin College and then the Univ. of Pennsylvania as a member of a V-12 unit earning a B.S. he was commissioned as an ensign in the Navy. Upon leaving military service, he taught at Peekskill Military Academy, Shanghai American School, and the Univ. of Beirut, and then enrolled in Yale Divinity School. Ted married Lovina Ann Kelley in 1950. He graduated from YDS in 1952. His subsequent career as a pastor spanned nearly 50 years in pulpits in California, North Dakota, New York and the Mid-Atlantic area. He was ordained in both the United Church of Christ and the Presbyterian Church (USA). He had a strong bass voice, met Lovina when she recruited him to sing in the church choir she directed, and would say, “I’ve been singing in her choir ever since.”

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Ted was a member of the founding committee of the Dakota Resource Council. He was proud to have been a North Dakota state delegate to the 1978 Democratic Convention that nominated Jimmy Carter. He was keenly interested in politics, social justice, and the issues of the Middle East.

Ted is survived by three daughters and a son and 8 grandchildren. A memorial service was held on May 14, 2016.

This is a quote from Ted’s 2014 Christmas letter:
“One attitude about Christmas is that Christmas is for children. I heartily agree and would add that it is also for old men like myself. The joining of earth and heaven is probably more important to us older guys than to our grandchildren.

“My plea is that you and I be voices of hope. And there are encouraging signs. The transition to clean renewable energy is happening. Some of the walls between and within nations are lowering. And our President has held off some of the voices for war, with Syria and Iran, for example.”

Daughter Martha also wrote: “Dad was living independently in his own apartment until last October when he moved to assisted living in the Skyline community in Colorado Springs. He struggled with his eyesight and hearing for years and recently wrestled with the challenges of aging and mobility and then a fall…Julia, Ted and I were by his bed when he died…In his last few days, Dad seemed to know what was happening. He could hardly speak but when we sang he occasionally joined in for a phrase here or there…

“In my closing remarks at the service, I said:
We have many remaining items of Dad’s adventures and life. In one box there is his clerical robe, his Navy uniform jacket, the white silk suit from Shanghai in which he was married, and his trove of ties, including...8 brocade ones from China. What is not in the box is the simple gray Japanese kimono in which he was cremated.”

“Thank you for being part of his vital and long life.”

Ted Stannard speaks for many of us when he writes: “I still remember my first glimpse from my dorm room window, of Ted Nace, walking across the SAS green toward the boys dorm. Tall, skinny, blue jeans and, as I recall, a red plaid shirt – I thought he was a new student arriving. Surprise!

“His deep voice carried far, his grin was broad, and his nature was generous. I was pleased to see him again decades later at reunions, his voice and laugh still booming, and his generous spirit ever more committed to the fray for caring and justice. The world was richer for that, and so were we all who knew him. I hadn’t realized he was from Japan missionary parentage but he certainly was faithful to the spirit of service and love of humanity.

Nicholas Booraem Van Dyck SAS ’51
Information courtesy of his wife, Marcia

Nicholas Van Dyck, whose strong commitment to making the world a better place led to his serving as a Presbyterian pastor in parishes around the world and as a lecturer and administrator at Princeton Theological Seminary, as well as the executive director of two national education institutions, died on March 20, 2016 at home in Princeton. He was 82 and had lived in Princeton since 1968.

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Son of Presbyterian missionaries who served in China from 1917 to 1949, Dr. Van Dyck was born in Pasadena in 1933 and spent his early childhood in China. He was home-schooled before attending first grade in Shanghai. With the outbreak of WWII, the family returned to the US. Among the several subsequent schools he attended was SAS before 1949. During the 1950’s he interrupted his college career to serve as a naval aviator aboard the carriers USS Tarawa and USS Antietam in the Atlantic and Mediterranean. His duties included serving as squadron legal officer and later public information officer for the US Sixth Fleet.

