

## Chapter 5: The 34th Man in the March 1 Independence Movement

The year 1919 dawned. Dr. Schofield became 31. Soon it was already February but there was no sign of coming spring. One blustery evening in February as the wind was howling outside, someone lightly knocked on his door. Dr. Schofield answered in Korean.

"Who is it? Come in please."

A man wrapped up to his eyes in a heavy coat stepped in. It turned out to be Yi Kap Sung.

"Mr. Yi! What on earth brings you here in this weather?"

"I'm sorry to bother you at this hour, Dr. Schofield," Yi said. Dr. Schofield knew him from Severance. As a matter of fact, they were close friends, being of the same age and sharing similar views on many things. But Yi had never paid a night visit to Dr. Schofield.

Dr. Schofield sensed that an urgent matter had come up. Without speaking a word, they sat facing each other with a stove between them. Silence reigned for a while. When the heat from the stove thawed the visitor's cheeks and hands, Dr. Schofield asked, "Did something happen, Mr. Yi?"

"The reason for my visit is to ask a favor of you," Yi said.

"Whatever it is, please tell me. I'll do my best to help you."

"You know Mr. Alfred M. Sharrocks, don't you? He is a missionary and the director of the Jesuit Hospital in Suncheon," Yi said.

The story that Mr. Yi told Dr. Schofield on that February evening was as follows: Dr. Sharrocks had had a sabbatical year in the United States and upon arriving back in Korea, had come to see Yi Sap Sung, a close friend of his, at Yi's home in Seoul. Dr. Sharrocks said that when he had gone to Washington in January 1918, he had heard that President Wilson was about to formally present his Wilson Doctrine, a 14-article peace proposal, including the principle of self-government, to the World Peace Conference to be held in January 1919.

Encouraged by this proposal, representatives from various occupied countries had converged in Washington to secure advantages for their independence. These representatives were fiercely jockeying for their countries' interests.

Dr. Sharrocks met with Rhee Syngman, Ahn Chang Ho, and many other Korean independence fighters who were active in the United States. These Korean men told Dr. Sharrocks that they needed a clear and unequivocal expression of the Korean people's desire for independence in support of their activities to make their fight more effective. Such

a display in one form or another would attract the attention of the international community.

Dr. Sharrocks was asked to convey this message to Korean leaders throughout Korea. Upon hearing Dr. Sharrocks' message, Mr. Yi confided in him that there had already begun an organizing movement by the upperclassmen of various junior colleges, such as Kang Ki Duk, Kim Moon Bo, Kim Sung Kook, Kim Won Byuk, Bae Dong Suk, Han Wee Kun, who secretly met with him regularly.

After Mr. Yi had this confidential news from the States, he accelerated the preparation. Ham Tae Young and Yi Seung Hoon, well-known Koreans many years his senior, voluntarily came to Yi Kap Sung and offered their cooperation since, they said, what the students were planning was a national movement and could use their help. To gain the best result possible, more people, young and old, had to join in. Under the guidance of Ham Tae Young and Yi Seung Hoon, the young students began earnestly to seek like-minded comrades throughout the country.

In the meantime, they selected Sohn Jung Do and Hyun Soon to send to Shanghai as messengers to the Korean leaders in exile there. The two men were to carry the message about what was going on in Korea.

However, the movement needed someone to act as a liaison between Korea and the outside world, as most of the Korean leaders were extremely limited in their understanding of world affairs because of the unrelenting surveillance of the Japanese police that prevented them from any access to the outside world.

For this reason, Yi Kap Sung, who was in charge of communication between the organizing members and the foreign community, decided to see Dr. Schofield. Yi thought that Dr. Schofield was the kind of man who would not hesitate to help the movement.

While intently listening to Yi Kap Sung, Dr. Schofield never uttered a word. Instead he was thinking fast about what he would and could do to help the Koreans in their fight for freedom.

"Dr. Schofield, what do you think about what I've just told you?"

"Mr. Yi, I will do what you are asking me to do," Dr. Schofield replied clearly and confidently.

As you know I was born and raised in England. I love my homeland as much as any Englishman, but I do not think it right that England has so many colonies. In the future, no country will be able to hold its colonies very long. I am sure of that," said Dr. Schofield.

Yi Kap Sung was moved to tears. He thanked God for sending this courageous friend to Korea. When he left Dr. Schofield, he did not even feel the stinging iciness of the wind.

While this movement was being organized in utter secrecy. Sohn Kei Bak, a Korean student from Tokyo, had returned to Korea, also in secrecy, to inform Hyun Sang Yoon, the principal of Chung Ang School, that Korean students in Tokyo were planning to proclaim on February 8 a declaration of Korean independence. This news was delivered to Song Jin Woo, Choi Rin, and Choi Nam Sun, who in turn informed Yi Seung Hoon, Han Kyoo Sul, Yoon Yong Koo, and Yi Yong Jin. These men agreed to join the movement.

Amid this favorable turn in international trend, the Korean independence headquarters in Shanghai had decided to send Kim Kyoo Shik to Paris to the World Peace Conference to be held in spring, and had already dispatched Suh Byung Ho, Kim Soon Ae, and Kim Maria to Seoul.

As this news spread rapidly among Koreans, the organizers decided to show to the world an unequivocal expression of the Korean people's desire for freedom. For this purpose, such Christians as Yi Seung Hoon, Ham Tae Young, Park Hee Do, and Yi Kap Sung joined the leaders of other major religions, Sohn Byung Hee, Choi Rin, and Choi Nam Sun of Chondokyo, Han Yong Woon of Buddhism, and Kim Pil Soo of Confucianism.

All of these men gathered every night to discuss the plans in detail. Toward the end of February, a final decision was made that the declaration of independence would be written, and the date and 33 signers would be chosen.

"We the Korean people proclaim to the world...."

Preparations were rapidly being completed.

Dr. Schofield, on the other hand, collected from foreign newspapers and magazines that he subscribed to every scrap of useful news and gave them to Yi Kap Sung. Dr. Schofield went to meet every missionary from America and England to hear news from their countries. If a missionary were to return to his country, he would ask him to do various things for the sake of Koreans. He was keenly aware that he had to keep every action and deed in utmost secrecy lest he might inadvertently jeopardize the movement. In fact, he was so careful that none of his students or colleagues had an inkling of what he was doing.

At last. Two o'clock in the afternoon on March 1, 1919.

Knowing in advance what was going to happen, Dr. Schofield had planned his course of action to the last letter. He went to the Tapkol Park with a camera around his shoulder. He sauntered around nonchalantly in order not to attract attention.

Suddenly, from inside the park poured out a strong, loud cry of "Long Live Korea!" "Long Live Korean Independence!" Dr. Schofield hurried over to the main gate to witness wave upon wave of Korean flags, accompanied by a chorus of "Long Live Korean Independence!" Dr. Schofield busied himself with taking picture after picture of Koreans

crying for freedom and independence.

He watched an endless parade of Koreans rushing toward the Kwangwha Gate. Among the crowd were the familiar faces of his students who shouted at the top of their voices, "Long Live Korean Independence!" Dr. Schofield was excited. He saw Kim Sung Kook, one of his students from the Severence Medical School, leading the crowd. At Kim Sung Kook's cry of "Long Live Korean Independence," with his arms raised high, Dr. Schofield found himself responding with his own cry of "Long Live Korean Independence!"

On both sides of Chongro Street, a swelling crowd of people began moving in the same direction, Excited and elated, Dr. Schofield followed them. The screaming crowd of people passed by the Kwangwha Gate and, joined by more people, surged toward the Daihan Gate. From the sea of people exploded continuous outbursts of "Long Live Korean Independence!" Dr. Schofield positioned himself across from the Daihan Gate as he kept pushing the shutter button of his camera.

The leading lines of the crowd ran around the Chungdong area, then began climbing the hill to the Sokong District. Up to this moment, there was no resistance by the Japanese police, who fell into utter confusion by this sudden uprising. By the time the crowd started toward Waisung-dae, the Japanese Governor-General's residence, Japanese military and mounted police forces had built roadblocks in all roads. Undaunted by this display of force, the crowd marched on. The police began attacking unarmed Koreans with sabers and bayonets.

Dr. Schofield wanted desperately to catch these savage scenes on his film, but he could not go near them with his crippled leg. There was nothing in sight that he could climb on. Suddenly he caught sight of an open window on the second story of a nearby house. As luck would have it, the front door was open and no one was around. He climbed the stairs to the second floor and positioned his camera at the window when suddenly a woman screamed behind his back, "Robber in the house!"

The Japanese woman had been watching the scene outside and didn't know someone had entered her house. She kept screaming, "Robber! Robber!" Dr. Schofield didn't know Japanese but he understood what the woman was shouting. He said gently, "I am not a robber. Please hold on a minute." Then, he kept on taking pictures. Angered by his behavior, the woman picked up a long-handled broom and attacked and pushed at him. Dr. Schofield had to leave. He put his camera back on his shoulder, smiled at the woman and walked out.

Under the Japanese armed attack, the crowd dispersed temporarily. The 33 signers of the Declaration of Independence voluntarily reported to the Police Headquarters and were promptly jailed. But the streets were still filled with people shouting for independence and freedom. After the sun set, in the darkened alleys and side-streets, people gathered and shouted. The fire of uprising in Seoul gradually spread to other parts of Korea as it if were an eternal flame that could never be put

out.

March 2, 1919. At early dawn, Japanese military police and other police forces began a house-to-house search for the students who had instigated the uprising. Other parts of Korea were swept into the same independence movement, but Seoul remained relatively calm.

March 3 was set as the day of the funeral of King Kojhong, who had been assassinated by the Japanese on January 22. The whole city of Seoul lay in deep sorrow and anger, but on the surface, it was calm. The police thought that people who had come from various parts of the country would go home before March 5 and things would return to normal.

Contrary to the police prediction, however, March 5 turned out to be another day of uprising. Led by Kang Ki Duk, a law school student, Kim Sung Kook, a medical student at Severance, Kim Won Byuk, a Yonhee College student, and Han Wee Kun, a Seoul Medical College student, a long parade of students in Seoul was formed in front of the Seoul Station and headed toward the South Gate (Nam-daemoon).

These students shouted "Long Live Korean Independence!" louder than they had before. Surprised and infuriated by another unexpected uprising, the Japanese police began to shoot at the unarmed students and civilians, who had to carry the dead and wounded on their backs.

Dr. Schofield, who had been in his laboratory since early morning, came out when he heard gun shots, to witness another scene of indiscriminate shooting and killing. He was outraged at the Japanese cruelty.

Consequently, the March 1 Movement started a chain of uprisings in every corner of the country, and numerous people were arrested everywhere. Tense days passed. Dr. Schofield spent every day in his laboratory. One morning he found a small, folded piece of paper on his desk.

In it was a hastily written message.

"Dear Dr. Schofield, I'm leaving tonight. I'm going to go to China. I don't think I'll ever see you again. I'm sorry I cannot say goodbye to you in person. Goodbye. Your student, Yi Yong Sul."

Dr. Schofield understood exactly what had happened. The day before Japanese police poked into every corner of the Severance School in order to find students that might be in hiding. Dr. Schofield prayed silently that his beloved student would succeed in getting out of the country.

Yi Yong Sul, a senior at Severance, was the leader of a group of students who mimeographed in the school basement a newspaper called, "The March 1 News" that was distributed to the citizens. It was to report on the events and affairs happening after the uprising. The Japanese police soon discovered the origin of the paper and made a

surprise raid on the school premises. They ransacked the school in search of the mimeograph machine but in vain. The students had hidden it under a pile of coal in the coal storage room. The police decided to arrest the students involved in the mimeographing venture. One by one, the students had to flee the country or go into hiding.

As days went by, the number of students missing from Dr. Schofield's classes increased. Dr. Schofield felt that he must do something in addition to teaching and experimenting in his laboratory.

He reasoned that since Japan was an ally of England, the Japanese police could not touch him, an English man. Taking advantage of this fact, he decided to help his friends by doing things that Koreans were unable to do. What he first could do was to observe carefully the cruelty with which the Japanese ruled Korea and report on it to the outside world. He considered it his first duty to let the world know how achingly Koreans wanted their independence.

First, Dr. Schofield spent every available minute on the streets of Seoul. Students were being arrested every day and police stations were packed with people suspected of having participated in demonstrations.

Whenever he saw a student being taken away by the police, Dr. Schofield went up to the policeman and said, "I'm a Canadian missionary named Suk Ho Pill. This student works at my house. He is innocent. I'll take him home now." Before the policeman could say anything, he would run away with the student.

If he happened to see a girl student in a police station, he would claim that she was a maid at his house and take her away.

Finally the police got wise to his tactics and were not fooled again. So, he went to see the Seoul Police Chief Maruyama and introduced himself. Dr. Schofield got a namecard from Maruyama's office. The card became a powerful political pass.

Continually Dr. Schofield offered safe places to students who needed to hide and treated and cared for wounded students. Frequently he would go to Seoul Station to see Korean suspects being brought up from various provinces. They were usually bound by ropes and guarded by haughty Japanese policemen. Dr. Schofield took photographs of these men and said a few words of comfort to the Koreans, most of whom tried unsuccessfully to hide their mounting fear.

Mrs. Chang Sun Hee, then a teacher at Chung Shin Girls' School, recalled a personal experience of hers: "One day I went to the Station with a friend of mine to meet her father who was coming home from a trip to Hamheung. When the train arrived, among the passengers pouring out, there were about ten country youths bound by ropes and guarded by the police. Suddenly I heard a voice saying loudly, 'What great luck ('soo') you have!' Everyone laughed. It was a Korean expression, obviously spoken about the reward given to the Japanese policemen who

brought in Korean suspects. Of course, it was a sneering jab at the Japanese police.

I looked around to see this young westerner standing there grinning from ear to ear. I had seen him from time to time at Severance when I took sick students there. The angry policeman--who turned out to be a Korean, sad to say--stared at the westerner and angrily demanded, 'What do you mean?' Everybody froze in apprehension. But the western man, still grinning, replied, 'Oh, I meant corn ('ok-soo-soo'). Can't I say corn has come out already?' Everybody burst out laughing. The policeman realized that he could not win and walked off with people jeering at his back. From then on, I always made it a point to see Dr. Schofield whenever I went to Severance. Even today I cannot help smiling when I see corn."

There was an English-language newspaper, The Seoul Press, published by the Japanese to explain and defend Japanese policies in Korea to the foreign community. Dr. Schofield had written to this newspaper frankly attacking and criticizing many of their policies.

The April 13, 1919 edition of The Seoul Press had the following article from "a foreigner." The president of the newspaper Yamakada was a friend of Dr. Schofield's and wanted to protect him by hiding his identity. Titled "Whether the Government is Good or Bad Depends on Whether or not the People are Happy," the article read as follows:

"Since its occupation of Korea, Japan has been saying that materially it has done much for Korea, but I want to raise a question, Has it been solely for Koreans? The duty of the government is to make the majority of its people happy. Only then, the government can be said to be doing the right thing. The duty of a government is not just to provide the people with material comforts, education, and strength, but to make them happy and secure as well.

"The Japanese government must realize the reason as to why Korean people have risen against it with what seemed like foolish courage. The Japanese government must do deep soul searching and recognize that what the Korean people want is not material things but real freedom.

The independence movement, which the Japanese police thought was a moribund one, began to come alive again as March 1 of the lunar calendar neared. March 1 by the lunar calendar fell on April 1 in that year. The beautiful spring days dragged on in apprehension and dread of another wave of arrests and torture. In the middle of April, what had been vaguely ominous came true in the ugliest, cruelest form. It was to be called the Suwon Massacre.

Ever since March 1 of 1919, the Japanese police had been seething inside about the unending resistance movements of Koreans. On April 15, a company of Japanese army burst into the village of Jeam-ri, Suwon,

called up about 30 young men, herded them into the church of Jeam-ri, and gunned them down from outside. Anyone trying to escape was knifed to death. Then, they poured gasoline over the building and set it on fire. There were some children among those massacred that day.

As if that was not enough, the Japanese soldiers killed more villagers and burned many of the houses in the area. It was on April 17 when Dr. Schofield heard the news of this murderous spree. The next day he set out for Suwon with a camera.

When Dr. Schofield got off the train at Suwon, the Japanese police interrogated him sharply because they wanted no leak, particularly to other countries, of what had happened in Suwon. Sensing this, Dr. Schofield told them he was going in the opposite direction from where the massacre had occurred. He rode his bicycle that he had brought from Seoul, toward the downtown area of Suwon. After a while he looked back to find a military policeman tailing him.

The policeman apparently thought Dr. Schofield was harmless and eventually went back. Dr. Schofield detoured through Wonchun, Chungnam-myon, and the rice paddies of Balanchang, finally to Jeam-ri. He pedaled as fast as he could.

Everyone he ran into on his way had a face deeply etched with sorrow. At a roadside he saw two small children crying pathetically in front of a newly-made grave. Dr. Schofield took a picture of them, which he still keeps with other treasures. At last Dr. Schofield arrived at the scene of horror. Among the ashes stood a charred column and a blackened partial wall where a church had been. All the houses near the charred ground had been burnt down except one little cottage that stood forlornly.

Making sure that there was no one around, Dr. Schofield held up his camera, when, lo and behold, he caught sight of a Japanese policeman and a westerner. The policeman came up to Dr. Schofield and asked, not too politely, "Who are you? What are you doing here?" Dr. Schofield did not know Japanese and just stood there. The accompanying western man interpreted for him.

"I am a Canadian missionary. I went to Suchon-ri on church business and dropped by on my way home," he replied calmly.

The Japanese man did not dare query him because the westerner was an American missionary specially invited by the Japanese to be briefed on the situation in Korea after the March 1 Resistance Movement. The Japanese wanted the American to report on it favorably for Japan.

Dr. Schofield asked the American, "Why did they burn the church and the houses?" The American answered, "A village loafer accidentally started a fire that quickly spread by strong winds, they say." "Oh, really?" was all Dr. Schofield could say but he could not believe the American's obtuseness.



While the policeman and the American were deep in conversation, Dr. Schofield stealthily took his camera out and took a picture of the scene. This picture, the only one of the Suwon Massacre, eventually served as the most persuasive evidence of the Japanese cruelty to the world.

Having heard that there were other villages near Suwon that had been levelled by fire, Dr. Schofield went to Suchon-ri and found only eight houses remaining out of the original forty-two. Since there was no one watching him, he was free to talk with the villagers, among whom one had been killed and many severely beaten. He visited seriously injured people and arranged to have them treated at the only government-supported hospital in Suwon.

It was near sunset when he got on a Seoul-bound train. The arduous and uneasy tour of the day made him hungry, so he went to the dining car. The moment he stepped into the car, he noticed a well-dressed elderly Korean gentleman surrounded by several uniformed policemen. The man's face seemed overcast.

Sensing that the only Korean man important enough to have police protection at the time was Yi Wan Yong, Dr. Schofield went up to him.

"I am a Canadian missionary from Seoul. My name is Suk Ho Pill," he said.

"I am Yi Wan Yong."

"By the way, Mr. Missionary, how can I become a Christian?" It was a question Dr. Schofield certainly did not expect. Mr. Yi, accused of being the most notorious traitor who had sold Korea to Japan, seemed to be remorseful, especially after the outbreak of the March 1 Movement.

"If you want to become a Christian, you must first ask the forgiveness of the 20 million people of Korea," Dr. Schofield answered. Yi's face darkened at this remark as the policemen became visibly tense.

Recalling the encounter, Dr. Schofield said, "I should have taken a picture of him. After that brief meeting, we arrived at Seoul. The next day I went back to Suwon as I had promised the people there. There were quite a number of foreign missionaries and Japanese policemen inspecting the fire sites. I went off alone to Whasu-ri where I found a few half-burnt houses. I took the most severely wounded man to the hospital and had him admitted. Then, I returned to Seoul."

The following day Dr. Schofield paid a visit to General Kojima, the Commander-in-Chief of the Japanese Army in Korea. When Dr. Schofield told him about the atrocities committed by the Japanese against Koreans, General Kojima admitted that the Japanese had gone too far. The general showed him the report that the Japanese had prepared for the Governor-General and the Japanese government. Dr. Schofield read in it passages in which the Army frankly admitted to its mistakes and

excesses.

After his visit with General Kojima, Dr. Schofield told of his visits to Suwon and his talk with the general to his Korean friends, the foreigners in Korea, and those foreigners going home, asking them to spread the words he had told them.

Dr. Schofield then produced two reports he had written on the Suwon Massacre, one on Suchon-ri and another on Jeam-ri. But he would not show the report on Jeam-ri because, he said, it contained details too gruesome for Korean eyes. Apparently he did not want to jeopardize the fragile relationship between Korea and Japan by arousing Koreans again.

Dr. Schofield's "A Report on the Atrocities Committed in Suchon-ri" read as follows:

"1. Suchon-ri

Suchon-ri is a small village situated in a beautiful valley. It is about 7 kilometers from Jeam-ri, the site of the gruesome massacre and rampage. I arrived at the edge of Suchon-ri on April 18, 1919. It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. There I saw a woman standing and asked her whether I had come to the right village. She said the village was indeed Suchon-ri. After exchanging a few words with me, she asked, "Are you a Christian?" When I said I was, she said "I am so glad to meet you. Thank you for coming. Our village was burnt to ashes. The church was destroyed and many people were badly hurt. Go down and ask around, please." Then I saw two boys. They turned out to be the sons of the minister. The woman and the boys were watching a column of soldiers marching off. They looked afraid and uneasy.

Suchon-ri had been a small village dotted with 42 little cottages here and there. Japanese soldiers came to this village, and when they left, there were only 8 cottages left. Everything else was in ashes. The hands of the soldiers were those of a cruel and merciless destroyer.

In the middle of the piles of ashes ran a narrow path. The ashes had not been swept off. The village people had no guarantee that their lives and property would be protected even if they rebuilt their homes. An old woman stood beside a few household items, her expression blank. Everyone looked as if the core of their minds had been torn out. Everyone's face seemed to be wishing they, too, had perished with their loved ones. Since all the harvested crops they had had were burnt, a few children were picking some edible plants in the field. The absence of policemen and soldiers gave the villagers courage to gather around me and tell me what had happened. They seemed to appeal to me to share their sorrow over the terrible misfortune that had befallen them. Though they seemed to have recovered from their initial shock, they were still afraid of what might yet come.

## 2. The April 15 Atrocities

At the break of dawn on April 15, a few soldiers came into the village. They went around with a box of matches and set the thatched roof of every house on fire. As the houses went up in flames, people tried to put out the fires. The soldiers shot, bayoneted, and beat the people who tried. One person was killed and numerous people were severely wounded or burnt. After making sure that the village was ruined, the soldiers marched off. When I asked the villagers whether the fire might have been spread by the wind, they replied that several houses began to burn at the same time, which meant that the fire was not accidental.

I found that the spaces between houses were considerable, and the village was divided along the natural borders, such as small valleys. So it was improbable that the whole village could be set on fire simultaneously and accidentally, unless it was done intentionally.

I asked the villagers to lead me to a man who had been injured. They took me to a small house, and I was invited into the inner chamber where I saw a middle-aged man with his left arm swollen twice the size of a normal arm. His elbows were deeply cut in several places, and the wounds were filled with yellow pus. The stench was terrible. I was told that a Japanese soldier whacked him with a knife when he tried to escape from his burning house. He was in obvious pain, his heartbeat 120 per minute. I cleaned the wounds and put fresh bandages on them. Fortunately I could put him in the hospital the next day despite a police officer's protest that he was a bad man.

The next victim I met was an old man who showed me both his thighs. One thigh had several scars from sword wounds, and the other black and blue marks. He told me that he had been brutally beaten.

In another house, two men were lying in bed. They said that the soldiers had dragged them out on the road where they were beaten by rifle butts. Their wounds were too ghastly to look at without becoming sick. I told them that they might die unless they were properly treated by a doctor. In one voice, the villagers expressed their fear and worry. They wanted to know if the soldiers might return or anyone from the government would help them rebuild. I promised them that I would return to put the two men in the hospital and to do whatever else I could.

## 3. My Views

I want to ask here for what reason were the people so severely tortured? Why were these insane atrocities committed? They do not know. They simply cried, "Long Live Korea." But the entire population of Korea joined in the independence movement, during which one military police officer had died in Jeam-ri and Jeam-ri had been punished for it by its complete destruction.

Do the people in Jeam-ri have any rights? What did they do to deserve

such ruinage? They are no more than slaves. Is there anything they can expect but the mercy of their rulers?

They say, "Those who persecute us belong to Japan, our so-called homeland. Therefore we have no choice but to fight to death against Japan till we regain our freedom."

The following day several foreign missionaries visited Suchon-ri, but no Korean was allowed to speak to them under the strict order of the Japanese police.

On May 11, 1919 The Seoul Press carried an article about the Sudaemoon (West Gate) Prison. Dr. Schofield knew the article, aimed at foreigners in Korea, was a Japanese publicity piece completely devoid of truths. He knew from the gruesome truths about the prison that he had been able to gather from his Korean friends. Dr. Schofield underlined the parts containing the most blatant lies, such as the following:

"The prison director Mr. Gakihara is a man of cheerful personality and generous heart. He is very kind."

"The inmates are allowed every day to exercise outdoors and have a bath every five days."

"The inmates can receive books, and Christians are permitted to receive the Bible."

"The inmates are taught various skills. When they leave, they are skilled technicians. In other words, the prison can be called a vocational school rather than a prison."

Dr. Schofield could not believe his eyes. "If the conditions of the prison were so good, it must be a sanatorium. The gall of the Japanese...!"

The next day Dr. Schofield's letter to the editor was published in The Seoul Press. Of course, the writer's name was withheld, again. The title of the letter was "Foreigners Are Unjustly Suspicious of Us."

"Dear Editor of The Seoul Press: I am very grateful to you for your article on the Sudaemoon Sanatorium (or the Sudaemoon Vocational School). A truly ignorant, mean person must have called it a prison.

"In any case, we foreigners were very glad to read such a cheerful and beautiful picture of the prison, because we have always thought that there were many prisoners jammed into a small room, bitten by parasites, starved and in rags.

"Contrary to our misconceptions, our Korean friends are said to have technical lessons, a cheerful atmosphere, and frequent baths. What a wonderful piece of news! But, may I

make a small suggestion? Why don't you translate the article into Korean and print it? Then, the families and friends of the prisoners will be so relieved of their worries.

"Forgive me for taking so much of your space. But I must tell you about a Korean man I have met. He had been beaten so severely that he will not be able to sit for a long time. His skin was torn off in many places and raw flesh could be seen. I asked him whether it was true that he was given good food and frequent chances to exercise in fresh air at the Sudaemoon Sanatorium. The man said he had been released only a short time ago. He said he had been given nothing of the things the article mentioned. If your paper would go there personally and confirm the facts, it would be a great service for humanitarian causes.

The Seoul Press replied in the following manner:

"The letter from a foreigner confirmed that foreigners are unduly suspicious of us. We cannot accomplish what we plan to do unless we have the cooperation of our foreign friends. Our government must be aware of this.

We are making a counter-suggestion to the letter writer and other foreigners of the same opinion that they pay a personal visit to the prison and find out the facts. The Seoul Press will make all the arrangements for them including the obtaining of government permission."

Ten days after this suggestion was made in the newspaper. Dr. Schofield visited the prison. Demonstrations were still going on sporadically here and there, and visits to the prison were rarely permitted.

As the days went by, the number of people being incarcerated at the prison increased at an accelerated rate. Many of those were Dr. Schofield's friends and acquaintances, among whom was No Soon Kyung, a nurse at the Severance Hospital. Miss No, a daughter of General No Baik Rin, was one of his ardent followers. Upon hearing that Miss No was at the prison, Dr. Schofield decided to do his best to help her.

When Miss No saw Dr. Schofield at the prison's visiting room, she burst into tears. Her face was gaunt and pain-stricken. Soon the guard told them that the visiting hours were over, but Dr. Schofield insisted that he had to see the cell where Miss No stayed. The guard's refusal failed to dissuade him and he was led to a cell, Room 8, Women's Cells. The room was big but dirty. From outside the bars, he said, "You are doing a very difficult thing, my friends."

Miss No told the other women in the room who he was and why he was visiting them. Everyone was grateful. Dr. Schofield asked who one of the women was, and Miss No said, "She is Miss Yoo Kwan Soon from Ewha School." (Miss Yoo was the most famous woman fighter of the March 1

Movement.)

Dr. Schofield had heard the courageous deeds Miss Yoo had done in her hometown of Chunan. With deep respect and sorrow, he looked at her, a teenager wearing the number 1933 on her chest.

Another prisoner, a short middle-aged woman, was introduced as Mrs. Uh Yoon Hee, a preacher from Kaesung. A young girl with a bandage around her neck was obviously in pain. She was Yi Ae Joo of Chung Shin Girls' School. A woman in her last month of pregnancy was Mrs. Un Myung Ae, who was the wife of the Commander of the Korean Salvation Army.

Ignoring the guard's repeated warning, Dr. Schofield comforted them, quoting many words from the Bible. He also asked the guard to take especially good care of the people in Room 8. His heart was aching over the plight of Korean people whose only crime was wanting independence and freedom for their country. He redoubled his determination to be a helpful friend to Koreans.

Several days later Dr. Schofield received a message that someone was asking for him in the hospital. He went there to find Yi Ae Joo who had been released from the prison on account of her neck injury. She had just undergone surgery. Her injury was proof of the torture that went on in the prison. Miss Yi told him that the Japanese torturers had burnt the legs of No Soon Kyung with hot iron tongs so repeatedly that she could not walk.

Furious, Dr. Schofield rushed over to the Japanese Governor-General's office. Hasegawa, the Governor-General, was not in, so he met Mizuno, his Chief-of-Staff. Dr. Schofield condemned the inhuman treatment and torture of the prisoners in the strongest possible words, and Mizuno, an educated, sophisticated man, instantly promised him that he would see to it that such practices would be stopped immediately. Dr. Schofield did not forget to pick up Mizuno's namecard.

With the card in hand, Dr. Schofield headed to the prison where he brandished it to the guards and demanded that the tortures be stopped at once. When the head of the wardens denied his charges, Dr. Schofield demanded to see Miss No in Room 8. She was helped out by two wardens as she was too weak and sick to walk alone. Still the head warden insisted that the physical punishment meted out to her had been done by the police. Since Dr. Schofield's visit, however, the women of Room 8 were treated much better.

Every week he visited the prison to make sure that the inmates were properly fed and their rooms adequately heated. He became notorious among the wardens while being hailed as an angel of mercy to the Koreans.

On June 6, 1919 The Seoul Press printed another letter to the editor, again anonymous, which Dr. Schofield had written in protest against Japan's retaliatory measures. He wrote, "Over a thousand Koreans were

killed, 1,500 injured, 1,000 imprisoned, 20 burnt, 1,000 lost their homes and over 16,000,000 people are living under this reign of terror. For what are these prices being paid? No one seems to offer any answer. But, everyone knows it is freedom. The above numbers are only an underestimation of the actual numbers, which are much larger. And yet, there is no freedom in this land. It was not Koreans' fault. I ask the courts to be generous and weigh every case without resorting to a false sense of authority. If not, Japan may someday have to endure worse pain than the Koreans are enduring now. For the sake of the future friendship between Korea and Japan, I urge Japan to restrain herself in the use of whips."

In the meantime Dr. Schofield recorded everything he had seen and heard in order to let the world know of the March 1 Movement. He tried to send his reports by foreign missionaries going home, but it was extremely difficult. The police inspected every piece of mail and luggage, coming in and out of the country. By and large the world remained ignorant of what had happened in Korea until Dr. Schofield himself left Korea.

It went without saying that his activities did not escape the unwelcome attention of the Japanese police and military police. An experienced detective named Ohoishira began following him everywhere he went. The policeman would come to him at all hours of day or night and throw at him such questions as "Aren't you a friend of the Japanese Empire?" If Dr. Schofield said he was not, he knew he would immediately be expelled from Korea, so he gave a vague answer, "You can't say I am not."

"Then why do you encourage Koreans to join in the movement?"

"I encourage them? They themselves rose up because they wanted their country back. Do you think they do it because I encourage them? Do they need my encouragement? That is an insult to the Korean people. Why don't you find out the reason why they had to?"

Unpleasant encounters such as this were repeated endlessly. It was insidious harrassment. The Japanese police could not mistreat a Canadian missionary with British citizenship for fear of international criticism. However, his visits to high officials were becoming an embarrassment to the police.

The Japanese police began to resort to indirect pressure. First, they asked the Severance Medical School to persuade him to stop his activities. Dr. Avison ignored their request because he knew what kind of fiber Dr. Schofield was made of. The pressure mounted.

The situation became so grave that a full faculty meeting had to be called. While Dr. Avison kept silent, all the other faculty members raised one voice--they wanted Dr. Schofield to stop his pro-Korean activities which might infuriate the Japanese.

They said that their duties were those of missionaries and educators

and they had no right to meddle in political affairs. If the school itself was in danger because of the political activities of one member, it stood to reason that the man had to restrain himself.

After quietly listening to his colleagues, Dr. Schofield spoke up. "The educational and missionary work we are doing in Korea is for the sake of Koreans, not anyone else. They lost their country because they lagged behind times and a few of their leaders committed treason in collusion with the Japanese.

Belated as it was, they woke up and rose against the chains imposed on them by the Japanese government. They defied even death in their struggle. