James Roderick Lilley: The Life of a Patriot
SAS Class of 1945

By Mayna Avent Nance ’50 with Walter Nance

December 10, 2009, Walter and I attended a memorial service at the Metropolitan Club in Washington DC, for Jim Lilley who died November 12, 2009 at the age of 81. It was a program he planned himself including the selection of those he wanted to attend. His three sons spoke as well as close friends and colleagues.

Jack May, a friend and professional colleague said in part: “I heard someone who knew him well describe him as shy, modest, and arrogant. Odd and interesting dimensions. But who worthwhile is not complicated.”(1)

Robert Daly stated: "...The clarity and certainty, of his judgments, the knowledge that his judgment was backed by decades of experience, and his willingness to express his views frankly to the Chinese were extremely reassuring in a period when the Embassy sometimes felt as if it were under siege. To borrow from the old song, in those contentious days, we had Joe DiMaggio on our side and it felt good.” (2)

Jim, the youngest of four children, was born in Tsingtao, China in 1928. His father, like my own, traveled to China to sell kerosene for the Standard Oil Company in the second decade of the twentieth century.

In his recent memoir China Hands (3), that he wrote with his son Jeffrey Lilley, Jim provides a view of growing up in China during that era that will resonate with many of us. “… As children we lived in a kind of bubble, insulated from what was happening in wider China and largely unaware of Chinese resentment of foreigners. Despite our limited personal contact with Chinese people, we had a birds-eye view of Chinese society. Outside the walls of our compound we caught glimpses of Tsingtao’s colorful street life, a completely different world of vendors, puppet shows, and funeral and bridal processions. And then there were the ubiquitous rickshaw drivers who laughed and cursed as they picked lice out of their jackets.”

My family lived near the Lilleys in Tsingtao, close to the bay in a largely foreign enclave along what is now the #3 bathing beach with an old German fort far in the distance and further away the Lao Shan mountains filling part of the sky. On one memorable occasion at the age of three when my older sister Jacqueline and a friend would not play with me, I packed my doll suitcase and ran over to the Lilleys to elope with Jim’s older brother Jack.

(1) Jack May, Memorial Address, December 10, 2009
(2) Robert Daly, Memorial Address, January 21, 2010

(Continued on next page)
To my dismay, Jack and Jim were too busy playing war games with their lead soldiers in the living room and could not be disturbed. I eventually had to be retrieved by my beloved Aunt Harriet and driven back to our home alone like a princess on the rumble seat of her roadster. In many ways it seems to me that Jim never stopped playing soldiers.

The Lilleys looked back at the Tsingtao years from 1926-36 as their happiest in China. After home leave in 1938, Jim and his mother Inez joined his Dad who was by now stationed in Kiukiang on the Yangtze. Jim’s only friend was a private in the occupying Japanese army who lived in the barracks next door, neither speaking each other’s language. “The two of us, an American kid and a young Japanese enlisted man, would play catch in the backyard talking little because neither of us spoke the other’s language. But we had great fun and looked forward to every morning when I would rush outside to find Taki resting under the oak tree in our backyard, smoking a cigarette before we began our game. Taki sometimes brought a comrade who could speak English, and the three of us would sit under the tree and talk. They always wanted to know about America. As we had just returned from a one-year home leave, I was full of stories. I would tell them of the immensity of the land and of playing games on the farm with my relatives. They in turn would tell me about a Japan I had never heard of - a country of gardens and parks and of happy lazy holiday afternoons. They never talked of their life in Kiukiang. They would change the subject or become silent.

“One day my parents announced to me that they would be having to tea Lieutenant Takahashi, the Japanese liaison officer in Kiukiang. My father had to deal with Lt. Takahashi to get business done. I can remember his face very clearly. It was thin except for a slight puffing in cheeks and around the mouth, which gave him a perpetual pout. He wore thick, horn-rimmed glasses on a broad, flat nose.

“My parents and Lt. Takahashi discussed various topics: the grade of pottery in the city, the prospects for next summer in the mountains and the possibility of a cold winter. Then, after a short time of looking at our photo albums of America, the lieutenant got up and remarked that it was time to leave. He thanked us for an enjoyable afternoon and turned to walk out the door. As he left, he said abruptly, ‘Ours is an army of discipline. There is a strong mutual respect and feeling between men and officers. No sacrifice is too great. This is what makes our army unconquerable.’ He then bowed and left the room. My father let go a long, low whistle in a sigh of relief. My mother smiled. ‘It’s rather strange how they act,’ she said. ‘So methodical, so polite. You can’t really hate them, but the way he talked frightened me. It seems their ideas cover a lot more ground than just China alone.’

“Taki didn’t frighten me at all. He was my best and only companion in Kiukiang. We continued to play baseball. I would hit the ball to him. He would catch it, and then we would switch. One day, as Taki darted around the backyard scooping up the ball, Lt.Takahashi entered our backyard and strode toward the house. But when Taki shouted to me to throw the ball, Lt. Takahashi spun around quickly and stared straight at him.

“The lieutenant released an angry torrent of words at Taki. Taki did not waver, but I could see by his face that he was very frightened. I heard several obscene words in the lieutenant’s speech, words that I had heard used by soldiers in the streets. He then began striking Taki across the face and neck with the sides of hands. These were not routine blows but powerful, hateful strokes. The lieutenant then pointed toward the gate of the compound, kicking Taki and motioning him to leave. He turned abruptly on his heels and headed for our house. As he passed me, he gave a polite smile and said, ‘How unfortunate such incidents have to happen before your young eyes.’

