

Twenty-five years! The beginning of new friendships, the beginning of new memories!
Turning back through the silver mist of years we have caught glimpses of "the good old days", and in order that we might share these with you, we are devoting a section of the Red and Black to Reminiscences.

AS IT WAS

Twenty-five years make changes in equipment and individuals, but children and teachers and The Seoul Foreign School stay about the same. Some pupils were short in English, many were at home in French, German, and Korean. Boys loved to tease and shock Teacher. "We will teach you Korean. Do you know the riddle? What are the little whitish things in your head that bite and bite?" "For goodness' sake, don't put such things in the youngsters' heads," I sputtered. Such a shaking of hats and shrieks of laughter as they shouted, "ee", "ee", "teeth", "lice" would deafen anyone but a teacher.

The first years we had only thirty pupils, seven grades. Chapel was held each morning, often led by distinguished visitors. The day I talked on "Make us fishers of men", Miss Joly (Mrs. Whitman) arrived with gentlemen from China. Suppressed giggles were not helped when I closed an appropriate prayer with "The Lord is my Shepherd".

We were housed in the old Tri-lingual Press building at Pai Chai. The desks were no three of a color, some double, all old. When one broke under me I "flew off the handle" at the laughing children. Splinters from the floor went through all three petticoats. Other accidents enlivened our days. Hugh Miller, now president of the Alumni Association, was thrown from his horse; Wilfred Twilley broke his arm while playing tag over the forbidden Sunday School Tent in use for the Mott meetings. School went out in a body when the Town Hall burned, and saw the tower fall.

We had but one room in those days. Overcoats were hung in the back of the room, we washed from a tin washbowl, and drank from a pail. Each kept his own cup with his books, or borrowed teacher's. I took the dirty towels home each night, boiling them up on Saturday. We did not miss the plumbing, as only Severance and two other houses in Seoul then had modern sanitation.

The community helped us with teaching music and drawing. It took a vital interest in all our affairs. Mrs. Avison had a boiling kettle and a huge cake waiting for us after a walk to the top of Nam San; the Underwoods gave us all tea when Pyeng Yang visited us. Mrs. Miller of the American Consulate taught us Folk Dances and entertained all Seoul in our honor. Our Athletic Club took walks around the city wall, up Lone Tree Mountain, out to The White Buddha (where we missed a huge freezer of ice cream sent by Mrs. Koons). We walked to Han Kang and on the way home in a river boat, we got stuck in the rapids. We took the new trolley line to Mok Po, crossed the Han, put on our high-necked bathing suits, pulled our black stockings tight, and went swimming. (It was after my day when an eagle flew off with Herman's pants and he went home in a towel.) In winter the boys taught me to skate on the rice fields, where the freight yards now stand. We also walked to the River and skated above the railroad bridge. On Saturdays we climbed Puk Han, walked to Nam Han, visited the cottages on Kwan Ak San or the "Messies" of the Standard Oil or British American Tobacco Company in Chemulpo.

Our building was old and dirty and hard to heat. One had to get to school early on cold mornings lest the janitor had forgotten to build the fire. The teacher compared unfavorably with those of London, Chifu, Pyeng Yang. "But perhaps she does her best. Let us all help". All Seoul did help, and those four happy years have given me life-long friends now scattered on every continent, but none dearer, then or now, than Mr. and Mrs. Morris, who have been as good friends to each succeeding teacher as they were to me twenty-five years ago.

Ethel Van Wagoner Underwood

Mrs. Underwood was the first teacher and principal of the Seoul Foreign School.



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| 1. DOROTHY HOGGARD | 13. ETTA BOWMAN |
| 2. MARY MOOSE | 14. RAYMOND AVISON |
| 3. ETHEL VAN WAGONER | 15. ERNEST TWILLEY |
| 4. MARTIN AVISON | 16. EDWARD AVISON |
| 5. ESTHER BECK | 17. RUTH MILLARD |
| 6. ELEANOR MILLARD | 18. JOHN MILLARD |
| 7. NANCY MOOSE | 19. HUGH MILLER |
| 8. WILFRED TWILLEY | 20. ALEC TWILLEY |
| 9. EDITH MOOSE | 21. FRANCES BONWICK |
| 10. FRANCES BECK | 22. RALPH MILLER |
| 11. RUTH BONWICK | 23. RUTH THOMAS |
| 12. ERIC VESEY | 24. MARION MORRIS |

S. F. S. saw its first real graduation in 1914 at which time Martin Avison, now working in the Jacksonville Chamber of Commerce in Florida; Raymond Avison, Production Manager of Millers' Falls Tool Company in Massachusetts; Dorothy Hoggard, Essex, England; Mary Moose, now Mrs. Goodman; Emily Thomas, Mrs. F. E. Wells; and Wilfred Twilley in Vancouver, B. C., were graduated from the eighth grade. As a representative of his class, Mr. Martin Avison writes:

1512 MacDuff Street
Jacksonville, Florida
December 22, 1937

It is indeed a pleasure to concentrate my thoughts for a little while on the Seoul Foreign School because it brings back such very fond recollections and memories. You know yourself, one cannot be born and reared in Korea without retaining a warm spot in one's heart for what can be genuinely called "home".

After spending about three years at the China Inland Mission School, Chefoo, China, and then another year under the fine tutoring of a Salvation Army lass, I found the organization of the S. F. S. was what had been needed for quite some time. Your reference to twenty-five years ago was rather hard to take. It makes me feel like an old man. So I say now most sincerely, "Was it only twenty-five years ago?" because it seems like only yesterday.

Our educational program was brightened and assured when the new school marm arrived from America in the form of Miss Ethel Van Wagoner. Reading, writing, and arithmetic at once became quite simple and a pleasure to us, but to the teacher it was probably a different story, because in due time she gave up the school to become the life partner of Horace Underwood.

School was held in the red brick building next to the city wall on the Pai Chai Haktang campus in Chung Dong. Our fenced-in playground kept us from roaming too far away during recess; it acted as a corral for the wild group of scattergoods that we were. You know, school days are an important epoch in the life of every one, and certain schools with their particular associations stand out more than all the others, and I can think of no school that brings pleasant memories to me like the Seoul Foreign School. May I take this opportunity to congratulate all of you in the school, and those who have been responsible for its growth and high standing. I hope that each of you will carry away the same pride, respect and endearment for the S. F. S. that I did.

Korea holds for me the only recollections of my childhood. Although opportunities for recreation and education were probably less twenty-five years ago, yet we could not miss what we knew nothing about. But even today, how could anyone have more fun than we did back in the "good old days"? Han Kang may be little known to most of you, but to us it was the Summer's Paradise. We had skating on the paddy fields in the winter, hikes over the mountains and around the wall in all seasons of the year. I know that my initials are carved some place on the top of every city gate. Picnics to the Queen's Tomb, trips through the various palaces, tennis at the Seoul Union, and an occasional movie were bright spots that will never be forgotten.

Again I want to repeat, that my memories of Korea and the Seoul Foreign School, the place of my birth and childhood school days, will always be jealously guarded as treasures found in a land that I can genuinely call "home". I have always hoped, and will continue to hope, that some day it will be my pleasure to visit Korea again. And, in the meantime, if any of you are fortunate enough to visit the State of Florida, the "Land of Sunshine", don't forget that the door of my home will always be open to you.

With Greetings to the Seoul Foreign School, and Congratulations on your 25th Anniversary, I am

Yours very sincerely,

O. M. Avison (*Marty*)

Grade School '14.

THE PAST—IN PINK RIBBONS

When this opportunity for harking back presented itself, I was delighted. It is my first attempt at memories and is therefore quite exciting. Who does not enjoy the somewhat frightening pleasure of stirring up old ghosts? Not I—I like ghosts.

First grade memories of the one-room schoolhouse behind the Wall near Pai Chai are surprisingly clearer than later ones. Miss Van Wagoner started me out on the path of learning—a procedure which I am sure should have been attended by ministrations from the birch if it weren't. I cannot recall the schooling now; I remember only long hours of strenuous play, hunting for buried treasure, the stirring up of an occasional snake, the care we took to avoid the green and yellow spiders, big fat fellows, that were in every bush. Then there was that marvelous hollow oak tree that served us so nobly as palace, castle, and hospital for the wounded in our continual warfare with the Kaiser. And there was the big City Wall which made such a contribution to our health and happiness—and to the permanently barked condition of our shins.

The celebration marking the close of the World War was an Event in our lives. The procession had more cars in it than I dreamed were in the whole world. At the program which was given in the big auditorium of the Y. M. C. A., we did our bit by singing the Marseillaise, et cetera, with enthusiasm and with only occasional misplaced notes. It was all very splendid and soul-stirring, especially the marching to band music. One morning, not too long after the Armistice, we lined up in the street near the school to shout and wave as the French General, Joffre, rode by. He had wonderful mustachios.

Third grade arithmetic is my first recollection of a Study. We came to learn (to our sorrow) that 2 times 2 were 4 "always, always always." Gracious. Never again. Dreadful torturing memories. Drawing was somewhat by way of being a compensation however. Mrs. Deming came twice a week, at which times we put away all other things and gave ourselves up to the bliss of daubing to our hearts' content—great green hills with houses, foursquare to the wind, in the foreground, and sunsets that were never seen on land or sea, in the background.

It was during the days just after the war, while we were living in a house next door to the school, that we had one of those periodical epidemics of measles. Only about half the school had it; the other half had to go on with arithmetic as usual. I belonged to the unhappy group that had to carry on, while the neighbors had it, and incidentally their holiday. A secret visit and things were evened up. We got the measles too and then we had at least one week of playing together out under the lilacs, in plain sight of the unfortunates who had to go in and study.

Our annual concerts in those years were given at the Chosen Hotel and the Y. M. C. A., and were tremendously exciting—to us. We got to dress up, and Stay Up, and what not.

1919 brought the Mansei Movement and mobs on the street and a good deal of unrest attendant upon the funeral of the Emperor. I recall our bitterness one Saturday afternoon when father came to take us home from a party before the ice cream was served. Before we reached our grounds, however, we were glad to have him with us, as we were badly frightened by a crowd that went roaring down the street, while we waited in a side alley till it was safe to proceed.

I began high school in the little room that had been partitioned off from the big one during my third grade days for the use of us small fry. When the first three grades were moved downstairs, this small room was available for high school, numbering usually from one to five students. There were five of us that year, shepherded by Miss Boyce: 3 freshmen, 2 seniors. We were warmed in winter, I recall, by a stove whose pipe went across the room above our heads to the chimney. One bright day it fell, of course, hitting our one boy a smart rap that surprised him. We were given a half-holiday to go home and take baths. Another thing I remember about this stove was the old tomato can that was filled with water and kept on top to keep the air moist. Many was the time during moments of despair over algebra that I received comfort from watching the steam curl lazily upwards from this brave can.

In 1921 Father Hunt presented "The Tempest" at the Town Hall. Marion Morris was sprightly as Ariel; Edward Avison stalked the boards as Prospero, Ruth Bonwick as Miranda, and Hugh Miller as Ferdinand. The writer remembers, with pain, singing in this play, in her role of Juno, but cannot recall why. The following year no play was given on account of a shortage of students. In 1923 this deficiency was made up for us by the Yokohama earthquake. The school received quite a contingent of new students, and it again woke up to life and activity. That year Miss Butterfield and Miss Coke put on an operetta called "On Mother Goose Isle". Jim Wilson reigned in this as Old King Cole, Estelle Zuber as Jill Spratt, Werner Baumann as Jack Spratt, Howard Rhodes as Little Tommy Tucker, the writer as Mother Goose, and so on. I remember, with incredulity, of singing again. The background for this play was a painted island, very green, against a sea and sky, very blue, and decorated with palm trees, very stiff, and suspiciously like pine trees in hoc loco. In 1924 Father Hunt was once more producing Shakespeare, this time, "The Comedy of Errors". Chance had provided us with two sets of brothers, the Baumanns and the Nobles, to play the Antipholuses and Dromios. Louise Koons and Evelyn Becker had the fun of playing Adriana and Luciana.

That play was the most fun of all, as far as pure fun goes. In 1926 "Much Ado About Nothing" was given, with Glenn Noble as Benedict, and his brother, Elmer, as the incomparable Dogberry. Katherine Smith played Hero, and the writer, Beatrice.

During these years, 1923 and '24, two changes were made in the housing of the school. The fall of '23 saw school opening in the rooms of the Seoul Union in its former location in front of the American Consulate, while the building where the school now is, was being finished. The next year found classes being held for the first month or two in the Pierson Memorial while Morris Hall was being added as the second floor of the school. Those two years were the days of the many tournaments back and forth with the P. Y. school, the years of the famous Jazz Band with their red and black clown suits, many parties, many teas—especially the twenty-fourth of May ones at the British Consulate, and several memorable ones at Mrs. Bunker's, where strawberries were as big as eggs and m-m-h! One memory which stands out vividly is of the June wedding of one of our teachers, Miss Beck, to Mr. Druitt of the Rising Sun Petroleum Co. It was held in the English Cathedral and, to our notion, was simply perfect.

Two years as a teacher, from '30 to '32, bring a new set of reminiscences to mind, some humorous, some perplexing, all interesting—to me at any rate. It looks as if most of the years of my school life were spent within the four walls of the Seoul Foreign School, and they were—at least the most important, and to tell you a big secret, the happiest!

Evelyn Becker McCune, '26



