

Memoirs:

Frances Eleanor Anderson



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Acknowledgements

These are my (Frances Eleanor Stafford Anderson) stories and thoughts as told to Ron, his wife Nancy, and Rosalie in 2004 and 2005 and as written in some of my many letters and notes. They offer a glimpse of my full life and in that sense this document is my memoirs. Ron was the principal transcriber and first draft writer. He compiled, edited, and inserted the photographs. Rosalie did extensive edits of the narrative. I worked with them closely throughout. I am very grateful for their contributions.

China

My parents Francis Eugene Stafford and Ellen Marie Jensen met at the Pacific Press Publishing House in Mountain View, California. My father was a photo engraver and my mother worked in the folding room. They were married in 1905 and the following year my brother Clarence was born.



In 1909 Father, Mother, and Clarence went to Shanghai, China where my father was employed by Commercial Press. I was born 3 years later on December 7, 1912.

In this photograph my Mother is holding me in our apartment, where I also was born, at 21 North Honan Road Extension, Shanghai. It was a two story house where we lived along with several other missionary families, including Dr. Miller, who came to be known as the “China Doctor” and was the inventor of soy milk. His wife Mary and my Mother were close friends and enjoyed each other’s company. (She died just a few years later. Dr. Miller remarried, and I remember them visiting our family in Honolulu when I was a teenager.)

Twice as a child in China I had a brush with death. The first was when I was born. Every night, except Friday night, after work my father would hold evangelistic meetings. So during her pregnancy, my mother prayed that I would be born while he was home. In answer to that prayer, my mother went into labor Friday night, and the woman doctor who lived upstairs delivered me.

A nurse tied my umbilical cord, but not tightly enough. During the night I hemorrhaged. They found me in blood soaked blankets and all color drained from my face. Everyone gathered around and prayed. By the time they'd finished, my cheeks were pink.



The second time was when I was about 18 months old. I contracted some kind of oriental intestinal disease. For about three months I was on nothing but milk. After that I periodically had trouble with my digestion. Perhaps it had something to do with my cancer later on.

On the left are Clarence, my Mother, and I riding in a Shanghai rickshaw.

The Shanghai winters were bitter cold and very damp. There was no heat in any of the buildings, and my father developed a bad cough and breathing

problems. This was serious because as a child my father had nearly died from tuberculosis and as an adult he was not robust. His health worsened, so reluctantly we had to leave China in 1915.

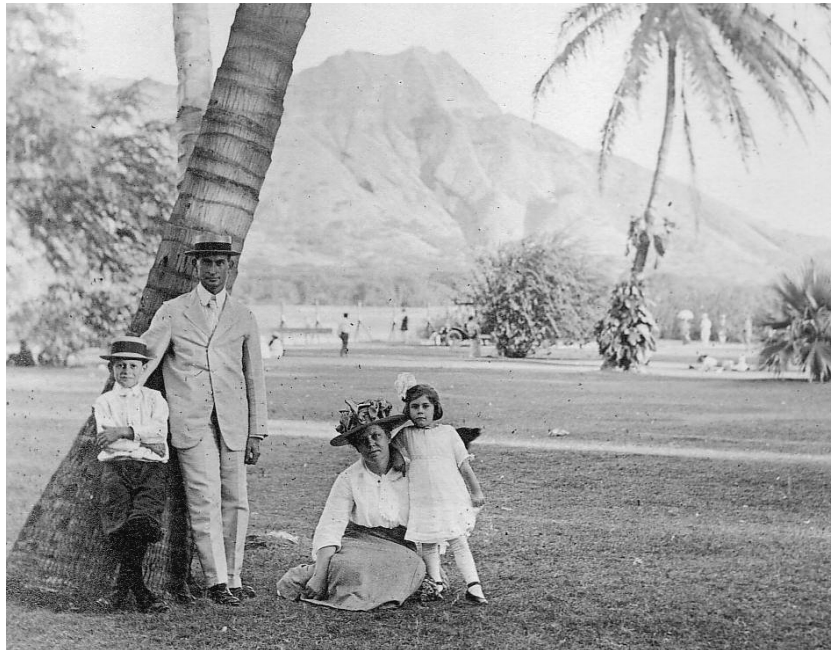
On the right you can see our family boarding the ship to return to California. After arriving in the United States, Mother, Clarence, and I stayed in California while my father went on by train to Colorado for treatment. (In those days, people went to Boulder and Denver because of the high altitude and dry air for treatment of tuberculosis and other illnesses.) His health improved



and after three months he rejoined us in San Francisco. In 1916 we moved to Honolulu. It proved to be a wonderful place to grow up.

Honolulu

We lived in a little house on Magazine Street at the foot of the old volcano, commonly called “Punch Bowl.” Houses were flimsy compared to those built today, so we shared our house with other living creatures like spiders, lizards, scorpions, and centipedes. However, we survived and I have wonderful memories of my father and mother, Clarence, and times in that house.



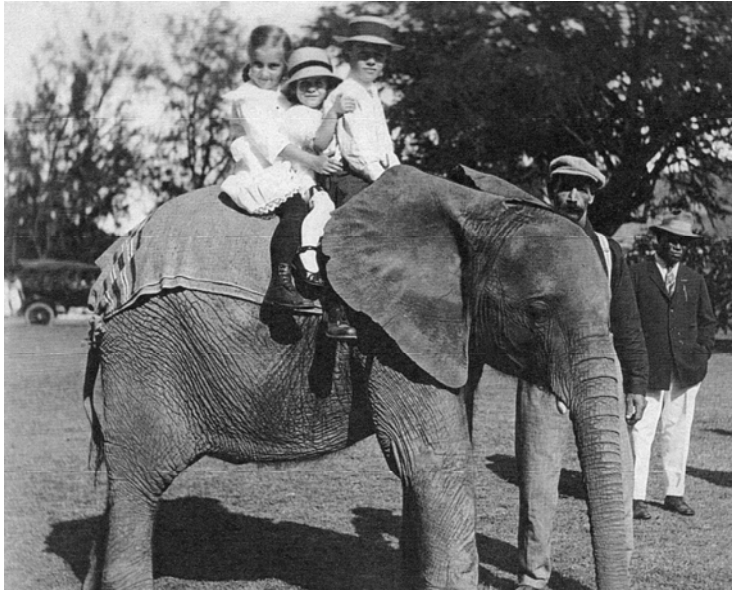
Above our family relaxed in Kapiolani Park near Waikiki Beach; Diamond Head Mountain and Waikiki can be seen in the background. Those were the days of horse-drawn fire trucks, ice wagons, and vegetable men coming down the street. The arrival of anyone of them was a time for celebration, but especially the ice wagon. Small chunks of ice were fun to suck on and made great ammunition to throw at each other on warm summer days.

It was not all a children’s paradise. In our front yard grew a big thorn tree, and throughout the year the thorns would fall in the grass. I loved going barefoot, but risked getting thorns in my feet every time I walked across the lawn. It was a ritual: getting thorns in my feet, having my father pull them out, and wailing while he was doing it.

When we wanted to go anywhere, we would walk a few blocks to the trolley line where trolleys came on a regular basis during the day. The trolley cars were open along the side with running boards on which we’d get on and off.

Often men would stand on the running boards ready to jump off while the car was still traveling. Clarence and I were impressed. He mastered the art of jumping off, so I thought this grown-up seven year-old would try it!

However I hadn't noticed that when they waited and jumped, they faced the front of the trolley car and would run a few steps beside it to insure their balance. Without asking for advice, I jumped off the running board facing the rear and fell flat on my tummy, much to Clarence's chagrin and embarrassment.



This photograph was taken in Kapiolani Park; I am sitting on the elephant between my brother Clarence and my friend Margie. Our house was close to a cemetery and I remember going to funerals. They were graphic. There was a large hole in the ground with the coffin

balancing on ropes between two planks on either side of the hole. The mourners sat on benches and after the proper words were spoken, men used the ropes to lower the coffin. Dirt was then thrown in the hole while the mourners wailed, and everyone sweated in the heat. I can still hear the sound of the clods of dirt hitting the coffin.

In the first grade, one of my classmates died. Mother explained it was like going to sleep, and he wouldn't know anything until Jesus came to wake him up. For days I thought about that.

My brother and his friends formed a club and built a tree house with a ladder that could be pulled up. They allowed our dog Trixie and I to be honorary members of the club, but only Trixie was allowed in their tree house.

There was a small storage shed in the back of our yard. The girl next door and I cleaned out a corner for our play store. We had empty containers that we pretended were full of spices for sale and had a muffin tin for our make-believe money. Looking back I realize how happy and contented we were with so little. Perhaps being without spawned our creativity.

We were poor, but I had no notion of it. My father started a small savings account for me, and he was putting a little money into it each month. I distinctly remember one day after the 1918 crash in the stock market when my father came home and put 6 pennies into my hand and said, "This is all that you get out of those savings." But he didn't complain no matter how bad things got. It was only as an adult that I came to realize how poor we were.

I wasn't physically strong and developed rheumatoid arthritis. I couldn't sleep. My body ached, and my joints were inflamed and very painful. About that time a young Japanese physician, recently graduated from the College of Medical Evangelists (now Loma Linda University School of Medicine), returned to Honolulu to practice medicine. He prescribed eating potatoes, eating lots of oranges, and lying in the sun every day. The sun and potatoes were easy to come by. But oranges? They were grown in California, brought to Hawaii by ship, and were costly. Somehow my parents paid for them. It was an interesting prescription, and it worked.

I continued to be frail and this time the prescription was a summer at the beach. On the right we (Clarence, my Father, and I) are swimming at the beach. Below we were swimming with two friends.



What a prescription! I have wonderful memories of the old

two-story house at the edge of the ocean at Koko Head, east of Diamond Head on the southern shoreline.

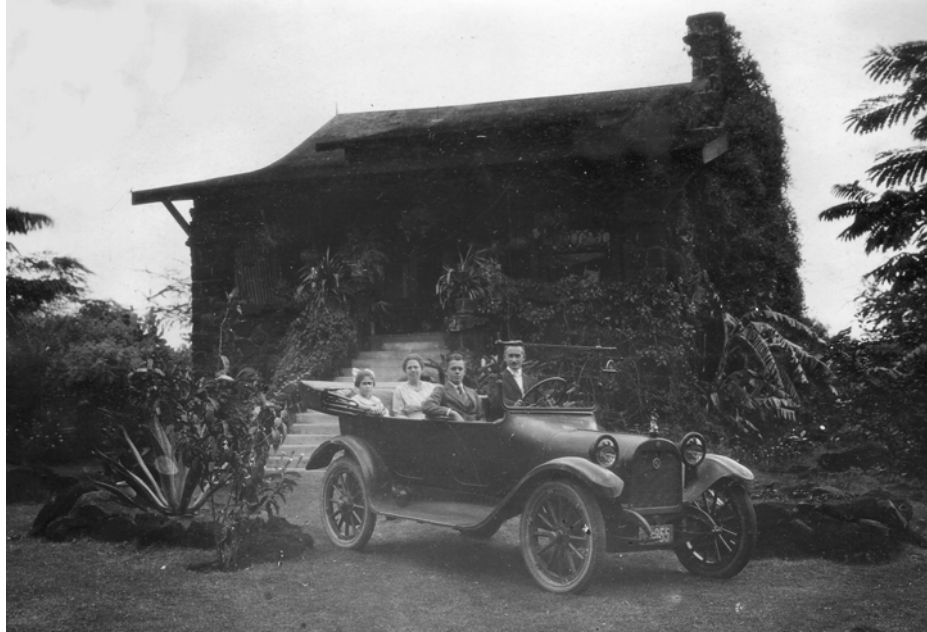


The house had an upstairs screened porch, and at night I would fall asleep listening to the waves crashing on the coral reef and in the morning, the tide would be out and hundreds of tiny sand crabs, would scramble down their little holes as the waves receded. There was a dog named Lucky that stayed at the house. He enjoyed chasing the sand crabs, and we enjoyed

having a dog to play with at the beach.

There was a small raft anchored a little way from the ocean shore. We'd swim to the raft and climb up. That summer I learned to dive by using the raft as my diving board. The water was warm, even at night. It was great fun to swim at full moon in the shimmering path of light it shed on the water. Possibly this was the best prescription any doctor could ever write.

Our next home was at Kaimuki; this is the house that some of my children and Granddaughter Jeanine visited. The photo below shows the house behind our family riding in our first car.



It was another house with happy memories. The yard, too, was big with fruit trees: avocado, coconut, bananas, and mangoes. Clarence was in his teens by then and together he and Father kept the yard like a park. They used a hand-push lawn mower, and hand clipped around the lava rocks, the shrubs, and the many trees.

It had a bay window in the dining room from which we could see the Royal Hawaiian Hotel when it was being built in all its pink glory. In the other direction we could see the mountains that ran from one end of the island to the other. After storms, this was the background for spectacular rainbows,



some even double. The house was on a corner lot, dirt roads going in both directions. It was on one of those dirt roads that my father taught me to drive when I was ten. I am driving in the picture above. On the same road He waited for me in his car the night of my graduation from Jr. High School. When I climbed in beside him he planted a kiss on my cheek.

Waikiki Beach holds special memories. This is not the Waikiki Beach of high rise hotels and condominiums that you might know, but a long expanse of sand and palm trees with Diamond Head in the background. It was one of my father's favorite places to paint and he would go there often. My brother and I were both baptized in the Waikiki surf.

While I loved swimming hour after hour in the ocean, I never learned to surf. Clarence, however, succeeded. I have a picture of him riding the waves on a heavy, long surfboard, which was the only kind that they had then.

It was on this same beach, that God gave my father a miracle. At the time he was working for the Paradise of the Pacific Press, the publishing company that produced the monthly magazine Paradise of the Pacific. His employer told him that he would have to work on Saturday, his Sabbath. When he would not comply, they fired him and asked that he return the pocket watch that had been given him when he began working at the company. He did not own a watch because he could not afford one at the time he was hired; and he certainly could not afford one when they fired him. Father went to Waikiki to walk and talk to God about losing his job. While walking on the sand, he noticed something shiny. He leaned over and picked it up. It was a beautiful Elgin watch. He treasured it as a symbol of God's assurance of provision and care, even when external circumstances were bleak. I gave the watch to James.

My father's next job after Paradise of the Pacific Press was with the *Honolulu Star-Bulletin*, which still is Honolulu's leading newspaper. While working at the newspaper, he convinced the Honolulu Superintendent of Schools into giving him a job teaching the Chinese language to Chinese students (see below).

He presented the idea that for second language Asian students should learn their native languages, not a European language or Latin.

This led to two jobs, one teaching Chinese to Chinese



students at McKinley High School (1039 S. King St., Honolulu's principal secondary school) and the other as an administrator in the foreign language curriculum department. Above is a picture of him writing and teaching Chinese. As administrator he had to travel to different schools on different islands to review their foreign language programs.

At some point during those years in Honolulu, my father was hired by the CIA to write a monthly summary report of information published in the Japanese papers about Japanese interest and involvement in Manchuria and other areas of China. Already there was fear of the Japanese aggression. He was paid by the U.S. government for writing these reports, which was a significant financial help for the family. But mother was terrified that someone would catch him making these classified, secret reports.

When I think of my father, some of the things that I think of him doing things that include writing, teaching, trying new things, socializing, and spending time with me. He was always writing, and he enjoyed writing for productions. He created a dramatic monologue. I don't remember the story line or where it was performed. I do remember that he was dressed in his Chinese clothes and was holding a teapot. (Perhaps the teapot had symbolic significance.) At a particular point in the monologue he dropped and broke the teapot. It disturbed Mother, but evidently he thought the point worth making.

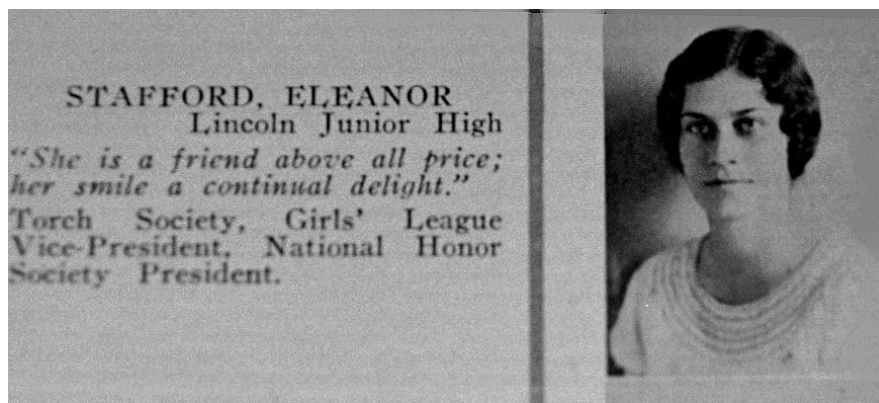
For several years in a row, he wrote and produced a play at McKinley High School. He also liked to stage the family for photographs as you can see below.



He also wrote and produced a movie, in which a young girl arrived by ship to live in the islands. He made all the arrangements and filmed her arrival. In the story she went to high school, and found friends among the different cultures living in Hawaii. The movie was intended to teach race relations, and is currently archived in the Bishop Museum in Honolulu.

My father was a natural teacher. It was his teaching Chinese to Chinese students that provided a cross-cultural model long before “multi-culture” became a buzz phrase in education. Later I was sorry I didn’t learn Chinese from him. I was planning to be a nurse, so was told that I needed Latin. I took it. But how did I use Latin?

It brought him satisfaction to see his students learn. Even in classes that were primarily teaching the Chinese language skills, he taught values and high ethical standards for living. His students responded enthusiastically to his personal concern for them.



Here is my photo and description in my junior high school yearbook. I went to junior high and senior high during the same period that my father was teaching there.

My father wasn’t afraid to try new things. His success in photolithography was directly related to his willingness to experiment. The colored photographs on the monthly covers of Paradise of the Pacific were the result of his hard work and experimentation. This was before Eastman Kodak patented cellulose acetate film (1924), which meant that for each colored picture he would photographically create a glass negative. Using the glass negative, he then created tonal dots on limestone rock printing surfaces that were 18”x24” and were very heavy (about 60 lbs or more). He created three or four such printing surfaces to create each colored picture. After he was fired from the magazine, the quality of the magazine’s pictures deteriorated.

Trying new things wasn’t limited to things he did at work. It was an exciting day when he purchased a new motorcar and taught himself to drive it in

Kapiolani Park on his way home from the dealership. At first Mother wasn't confident of his driving competence, but soon going for rides in the car became a source of family entertainment and enjoyment. When it would rain, we would have to quickly stop and put up "Isinglass" vinyl windows.

Our family's social life centered on the church. Missionaries traveling to or from the Orient stopped in Honolulu. All year long, my father would pick up groups of missionaries from ships docked in the harbor and would take them to church with us. Afterward church we'd have potluck dinners at Kapiolani Park. We often had church potlucks at the park even when no visitors were passing through.

My father was choir director, and sometimes he preached on Sabbath. For a while he was the Sabbath School Superintendent and often he created elaborate and colorful ways to increase mission offerings. During one quarter he drew and painted a large aquarium with different sections for each Sabbath school class. Each week he painted the number of colored fish in each section corresponding to how much offering came in from that section the prior week.

There are particular times when my father was there for me in a special way. When I was about six years old, I began asking him about the Catholic neighbor who went to church each Sunday. Why did our family go to church on Saturday? Instead of merely giving me a verbal explanation, he bought a little notebook for me and helped me write down Bible texts covering various subjects so that I could reason for myself why we believed as we did.

By age ten I was taking piano lessons. In the evening my father and I played classical music together. He would play his violin and I would accompany him on the piano. Those were very happy times.

One memory of my father that I shall never forget was when he went with me to pay my fine for speeding soon after I obtained my driver's license at 15. It was embarrassing for him because the Chief of Police was his friend, and my father was teaching classes on good citizenship and obedience to the law at McKinley High School. When we paid my fine, the Chief of Police gave my father a knowing smile.

In their personalities my mother and father were very different. She would worry about little things, which he thought were funny. He read the funny papers and Andy Gump was the funny man then. One time she was annoyed by something and he slapped his knee and said "And Andy just roared." She didn't think it was funny at all. But they respected each other's differences and were affectionate towards each other.

They complemented each other's strengths. While she didn't work outside the home, she contributed to the family's financial resources by her thrifty

management of the money my father brought home. She considered it her job to make his earnings stretch as much as possible. She did all of the household chores, and I helped her. She was very tidy and wanted me to be the same.

Occasionally, we splurged with a shopping trip. Liberty House was Honolulu's main department store. (Before the War it was called Eller's. But because that was a German name, it was changed to Liberty House.) Friday was balloon day, and one Friday I had come out of the store very proudly with my big balloon. I was holding the string, but the balloon drifted right into my Mother's hat pin. POP! At the time it was very sad, but later we had a good laugh.

Back then all women wore hats that were secured with hatpins. My mother was fond of hats, and you can see that in the pictures taken in China and Hawaii where she usually is wearing a large hat. I don't know where she got the money to get those fancy hats. Perhaps she made them.

My mother was orphaned as a child so was shy, quiet, and felt deeply for other people's plight. She was always taking care of poor families. I remember a Catholic woman whom my mother befriended. The woman had many children, and when her husband died the family was destitute. However the Catholic priest insisted on her giving money to the church to buy him out of purgatory. My Mother was incensed!

On my 10th birthday, she asked, "Would you rather have a gift for your birthday, or would you like to invite some children and give everyone a gift?" I said I'd like to have a lot of children and everyone get a gift. Here is a picture of the children who came to the party. We're all standing in the front of the house and each child had a gift of some kind. So, she brought me up thinking about other people. In the picture are all my friends at the party; each is holding the gift received at my party.



My love of poetry and my love of Jesus were encouraged by my Mother. She collected poems that she enjoyed sharing with others. But it was daily reading the Bible that gave her the strength to meet each day.

In 1922, when Clarence was 17 and

I was 11, he graduated from the Hawaiian Mission Academy and left in early summer to work in the fruit orchards in Oregon to earn his tuition for Walla Walla College. There he met Charlotte Jackson who had grown up with missionary parents in the Philippines. They fell in love. When Clarence headed south to Loma Linda, CA to take medicine, she followed, found a secretarial job, and they were married. Their first son Jack was such a sweet child that when Merlin and I were married, we wanted to have a little boy just like him. Barbara and Robert were born a number of years later.

California – Nursing School

From as far back as I could remember, I had wanted to be a nurse. When I was very young, I made a scrapbook of pictures of nurses. So it was natural that as I was finishing high school, I applied to the White Memorial School of Nursing in Los Angeles. I was accepted without additional college courses, and I was 19.

Getting ready was exciting. As she had promised, my mother took me shopping and we chose a few, but attractive outfits, including a blue coat with a small fur collar. I love the coat. Passage by ship had to be booked. Army planes had started to make trips between the California coast and Hawaii, but there was as yet no air service for civilians.

Leaving on a ship was a big social event in those days with many people seeing the ship off. Friends and family would hold onto colorful streamers held by passengers. They hung onto the streamers until the ship departed, breaking the streamers.



I'd never been away from home before. These photographs record the event, especially the one on the next page. I'm standing on the dock with beautiful leis piled high around my neck, tears in my eyes, and a look on my face showing a young woman attempting to be brave. Father and Mother look sad. As the ship pulled from shore, I tossed one of the leis overboard because there was a saying that if the lei floated toward the land, you would return. My lei floated towards the land. I found my stateroom and bed, buried my head in the

pillow and cried. I did not even answer the knock of the steward that my father had asked to check on me.



I had been eleven years old when Clarence had left Hawaii; eight years had passed. It took a week by ship and during the voyage to California I kept wondering whether or not we would recognize each other. As the ship came close to the dock, I scanned the faces of those waiting. By now Clarence was married and was the father of a year-old son. What a moment! He was alone and we recognized each other immediately.

There were new surroundings and new people to meet. I remember the first day of class, and I can clearly see the nursing professor sitting on a stool behind a tall desk. She was a cousin of the Aline Tate who had become my roommate. Aline's parents and mine had known each other in Mountain View when they were young, and when



Aline heard that we would be in the same nursing class, she wrote to ask if we could room together. Knowing ahead of time would enable us to choose furnishings for our room that would match. That sounded first rate to me and we not only agreed on furnishings 100%, but study habits, and other things like our the arrangement of our room.

Most of the girls were constantly rearranging their rooms. They were irked that Aline and I were satisfied with how we'd arranged our room to begin with, so we weren't changing things. Finally to avoid their hassling we rearranged our furniture, but in a week we put everything back to their original places. It was worth the effort, because our classmates gave up on us.



One of our first classes was nursing procedures and in two months we began taking care of patients, which meant giving baths, changing bedpans, taking vital signs. I was assigned to a men's unit which included private rooms and a ward for men and one for women. The ward was full of surprises. One of the patients was a dwarf who performed as a mascot at ball games. One day he motioned for me to come to his bedside. When I got there, he pushed his dentures out of his mouth with his tongue for me to take. I turned and ran, much to the amusement of the other patients.

The hospital took care of men injured in railroad accidents, some severely. In those days it was not unusual for trauma patients to be hospitalized several months. This meant that

the railroad men had more experience in receiving nursing care than beginning students had in giving it. They took advantage of it by extensive teasing. I remember going into the ward to give a shot my first time. The patient looked at me warily and asked, "Do you know how to do that?" My heart was pounding, but I said, "Of course!"

These fellows were banged up, with broken arms, legs, and backs, and there were no such things as electric beds, just hard mattress on flat springs. We used pillows to make our patients comfortable, adding them here and there, under the head, arms, legs, and at the back. I remember one patient who had accumulated 20 pillows. I had to remove them all and start over, a few at a time. There was a women's ward, but the women tended to complain and whine about everything, so I enjoyed working in the men's ward more.

There was a handyman who had a little shop away from the ward, and he would put together braces and splints, or whatever we needed to immobilize the broken bones. After I graduated and became a ward instructor, I would go to his shop and tell him what was needed, and he would build it. He was a pleasant person to work with and I enjoyed getting out of the ward into the sunshine.



I did other things besides nursing during those years at the White Memorial Hospital. Clarence was working at the White also. He and Charlotte lived in

Glendale and I visited them a lot. I enjoyed playing with Jack, and Clarence had lots of good stories. Like my father he was very easy to get along with.

I run into trouble dancing the hula in the lounge of the women's dormitory. It was a lot of fun, and in Hawaii it was considered part of the culture. But I was reprimanded for it.

After graduating from nursing in 1934, I taught the probies (the younger nurses on probation). It was during that period that I met Merlin. The first time I saw him, he was working in the clinic. Later I saw him walking with a girl and thought it might be his girl friend, but it was his sister Mildred. Later he asked me to play tennis with him. We didn't have a lot of time to spend together because he was finishing his last year of medical school and working at the County Hospital, but he came to see me at my apartment near the White Memorial Hospital. My nursing professors thought that I would one day join their ranks, but I surprised them by falling in love and marrying Merlin.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Driving out to the Midwest was a very long way for us. We had no money, so we rode with some people to get out there. I think he was a medical student. We stopped in Utah to see my best friend from high school, a Mormon Bishop's daughter.

Merlin did his internship at Mercy Hospital, a Catholic hospital in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. When we arrived they said there was no room for me in the hospital. Merlin was given a tiny room in the basement of the hospital, but they wouldn't let me stay with him. So we found the cheapest room we could find and rented it at \$5 per month. Of course it didn't have air conditioning and the temperature got up to 110 that summer. Fortunately the hospital came to need a nursing instructor, and when I got the job, they let me stay with Merlin in the basement. That year we slept together in a single bed in a little room in the hospital basement, but we were very happy to be together.

There were a lot of nuns at the hospital and the other intern was a woman. Since Merlin was the only man around, he had to handle all of the male patients. One of the men got violent, so Merlin bounced him down and restrained him to the bed. Another man got out of hand and ran down the street in his bed clothes. Another time a man was making too much noise and Merlin put his eye to the keyhole to see what the patient was doing. When he looked in the keyhole all he saw was the eye of the other man looking at him, and he lost it. We had some fun experiences.

During the year we were there I was carrying Merlin, Jr. and he was born the day after Merlin's birthday in May. The hospital staff was so concerned about

my being able to deliver a healthy baby while a vegetarian. One of the nuns was very sweet and she would give me graham crackers at meals. It turned out he was a very healthy baby. In the photo on the right I am holding Merlin, Jr. shortly after he was born.

It never went below 110 degrees for a week and it got so hot that one of the workers in the operating room went into shock. They even shut the operating room down for a while.

Merlin was doing fluoroscopes during this time and he was exposed to a lot of radiation. He lost sensitivity in his fingers from that. Perhaps some of his other problems like fungus on his toes and even cancer were affected by the radiation

That year I made \$50 a month and he made \$25. We saved every penny and at the end of the year Merlin went to Detroit to pick up the cheapest Ford he could buy. It cost \$500 right off the assembly line.



Sikeston, Missouri

The Adventists wanted a doctor to settle in Iowa, but Merlin didn't like the set up. Missouri also asked us to come. So with \$5 we headed to Missouri to look it over. The head of the Missouri Adventist Conference gave us \$50. He didn't have any idea how badly we needed the money. The money helped convince us to move to Missouri.

One of the girls from my nursing class lived in a little town in Missouri cotton country, and we stopped over night on the way down. Merlin Jr. was in a little basket. During the night I reached over to get Merlin Jr. to nurse him, and the basket was full of bed bugs. Oh, what a fright.

When we were going from St. Louis to Sikeston, we went through some beautiful mountains. But as we got close to Sikeston, it was completely flat. I had never seen such a flat expanse of land. I thought to myself, "I can never live here; this is horrible, no ocean and no mountains." I had never seen snow before moving to Iowa. That winter was so cold, really cold. Merlin and I were walking down the street, and we both slipped on the ice and fell down together.

Merlin found and rented a one bedroom apartment on the third floor over Kroger's grocery store for the medical office. Of course there was no elevator, so everything had to be carried up by hand. Merlin put in a partition in the apartment's living room so that half was a waiting room and the other half a consultation room. The bathroom became the treatment room where I would take people for hot fomentations. We rented a room on the second floor for our bedroom, and shared the bathroom with the woman next door. We had no furniture, but the furniture store across the street had an auction. Merlin offered \$20 for a beautiful bedroom suite and got it.

We had to figure out what we could do with Merlin Jr. every day while I was helping in the office. We arranged for an African-American woman to take him to the park every day.

The apartment building held many interesting situations. We would wash Merlin Jr.'s diapers in the shared bathroom and hang them up to dry over the bathtub. They would drip in the bathtub. Our 2nd floor neighbor never complained. There was a prostitute living on the third floor and people came at all hours to see her. One Sabbath while we were at church, a Kroger's employee began cooking a turkey at the back of the store. The building itself caught on fire. Someone notified Merlin and he rushed home. We didn't lose any of our things in the fire, but we had extensive smoke damage. Everything we owned smelled like smoke. I still have things that were singed by the flames.



On the left Merlin is holding Ron on our front steps soon after he was born. The family picture above was taken about the same time.

The farmers all came to town on Saturdays. Dr. Merlin put up a sign on the street, "Closed Saturday, but open at sundown." By sundown there were patients lined up on the stairway from the street to the 3rd floor.

The closest hospital was about 40 miles away in Cape Girardeau, so Merlin made house calls for deliveries. Along with a list of equipment that the family needed to have available for the delivery (such as newspaper and hot water), He took a folding table that

was setup in the living room or a bedroom, if it was big enough. The deliveries often came at night, and then he would have a full day at the office seeing patients. He delivered about 20 babies a month, and one time he had three babies coming at the same time. There was a nurse in a nearby town that stayed with one; I stayed with one; and he went from one to the next until he had delivered all three. Sometimes they would pay in watermelons, and one time it was a pig they offered to give him. But he let that one go.

While we were in Sikeston, we received a mission call from the SDA General Conference to go to the Philippines. We had wanted to be missionaries, but we turned it down because Ron was an infant. Later we decided that when Merlin was discharged from the army that we would go to the mission field. Fortunately we didn't go to the Philippines, because if we had gone, we would have been put into prison camps during World War II.



We moved into a house when Merlin, Jr. was two. My father had previously passed away (1938), and my mother came out to live with us when Ron was born. Ron had colic, and every night he cried in pain for hours. The neighbors must have thought we were hurting him.

Later we built a new house with a room for Mother and she moved in with us. The house had the first fluorescent lights in Sikeston, and people drove by just to see the brilliance of fluorescent lights. We lived on the same street as the Stanley family who owned the Rice dairy. Stanley's girls were the same age as Merlin, Jr. and Ron and they all played together.



We only lived in our new home, the one on the left, for a year when Merlin got his call to the army. So, we had to sell the house and move. It was cold, rainy, and windy as we were packing. We bought a very small travel trailer and loaded it with all that we could fit in, including some of

Merlin's heavy medical books. On our way to the army base, the trailer blew a tire, but we couldn't buy even a used tire because it was war time. We had to request special permission from the local Rationing Board to purchase one. We arrived just in time for Merlin to report to his commanding officer.

Mississippi

The army base was Camp Van Dorn in Mississippi. It was a new camp and they had no facilities in the little town. We couldn't buy things because the few stores didn't have much and weren't willing to order additional things. We



parked the trailer in a trailer park where we had a water faucet. I had to wash everything in a tub with a wash board and then dry it on a wire line. One of the first things I did was to get sick. I developed a terrible pain and was running off on the bowels and vomiting at the same time for days. Merlin rushed to the base for something to stop the cramps and I survived.

The boys wanted to play in the trailer park but I marked a boundary area around the trailer where they could play. Ron and Merlin, Jr. loved to watch the soldiers coming by in their jeeps. And they loved the jeep that their Dad drove (see photo below). Here is a picture of the boys saluting in army clothes.



Merlin sometimes was not able to leave the base. We had gone to see him one day, and while driving back, the boys had to go to the bathroom. So we stopped by the side of the road and our little dog jumped out. He was killed by a passing car. We were all crying, but the driver who'd struck the dog felt very bad and buried him for us. It was hard but we survived



When we got ready to leave the base, Merlin said we were going to get rid of the trailer. So I packed up everything and even washed all the bedding by hand. That afternoon I let Ron play with the neighborhood children. They fed him candy, which he was not used to. In the middle of

the night he vomited over the whole bed. In the morning I washed the bedding all over again.

By Train to Spokane



The boys and I got on the train for Washington State to stay on Grandpa Anderson's farm near Spokane while Merlin finished up his last few months in the army. On the train they had separate cars for the Whites and the Negroes. I decided I wanted to sit with the Negroes. There weren't many Blacks in that area on the train, and so we had the whole place to ourselves.

Mrs. Stanley came all the way from Sikeston with her girls to Memphis and put us up in a comfortable hotel that night and the next day they took us to their home in Sikeston for a week. That was really nice. Then they put us on the train to go to Chicago. We got to Chicago

where we got off the train with a lot of suitcases and hailed a cab. There was a man there also taking a cab, so we shared one to the hotel. When we got to the hotel, I got out and forgot to pay. Later I realized that and tried to find the man who paid for the cab but couldn't find him.

The next day was the Sabbath and I had assured the boys that there would be kind people at church that would invite us to lunch. We had always invited visitors over after church. The boys were not used to church, and when Merlin was coming out of the Sabbath School he was talking loudly, and somebody shushed him up. During the service I gave Ron some keys to pre-occupy him. Well, he dropped the keys on the floor, which made a loud noise. Then the preacher made some remarks about teaching your children reverence in church. I'd had it. I got up and walked out. I thought, "My son is OK." I never scolded him for it. When we got back to the hotel, Merlin, Jr. asked "where are we going to have lunch?"

When we boarded the train to Spokane, it was full of troops and there was no place to sit. Merlin, Jr. stood with the soldiers in the aisle and Ron sat on my lap. The train was packed like that for the entire three days of the trip. Grandpa was there to meet us and take us home to the farm.

During that time we took pictures of the boys playing in the park in Colfax near the farm. It was interesting that Ron was fearless of going down the slide (see one right) but Merlin was very cautious. Ron was the quiet one but would smile at the top of the slide and have a great time sliding down. Merlin was the noisy one but he was not so adventurous. They were very different. On our way to Ethiopia Ron put his head in my lap and said "I don't want to see anybody but you," while Merlin, Jr. walked around visiting with everybody.



We had a good time on the farm; it was a wonderful place to be. All of Merlin's sisters were there. Bernice loved Ron. She was the vegetable gardener; the other girls farmed the wheat. She took care of gardening, canning and cooking. They had a cellar that they entered by ladder. They did a lot of canning of fruits and vegetables and stored them down there. And they would kill their beef and store it there as well. That's what they ate during the winter.

Washington, DC

Later Merlin was discharged from the army and joined us on Grandpa's farm. About that time we were asked to go as missionaries to the Middle East, and we said OK. However, they wired back and said they had a greater need for a doctor to go to Ethiopia. We agreed, but first overseas transportation had to be arranged, which was very difficult during the war. While waiting we moved to Silver Springs, Md. near Washington DC so that Merlin could work in the Sanitarium there.



Because there was no place to rent, we bought a little house (on the left) near the Sanitarium. It was wonderful that he could work there because it provided much needed experience in hospital administration and in performing various kinds of surgery. After working there nearly a year, he was far better prepared for Ethiopia, where he was to be the only doctor for an entire hospital with responsibility for all surgeries, as well as hospital administration. The people in Ethiopia

expected us to come right away and so they got the house ready and planted flowers. But it was nearly two years after receiving the call before we arrived at the Zauditu Memorial Hospital in Addis Ababa. Meanwhile, even though the Italians had been driving out of the country, the city was in shambles. The hospital itself was run by nurses and there was a Greek doctor in the city that would come once a week to write prescriptions.

After nearly a year, in order to leave for Ethiopia on the first available ship, we moved from Washington DC to NYC and stayed in the Victoria Hotel with our bags packed. Still there was no transportation. December, 1944 was a cold month and the updraft of winter wind produced by the skyscrapers of Manhattan made it even colder. We had been advised to get clothes for the boys for three years, and the General Conference had given us money to buy clothes and other necessities. We went shopping, but the stores had warm clothes for winter weather, not cool clothes for plains and valleys of Africa.

Merlin got tired of waiting so he went to various shipping companies inquiring about passage. He found a French freighter that was going to South Africa.



Family Passport Picture, 1944

Crossing the Atlantic in Wartime

It was at 2pm on December 22nd that we got the news that the ship was ready. We were sitting at a table in the Wanamaker department store cafeteria, and Merlin decided he had better check with the hotel to see if a call had come in concerning our ship's departure. In a moment he was rushing back with the news we were to be at the docks at 3pm. He gathered Ron in his arms, and I grabbed the packages. "Let's get a cab," I said, but Merlin thought the subway would be quicker. He headed for the basement exit and Merlin Jr. and I darted between customers, clerks and counters.

In our room at Hotel Victoria everything was in order for we never left without our suitcases being packed, ready for a minute's notice. We closed them up and with our newest purchases still in their sacks were soon waiting for the elevator. Merlin and I had attempted to impress the dangers of wartime travel and military secrecy upon the boys. It really paid off. As we stood there Ron said "I won't tell anyone we are going to Ethiopia," in an earnest little voice that echoed down the long quiet corridor.

On ship-board we found our cabin barely big enough to turn around. There were two bunks for Ron and Merlin Jr. and me. Merlin was supposed to sleep in a cabin with the rest of the men at the other end of the ship. Our SDA transportation agent was there with our last minute Christmas cards and letters forwarded from Washington. He had previously advised us to take extra food for which we were to be thankful. Now he insisted Merlin must not be separated from us in case of an emergency and went to the ship officers to arrange for a cot to be brought in for him to sleep at night, but would be folded out of the way during the day.

The ship *D'Amiens* was an old relic. It was the sole survivor in two separate submarine attacks. It tilted so badly Ron couldn't ride the tricycle we had brought along for deck play. The old ship had never carried passengers before. Manned by a motley bewhiskered crew, it was unbelievably dirty outside and in. I laid our toothbrushes on Kleenex but cockroaches ran over the bristles. Rumors of route and length of journey were as many and varied as there were passengers but this was to be our home for five weeks.

Time of departure was also a secret and the subject for much speculation. We left harbor two days later passing by the Statue of Liberty swathed in grey fog. We sailed with a convoy of eight ships flying the flags of various nations.

The ship's route was also secret. We had almost no way to predict the ports or how long it would take, so we had to live one day at a time and take what came. Our first stop was Trinidad where we stopped for refueling. As we sailed into Trinidad we could see the lights flickering like slender candles and were

very excited. We put the boys to bed and then went up on the deck. Suddenly someone shouted “man overboard,” and I dashed to the cabin to see if Ron and Merlin, Jr. were safe. Of course they were safe; it was a ship-hand that had fallen over. He was very angry. Unfortunately they would not let anybody off the ship. But little boats came by selling fruit, and we bought some because we needed it for our diet.

When we arrived at the tip of South America and turned eastward, all the other ships left us. That left us with a strange feeling, because it felt safe to be able to see the other ships. We came to the place where another ship, the *Zamzam*, had been sunk by the Germans. On our ship was a woman who had been on the *Zamzam* when it sank and she was so nervous and paced the deck.

Mealtime, if not the food, marked the passage of time. There was a young Canadian mother with twelve year old twins, a boy and girl. They shared a table with two nuns. Ian, the boy twin, was a source of embarrassment, consternation, as well as pride to his mother. There was the day when we came into the dining room to find platters of whole dried herring. Ian took one look, grabbed his nose, and ran from the dining room. He soon returned.

When the rest of the meal was disappointing, he found consolation in pouring great quantities of sugar into his tea. One day his mother was quietly remonstrating with him when we heard him not so quietly say, “If I don’t drown and I don’t get sunstroke and if I don’t get pneumonia, you are going to starve me to death.”

Years later one of Merlin’s classmates Larry Senseman was making a trip by air and fell into conversation with a young doctor from Durban, South Africa, who asked if he knew a Dr. Merlin Anderson. The young doctor’s name was Ian, and as a child he, too, had been on the *D’Amiens*. In great detail he told of surviving the perils and frustrations of his early life, including memories of the ocean voyage and the influence of Merlin’s life on his.

Sometimes the ocean was still and perfectly quiet. Other times there were huge waves. One storm that lasted two days threw two nuns down the stairs. During the five week trip we saw spotted whales, flying fish and playful porpoises. Many sunsets were glorious sunsets, and the night sea sometimes looked fluorescent, perhaps because the ships were blacked out at night. Lights had to be turned off most of the time. Often they put us through life boat drills.

One day the crew held gun practice. The ship shook and shuddered and the tipsy crew missed every target. What we didn’t know was that we were living on top of thousands of gallons of fuel oil and if the ship had been hit, it would have blown to bits. But we were beginning to realize why the General Conference had called Merlin and me together before the Committee and asked us if we were willing to take the personal responsibility of traveling during the

war. They could wish us Godspeed but not grant us authorization. Ours were the first children to go overseas since war started.

Those of us who had children found practical duties to keep us occupied. Life boats were slung out over the water during the entire trip leaving gaps of 20 to 30 feet without rails. So we never took our eyes off of the two boys. Even asleep in their beds the boys were first in our thoughts.

Besides the dangers of the decks, there was salt water and soot which meant dirty clothes. The water supply was limited and each family was rationed a bucketful per day. From that we drank, bathed and did our laundry.

After crossing the Atlantic we rounded the cape but we couldn't stop at Capetown because ships were being sunk there. Instead we landed at Port Elizabeth, South Africa. It was summer as we came into port and it was fantastic to see the beautiful green hibiscus bushes. I stared in disbelief at the flowers. After so many days at sea we had almost forgotten the vivid beauty of plants and flowers. They would not allow us to disembark that day so we slept anchored at the dock missing the "rock and roll" of the ship to which we had become accustomed.

Since we were wearing warm clothes, one of the first things we did after docking was to buy the boys some clothes. We got them some shorts and sailor hats. Ron and Merlin, Jr. were so proud of them.

We stayed two weeks in Port Elizabeth because Merlin wanted to visit a nearby medical clinic. One day in the hotel that we stayed I looked up suddenly and saw a huge black man. I was terrified. I found out later that the servants there just walk into the rooms without knocking.

I wanted a black South African doll. So I asked a woman in the hotel for one. She became furious. "Black" was the wrong word to use for a Dutch South African.

I decided to learn to knit. So I bought some knitting needles and watched the native women knit. I started knitting sleeveless sweaters for the boys, which I finished on the trip up through Africa.

Unfortunately due to a camera malfunction we have no pictures of our trip either on the ship or the trip through Africa in the next section.

Train, Boat, and Truck through Africa, 1945

When we were on the train, we saw a large group of children and none of them wore any clothes. Merlin, Jr. said, "Well it saves on washing." That's all he said.

We visited a diamond mine and we saw where they distilled their liquor. At the distillery the workers were stamping the stuff with their feet. That was quite a shock to see bare feet, which usually were filthy; walking in what would become beverages.



Victoria Falls was a wonderful, awesome sight. It is 400 feet high and over a mile in length. One can hear Victoria Falls from 10 miles away.

We had a lot of shocks all along the way. Our train stopped at a river, a very dirty river, where women and their babies were bathing. They dashed the dirty water all over the babies. The last thing the mother would do is pick up a handful of dirty, brown water and put it in the baby's mouth. That was gross. It's no wonder they have such a high mortality.

In the middle of the night we would wake up on the train as they stopped to get wood. It was so noisy. That's the way we traveled for three weeks. One place we stopped we were served soup that looked like grass and water. Merlin ate eggs but I couldn't eat them. At one restaurant when I took Ron to the bathroom, we passed by the kitchen and looked in. It was just filthy.

It was extremely hot. The train ran out of water, and they told us we had to drink soda. It cost one American dollar for one small bottle of soda. Four of us shared that bottle. Later we were able to buy bottled water, but then we discovered dirt in the bottom.

From the train we saw many interesting sights. Ostriches were running beside the train with their wings outstretched. We saw camels and zebras too. It was fun to see all of them.

In Mombassa, we boarded a ship for at a week long trip to Berbera, Somalia. The boat was a British troop ship and there were prisoners crowded on board. Day and night it was hot. One evening while waiting for dinner, we talked to

the waiters who were perspiring, but smiling. They said that no matter how bad the conditions were on the ship, it was better than a bomb shelter in England.

There were 70 women and children in one room downstairs. There were so few facilities to wash. I took Ron and Merlin, Jr. with me into the bathroom, and there was this woman who looked at them and said, "This is very difficult." I looked at her and thought, you think this is difficult for you?

There was a woman with two little boys and she would tie them in the bunk above us. One of the boys got loose and rolled out of bed. Fortunately he wasn't hurt.

We all broke out in prickly heat, and the men couldn't shave because of it. People were angry because there were not enough deck chairs for everybody, and it was decided that if everyone couldn't have a deck chair, then no one would get a chair. One angry man who found someone using a deck chair threw it overboard.

I was glad to be getting off, because it seemed so dangerous. To get off the ship we took a rope ladder down off of the ship. Somebody carried Ron down the rope ladder while I climbed down into the little boat. They lowered our luggage by rope onto a raft.

After getting onto land we climbed into a British truck, which was called a lorry. As we drove through the villages we noticed that everything covered with gray dust. It had not rained for two years.

We stopped at a military outpost for something to eat. The boys pulled off their sweaters and I pushed them underneath the seat. We went in to eat. When we came back, Merlin's sweater was gone. We continued on through the Somalia desert until we crossed the border into Ethiopia.

Ethiopia

Harar was the first Ethiopian city of any size that we encountered. It was relatively quiet pleasant: the streets were paved and there was a nice hotel. Harar has a reputation for being a healthful city. The women wore bright red and orange dresses as well as beads of many colors. When we got to the Ethiopian town of Deredawa, Merlin said to go on because he needed to wait for our luggage to arrive.

The rest of us boarded a small, old electric train to travel the final distance to Addis Ababa. We arrived at our final destination at about 10 o'clock at night. The people from the mission hospital greeted us with great enthusiasm and took us by pickup to the hospital compound where they showed us through our house.

The photo on the right shows the front of our house about a year after we arrived, when our old Dodge from Missouri arrived.



At first I was overwhelmed. The house was old and big and unlike anything I was used to. It was a stone house with very high ceilings. Somebody had put in a lowered ceiling made of cloth that sagged and flapped when the wind blew. But our beds were made and the nurses made us feel very welcome.

Later we learned that the wife of the previous American doctor had been killed in her sleep in 1933 when a stray bullet came through the ceiling. Ron and Merlin's bedroom was her bedroom, and Ron says he remembers staring at the bullet hole as he was going to sleep.

They told me I had to have four boys to work as servants. There was to be one to cook, one to garden, one to clean, and one to do things like washing and ironing. I settled for two.

Merlin finally arrived a week later. When he drove into the hospital compound, all of the workers were lined up to greet him. They all sang a song and one of the women read a letter of welcome. After singing two more songs, two young children stepped out and gave him two bouquets of flowers.

One of our trunks was lost in shipping and we got somebody else's trunk instead. It had a valuable stamp collection in it, but that wasn't what we needed.

The hospital, Zauditu Memorial Hospital, didn't have much in the way of supplies, but Merlin flew to Cairo to get a load of supplies for the hospital. Merlin had practiced his knots all the way over, and when he got to Ethiopia, he went right in and started performing surgery.

There was a woman who had a large tumor in her mid-section and so he operated on her to remove it. When he cut her open, instead of a tumor, he found a calcified baby. He was so shocked, he immediately pushed the baby's head back in. She said she had been that way (pregnant) for at least three years.

One time Ron was down in the hospital kitchen area and accidentally bumped into one of the kitchen workers who were carrying a very large pan on boiling milk. He spilled the hot milk on Ron. Fortunately Ron was wearing a cap; even so, he was burned terribly all over his head and face. At another time Ron

contracted dysentery, a tropical intestinal condition, which was very uncomfortable. I had to give him a retention enema every night for 10 days. It was very difficult, but he was very brave.



Here I am walking out of the hospital compound gate.

Before our car arrived, I drove the boys to school in the little pickup. Initially, I was the only woman in the country driving. All of the embassy personnel had their own drivers because if they hit someone, they would have to take care of that person for the rest of his life.

Driving was hazardous because of the pigs, chickens, and people crowding the road. Once when I was driving, a man ran in front of our car. My bumper barely touched him; he stumbled, but was so frightened that he jumped up and ran away as fast as he could. A policeman was watching us and I was worried. But the policeman laughed and motioned me on.

Later we bought horses for the boys to ride to school. The little children began throwing stones at them, which frightened Ron. I gave him Bible picture cards to give to the children, which solved the problem. At another time we drove by the market place where there was a public hanging. Ron had nightmares after seeing a dead man hanging with flies crawling in and out of his mouth on his tongue.



Rosalie was born in 1946. You can see here that Ron and Merlin, Jr. were glad she had come along.

The Palace

Soon after we arrived, our friend Mrs. Hanson arranged for us to go to the palace and meet the Emperor Haile Selassie. Merlin, Jr. walked right up to him and said “Haile Selassie what is your dog’s name?” I’m sure no one had ever addressed him as anything other than ‘His Majesty’ before. And probably no one had been bold enough to ask what the dog’s name was upon meeting him the first time. But His Majesty Haile Selassie was very kind. (Haile Selassie was also known as King of Kings and Lion of the Tribe of Judah.)



Here we are standing at the main Palace entrance with Mrs. Hanson

Another time the Emperor was driving by and Merlin, Jr. jumped off his horse and bowed down with the native people. That was when the King noticed Merlin and after that started sending him apples. Some twenty years later he still remembered Merlin, Jr.

Before we went to the palace for the first time, Mrs. Hanson loaned me a dress because our trunks had not arrived. It was backless, but the weather was cold and I was wearing Merlin’s undershirt. So Zackia loaned me a cheetah fur coat to wear. When we arrived at the palace, a man dressed in fancy clothes came to take my coat. But I clutched the coat and walked right past him.



On the left Merlin and I are all dressed up and ready to go to a dinner at the palace.

Mrs. Hanson had me practice the curtsey ahead of time. I was nervous about it. There was a British woman right in front of me. But after watching her stiff curtsey, I thought that I could do it as well as her. Well I made it and then lined up with the women along one wall. All the men were along another wall. In the dining room there were long tables piled high with food. The centerpiece was an unborn baby camel stuffed with all kinds of food. I couldn't believe it!

When I was pregnant with Rosalie, we went to the palace to see the Emperor's Arabian horses. Ron and I stayed in the back seat of the car while the others got out. The weather was hot and so the back door was open, and a lion came strolling towards the car. I had heard they had tame lions at the palace so I didn't think anything of it. However, the lion began to climb in and everyone got excited. Later I learned it was not a tame.

Another time the palace had a party for the children and I took Ron, Rosalie, and Merlin, Jr. There were lots of Mothers and children. All were Ethiopian except us. We were all seated around a table piled with food. I tried to keep Rosalie from taking food from the serving platters every time they came around. She wasn't eating it, but liked piling it on her plate. The other mothers' watching thought it was funny.

At another party they gave out gifts. The value of the gifts depended upon the rank or importance of the parents in the government. The Ethiopian children received expensive gifts but ours got crayons and color books.

Gimbie

About a year after we arrived in Ethiopia, Dr. Claude Steen and his family arrived and went to Gimbie to run the mission hospital there. Gimbie is about 300 miles West of Addis Ababa but the roads were bad to non-existent, so it took two or three days to make the trip. We drove in a caravan of two or three vehicles. Leaving late in the afternoon, we planned to get to the village of Ambo the first night. A few minutes after we left home, Rosalie, who was almost two years old, wanted to know if we were almost there. I told her it would be at least two days, and she wanted to turn around and go home.



For three years people had told us about the treacherous the road to Gimbie, but we were ill-prepared for the adventure. Much of the road was like a cow path. On some hill sides some of the road or pathway had washed away. The ruts in the road way were sometimes as deep as 2 or 3 feet. On the left is one of the bridges we crossed.

In the last 100 miles there were 39 rivers and streams and almost none of them had bridges. We had to use a winch to pull the cars across one or two rivers. That's why it took three days to travel 300 miles. Some of the steep banks were frightening. On some occasions I noticed that Rosalie's eyes got big and she covered her mouth with her hands. Ron stared at the floor and would not look up. Merlin Jr. rode confidently in the back of the pickup, enjoying it all.



Sometimes it was possible to enjoy the remarkable scenery. Wildlife was plentiful including deer, foxes, monkeys, and baboons, which Rosalie called "bad boons." In Gimbie a baboon came up to Rosalie and tried to pick fleas off of her, but she did not appreciate that at all. She cried and cried. That is when she started calling them "bad boons."



Here is Merlin, hopeful that we would get the truck across the river.

Long-tailed birds could be seen in several bright colors. Thistle flowers on occasion were very large and bright red or purple. Fields of elephant grass towered 10 to 15 feet in the air. We closed the windows to keep the grass from hitting our faces, but then it got impossibly hot. We could hear the tsetse flies buzzing everywhere. Their sting was very painful, but worse yet, people were infected with malaria from their bit.

. How happy and thankful we were to come to our journey's end.

Everyday was market day but in a different village. We drove through teff fields to some of the markets. (The Ethiopians used teff for bread) The women did most of the work in the fields. We would see them working, bent from their hips, keeping their backs straight or concave. They work in that position for hours.

The markets were crowded with people, donkeys, and goods of all types. A typical market was held on a hillside with few trees. Most of the shoppers had no shade from the hot sun. In addition to food, some sold jewelry and cloth. One could buy animals or meat from animals that had just been slaughtered. We limited our purchases to food and gifts.

On the right is picture showing the Gimbie Hospital and residences. All water used in our house and the hospital had to be carried from the river up hill in tin containers that were strapped to the backs of donkeys. The water was red because of the iron and dirt. For drinking we would boil and filter it. For bathing we would leave the water in the tub and let the dirt and grime settle to the bottom before bathing.



We were told that we had to grow our own vegetables, so we brought canned vegetables to hold us over until the food from the garden was large enough to pick. We shared our garden with the deer and the monkeys who ate more of it than we did. The only vegetables we could buy in the Gimbie market were potatoes. Once a week we would eat Ethiopian food from the hospital kitchen.

There was an electric generator for power, when it worked. At night there was no electricity because they turned the generator off at 10 p.m. After that we used candles. One night when I came into the kitchen, I discovered a long, marching row of huge army ants. They had devoured some baby birds that we had rescued and were raising. We used kerosene to kill them.

There were wild animals all around. We saw a tiger and monkeys from our house. Every night at sundown the bats flew out of the roof of the house. Ugh. James wanted to catch a monkey for a pet. He built a trap out of wood and wire mesh and left food for it in the brush about 200 yards from the house. He would go check on the trap everyday, but he never caught a monkey. It is a good thing because they bite and are not safe.

Merlin did a very good thing. The hospital paid men to go out in the country to the villages and hold clinics. Merlin said, no they should charge their own fees. That system worked much better because the men became more motivated and developed more self esteem and respect. Some later became successful pharmacists. The entire trip was a memorable experience and one that we would not want to repeat very often.



After having successfully made it to Gimbie and back, we decided to take the long drive to Eritrea. It was a much longer trip but the roads were identifiable, though extremely winding and steep in the mountains. On the left is the driving party (Merlin, Jr., Ron, Rosalie, me, and Yeshi, our “adopted” daughter) resting before continuing

through a hairpin turn.

Ethiopia, the Final Years

In 1949 we were given a one year furlough and we returned to the United States. Most of the time we spent in Glendale. Our “family events table” gives the places we went in route. On the right we were leaving Addis Ababa on one of the first Ethiopian Air Lines DC-3 airplanes.



On the trip through Europe we spent a few days in Switzerland. In the photo below we are sitting in the mountains enjoying the view of Mt. Widerhorn.



From Southampton, England we embarked on the Queen Elizabeth liner for New York. Above I am standing with Rosalie at the ship's railing.



On the left I am standing with my Mother and Clarence in Glendale, which is where we lived for most of a year while the children went to school

Early in the summer of 1950, before we returned to Ethiopia, we drove to San Francisco. There we attended the SDA World General Conference. We were the official delegates from Ethiopia and wore Ethiopian clothes (see on the right).



To get back to Ethiopia we took an American freighter, the U.S.S. Independence all the way to Djibouti. Then we flew in a freight plane from Djibouti to Addis. In the plane we had to sit on metal, bucket seats surrounded by chickens and stacks of animal skins. The cabin was not pressurized and they sprayed it with DDT while we were still on the plane. Not surprisingly everyone got nauseated.



We worked in Ethiopia for three more years. In 1952 James was born (see photo on the left). Merlin, Jr. returned to America alone in order to go to school.

In 1953 we returned to the U. S. again. The highlight of the trip was our time in Jerusalem where we stayed in the King David Hotel for several days. We took side trips to the Jordan River, Bethlehem, Amman, and another to the Dead Sea. It was very hot and there was very little to see at the Dead Sea. Ron splashed salt water in Rosalie's eyes, and that was their most memorable experience that day. We were able to visit a Palestine refugee camp and saw

them working on various things to sell. We bought a few crocheted items for gifts. They were putting their time to good use.

It was very sad when we said goodbye each time we left. When we left in 1953 the Emperor looked tired and I'll always remember his sad eyes as he looked at me the last time we saw him. It was as if he was saying, "You know how hard it is." He was such a kind man but he had his faults too. All in all, we went to the palace about 10 times to see him and he came to the hospital many times to see members of his family who were sick.

In 1978 when we flew to Ethiopia the last time, it was three years after the assassination of Haile Selassie. We first went to Liberia and then Nairobi.

When we were landing in Addis Ababa they announced on the plane that foreigners could come only at their own risk. We had not realized how bad things were; there was unrest and shootings. Many of the women wore black to mourn those who had died in the fighting and slaughters. When we were in Ethiopia before the children would run up and beg for gifts, but now they just gave us hostile stares. It was sad to see what had happened to the country.

One of Merlin's greatest contributions was in starting the training program for practical nurses (see photo on right), called dressers, and later he began a full three-year nursing program. Many Ethiopians graduated and went out to the villages and countryside. In Ethiopia I was often a go-between. The hospital workers and nurses would come to me with their problems and asked me to intercede for them. Later I would bring up the issue with Merlin, and we would discuss ideas for solving the problem.



Yakima



After spending a year in Collegeville, Tennessee, Merlin found a chance to take over a practice in Yakima near most of his relatives. On the way to Yakima we spent time in the Spokane area with them. In the picture on the left I am standing with Merlin and two of his sisters Bernice and Lorene. Seated are his father and Sisters Mildred, Leona, and Irene.

In the late summer of 1954 we moved to Yakima, Washington and rented a boxy old house on 12th Ave about a block or two from Merlin's office. One day James wandered off and a policeman brought him home. He was almost 2 years old and had just learned to walk. He couldn't talk but he could point to where he lived, so the policeman was able to bring him back to the house.

That year Rosalie and Ron went to school at Brookside Academy. They rode to school on bicycles several miles away. Ron went skiing for the first time that

year and when he came back he was hobbling as he had sprained his ankle. He went skiing at White Pass many times after that and learned to ski well.



The next year we bought a house with a little peach orchard a few miles from town right off of Summitview Avenue. It also included a large vacant lot, and Ron decided he would make money by planting pumpkins. He worked hard tilling the ground and irrigating, but then he went off to boarding school in September. What was I to do with all those pumpkins?

Picking the peaches was also a big job. We canned and froze a lot of peaches over the years. In the picture above we are sitting in front of the peach orchard. Merlin had just gotten married to Nancy Strawn who is seated in front of him.

One morning Merlin was driving to the hospital, and a cement truck didn't stop at a stop sign and crashed into him in the middle of an intersection. He was taken to the hospital where he had planned to make rounds. The hospital called me and I drove there immediately. On the way I passed the intersection



where the cement truck had hit him. I saw both the overturned cement truck as well as Merlin's Buick (see photo above) that had careened over two front yards and moved a cement porch six inches. I thought, "Oh no! Merlin could not have survived this." Merlin broke a rib, cracked his knee cap, and always had some eye problems. It was a miracle that he survived.



In 1959 Clarence and his family came to visit and we all went up to Lake Chelan. We are at the northern end of Lake Chelan in the photo above. Clarence is on the left. The others, from left to right, are Robert, James, Barbara, Ron, Rosalie and me. We took our boat and Ron water skied 20 miles or so to the other end of the lake where we stayed at a resort. It stormed while we were there and some of our things were damaged. Later that summer Ron left, driving out to Berrien Spring, Michigan, to attend Andrews University.

La Sierra

In 1960 Merlin, Rosalie, James and I went to Ethiopia again. Merlin had agreed to run the Gimbie Hospital while the doctor took a furlough. During that time Rosalie went Vincent Hill School in India, and I went to live with Ron in La Sierra. While living in La Sierra that summer, I came out the front door and turned on the garden hose. It lifted up and turned over from the water pressure and sprayed water on the front porch. Somehow I slipped on the water and fell down, breaking my lower leg. I crawled into the house to call Ron. He came from school and took me to the doctor, who put my leg in a cast. While I still wearing my cast, I traveled with Ron, Merlin, Nancy and Jeanine to Honolulu. We stayed there a few days to meet Rosalie, who flew in from India, and then we returned with her to California.

Merlin, Nancy, and Jeanine flew on from Honolulu to Thailand to see Clarence, Charlotte, Barbara, and Bob who were serving a short mission term at the hospital. While sight-seeing in Bangkok, Jeanine tripped in front of a Buddha statue and then fell toward it. Clarence thought that was so funny because it looked as if she was bowing down to Buddha.

When Nancy and Merlin were flying to Nigeria, Nancy was pregnant with Joni and went into labor on the plane. Merlin excitedly went through the plane asking for scissors to cut the umbilical cord. But Nancy did not deliver until they arrived in Lagos, Nigeria. That is how Joni, their second born, came into the world.

October, 1961 Merlin, James, and Rosalie joined Ron and me in California. We rented a little tract house close to the college and settled down for a year until Ron graduated in 1962 from La Sierra College.

Yakima Again



We returned to Yakima in 1962 and bought a home on the Ahtanum hillside, which you can see in the photo on the left. The property had a small cherry orchard and Ron took charge of harvesting the cherry crop that first summer. In 1974 we sold the Ahtanum house and moved to one on Summitview Extension where

we had a magnificent view of Mt Adams and had a fenced pasture for Merlin's horse John. That house is on the right below.

Mt. St. Helens erupted on May 24, 1980 on Merlin's birthday. We were at church when it happened and needed to get home immediately. Merlin had to go to the hospital first, but I drove home in a dense fog of ash. I followed the curbing praying that I wouldn't crash into



another car. The grey stuff was floating quietly downward and made it seem like night. The police couldn't drive their cars because the ash clogged their car engines. It was several inches deep and much deeper in drifts. Merlin went to the hospital right away but then was able to get home that first day. Ash got under the shingles of our roof and caused the roof to rot. It started to leak a few weeks after the eruption. Meanwhile the ash clouds blew around the globe.

Merlin started the process of retirement the next year and by 1983 he was no longer seeing patients. That gave us more time to travel and visit our children and grandchildren.



In 1986 we celebrated our 50th wedding anniversary. It was a major event and dozens of our relatives came to Yakima for the celebration. Our church held a special service in our honor. These two pictures were taken of our extended family that wonderful weekend.



Highland, California

It was very difficult for us to leave Yakima after 34 years. In 1988 Rosalie helped us find a house in Highland about 10 miles from where she lived and the medical facilities Loma Linda University.



One of the first major events in our new home was our 55th wedding anniversary. On the right you is a photo of the social gathering for this 55th anniversary, which we celebrated on the patio in our house in Highland.

In 1996 we celebrated our 60th wedding anniversary and have a picture on the right of the large gathering of family and friends at Bob and Rosalie's home.



Loma Linda

In 1997 Merlin and I moved to Loma Linda so that we could have a smaller place, and be five minutes to the Loma Linda medical facilities and three miles to Rosalie and Bob. The next year I had a knee replacement operation, which made it difficult to get around for awhile.

Three years later on April 19, 2000 my beloved Merlin passed away after suffering for some months from heart issues. He was buried five days later. We

had been together for 64 years. I was glad that he did not have to continue to suffer longer but it was a very difficult period for me.

Late that same year a camera crew came from China's official CCTV to interview me. Also here for the occasion were Jack Stafford and his son Jon, Robert Stafford, Ron and his wife Nancy, James, and Rosalie. We sat around the living room, and they presented me with a special gift. I gave a short speech and a few others talked about their memories of my father Francis Stafford. The TV crew was here for a whole day. In the afternoon we went to La Sierra University to see my father's Chinese robe that the Staffords had donated to the University. That evening the University held a dinner for them, and the President of the University spoke to them in Chinese. The Chinese television crew of about five persons loved it and a good time was had by all. On October 10, 2001, Ron and Rosalie traveled to Shanghai for the opening my Father's photography exhibit at the Shanghai History Museum.

December 7, 2002 was my 90th birthday. For that event my children organized a wonderful celebration. At least 35 family and friends came and we had a great time. Below are Rosalie, Merlin, Jr., James, and Ron sitting around me during the ceremony.



We had a great time as you can see by my smile on the right.

In 2004 I moved from living alone to living with Rosalie and her husband Bob in Colton. Before I moved in Bob remodeled the master bedroom and put in a new bathroom for me. I enjoy being with them and appreciate the wonderful care that they give me.





In the picture above I am with Bob, Rosalie's husband, in their front yard enjoying their care. Below I am sitting with Ron and his wife Nancy in the Fall of 2004.



Ron daughter Gina and son Evan are standing on the right with me that same weekend.





Some of My Recent Reflections

As I look back over the years, I am so thankful to the Lord Jesus for His guidance and blessings. I am so thankful for each of you and for others who are resting, awaiting Jesus' call, especially my wonderful late husband, Merlin, my godly parents, Francis and Nellie Stafford.

In reflecting about my full and varied life I realize how important my family has been to me. There have been many diverse challenges. For all the difficult times that our family has gone through, we still have come through without animosity, but with good feelings and deep love for one another. I trust that my children and grandchildren's families will continue this family tradition.

Reflections from Merlin Jr.

Looking back through the years I am convinced that Mother's greatest legacy to us has been her love of the written word. And that really should not seem surprising since Grandfather Stafford made his claim to international fame as a publisher.

In far off Ethiopia we received Time and Newsweek Magazines that she not only read, but then also sent me off to school with selected articles and photos. The Reader's Digest was digested from cover to cover, and I regularly laughed at the anecdotal "Humor in Uniform" then memorized each offering in "It Pays to increase your Word Power!"

It was through all my years of educational endeavor, poring over the written word, that I was able to learn and to find professional success. Later on while living in Florida, I discovered my written voice and used it to gain an audience, first within the Orthopaedic community, then as editor of the Hillsborough County Medical Association Bulletin.

There was something both challenging and satisfying about knowing a subject so thoroughly that I could summarize it, and prepare it for publication in such a manner that it would interest the readers. Even more than that it brought meaning into my life, giving substance to ideas and emotions, which in written form became worthwhile.

Mother not only gave me life, she also saved my life!

We were settling into our home in Addis Ababa, Ethiopia and she was growing some vegetables in a small garden at the side of the house. It was on a weekday afternoon when she was weeding and watering while Ron and I were intermittently either being helpful or playful.

There was a coil of bright copper wire slung over a fence post just at the corner of our house and the garden plot that had caught my eye. So I thought it would be fun to make a loop about the size of a small bike tire from the wire and roll it around as a toy. I'd seen some of the native kids pushing barrel hoops or wire loops, guiding them with small sticks, and it looked like fun...definitely the "in" thing to do.

Lifting the wire bundle off the fence post and slinging it over my left arm, I started to walk away, not realizing that one end of the bare copper wire was attached up under the roof over-hanging the house. So as I took a step or two away from the fence it caused the wire under the eave to make contact with a live electrical wire, instantly shocking me, knocking me to the ground.

Apparently I let out a cry, either as the shock struck me or as I hit the ground. Mother ran over and saw that I was not breathing, so she grabbed the wire and even though she also felt a jolt, was able to pull it away from my body. At that point she recalls me lying there on the ground and gasping; then Peggy, our pet dog ran up and sniffed the wires...letting out a yelp, as she too got juiced!

The vision that stays in my mind is that of the hospital laundry workers lined up along the fence on the other side of our garden, standing there, watching. They didn't dare to touch the wire because they were deathly afraid of "corrente" that the Italians had used to torture prisoners.

Thank you, Mother, for giving me life, and for saving my life!

Have you ever wondered how it is that we as a family have so much consideration and empathy for others? Some time ago when this question first came to my mind I attributed the answer to our Biblically inspired persuasion that all are created equal, that God loves every one, saint and sinner alike.

Now I am certain that much of our ability and willingness to accept and tolerate so widely is because Mother set the example and standard. It was not until long after reaching adulthood that I even became aware of such words as "bigotry" or "chauvinism." We did not judge by outward appearance because we knew that "God judgeth the heart."

Maybe it was those years Eleanor spent growing up in Hawaii, a place where peoples of diverse heritage intermingled at every level. And where her father set an example by creating "cross-cultural" theatrical plays as well as directing a movie promoting cultural diversity. All this even before anyone talked of it being politically correct.

What a wonderful way to grow up, not dwelling on negative aspects of human nature, and without preconceived notions of caste or color. I am very grateful that as a family we have been so fortunate to have a mother whose beauty of character has never faded.

"Love suffereth long and is kind,..." 1 Corinthians 13:4

Reflections from James

My parents were my window to the world. They were both second generation Seventh Day Adventist. Grandpa Anderson rode a bicycle and sold Bible books from California to Washington State. Grandpa Stafford gave bible studies and held bible meetings in China. The call of Christ to spread the good news of HIS salvation is catching.

Dad's first grade classroom was the SDA church school in Dusty Washington. Mildred, dad's older sister would harness a horse and buggy and five of six kids would go down the dirt country road several miles to school. Mom was living in Honolulu when she went to first grade. She attended public schools through the 12th grade in Hawaii. Dad attended all Adventist schools including away from home in Granger and Walla Walla thru high school.

As a young family my mom and dad were called to spread the message of Christ. Dad's uncle was in Japan. Mom's brother's in-laws were in the Philippines. The Adventist proclamation is to spread the word throughout the world. It was expected that this young couple would go somewhere, after all as a doctor and nurse, the Adventist church would send them anywhere.

I witnessed Dad spreading comforting words about Christ as he attended to people's physical ailments in nursing homes, individual homes, after church, emergency rooms, hospital rooms, and operation rooms. He would always place his hand on them and pray for their recovery and asking God to give them peace.

Mom witnessed not in the background but right out in the open. She was a Leader for the Pathfinder Club, a woman's Bible group, and Spiritual Prayer Partner. She organized many a person's "makeover: home, hair, wardrobe, paint, toys, appliances" without the fan fair of television.

Our cherry orchard was just a stepping stone for people to gather. Many a young traveling Christian would come, shower, and be fed. While the fruit was being picked the "best of the harvest" was served on plates to people all over Yakima.

The summer was preparing food for the winter months. The picnic table in the back yard was covered, corn husked, and blanched. We would saw off the cornels and scoop a cup of corn into a freezer bag. At the self service cannery, tomatoes, peaches, cherries, apricots, were cleaned, prepared and canned. All the cans were black stamped with the contents and dated.

Sabbath days were always with people: young, old, visitors, preachers, singers, foreigners, couples, parents without partners, and kids. A walk after the food: along the canal bank, down the road, or to the top of the ridge was always

expected. At dusk, the Sabbath was closed with worship, songs, and prayer. Supper was simple: popcorn and fruit. The evening ended with a game of scrabble or a 35mm projection film from the public library.

My mom and dad showed me how to minister to those I come in contact. The journey of life is varied and full of memories. Let us all be ready for Christ's return. Our death need not be the end. Choose this day and be a missionary for Christ.

“Christ said to us, Go ...and preach the gospel to everyone.” Mark 16:15

I want to share the letter below from my mother. It gives a lot of our common history and illustrates some of my points:

July 7, 2005

To My Dear Son James,

As I have been working with Ron and Rosalie this summer on my memoirs, I wanted to make sure that details about your life growing up were not left out.

You were born September 7, 1952 in the same delivery room of the Zauditu Memorial Hospital that Rosalie had been born in six years earlier. It felt good to have a baby in my arms again. You smiled early and slept in the same little white crib that your brothers and sister had slept in. Early on two characteristics stood out. You were mentally alert and curious, constantly looking around the room to check things out. You had a way of charming us all. Rosalie was eager to hold and carry you, but you were too big for her arms. Ron liked to carry you, and at times he'd just smile at you. At this point Merlin Jr. only knew you through my letters, but was excited about seeing you. He had left Ethiopia a few months before you were born to attend Upper Columbia Academy, which was close to Spokane where Grandpa Anderson was living and near his five aunts and their families.

One day, while your dad was away, you began to cry. I checked the safety pins in your diapers and tried everything I knew to comfort you. You continued to cry, not an ordinary cry, but one of pain. I sent for the young doctor who had come recently from Norway to gain some experience by working with Dad. He was baffled; so when Dad walked in, I was relieved. Immediately he recognized that it was a bowel obstruction and knew exactly what to do. There was no question God had brought him home in time to save your life, our precious baby boy. Together we thanked him.

When you were about nine months old, it was time to return to America. Our journey took us by air and train. We have a picture of you riding on your Dad's shoulders in Egypt. From Egypt we flew to Amman, Jordan. Dad wanted to sight-see the Holy Land, so we crossed on foot "no man's land," the

100 yard neutral ground the countries of Jordan and Israel. . Jordanian men carried our luggage half way across and set it down, then returned to their side. Israelis came from their side, picked up our luggage and carried it the remaining distance. This was only 5 years after the State of Israel had been established. Tensions were high. We stayed in the King David Hotel and heard gun shots at night. We have a picture of you sitting on a tiled table at an Inn by the Dead Sea, so called because there is no outflow of water from this large lake and the salinity is so high that fish don't live in and plants don't grow at its edges. Our journey home included stops at Athens, Frankfurt, Copenhagen, and Stockholm.

Our visit to Stockholm was eventful because we were able to contact Adventist people who had sent out missionaries to Ethiopia. We had worked with a several wonderful missionaries from Sweden, including Sister Lisa Johansson who has been in Ethiopia during the war and met us when we arrived in 1945. These Swedish church people treated us kindly, and as the train station was leaving, headed for Oslo, Norway, they brought us a large box of disposable diapers for you. I can't remember receiving a gift that I appreciated more.

The train to Oslo passed through the Swedish village where Grandpa Anderson's sister lived. When we arrived at the station of this village, we asked if anyone knew her or recognized the name. No one did, but right before the train pulled out, someone came running with the news that she'd been located. Dad stayed to spend the night with her, while the rest of us went on. However, I was very concerned about how we would be recognized when we got to the train station in Oslo. The person that would be meeting us would be expecting to see a couple and three children, but Dad was not with us. How would we make connection? I scanned the station platform and saw a man holding a *Review and Herald* with a picture of Elder Spicer on it. What a relief. He took us to a hotel and ordered bread, cheese, and oranges to be sent to our room because he knew that we were tired and hungry. Dad joined us the next day and soon we were sailing for New York on the *Oslofjord*.

Once we were in the United States, we spent a few days in Washington D.C. with the Dunbars, who had become our close friends during the year that we'd lived in Silver Springs, Maryland waiting for our mission appointment. While you and I, Ron and Rosalie stayed with Dunbars, Dad went to Canada to pick up anew Plymouth that he'd ordered for us. This is the car that we drove across country to Glendale where we were reunited with Merlin Jr., Grandma Stafford, Uncle Clarence and Aunt Charlotte, Barbara and Robert.

After a brief visit, we headed north to see Grandpa Anderson, Dad's five sisters, and all the cousins. We have pictures of the big Anderson family picnic taken at a park in Spokane to celebrate our return home. There's one of all the cousins with Rosalie holding you on her lap and Charlene holding Norman. Both of you are big baby boys. There's another picture taken at

Aunt Leona and Uncle Dan's farm. You are sitting in a TWA travel bag under the big shade tree outside of Aunt Leona's kitchen.

We had no definite plans for the following year, so when Dad was invited to be the health-service physician at Southern Missionary College in Collegedale, Tennessee, we accepted. It was not an easy year for any of us. Dad soon recognized that being a college doctor was not his calling; besides he wanted to be closer to his family in Washington, especially since Grandpa Anderson was 86 years old. Dad left us in Collegedale to take a basic science refresher course in California that would enable him to pass the Washington State Boards so that he could practice in Washington State. He was gone much of the year.

During that time I went through early menopause and didn't do well, not knowing anyone except our neighbors and trying to deal with my teenage son, who did not want to be in Tennessee. (Interestingly, by the end of the year, he wanted to stay, rather than return to Washington.) I was trying, as best I could, to make a home for you children. It was there that you learned to walk, and there that you said your first word, "Mama," although you didn't really talk for some time to come.

The school year finally ended. Dad had passed his exams, and we were headed to Yakima, Washington where Dad was to fill-in for Dr. Coleman, a CME physician, who had been drafted into the Navy for two years. Around the corner from Dr. Coleman's office, a big, two-story house was available to rent. It felt good to have all my family living under one roof again. But it lasted only the summer because by fall, Merlin Jr. was again at Upper Columbia Academy. That September you had your 2nd birthday.

It seemed as if from the beginning you were fearless and adventuresome. One Sunday morning, the front door of the house had been left unlocked. You opened the door and started strolling down Yakima Avenue. A policeman spied you and thought you were a bit young to be alone. You couldn't verbally say where you lived, but you could show him. Answering a knock at the door, I was shocked to see you standing beside a policeman. The officer asked if you belonged to me, and I assured him that you did.

Yakima seemed like it would be a good place to settle, so when a home at 210 North 62nd Avenue was available for purchase, we decided to buy it. It had two acres of peach trees, but we were most excited because the house gave us space for all our family. You had a bedroom beside ours on the main floor, although for a while you shared it with Grandpa Anderson, and when Grandma Stafford came to visit, you shared it with her. The full basement had a large recreation room, a room Dad used for an office, a store room, and a bedroom for Merlin and Ron, and one for Rosalie.

Several things stand out in my mind about these years. I remember that you had a kindergarten teacher that cared deeply for you. This teacher was not at Brookside Academy, but I was happy to arrange for you to have a nurturing learning environment. Later in first grade, you had an inseparable friend Kenny. One day at school, while sitting on the curb waiting for me to pick you up, you twisted a small comb around and around in your hair. By the time I got there, it was so twisted that I had to cut off your hair around the comb to get it out. Another time the two of you were at camp waiting for us to pick you up. You accidentally threw a knife into Kenny's foot. As soon as Dad arrived, there was a little emergency surgery.

Rosalie remembers that often you'd disappear around dinner time.

Independently, you had made friends with the neighbors behind us, and one family started feeding you supper. You loved the meat they served, so I decided I'd better get to know them.

It was during this time that Merlin and Nancy's romance flourished. Merlin was smitten with the pony-tailed girl who rode horses. In June, 1958, right after Merlin graduated from Walla Walla College, they were married in the new Presbyterian Church near our home.

1960 was a pivotal year. Jeanine was born in February. In March, Rosalie broke her arm and had to have a bone transfer from her hip to fill the cyst in her arm. She graduated in May. That summer we took care of Jeanine while Merlin and Nancy were in Guatemala working at a clinic. Ron drove down with them and stayed a little while. Grandpa Anderson died in July. In August, Dad accepted the General Conference call to go to Gimbie for a year. In September, you turned eight; Ron went to La Sierra College; Dad arranged for Dr. Wilkinson to come take his practice; and I packed. Packing was a huge task. (Some people thought I'd never get it done.) In the recreation room, I used the ping pong table to sort things. In one pile there were things to be stored; in another pile were the things to take to Gimbie, and the last had the things to give away. To complicate things more, we had the house on the market, and then it sold.

In October, we boarded the *Queen Elizabeth II*, sailing from New York to South Hampton, outside of London. You loved the ship because there were so many different places to explore and people to talk to. And it was Rosalie's responsibility to keep track of you. After sight-seeing in London, we flew to Frankfurt, where we boarded an Ethiopian Airlines flight for Addis. The pilot remembered Dad from our earlier time in Ethiopia, so after the plane left the ground, the pilot invited us into the cockpit to share a once-in-a-lifetime view of the Alps. As far as we could see were white snow capped mountain peaks, tinged pink with rays from the setting sun. Now that we were nearly there, we were all excited about going back to Ethiopia.

I remember that you loved going to the hospital kitchen in Gimbie for wat and injera. They loved feeding you too. I also remember being divided in my feelings about whether to go to La Sierra for the summer of 1961 and be with Ron, or stay in Gimbie with you and Dad. After I decided to go, I developed a two week, three meal a day menu for our cook, to ensure that you and Dad would have variety, yet consistent meals while I was gone. I was planning on returning once college started in September, so I just packed what I needed and left. As you know, all our plans changed when I broke my leg in California. I'm not sure what month you and Dad "walked" out of Gimbie, but it was in the rainy season, and from your stories, it was quite an ordeal.

In May of 1962, Ron graduated from La Sierra College, then that fall began graduate work at the University of Washington. Dad bought Dr. Johnson's practice and office building and we bought the home on South Ahtanum with its 4 acres of cherries. You became a young man here. After the first couple of summers when Ron helped with the cherries, you were the one who helped me the most, taking charge of the picking crew and driving the fruit to the warehouse.

You finished the 10th grade in Yakima and then attended Laurelwood Academy. Right now it slips my mind why you chose Laurelwood, but there you worked in the print shop during your spare time. From there you went to Walla Walla College, where you further developed your skills and interest in printing. While Rochester Institute of Technology in Rochester, New York, was a long way from home, we were glad that you could attend and have a professional education in the area of your choice. It was here that you learned the art of printing, following in the footsteps of your Grandfather Stafford, the one for whom you were named.

I have memories of driving with you from Yakima to Rochester in your car, packed full of things that you'd need to set up house-keeping. On one of my driving shifts, I lost my way. When you woke up, you couldn't believe where we were. We finally arrived; mission accomplished. We found an apartment and some fine used furniture. You decided on your classes and I flew home.

I don't remember all the places that you worked. There was New York and Denver. It was in Denver that you met and married Anne. While it was a surprise, we came out to see you soon afterward. We were happy to meet Anne, the woman that you had chosen to marry. We knew that if you'd chosen to marry her, that she must be a special person.

You know the places you have called home in the years following. The one that means so much to me was your home in Huntington Beach, the times that I stayed overnight and the days at the beach. How I enjoyed the sound of the surf and hearing the calls of the gulls as they scrambled for the bits of bread we tossed to them.

Now you are in Eugene. Not seeing you often is made up for by your calling every weekend, and knowing that you're happy fixing your place up, and enjoying the birds, the deer, and Patches.

In the decades since you were born there have been many wonderful times together. The family has benefited greatly from your optimism, your humor, your care giving, and your many other wonderful attributes. Thank you so much.

With Much, Much Love,

Mother

Reflections from Ron

Those of you who have read this memoir were probably impressed by my mother's memory, especially about details of her adolescence and young adulthood. I was impressed too. Despite her claim of a failing memory, her memory of the past is outstanding for someone rapidly approaching 100.

When we were interviewing her, one of us would mention a time and place and she would immediately think of one or more stories. I remember her brother Clarence telling stories. I had not previously thought of her as a great story teller, but now I do. She claims she got any gift of storytelling from her father.

From my experience in working with her on this project I also discovered more about her gift of humor. As you must have noticed a very large share of her stories have a funny twist. Clearly she still really enjoys a good laugh. Her stories and laughter are quite contagious.

Also contagious is her enthusiasm for life. This attribute is demonstrated in the way she shows delight in simple pleasures such as birds and flowers, and in her optimism even during periods of hardship. As some people reach their silver years they get more cranky and glum. She has been just the opposite.

As others have pointed out, Mother is a very considerate, caring, and loving person. Like her mother she has been a person that many others seek out for advice and solace. During some of the Yakima years she was spending much, if not most, of her time counseling and helping the younger women in the church. Part of her secret is that she is a good listener. The other part has to do with her genuine concern and compassion for others.

Perhaps her greatest gift of all to her children, and others who have spend time with her, is the hidden or less obvious values that she has transmitted to us: kindness, humility, honesty, respect for life, tolerance, value of learning, gratefulness, commitment to family, compassion, generosity, self-discipline, and so on. I particularly feel grateful for the sense of the spiritual that she has passed on to me.

In conclusion, it has been a great privilege to have known Frances E. Anderson. I feel very grateful she is my mother.

Appendix: Major Family Events

YEAR	EVENTS
03	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • John August Anderson married Ida Henrietta Getzloff on Dec. 24 near Dusty
05	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Francis Stafford married Nellie Jensen in Mountain View, Calif. on Nov. 29
06	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Clarence Stafford born
09	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Stafford family went to China
11	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Dad (Merlin G. Anderson Sr.) born May 24 in Dusty, Washington
12	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Mother (Frances Eleanor Stafford) born December 7 in Shanghai China
15	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Stafford family returned to California and then Colorado.
16	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Stafford family moved to Hawaii
22	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Clarence left Hawaii for school in California
31	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Dad moved from Walla Walla to Loma Linda to attend medical school • Mother left Honolulu for nursing school at White Memorial Hospital in LA
32	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Francis & Nellie Stafford left SF to go back to China (Mother and Clarence & Charlotte went up to SF for send-off)
34	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Mother graduated with RN and then became ward instructor of nursing
35	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Grandmother Anderson (Ida Marie) died Feb 22
36	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Mother and Dad got married April 2nd (after meeting in November) • Dad graduated from LLU Medical School • Moved to Cedar Rapids, Iowa in June; lived in room in hospital basement • Dad's internship started at Mercy Hospital in Cedar Rapids July 1st • Mother taught nursing at Mercy
37	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Merlin Jr. born in Cedar Rapids, Iowa on May 25 • Dad went to Chicago to buy factory-new Ford for \$600, then • Family moved to Sikeston, MO to set up medical practice with only \$5 • Converted 1 bedroom apt for both office and living space; they shared • a bathroom with a woman in adjacent apartment
38	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Family drove to Washington State in summer to go to the farm • Grandfather Stafford died Feb 11 in Pasadena • C&C and Grandma Stafford came to Sikeston to visit • Bob Lynn born Oct. 11
40	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Moved into newly built house at 811 Moore St
41	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Family went to Chicago for medical meeting in the Spring • Ron born on June 14 • Grandma Stafford came to help and stayed until 42
42	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Grandpa Anderson and Bernice came to visit • Dad received Army draft letter • Family vacationed in Hot Springs, Arkansas • Grandma returned to Glendale • Dad stationed at Camp van Dorn in Mississippi • Family stayed nearby in run down trailer in trailer camp

43	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • In January Mother and boys took train to Sikeston • After few days took train to Spokane (no bunks; only seats with troops standing in aisles) and then went to stay at the farm • Later Dad was discharged and came to farm • Moved to Glendale • Moved to DC and bought home; Dad worked at Washington Sanitarium
44	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Boarded French oil freighter on December 24 to South Africa
45	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • In Feb. took train from Port Elizabeth through Rhodesia, Congo, Tanzania • From Mwanza, Tanzania took steamboat to Kisumu, Kenya • Train from Kisumu to Nairobi and then Mombassa • From Mombassa Kenya took British ship to Berbera, Somalia • Went by truck (lorry) to Diredawa, Ethiopia; • Took train to Addis Ababa, Ethiopia arriving mid-May
46	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Rosalie born April 12 in Addis Ababa • Anne born July 24
48	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Family took trip to Gimbie
49	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Left Addis by plane with stops at Sudan, Cairo, Athens, Rome, Switzerland, France; Crossed English Channel by boat; train to London; From Southampton took Queen Elizabeth I to NYC • Drove by car to Glendale, CA
50	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Drove to SF for General Conference and then to Washington State to visit • From LA Flew to NYC and then took SS Independence (US freighter) to Djibouti with stops at Alexandria and Aden; took cargo plane from Djibouti to Addis Ababa • Marylou born December 17
51	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Merlin started Ethiopian high school • Nancy Kehmeier born July 28
52	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Drove to Asmara and Massowa • Merlin returned to the United States to attend UCA at Spangle, Washington • James born on Sept 7
53	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Family returned to New York via Cairo, Beirut, Jerusalem, Televiv, Frankfurt, Copenhagen, and Edd, Sweden where Dad met distant relative; Left from Oslo for NYC on Norwegian S. S. Oslofjord • Drove across country including Texas in new Plymouth to Glendale, Calif. • Drove up to farm in Washington • Moved to Collegedale Tennessee
54	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Drove to Yakima; stopped at Mt Rushmore on the way • Rented house on 12th Ave near Dad's office at 1111 Yakima Ave • James wandered off and was returned by a policeman • Aunt Mildred and Grandpa Anderson moved to Yakima • Ron and Rosalie (and later, James) attended Brookside Academy in Yakima • Bought house off Summitview, 210 N 62nd Ave

	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Merlin went to Walla Walla
55	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Mildred and Grandpa returned to Spokane • Ron started at UCA
56	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Yeshe received her RN
57	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Visit to Altman's in Bellingham
58	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Dad's car attacked by cement truck; suffered fractures • Visit to Glendale • Ron graduated from UCA and Merlin graduated from Walla Walla • Merlin & Nancy got married and moved to Loma Linda • Ron started at Walla Walla College
59	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Clarence Stafford and family came to visit and we went to Lake Chelan • Ron moved to Berrien Springs, Michigan to attend Andrews University
60	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Jeanine born in Loma Linda Feb 1 • Sold house at 210 N. 62nd off Summitview • Rosalie graduate from 8th grade • Grandfather Anderson died in July • Merlin and Nancy (and Ron) drove to Guatemala to run clinic • Ron went to La Sierra College • Dad, Mother, Rosalie and James left for Gimbe, Ethiopia in October
61	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Rosalie went to India to school in March • Mother went to live at 5080 Geneva St, La Sierra • Merlin, Nancy, and Jeanine flew to Nigeria • Joni born October 3 on the way to Nigeria • Mother & Ron to Honolulu to meet Rosalie returning from India
62	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Mother broke her leg • Dad and James returned to La Sierra • Ron graduated from La Sierra College • Dad and Mother returned to Yakima and bought house, 5080 S Ahtanum Hill • Rosalie went to academy at Auburn • Ron went to Univ. of Washington
63	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Julia born Feb 26 • Merlin graduated from medical school and moved to Seattle for internship • Yeshe got married • Ron went to Stanford • Ron and Mary married in Yakima
64	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Merlin drafted into Army; he and his family later went to Asmara, Eritrea • Rosalie graduated from Auburn Academy in June • Rosalie went to Walla Walla College for four quarters
65	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Jennifer born January 31 in Asmara • Gina born March 19 in Stanford
66	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Rosalie attended La Sierra College, then worked in Yakima & attended CWU
67	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Rosalie had major car accident on Snoqualmie Pass and hospitalized in April • Evan born April 18 in Stanford

	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Rosalie went to Andrews University for a year
68	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Grandmother Stafford died January 2 in N. Hollywood, Calif. • Rosalie took Church-State tour of 14 countries • Barbara and Chuck married • Rosalie attended University of Washington • Ron and family moved to Minnesota; he started teaching at U of Minnesota • Dad and Mother spent Christmas in Minnesota
69	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Rosalie and Dave married in July
70	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • James graduated Laurelwood Academy in Oregon and went to Walla Walla Col. • Ron received PhD from Stanford
71	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Skiing trip to Mammoth
72	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • James went to Rochester Institute of Technology
73	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Robert and Kathy married (year ??) • Rosalie received BA in History from UCR
74	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Dad went to Ethiopia • Moved into house on Summitview Extension • Clarence died
75	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Merlin and Marylou married May 1
76	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • At Camp Mivoden 3 girls baptized
77	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Elsa and Roberto married
78	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Dad and Mother traveled to Liberia, Kenya and then Ethiopia in Feb for a week • Jeanine graduated Auburn Academy • James graduated RIT • Paula born November 16
79	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Julia graduated Olympia Junior Academy • Merlin and Marylou went to live on Virgin Gordo, BVI
80	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Rosalie received MA in education from Claremont • Mother had colostomy • Mt St Helens erupted
81	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Dad's first retirement party
82	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • James and Anne married Nov. 25 in Colorado • Gina graduated from Edina High ?
83	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Rosalie and Bob married • Dad retired • Dad and Mother visited Merlin and family in Tampa
84	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Lisa born January 3 • White pass skiing • Seattle ferry trip • Dad and Mother visited James and Anne in St. Petersburg
85	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Evan graduated from Edina High School

	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Merlin went to Ethiopia for Orthopedics Overseas, for 1st time
86	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Dad surgery – pituitary gland removed in Seattle • Dad and Mother celebrated 50th wedding anniversary • Jeanine and Calvin married (year?) • Merlin and family met Ron & family in Ozarks in August • Christmas in Yakima (Ron, Gina, Evan and ?)
87	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Dad and Mother went to Mivoden with Merlin, Jr. and family • Merlin went to Ethiopia for Orthopedics Overseas again • They also visited Bernice and family in Spokane; and Hodges in Coeur d'Alene • Ron moved to Belleville, Michigan for sabbatical year • Mother and Dad visited Merlin and family in Captiva Island
88	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Dad and Mother moved to Highland, California • Charlotte died and buried in Forest Lawn • Gina graduated Harvard University in June • Ron moved to Mound on Lake in August • Merlin had back surgery at Vanderbilt
89	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Dad had back surgery (Ron and Evan visited) • Trip to Big Bear Lake (Mother, Ron and Evan) • Merlin (and Julia) went to Ethiopia for Orthopedics Overseas
90	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Jeanine graduated from Pepperdine • Family reunion in August • Jack and Anne married • Ron and Nancy married on December 8 in Wayzata
91	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Merlin went to Saudi Arabia (Desert Storm) • Dad and Mother's 55th anniversary open house • Anastasia (Davis) born May 7 • Dad and Mother to Oregon to visit James and family in July
92	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Trip to Living Desert in Palm Desert (Dad and Mother with Rosalie & Bob)
93	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Dad and Mother visit Ron and Nancy in May • Jennifer graduated from Nursing at Portland Adventist Hospital • Merlin & family visited Dad & Mother in Aug; went on Palm Springs Tramway
94	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Northridge earthquake • Family reunion in August in Laguna Beach • Leona Smick's 90th birthday, College Place, September • John Goldman becomes Sheriff of Spokane County
95	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Balboa Island boat trip, March • Dad had surgery on shoulder rotary cuff • Jeanine and Jerry married • Jennifer graduated with BS in nursing • Jack and Annie came out for Christmas with Dad and Mother
96	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • 60th anniversary celebration including Jack, Barbara, and Robert Stafford

	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Gina graduated from Medical School at MCW • Gina moved to Dallas for residency at Parkland Hospital • Paula graduated from high school in El Paso • James visited Honolulu
97	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Dad and Mother moved to Loma Linda • Family reunion after the move • Mother cataract surgery; also coronary procedure • James had major surgery • Dad and James flew to Walla Walla to see Leona
98	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Ron and Nancy went to Catalina Island in November • Joni and Dave married in July • Mother had knee replacement • Ron and Nancy go to China first time for Stafford photos
99	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Davy Burt born • Loma Linda nurses reunion banquet • Rosalie becomes La Sierra Univ. instructor in English and in charge of remedial studies program
00	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Dad deceased April 19; services April 24 • Ron and Nancy visit Ethiopia in June • Gina finished residency and took job with University of Texas at Parkland Hosp • China TV crew came to film Loma Linda and La Sierra
01	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Ron and Nancy go to Honolulu • Lisa graduated from Austin High School in El Paso • Paula graduated from Vanderbilt on May 11 • Paula moved to San Diego • James and Anne go to Washington DC • Jennifer and Boe married August 24 • Ron, Nancy, Rosalie, Gina, Evan go to China for Stafford exhibition opening
02	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Jack's 70th birthday party • Merlin and Marylou moved to Fort Worth in the summer • Ron taught 3 weeks at the University of Hong Kong • Jack deceased on November 19 • Merlin and family and Ron/Nancy spent Christmas in Loma Linda • Mother's 90th birthday party
03	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • James and Anne moved to Portland, then Eugene • Ron & Nancy visit Stafford's and James & Anne in Portland in May • Ron and Merlin & their families spent Thanksgiving with Mother & Rosalie
04	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Ron worked with Mother to prepare this table from Mother's photo books • Evan travels to Malaysia and Sri Lanka • James & Anne settle in Veneta, Oregon while James works in Eugene • Mother moves in with Rosalie and Bob • Julia got married to Gary

	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Ron and Nancy go to Thailand 3 weeks before Tsunami kills over 100,000 there
05	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Ron retired from University of Minnesota • Ron got shoulder replacement operation • Julia and Gary had wedding celebration
06	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Rosalie traveled to Mekele, Ethiopia to teach in Operation Rescue program • Gina takes job teaching at New Jersey Medical School in Newark • Ron, Nancy, and Evan traveled to Peru to go to Machu Picchu
07	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Mother enters home hospice care because of cancer on her leg • Ron and Nancy visit Taiwan
08	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Mother taken off of hospice care because of improvements on her leg • Francis Stafford's Photo Exhibition opened in June at the Dr. Sun Yat-sen Museum in Hong Kong (Ron & Nancy participated in opening ceremony.) • University of Washington Press began publishing process for book entitled "Birth of a Republic: Francis Stafford's Photographs of China's 1911 Revolution and Beyond"
09	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Mother put into home hospice care again, this time for bowel complications. • She passed away on January 13; memorial service on January 17; burial at Riverside National Cemetery on January 21.