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“I turned and walked away. I saw Taki disappear out our back gate. I suddenly felt tears well in my eyes. I did not know quite why I felt that way. Was it my anger at Takahashi or my concern for my only friend? I never saw nor heard of Taki again.”(4)

In January 1940 Jim was put on the American gunboat U.S.S. Luzon for the trip down the Yangtze to Shanghai. He was going to be a boarding student at the Shanghai American School. He remembered later when no one met him at the boat, how he had to negotiate with a rickshaw coolie to take him to SAS.

At that time we were living across the street from the school behind the Community Church. Jim was a frequent visitor, and would romp with the three of us like a big brother. He wrote 55 years later in a letter to me at the time of my father’s death, “I remember your house vividly, the yard, the living room, your mother who dominated it. She was the one who made me feel loved and important after the trivialities and struggles in the boy’s dorm at SAS. Your house was a haven - it was fun, it was exciting, not always tranquil, but very real and down to earth.”

That Easter Jim came to our front door with his brilliant smile and his arms full of flowers for my mother. It was an experience she never forgot.

Later that year we left for America with Jim and his mother on a ship operated by the U. S. President line that was nick named the Mafoo Maru. We were part of the exodus of many Standard Oil dependents leaving China because of the approaching clouds of war. From San Francisco we traveled across the U.S. on the same train. Many years later when we remembered that time we realized we both had the same difficulties adjusting, he to his school in New Jersey and my sister, brother, and I to our school in Nashville. We were different and sounded different and it was difficult for us to make friends.

Jim’s parents lived in New York City while he was at Exeter where he graduated in 1945, then joined the army, as his brothers had, and entered Yale, graduating in 1951. Like more than 100 of his classmates he was recruited into the CIA, and as he relates in a chapter in China Hands, he initially served as a foot soldier in covert operations with postings in Laos, Hong Kong and Taiwan, often working under “deep cover.”

(4) China Hands, op.cit., pp 31-33.
In May 1946, Jim’s brother Frank died tragically in Japan. It was a loss so painful for the Lilley family that Jim makes repeated reference to it in *China Hands* and dedicates the book “to Frank Lilley- who died young and pure so that we could carry on.”

Jim Lilley first met Sally Booth, a vivacious Smith-bound graduate of the Baldwin School at a party in 1951. Her father had served with distinction in the OSS during World War II, and Jim met her again in Paris and her parents for the first time in Germany in 1953. Given their backgrounds and interests, their marriage at the Academy Chapel in Andover, Massachusetts (perhaps to support a cover story?) on May 1, 1954, after Jim returned from a posting in Japan, seems as if it must have been preordained. Then came a long series of interesting often arduous postings including Laos, Cambodia, and Washington, which culminated with his appointments as chief of mission to Taiwan, and Ambassador to Korea, and China, the latter including his firm leadership during the Tiananmen crisis. By then, his family had expanded to include three sons, Douglas, Michael and Jeffery. Many of the details of the interesting and exciting career of this true patriot can be found in *China Hand*.

Editor’s addition: James Lilley was a graduate of Yale University and received a master’s degree from George Washington University. He served in the army from 1945-46 and then in the Air Force Reserve. He became an intelligence officer for the CIA in 1951 and was an East Asian Specialist for the National Security Council under President Reagan. He served as Ambassador to South Korea and in 1989 to 1991 was appointed Ambassador to China by his good friend, President George H.W. Bush. He served there during the Tienanmin Massacre, called it just that, and yet managed to continue to hold the respect of the Chinese as he advocated continued engagement as the best way forward.

(Information from *The New York Times* obituary, November 16, 2009. Email me if you wish to see the whole obituary: mimihollister1@verizon.net.)
Edward M. Berckman, Class of 1948

1931—2009

By Jim Scovel, '48

Edward M. Berckman-- priest, teacher and the outstanding graduate of the Class of 1948-- died Nov. 28 in Valdosta, Georgia. He was 78.

Berkman succumbed in a Gainesville, Florida hospital to chronic obstructive pulmonary disease from which he had been suffering since a near-fatal auto accident in 1985, but which did nothing to keep him from an active career as Episcopal clergyman and college professor in disciplines ranging from spiritual guidance to Christian education in parishes ranging from Florida to Indiana.

“If anyone deserved the title of Renaissance Man, it was Eddie,” said James Cavanaugh, a classmate and friend, “very much of a multi-faceted fellow, excelling in every area.”

Berkman was born in Hangzhou, China, of Methodist missionary parents, James and Ruth Rice Berckman. He attended Shanghai American School in 1947 and 1948, graduating with almost every possible honor. Academically, he was president of the school chapter, National Honor Society. In sports, he was captain of both the football and basketball teams and the track team’s fastest distance runner. He was president of the student senate. Classmates voted him most popular, best personality, most likely to succeed and, with Jackie Breen, the students contributing most to the school.

Ed graduated from Wofford College with a B.A., then, after a two-year teaching stint in India, returned to college, obtaining graduate degrees from the University of Chicago and Harvard Divinity School, Cambridge, Mass. He taught English and other subjects while serving parishes in Alabama, Florida, Oklahoma and Indiana where, in 1985, an auto accident on an icy road left him with very severe head injuries. After a long recovery, he and his family eventually moved to Valdosta where he was assistant at the local Episcopal church and taught at the local campus of the state university.

“I think those two years at SAS were one of the favorite times of his life,” said his daughter, Sarah, recalling her father’s private interests. “He liked baseball—I think the Cardinals were his favorite team. He loved reading novels and biographies and keeping up with the news. Loved crossword puzzles”

News of Berckman’s death brought regrets and memories from classmates. “I was very sad to hear of his passing,” said Ted Heinrichsohn, president of the Shanghai American School Association and who succeeded him as student body president. “He was gentle, kind and fair, but with strong opinions and determination.” “I can still see that sweet smile and feel the good humor that lighted up his administration,” Reva Feldman Jolovitz recalled. “What sad news,” said Paul Vandermeer, who played tackle on the same football team. “I remember him as an unfappable gentleman—what you’d call today a neat guy.”

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“He surely made his mark at SAS,” said Mimi Brewster Gardner, SASA News editor, who recalled meeting him at an Eddie Condon concert in Manhattan. “He had a knack for seeing life in a different way,” recalled Peggy Thoroughman Callahan, a fellow senior. “Once, Miss Bewley had us do a composition on zoos. Ed wrote a piece about a caged animal, but from the animal’s view looking through the bars at people.”

Berckman is survived by Katherine, his wife of 47 years; daughters, Rachel and Sarah, a son, Daniel; a brother, Howard, and four grandchildren. A memorial service was held in December at Christ Episcopal Church. Donations to the Alzheimer Caregiver Time Out program, (100 E. Park Ave., Valdosta, GA, 31602) would be welcomed.

From the Editor  Mimi Gardner ‘52

Have you seen the lovely US postage stamp commemorating this Year of the Tiger? White jonquils on a background of Chinese red with gold lettering. Nice!

This issue highlights our memories – through those who have died, through those who have emailed or written; through letters kept and writing published; through memories being created among current students; through some notable stories of your lives, past and current. We begin with memorial articles by long-time friends about two remarkable men who are a part of our school’s legacy: James Lilley ‘45 and Ed Berckman ‘48. The New York Times ran a very complete obituary on James Lilley on Sunday, November 15, 2009. If you are unable to access it online and would like a copy, email me at mimihollister1@verizon.net and I will send you a copy from our files.

Please enjoy the memories.

CORRECTIONS
I wish to note here some corrections and additions to the last issue:
In Carl’s article, “Leaving Shanghai in 1949” towards the end Betty Barr’s mother is Ruth Barr, not Ruth Wilkes. In footnote 2, it is Tom and Andrew Coole, not Cooley. In that same footnote at the end, Mrs. Brewster should also have been listed among the parents that were on the USS Repose. And in footnote 4, Anny Overholt should be Abby Overholt.
In the box that gives past and present editors of The SASA News, we mistakenly called it the “Summer Issue” instead of “Fall Issue”.
Please note the re-run of an obituary about Rodney Tinling (SAS ’42) thanks to Celia Talbot (SAS ’41) who was a friend of Rod for 70 years.
Finally, the obituary on David Stannard came to us from his brother, Ted Stannard (SAS ’48).
An Evening to Remember
By Anne Lockwood Romasco, ’51

On the evening of February 11, 2009 we met at Legal Seafoods, the popular seafood restaurant in downtown Boston. Those present were:

Harlan Lyso, Interim Superintendent of Shanghai American School
Kerry Jacobsen, Soon-to-be Superintendent of SAS
Fred Rogers, Director of Advancement
Various SAS alumni and spouses: Carl (’49) and Faith Scovel, Tom (’50) and Pat Kepler, Mimi Brewster (’52) and Don Gardner, Ben Gilson (’50), and Anne Lockwood Romasco (’51).

Our hosts were in town recruiting potential teachers for SAS and invited us to join them to get acquainted with the new administration. SAS administrators attend recruitment fairs in Boston and the San Francisco Bay Area twice a year. In the future we hope to have similar gatherings of SAS alumni in the New York City and San Francisco Bay area.

An evening of convivial conversation, good food and fellowship ensued. Kerry Jacobsen gave an informal presentation. He talked about his educational philosophy and took questions from the group. In parting, our hosts presented each of us with an SAS bag filled with a number of SAS publications, all of which can be accessed electronically via the SAS web site (SASchina.org). Included were copies of the following:

- *The Annual Report* for ’08-’09 covers the vision and mission of the school, new developments at each of the Pudong and Puxi campuses, information about the faculty that now numbers over 360, the board of directors, the launch of an annual fundraising drive, and a financial report. One photo included was taken in Shanghai in April ’09 at the *SAS Gala* that launched the endowment fund. It features Teddy Heinrichson chatting with a group of junior high school student volunteers.

- *The Eagle*, a magazine published twice a month that covers special events at SAS. The January issue features such activities as: fund raising efforts by SAS students to purchase computers and books to send to students in villages affected by the Sichuan earthquake; as well as athletic and cultural events at each campus. Another article describes presentations by recent alumni who offered advice and insights about what SAS students might expect when they attend college and university, both socially and academically, after graduation from SAS. At the conclusion of this event, each panelist was given a copy of the recently published history of SAS prepared by Angie Mills.

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• Brochures providing academic profiles of the Puxi and Pudong campuses.
• Another brochure, *The Edge for Excellence*, outlines how contributions can be made (by check or credit card) to the newly created vehicle, with a goal of augmenting the SAS Libraries (with both digital and paper resources). For donors in the US, checks can be made out to the Friends of Shanghai American School Foundation, a tax exempt entity.

Also included in the handout was a collection of letters written by Frank Chaney, a manual arts instructor at SAS, who was appointed general custodian for an indefinite period in 1941. The letters cover a few of the tumultuous events in 1937 to 1946 and reflect the interests of a pragmatist with a lively sense of humor who was always able to land on his feet whatever the circumstance.

We came away with these impressions: Harlan Lyso has been a wise and able interim – a very fortunate choice for the school. Fred Rogers, who joined SAS last fall is a wonderfully helpful liaison to the school for us alums and a charming, smart guy. Kerry Jacobsen is a most interesting fellow. He’s warm and engaging, looks about 20 years younger than he is considering he already has a group of kids already out of college. His resume includes a stint at Princeton followed by a Fulbright Fellowship. He also comes equipped with some years of teaching experience under his belt. He is not steeped in the international school scene, which seems like a good thing because he will bring fresh ideas. In sum, we were impressed by the direction the school seems to be taking in going forward.

Hear this, excerpted from The Japanese Fortune Calendar by Charles Tuttle, 1979 by way of T. Heinrichsohn (SAS’49) as we enter the Year of the Tiger.

“Tiger people are sensitive, short-tempered, given to deep thinking and capable of great sympathy for those of whom they are fond…on occasion tiger-born people come into conflict with older people or those who have higher authority…Tiger people cannot make up their minds quickly enough and delay an important decision until it is too late to make a good one. They have somewhat narrow minds and are highly suspicious of other people and don’t trust them. Although courageous and stubborn, tiger people can be selfish and just a bit mean…Horse-year, dragon-year, or dog-year people make the best spouses for tiger-born people. Rat, ox, rabbit, tiger, sheep, cock, and boar are second choices. The worst marriage for a tiger-born person would be with either a snake-year or a monkey-year person.”

Pass this wisdom along to your children and grandchildren. It may help to explain a lot!

And this from Chia Lun Huang (SAS 2000): …both the tiger and the bull (the year preceding) are symbols of strength and power and people in China are using that as a motivational booster, especially in this economic climate….’tiger’ is used in many Chinese idioms for progress and power – e.g. (copy out from her letter)
China Revisited
By Barbara “Bobbie” Brooks Wallace, ’41

When six little eleven-year-old girls came to visit me in Vinson Hall, the retirement home where I live, they were clutching their well-worn, much read copies of my book, Peppermints in the Parlor. This was the first of my many children’s books bought by Atheneum children’s editor, Jean Karl. She was to remain my editor until her death 23 years later. Of all the books I did with her, two of which won the Mystery Writers of America Edgar Award, Peppermints… has always been the standout, eventually beautifully recorded on tape by Angela Lansbury.

I told the girls how Sugar Hill Hall of that story was inspired by the Spreckel’s sugar family home, white-columned and enormous, that became a boarding house where I lived in San Francisco after college. San Francisco had always seemed a magical city to me because it was our first stop on home leaves from China.

China! The girls eagerly wanted to know all about how it was to grow up in China. At that time, after 25 children’s novels published in the traditional way, I had ventured into doing my mother’s memoir. Her life as a child in Russia and then going to Shanghai to enter the Harvard Medical School of China at age 17 as a nurse probationer is a fascinating story. The young girls’ curiosity and enthusiasm helped me to make my memoir into a book as well. The cover is pictured here: Small Footsteps in the Land of the Dragon, Growing Up in China. Do I mention Shanghai American School in it? Well, of course!

I wonder if anyone reading this article studied Latin under Dr. Angie Thompson, with whom my sister and I spent that memorable summer of ’37 in Peitaho. The Wolcott family took in us “orphans” when we could not get back to Shanghai. It was Mrs. Wolcott who so cleverly had their tailor make us “pants” so we would not have to climb up and down destroyer ladders in skirts. So many memories.

Of all my children’s novels, I’ve drawn from my life in China in only one: Can Do, Missy Charlie, a Junior Library Guild selection. Another, Victoria, was inspired by my short time at Brent School, Baguio, PI when we were evacuated there in 1937 as civilians on a U.S. destroyer. I later wrote about it and was honored to have my story appear on the front page of Tin Can Sailor, a publication devoted to those who have and still serve on U.S. destroyers.

I am a great believer in serendipity. I discovered the SASA News through Sterling Whitener ’38, who accidentally discovered me from a picture in the hallway when he was visiting Vinson Hall, which led to a long conversation, several emails to Mimi, and finally to this article.

Editor’s note: Bobbie’s memoir and all other books, some on tape, and some now as Kindle books, are all available at Amazon, Barnes & Noble, and other web sites.
Attention All SASA News Subscribers  By Mimi Gardner, Editor

After this issue, you will receive your next on-line edition a little differently. An email will come from SAS inviting you to “click here” and up will pop The SASA News.

Those who do not have email will continue to receive printed copies from me as before. As long as I am fit and able (my mother was in pretty good shape at 97) and willing to be the editor and your dues are up to date, this will be the case.

Back to those with internet access – we urge you to go to the SAS website, www.SASCHINA.ORG. Check it out, get a feel for the school as it is now, and especially register. Just follow the prompts and don’t forget to note your password somewhere memorable. Our database is now also with SAS. I pass along to them any changes that come to my attention from you. If you are registered with them and keep them apprised of any changes in your email or address, that will ensure that you continue to receive The SASA News forever, even if I drop out of the picture. It will also allow you to be part of the interactive conversations that are on the website, if you are into that sort of thing. Try it – you’ll like it!

While we are on this subject are you up to date with your dues? Look in your checkbook to see when you last sent Roy Wildt a check. If you receive a printed copy, the year of your last dues payment is on the address label. I have reluctantly eliminated those who were 5 years or more in arrears, assuming that they are no longer interested. Some of you are close to that so this may be your last issue unless you catch up at least a little bit. We don’t want to lose track of you, but printing and postage costs a lot for over 100 mailings. For emailed copies, we leave it up to your conscience, good folks. Roy keeps track and I check in with him but you get away with more because it’s free in a sense.

*Dues are $13 a year.
*Make the check to Roy Wildt, 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: Roy E. Wildt, 8829 East 16 Place, Indianapolis IN 46219

We welcome an additional amount as a contribution to the Reunion Scholarships fund and the annual SASA sponsored lecture at SAS.

This page is boring but important. Please be sure to read it.

Thanks.
Notes from You

Pre WWII Alums

Elizabeth Young Roulac, ’33 sent a wonderful and amazing letter about her travels in 2009. With her son in Costa Rica, “we visited jungle and the highlands areas…” Then she went on by herself to Villa Hermosa, Mexico to visit “a museum with Olmec objects dating from 1500-500 B.C. I also visited the Mayan ruins of Palenque, which had been on my wish list for many years…I took a bus from Palenque to San Cristobal de las Casas, the capital of Chiapas…a five-hour drive over very scenic hills and valleys” also visiting several nearby Indian villages. Then she flew to Mexico City to visit a friend and on to Phoenix and Borrego Springs for six weeks then back to Orcas for the summer. At the end of August she flew to southern France with her daughter, visiting Arles and many chateaus in the Loire Valley and ending in Paris. The year ended with the sale of her home of 40 plus years on Orcas, time with family, and then a move into the Smith Ranch retirement community in San Rafael, CA. May we all be blessed with such energy and wonder at the world as we ripen.

Joanne Fistere Butler, ’45 writes “I was at SAS from kindergarten through half of the eighth grade when, in December 1940, the nonessential Americans were advised to leave Shanghai. It seemed to me that I would never find anywhere so fine. It was a wonderful life for a young American and what a marvelous school!”

Doris Goulter Menendez (SAS ’43) writes that she always enjoys The SASA News. Her own Christmas letter was a delight to read. Here are some excerpts from it: “We three, Terri, Tony, and I and one dog, three cats, and four horses sleep at our place, and all but one cat and four horses have dinner at Tony’s which is only 5 minutes away. Tony is a good cook (and doctor) and has a B-I-G TV screen, and a beautiful view of Morgan Hill, CA lights at night. “Julie, my husband who was a former Olympic soccer and boxing coach for the U.S., is about the same as last year and is still getting good care at the Gilroy Convalescent Care Home. He sleeps most of the time and eats the meals fed him (with his eyes closed). At times he seems to know me as I talk to him and hold his hands. The caregivers are really good and really care for their patients. They always call him ‘coach.’

“I am enjoying our new Morgan Hill Senior Center and spend most noons having a $2.50 good lunch. Of course, I also take their aerobic exercise class and line dancing. That and keeping up our Flappers tap dancing group and singing in two choirs keeps me busy…In April, I had a surprise visit from Doug Corpron who lives in Yakima, WA. Our families grew up together in Hefei, China years ago – 1924 to 1940’s. Then 20 years ago we had a great trip back. We met Chinese friends and saw our old homes and remembered so many memories especially about Christmas…My sisters Lovena and Jean and Doug’s sisters Mary and Ruth, who just recently passed away, are all especially remembered at Christmas time.”

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Dorothy Stannard Noyes, ’44 writes, “I enjoyed reading the Fall issue of The SASA News and found so many names of friends there. My brother, Ted, keeps me pretty well informed about SAS friends, but it’s nice to hear from other sources as well.” I will excerpt here from her Christmas letter: “I am sitting here in my cozy new apartment. I’ve moved to a high rise Senior Retirement Community called Emerald Pointe in Keizor, OR…It is only about a mile from my home on 4th Place, which will be sold in the spring. I have a small balcony off of the living room with a view of both Mt. Jefferson and Mt. Hood on clear days. I have some bulbs coming up out on the balcony and plan to maybe raise a few tomatoes this spring and summer. “The year has had its ups and downs much more than usual…” The Stannard family lost both David (See his obituary in the Fall, 2009 issue.) and John, who did not attend SAS but whom we note below in the note from Ted Stannard ’48. Dot has a new email address: dotnoyes@gmail.com and would love to hear from friends. “If you happen to be driving through, I would love to have you stop by for a visit and to see my new place: Emerald Pointe, 1125 McGee Ct. NE, Apt. 337, Keizer, OR 97303. “May you learn to slow down enough to stop and smell the roses, listen to the birds sing, and thank God for all that He has given us to enjoy. Don’t wait until you have grown too old to appreciate it.” Indeed!

POST WWII ALUMS

Pearl Hoffman, house mother in the junior girls dorm, 1948-49, has so appreciated receiving SASA News. She has, unfortunately “been dealing with Lyme disease since the end of July, 2008 – perhaps longer without knowing what was causing my health problems…I appreciated especially Carl Scovel’s report on the sudden departure of a group of SAS students in April, 1949. Bengt and I left Shanghai about the same time on the last passenger ship that took on passengers dockside. Our ship sailed to San Francisco with at least one port call in Japan.” Does anyone remember being on that same ship?

Martin Overholt, ’49 had two knee replacements in June and is recovering well, now walking and exercising without a cane. He and JoAnn did some wonderful travel before the ordeal to the Caribbean on a Bluegrass Cruise, to Munich and Prague, and to Los Angeles where the highlight was granddaughter Katy’s ballet recital. They welcomed their first great grandchild, Luke, in April. They also welcome visits from family and friends – “You come too! All are welcome and we have private guest quarters!” Now that’s an offer indeed!

Sherry Sherertz Messersmith, ’48 wants us to note that the burl for the book she published mentioned in the Fall, 2009 issue of The SASA News has changed. The new link is http://www.labs-now.com/Our_Missionary_Women_all.pdf. Please note the underlines after Our, Missionary and Women. The book is entitled The Lambuth, Park, Sherertz Women: Our Missionary Women Ancestors and includes pictures, diary selections, poems, letters and imaginative writings.

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Ted Stannard, ’48 writes of a second loss in their family, his younger brother, John who was 71, from lung cancer. Ted went to Alaska to bring John to Bellingham for hospice care near him and Femmy on November 23, 2009. Mid-way in the three hour flight to Seattle, John’s breathing and oxygen retention slowed and finally stopped “with Ted at his side and clasping his hands.”

“We were bringing John home to family. He will remain forever at home and cherished in the hearts of his surviving siblings - Jean, Dorothy, Marian and Ted – and of all the extended family and friends who knew him. Following so close on the loss of our eldest brother David to brain cancer only 12 weeks ago, our hearts are heavy indeed.” If any of you would like to know more of his life, email Ted for his CV at restannardjr@yahoo.com. John was too young to attend SAS.

David Familiant, ’46 was the class Valedictorian and is the 6th from the left in the picture. He writes, “I was in the first class graduating after the war, when Cheney was principal of the SAS Private School (as it was called). The history since then has been long and wonderful. Left China in 1946 to Israel, where I joined IBM. Left Israel in 1969 as VP Control Data, ending in USA. 1986-87 I was CEO of a start-up in IT in the US. 1988 to 2001 I was Executive VP with Gartner Inc. to my retirement and am now living in Monaco”. In a second email he writes, “We are blessed with good health and continue to enjoy all that living in Monaco offers: A rich cultural life, wonderful weather, excellent medical facilities, central location and the proximity of everything we need. All the children and grandchildren are doing well, and we were able to get everyone together in July in Tuscany for David’s 80th.

“We continue to travel, even if at a slower pace than previously. This year we discovered Croatia and Puglia for the first time, both of which we thoroughly enjoyed. “Wishing you good health and happiness, and the hope that you will keep in touch.”

David and Frederique live at 24 Princesse Grace in Monte Carlo and his email is David.Familiant@gartner.com.

Randall P. Girdner was a teacher at SAS in the 1990’s and still lives in Shanghai. Someone sent him a copy of SASA News which he very much enjoyed reading and so is subscribing. “I am also a writer and have been planning to write a young adult, historical fiction novel about SAS during that time period (meaning our era). I’ve been interested in learning as much as I can about the lives of the students there. The latest edition of SASA News came at just the right time, so I’d love to dig in and learn a bit more about your lives during that time.” Under his email signature where address or company of employment appears generally, he has this: “Acclimated Spooks, Light, and Power Ltd.”

Welcome to you, Randall!

(Continued on next page)
Robert Giedt, ’52 writes, “The latest issue of The SASA News, especially the lead story from 1949, has inspired me first to pay my SAS dues for a few more years and second to dig up my old passport for that time. The cruise on board the USS Repose sounds fascinating, but I was about to start on a longer cruise by myself.

“My passport was issued to me by the U.S. Consulate General in Shanghai on 3 May 1949, my 15th birthday. On the first visa page was a disclaimer that said this passport was only valid for travel back to the U.S. and would expire on 1 July 1949. Another visa page had me stamped out of Shanghai on 4 May, 6 days after the USS Repose. I was on board an American President Lines cruise ship, but I can’t find the name, with a ticket to San Francisco via Hong Kong and Hawaii.

“Passport control in Hong Kong stamped my arrival there on 6 May, where my father, who had come from our mission station inland of Swatow, met me and then wished me bon voyage to a cruise across the Pacific. I was too young to be scared. I don’t remember any hardship aboard that APL cruise ship.” Anyone else on that same trip with Bob? His brother Harold (SAS ’42) met him at the end of May in San Francisco. “Doing this remembering of SAS has been a pleasure.”

SAS Reunion 2011

Very few of you responded to the invitation to vote on cruise options for the next reunion. The choices were Alaska, the west coast of Mexico, and New England/Canada coast. Of the 6 or so who responded, Alaska came in as first choice. So let’s open this subject up again with a few more details to ponder:

The Alaska and Mexico cruises on the big ships (small cruise ships are very expensive) that have deals and meeting rooms for just us would cost about $500 to $600 per person for a week-long cruise. New England is about $200 hundred dollars more per person. The Alaska cruises leave from Seattle or Vancouver, BC. The Mexico cruises leave from San Diego or LA. The price would include your state-room and meals and tender rides ashore and entertainment on board. The planned shore excursions on these cruises are always extra, but we have found just wandering around on our own is great and that’s free.

Another option suggested by Del Romano Baxter (‘48) is The Split Rock Resort in the Poconos. It is a large, beautiful area with many activities included and many others that cost extra – like renting bikes or playing tennis or golf. For $101 per night per person, we could have breakfast and dinner, a group hospitality room, swimming pools, saunas, hot tubs, fitness center, shuffleboard, ping pong, horseshoes, bocce, croquet, and all taxes and gratuities. This is the mid-week rate, so we’d likely plan on four days. Does this appeal?

Again, we need your feedback if you want a voice in the options. We would also love to know if anyone out there wants to work on a committee to plan this event. There’s no need to have anything as elaborate as Salem or Bellingham this time. Just getting together and letting things unfold with maybe a couple of focused discussion times was thought to be enough.

Send your thoughts to me – mimihollister1@verizon.net or Mimi Gardner, 7 Glover Square, Marblehead MA 01945.
The Remarkable Family of Ted Nace

Editor’s note: I will include here Ted’s letter as he wrote it for Christmas 2009. Ted was a faculty member at SAS 1948-49.

Dear Family and Friends:

This Christmas I am a widower. Lovina died on September 6, in our apartment with her face turned towards the mountains. After a Service of Faith and Tribute at the First Congregational Church – United Church of Christ, Colorado Springs, her body was buried in the yard of St. Paul’s United Church of Christ in rural Hanover, Pennsylvania, where six or seven generations of Naces are buried. We are so grateful for the Hospice Home Care we all received, helping us to understand what was happening and teaching us how to care for her. We were married for 59 years and I slept with her the night before she died.

For over fifty years, I have been shoving everything into the back of the drawer. Now I am sorting it all out, and marveling at the richness of the years in experiences, people, places, ideas and events with their shouts and tears and joys. It is just amazing. How could it all have been crowded in? And it is not over.

These are the headlines in my family: Julia, one of my daughters, took a rag rug and a woven wall hanging from her loom to the Colorado State Fair and came home with two blue ribbons. Julia’s partner, Sally, whose art adorns the walls of their home, explored Japanese woodblock printmaking at a workshop in Portland, Oregon, with a printmaker from Kyoto, Japan. They are going biking in Thailand for three weeks in January. Anna, one of my granddaughters, has departed for New Zealand where she will be spending several months on organic farms, working and learning. Keifer, a granddaughter, is a player on the Santa Fe lacrosse team that defeated its Colorado Springs opponent. Martha, a daughter, was nominated by President Obama in April to be the Administrator of the General Services Administration. She was cleared by the FBI in May and unanimously recommended for confirmation by the Senate Committee on Homeland Security and Government Affairs, Senator Lieberman, chairperson, after a fifty-five minute hearing in June. As of this date, December 12, she has not been confirmed by the Senate because of its complicated agenda and mostly because of the power plays of two senators (names withheld). Addison, one of my granddaughters, created a dress from recycled greeting cards. A new book authored by son, Ted, entitled Climate Hope – On the Front Lines of the fight Against Coal, has just arrived from the printers and the family have moved into their new home in San Francisco. In June, Ted was jailed briefly with others for obstructing traffic at a demonstration at a mountain top removal coal mine in West Virginia. Lucas, one of my grandsons, will be in Washington, DC for the spring quarter on the Stanford University program for “Public Policy” majors. Kelley, one of my sons, renewed his certification as a landscape irrigation designer. And Cheryl, Emma, Helen, Jasper, Jennifer, Miranda, Steve and Zephyr are all doing their A+ stuff in Annapolis, San Francisco and Santa Fe.

The pictures show me, the campus police and the vice-consul of the Los Angeles consulate of the State of Israel on the campus of Colorado College.

I hope to write again next year… A BLESSED AND JOYFUL CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR.

Ted Nace
In Memoriam

Rodney Cyr Tinling, ’42 5/6/1924 to 1/26/2009. We print here a new obituary with some corrections and additions to the one in the Fall, 2009 issue. This information comes from Rod’s son, Patrick Tinling and from his friend, Celia Talbot.

Rod passed away peacefully with his family at his side in Illinois. He was preceded in death by his wife, Ann, and is survived by his brothers, Jerry and Ted, and also by his son, Patrick.

He earned a B.S. in Foreign Trade at the University of San Francisco. He spent his career in insurance claims in the San Francisco Bay area from the 1950’ to the 1990’.

His father, Don Tinling, was an executive with the American Presidents Lines in San Francisco for many years. The company was previously named the Robert Dollar Company when Mr. Tinling worked for them in Shanghai, during which time Rod was at SAS. The family was sent home to Glendale, CA before World War II and Rod’s father was then interned in the Philippines during the war.

His friend, Celia Talbott (SAS ’41) writes, “He was a witty, clever fellow at SAS and very popular. He played the drums. He was a kind and good friend to me for many years.”

Peter Ferguson, ’42 died at the age of 85 in August, 2009 at Brithhaven Nursing Home in Nags Head, NC.

He was born in Shanghai, the son of Charles and Isabel Ferguson.

He attended SAS in grade school, coming to the US in 1936, graduating from San Diego High School in 1942. He entered Harvard and interrupted his studies to enter the US Army in World War II. Due to his fluency in Mandarin and French, he was recruited by the OSS and went on to serve at multiple Southeast Asia postings with the CIA in Shanghai, Japan, Laos, Cambodia and Malaysia. He eventually settled in Reston, VA, where he served on the National Security Council under President Nixon.

He retired to Southern Shores in 1976, where he became an avid sailor. He was instrumental in establishing the Southern Shores boat club. He aided in the expansion of the Duck United Methodist Church.

Surviving are his wife, Jean Ferguson; his sons, Peter, Bruce and Charles; three grandchildren and two great-grandchildren; and a sister, Joan Wilson.

Information courtesy of Ted Stannard, ’48.

Owen J. Koeppe, ’43 died at the age of 83 in January, 2010, at North Village Park in Moverly, Missouri.

Owen was born in May, 1926 in Cedar Grove, WI to Edwin and Elizabeth Koeppe. He spent his boyhood years living in South China with his parents who were missionaries with the Reformed Church of America.

He was home-schooled with other missionary children and then attended SAS from 1939-41. Because of the impending war, he returned to the U.S. at age 15, graduating from high school in Holland MI in 1943. He entered Hope College in Holland in 1943 and then interrupted his education with time in the Navy, serving as a radio technician on several ships in the Pacific. He was discharged in July, 1946. His education then continued at Hope College graduating with a degree in chemistry in 1949. He was recognized as a Distinguished Alumnus in 1979.

He was married to JoAnn E. Moessner in 1950 and they had three children.

He received his MS degree (1951) and PhD (1953) in biochemistry from the University of Illinois in Urbana. After a post-doc fellowship at the University of Minnesota, he joined the University of Missouri biochemistry department in 1955. He was a professor there from 1955-73, serving as department chair from 1968-73.

(Continued on next page)
Own possessed a passion for teaching, and was recognized three times by the students of the UM Medical School with “Golden Apple” award for excellence in teaching. He was also a member of the Faculty Council, serving as chair from 1970-73; and a Faculty-Alumni Award recipient in 1972.

In 1973 he became provost for Academic Affairs at MU and held that position until 1980. He was planning a return to the biochemistry department when offered the provost position at Kansas State University. He served as provost at KSU from 1980-87 and then taught biochemistry at KSU until his retirement in 1992, receiving an Undergraduate Teaching Award in 1992.

Own and JoAnn moved back to Columbia, Missouri in 1992. Shortly after his return he helped coordinate MU’s pre-accreditation self-study. Later he was appointed interim director of the university’s Museum of Art and Archeology for 18 months.

Owen was a charter and active member of Trinity Presbyterian Church in Columbia, serving as an ordained elder, Clerk of Session and active in Christian Education. He enjoyed classical music throughout his life and was Board President of the Missouri Symphony Society in 2004. He was a sports enthusiast, enjoying many years in faculty golf and bowling leagues and was an avid Tigers fan.

Survivors include his wife of almost 60 years, JoAnn; two sons and a daughter; four grandchildren, and his sister, Ruth Koepp DeYoung (SAS ’48).

Information courtesy of JoAnn Koepp.

**Doris Cole Blitch, ’29** Does anyone have information about Doris’s life or memories about her? The address page from the last issue of SASA News was mailed to me in a plain envelope with no return address and just marked “deceased.” She last lived in St. Petersburg, FL. If you have anything to contribute about her, please email or send it to me and I will include it in the next issue: mimihollister1@verizon.net or Mimi Gardner, 7 Glover Square, Marblehead, MA 01945.

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**A query:** Bobbie Brooks Wallace writes, “I am quite sure that Bradley Campbell (SAS ’40) is probably no longer living but I would love to be in touch with any of Bradley’s children. I only have old addresses that are no longer valid. Any leads could be helpful. As Bradley is prominently mentioned in my memoir Small Footsteps as my “best friend” when we were in Tientsin American School.

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**A Reminder...**

*The Story of the Shanghai American School 1912-2008 (2nd Edition)*

By Angie Mills

Order Now from Roy Wildt, ‘50 at the address below:

Cost: $25.00 (Includes shipping inside the U.S.)

Make check payable to: Shanghai American School Association with “book” in the memo

Mail cover note & check to: Roy E. Wildt Jr. 8829 East 16 Place Indianapolis, IN 46219
Highlights from SAS Today

Excerpted from the Eagle on-line at www.saschina.org

Outreach for SAS students:

The Sichuan earthquake of May, 2009, left a permanent mark on China. Under the leadership of high school Chinese teacher, Wendy Da, students and parents have raised enough money to donate 4 desktop computers, 4000 notebooks, 200 erasers and pencils, and boxes of English and Chinese books to the Wanli and Fulin village school in Sichuan to help the school build up the library.

A group of 23 SAS students and some faculty had a summer, 2009, trip to Malawi, Africa, first for a Habitat for Humanity project in Llongwe and then to Jacaranda School – a haven of education for AID’s orphans. This was a heart-changing experience for all. There was singing and dancing with the children, playing ball games and twister and teaching math classes, wandering through the village to see how life happens – clothes washing and goat slaughtering for the celebratory feast, etc. – fixing a roof and working on classrooms. One student wrote, “If we can improve the conditions of these children’s lives, this combined with their amazing spirit will produce Africa’s future leaders…This trip enriched my life…and taught me what no classroom can teach.” Leena Kulkami, grade 11. Students and faculty and PTSA members had been raising money for the Jacaranda Foundation in many creative ways and will continue to do so.

Editor’s note:
Yes, SAS students today are from very privileged families for the most part. And they do receive a high-priced, very high-quality education. I am enjoying discovering from Eagle Online that they also do a lot of interesting trips to other parts of China that include things like hiking, sightseeing, building book cases for a school, playing with schoolchildren in Moxi, Sichuan, doing some lab work at the Panda Breeding Center, similar activities in a trip to Yunan Province, and doing fund raisers of all sorts at the school for Haiti and the typhoon damage in Myanmar. More locally, some also go to visit people in a home for the elderly. The kids are also involved in all kinds of sports of course, and they have Career Days and Poetry Slams and drama (“Pirates of Penzance” most recently) and visiting authors and Spring Dance and Model United Nations, etc. Life is good!

SAS has a campaign going on called EDGE FOR EXCELLENCE. It is targeted at assistance for the library system on both campuses to be sure they are 21st century advanced in both paper and digital learning resources. Go to the SAS website (www.saschina.org) to learn more about it and to make a donation.
Selected Pre-WWII Photos from Angie’s

Logo for SAS during the 1990’s on school letterhead.

Does anyone remember this?

Commencement 1940

Football in 1939
If possible... Go Green with SASA News! Get it online or through your e-mail!

The SASA News
7 Glover Square
Marblehead, MA 01945
U.S.A.

Mimi Gardner, Editor

FORWARDING SERVICE REQUESTED