Dr. Van Dyck graduated from Rutgers University in 1959 and Union Theological Seminary in New York in 1962. He was awarded a Ph.D. in the use of language and mythology in Biblical interpretation at the University of St. Andrews in Scotland. Ordained in the Presbyterian Church USA in 1962, he served as pastor of parishes in Scotland, Palisades, NY and Melbourne, Australia. From 1968 to 1975, he was a lecturer in Practical Theology and the associate director of Field Education at Princeton Seminary. He was elected chair of the Association for Theological Field Education in 1975. At the Seminary he also directed summer programs in Organizational Development for pastors and officers and executives at non-profit organizations. This background and his interest in the impact of institutions and cultural forces on society led him, along with members of the US House and Senate plus corporate executives and creators of prime time televisions’ family programs, to found the National Council for Children and Television and its institute for writers, directors, producers and advertisers. These efforts resulted in a decade of notable and well received family TV series from 1976-86.

Dr. Van Dyck’s experience with churches, synagogues, mosques and other houses of worship, as well as his work in TV programming led to his being appointed director of Religion in American Life in 1988. This position, which he held for the next decade, involved marshaling media resources, especially public service advertising (the Invite-a-Friend Campaign) and religious congregations to strengthen the positive contributions of religion for greater family and neighborhood stability and worthwhile futures for all citizens, especially children.

In Princeton, Dr. Van Dyck volunteered at Nassau Presbyterian Church and the Rotary Club, where he served as president. He also served on the executive committee of the Old Guard. He served on the boards of the YMCA, Family Services Agency, American Red Cross, Princeton Youth Fund, the George H. Gallup International Institute and the Rotary Foundation, which provides scholarships for vocationally focused high school graduates.

He is survived by his wife, Marci, who brought a strong Quaker heritage to their marriage in 1958, their four daughters and husbands and 7 grandchildren.
Environmenta lEducation Media Project for China—Part 2
By John D. Liu

Editor’s note: We continue with the next part of John Liu’s timely work. An introduction and Part 1 was in the last issue of SASA News. If you wish a new copy of that, please email me at mimihollister1@verizon.net.

A CONTINUING INQUIRY INTO ECO-SYSTEM RESTORATION
Loess soils are wind-deposited glacial dusts that are rich in minerals but highly prone to wind and water erosion. Imagine geological and atmospheric forces, including glacial movements high in the Himalayan Mountains, pulverizing rocks and the resultant dust being carried on the prevailing winds to the plains below in China. Now imagine them as a continuous process occurring over hundreds of millions of years, building up deep sedimentary soil layers. While loess soils are found in many parts of the world, by far the largest loess deposits on earth are found in China’s Loess Plateau.

To understand the significance of the area, it is important to know that while in the 1930’s the Loess Plateau was an ideal place for a revolutionary to hide, much earlier in its history it had been a very different kind of place. The plateau is the geographical birthplace of the Han Chinese, the most populous ethnic group on the planet. The mineral-rich soils are believed to be the second place on earth where humans began to practice settled agriculture. This place was the center of power and affluence for the Han, Qin, and Tang dynasties, a long period during which China produced cultural, scientific, and artistic works that are some of the greatest achievements of humanity.

Due to the giant gullies that scarred the landscape, the Loess Plateau had been called the most eroded place on earth. The gullies carry the names of the families that traditionally lived there.

We became very familiar with the Ho Family Gully near Ansai County in Shaanxi Province and returned several times during the succeeding years to document the results of the restoration project. As the restoration of the area progressed, a dramatic change appeared to take place. The once barren hills were covered with trees and vegetation. The relative humidity was completely different, with moisture in the air at all times, and dew glistening on the vegetation in the mornings. The soil moisture has also been positively affected: the area’s vegetation is now better able to survive and thrive, even in prolonged periods of drought. The productivity of the agricultural lands has increased enormously, positively influenced by the natural vegetation returning to areas designated as ecological lands.

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As a counterintuitive outcome, the productivity of the agricultural lands has increased by reducing the area used in cultivation. This principle alone demands attention to the changes and their possible causes.

Biological diversity has returned naturally to areas that have been removed from agriculture. Vast amounts of carbon have been sequestered in the biomass and in the accumulated organic matter in the restored living soils. Sedimentation load in the rivers have been reduced and along with this, the risk of flooding has diminished. The reduction of runoff and lower frequency of flooding result in more water infiltrating in situ, reducing the incidence of drought and increasing the natural resilience of the region. The weather and microclimate are beginning to naturally regulate again, reducing the risk of extreme or erratic weather events. All these ecological improvements have ensured that even though they still face many challenges, the lives of the people of the plateau have been enormously improved. The importance of the principles for restoration of the plateau for local people, for China, and more broadly are significant. Putting such knowledge into practice could help to address certain components of human-induced climate change and help ensure greater food security for the global population, particularly marginalized communities.

The long-term inquiry that has been carried out required the consideration of geologic time, evolution, and human history leading to the present circumstances, as well as imagining and anticipating the significance for the future of humanity and the planet. The findings from the rehabilitation of the Loess Plateau point to and call for conscious decisions that humanity can made to avoid predicted catastrophic outcomes from climate change and ecosystem collapse. The experience on the plateau offers potential solutions to issues as broad ranging as unemployment, flooding, drought, food insecurity, and biodiversity loss. The lessons of the Loess Plateau may be able to help human civilization chart a more sustainable pathway.

(To be continued)

Carl Scovel (SAS ‘49) and the Annual SASA-Sponsored Lecture

From Carl Scovel’s report.

“Mimi heard me say more than once that I had no interest in returning to SAS nor in speaking to the students there, so when she called me last November, I assumed she had something else in mind. But, no, she was direct and clear: SASA would like me to be their alumni speaker in 2016 and would I consider doing this. No sooner had she asked, than I felt a surprising tug in my heart, and I said I would consider going. I called her back in a week and said Yes.

“There followed the work of getting a visa, emailing back and forth with Crickett Kasper, learning what I could from Teddy and Jake and Betty who had been there before me, and deciding what I could say to bright, unknown teenagers who came from Korea, Taiwan, the Philippines, Hong Kong and other parts of Asia, as well as a few Caucasians and some Asians from the US.

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“In conversation with Crickett we decided that I’d address some classes on what it means to be a Third Culture Kid (see the book of that title by David Pollock and Ruth Van Eken) and others on my chosen topic of surviving stress with assigned reading from Man’s Search for Meaning by Victor Frankl, a survivor of Auschwitz and Shantung Compound by Langdon Gilkey, who was in our camp in Weifang, Shandong province… Here I must acknowledge…Teddy’s generous coming to Shanghai, his and Betty’s and George’s help and hospitality, as well as Crickett’s careful management of my 3 busy days at SAS. Teddy and Betty came to every class which I taught, an act of humbling support… I met with 7 classes at the two SAS campuses. These classes included all four high school grades in various combinations and were focused on either Asian History or English. In addition Betty, Teddy and I met with the graduating seniors, welcoming them into the alumni association and spending time after lunch relating our post-SAS experiences with what might be theirs.

“Like previous speakers I was impressed with the intelligence and maturity of the students, judging by their attention as well as their questions and responses to the assigned reading and my presentations. They seem to be better traveled than we were, and perhaps more aware of the life which they will be entering. I felt they needed not advice so much as the screen of our experiences from which they could reflect on their own.

“On reflection I think that despite our generational differences, we have at least three things in common:

1. The majority of us were (or are) bound for an education in America with the likelihood though not the certainty, of settling there. That was why most of our parents placed us in SAS. It is primarily a prep school for an American college education. All right, there are exceptions: Jacky Breen and Hans Conrad in Switzerland; Peter Lutzig in Canada; Burney Refo Medard in France; Betty Barr Wang in Scotland, Hong Kong and China; Wahidullah Tarzi in Afghanistan; and Teddy in Shanghai, Japan and Germany. And some SAS grads are already returning to Shanghai for work.

2. We were or are all of us privileged. The present student body come from more affluent homes that we postwar children of missionary, military or academic parents. But in comparison with the great body of humanity in China or the world, we grew up with high expectations and much support to fulfill those expectations. Whether it’s fair or not, this put or puts us all ahead of so many people.

3. Finally, all of us live in that perpetual balance between two or three cultural identities, never completely in one of them. Perhaps the world is now more receptive to such people than it was when we left SAS, but for all of us this balancing act is both a challenge and a great opportunity. My great hope for the students at SAS is that they will make the challenge an opportunity and even a blessing.

“The challenge of this experience has been for me a marvelous opportunity. I also hope that we can at this point pause and reflect on the alumni lectureships and ask if we can make them an even more effective part of the SAS experience.”

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Reflections on SAS-SASA Relations (pic of Betty and Teddy from Summer 2015., p. 19)
Betty Barr Wang (SAS ’49) notes that “…the handover from SASA to SAS I think is already happening in a good way. Crickett has organized Regional Events which are bringing in the young alums in their own way…The Alumni Issue of ‘The Eagle Review’ is, in my opinion, a great example of a combination of news about both older and younger alums. (This can be viewed on-line on the SAS website.)”
Teddy Heinrichsohn (SAS ’49) notes that current administration at SAS recognizes the need “to innovate/change/adapt to remain strong in the present and coming environment. Basically, the boom years are over: Expats are becoming fewer, enrollment has dropped, Chinese schools have opened international section, the competitors are offering good education for less money and the bulk of new expats are not getting the kind of pay packages that permit their kinds to study at SAS…(a lunch with several Board members and school administrators) convinced me that the various people are really serious about adapting the strategy of the school to the coming challenges (including the reality) that SAS needs their SASA alumni, including new alumni, to join and carry on the history as well as to establish a history of their own…
“…I want to make sure you realize how important Carl has been in this year’s SASA lecture series. He came across to everyone as erudite, serious, articulate and I could see from many, many reactions that his various talks to students, administrators and the general audience was most effective.”

Two Brothers Go Back By Jim Scovel (SAS ’48)
Seventy-three years later I returned to China, except it wasn’t China, not the China I had known. True, I’d been in Shanghai somewhat earlier, but never back to Jining, the Shandong city we’d been raised in as children of a medical missionary. We called it Tsining in Shantun province back then, and that was not the only change.
The Jining I’d left in 1943 was a walled, smallish city; wheelbarrows creaked through the paved streets, rickshaws threaded their way around camel caravans from the Gobi Desert, skinned cats hung in the butcher stalls, for these were starvation times during WWII and Japanese occupation and meat was at a premium; beggars or lepers at every corner; fishermen poled their flat-bottom boats through refuse choking the Grand Canal while their cormorants dived for fish…To get to Jining from Shanghai, you took a 12-hour trip by train, thirsty all the way while your Mother rationed out boiled water, still hot, from the family thermos, because drinking unboiled water back then was as good as injecting yourself with typhoid. In Jining, Japanese soldiers checked your papers, while you bowed to the guards. And finally back to the Presbyterian compound of 5 or 6 stately homes, all landscaped and carefully walled away from the camels and wheelbarrows of Pai-Feng Je, the street separating us from my father’s hospital.
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Travel and Jining today
Now, the Shanghai leg was a 14-hour plane trip watching Indian movies, while the train trip to Jining took 3 ½ hours by bullet train, speeding at 170 miles an hour through a countryside where no longer was a clay-walled village to be seen, past highway networks as intricate as those around Los Angeles, while the passengers, as in this country, were all either texting or shouting into their I-phones. You sped by clusters of 50-story apartment buildings, ghostly in the ever-present fog of pollution, the cost of the country’s high-speed trip to modernity. And Jining! Now Jining is enormous, five times or more the size it had been, a district-municipality engulfing the former neighboring towns of Yenchow and Quifu, the birthplace of Confucius, which used to be a whole day’s leisurely outing from our home. Gone was the ancient wall. Gone were the wheelbarrows and camels, rickshaws wouldn’t have lasted a minute in the torrent of cars, trucks, motorbikes and motor scooters …The Grand Canal was neat and clean. Gone were the old stone pavement of Pai Feng Je, replaced by modern concrete; gone, too, was the Presbyterian compound. People were better clothed, fatter, taller. And no beggars! No Japanese guards this time!

A Royal Welcome
Instead, my brother and I are met at the station, overwhelmed with welcomes, cameras, presented with flowers, honored with official greetings from Jining Hospital Number One, the 3,000-bed successor to my father’s Bachman-Hunter Hospital with its 60 beds and which, nevertheless, had been the only hospital in that whole area but where now there are three in this city alone. My brother and I are showered by gifts, stuffed with Chinese feasts, interviewed on television. We are sped by car to a state-of-the-art hotel easily as good as any in New York. I remember sleeping on the floor of a farmer’s village house en route to Jining the last time we were here. From there we go to Hospital Number One itself and another astonishment: On a 15-foot electric sign board we read: “Welcome Home Scovel Brothers!” More cameras, more applause as we are escorted into the hospital auditorium. Half the staff (at least the biggies) sit while we are led to microphones. I babble a few words of thanks. My brother is the main speaker and far more fluent in mandarin and with the assistance of our American friend Peng Shen Yi whose parents came from Jining and who was interpreter and fellow-visitor. Carl extends thanks and reviews in some detail my father’s coming to this city and his truly enormous efforts in getting a hospital started. While he speaks, it becomes obvious that he and I are only proxies; that the real guests of honor are the late Frederick and Myra Scovel who, after two years of language training, came here in 1933.

The China of my parents
No hospital building then, they worked in a small vacant building at first. Father was short of equipment – he had to rig up his own homemade pneumothorax machine. He was short of drugs which had to be brought hundreds of miles overland from the coast. They were short of personnel; it was only later that he could get a Chinese doctor. Mother had to help train a bare skeleton staff of nurses in the rudiments of their profession. Father was tormented by migraine headaches so severe he could not eat. And there was always facing him the afflicted and the shortage of means to help them. There was no other hospital within a thousand square miles; patients died on their way. Patients’ families camped out on grounds outside the hospital waiting for their husband or mother or child to recover from dysentery or rabies or tuberculosis.

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The staff has found an old 16-millimeter movie left behind when we were interned; part of it shows Mother and Dad being married, and for a time I lose myself in reflections of their so-improbable coming to China in the first place. They were, in a sense, the new wave of missionaries; they would waltz around the living room to “Three O’Clock in the Morning” and my mother used nail polish and played solitaire with regular playing cards, somewhat to the consternation of the older missionaries. As a registered nurse and mother of ultimately six children, she was also to turn professional writer whose “Chinese Ginger Jars” was the definitive description of those days.

Who was this man – my father?

As the speeches wore on, I fall to musing, as I have before, on what brought Dad to China. Mother came from an upstate mill town and would have done anything to get away, but that wasn’t my father’s background. To me, my father was an enigma. He fitted no stereotyped missionary image I know of in fact or fiction. He had nothing in common with the pathologically Nathan Price of the “Poisonwood Bible,” not with Pearl Buck’s missionary father who in “Fallen Angel fell afoul of the numbers game in evangelizing converts. He didn’t fit in with the pious Father Chisholm of the “Keys of the Kingdom.” Unlike mother, he came from an upper-middle class, fairly affluent, very comfortable family. He had absolutely everything going for him to stay in America: a college education and a college reputation as a fencer so good he was considered for a tryout in the 1928 Olympics, a graduate of Cornell Medical School after which his best friend offered him a well-paying partnership in a medical practice somewhere, I recall, in Westchester. None of this apparently mattered in the slightest. The story is that when still a small boy he had decided to be a missionary doctor and that was that.

I sit listening to the tributes and applause and I think: But who was this man really? Tall and good looking, as strikingly attractive as was my mother; always ready with a laugh but never able to tell a joke without starting with the punch line; absolutely self-effacing; willing to eat anything except jello; remarkably clever with his hands (he made a barometer out of mercury and chemical tubing from the hospital and helped repair the local plumbing); a pipe-smoker who concocted his own horrible tobacco in internment camp; a tremendous reader (after his death, we found a notebook with the titles of each of the hundreds of books he had read). A man who made perilous overland trips to Jining in the midst of the Chinese civil war, just to try renovating the hospital. Apropos of nothing, I think: I hardly ever saw him sit still. There was at our home a date tree with a stone seat underneath. Mother, I recall, sometimes using it in moments of reflection, but never Dad.

Reminiscing

The date tree’s gone, along with the elms in the backyard, and also the stone. This we discover when, after the hospital tour, we try to retrace where our home…stood. Carl and our third brother, Tom, have been here earlier and have already told me the house was razed; in fact a big new building – in the inevitable stained concrete, stands in its place. In what was the front yard is a huge pile of coal (and instantly I remember sitting near the coal in the house basement for protection. The Japanese had just occupied Jining during their 1937 invasion of China and the Chinese troops made one or two abortive attempts to re-take it. During such times, Mother got us kids out of the field of fire by taking us down to the basement shelter). In fact, there was no more left of the compound after seven decades than there is in my native Long Island where the acres of potato farms have long since been replaced by housing developments.

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Carl and I find a single, badly battered missionary home still standing, but whose was it? The Eameses’ we finally decide. But the school for girls behind it gone. As is the D’Olives, the Walters, Helen Christman’s. Carl says he sees the chimney to the flour mill, a fixture of the area, but I can’t spot it. For me, almost the high point of the trip comes when we get a chance to just drift about the city – here (O happy day!) is a street which hasn’t changed a bit – the same string of shops, bystanders – always friendly as they always have been – standing around, the tiny, fat little kids staring with surprise and growing terror at our western faces. I look for the vendors of the candy-glazed currants on a stick – delicious and crawling with bacilli, and the little toy pistols that fired wooden matches and the hexagonal kites of sorghum and rice paper. Is Mr. Busse’s egg-powder factory still around, I wonder; I grieve a little at the lack of trees and I haven’t heard a single call from an Indian cuckoo, so prevalent in the older days. We look for some octogenarian who might remember the family, and our ever-efficient hospital guides turn up one, a lively gentleman who invites us into his home where we sit and drink tea with at least three generations of his family. “I remember watching you two play in the yard,” he tells us. I think back to my Dad…how he would have admired Number One Hospital in Jining…And would have appreciated more the fact that the 3,000-bed addition was being done by the Chinese themselves. “I just wish Mom and Dad had been with us,” I said. “Not to worry,” my brother said. “They were here all right.”

Commencement at SAS, 2016

Betty Barr Wang, SAS ’49

“Yesterday I attended the Commencement Exercises for the Pudong and Puxi Campuses of SAS, held in the DaGuan Theater of the Himalaya Center in Pudong. There were 123 graduating students from Pudong and 199 from Puxi. We were told that the Puxi class is the largest in history and will probably keep that record as the overall number of students at the school is falling. This is because the overall number of westerners, especially Americans, in Shanghai is falling – for reasons connected with the world economy. Those of you who know her will be pleased to know that York-Chi Harder, Chair of the Board of Trustees, was on hand to present the diploma to her son – and to shake the hands of 321 others! Unusually, our Alumni Award for Service and Integrity was this year given to two Pudong students as well as one from the Puxi Campus. The two were Sarah Armstrong and Eleni Chatziparaskeva. Can you pronounce that second family name? Fortunately, I had a chance to ask a teacher beforehand. Then, after lunch, I happened to meet Eleni in the lobby of the hotel. She rushed up, gave me a big hug and thanked me for pronouncing her name correctly! As usual, the ceremonies were emotional occasions, what with the playing of “Land of Hope and Glory” (otherwise known as “Pomp and Circumstance”) and the excitement of the large crowd of families present. Speeches were made by faculty and students and at the end the new alumni threw their caps into the air. I purposely wore the small alumni pin given to me along with Teddy and Carl in April but I fear nobody noticed it! Richard Mueller, Superintendent for the past three years, said farewell to everyone and Marcel Gauthier, the incoming Head was also, of course, present. Thanks to SASA and SAS for giving me this duty / honor every year.”
If possible… Go Green with SASA News! Get it online or through your e-mail!

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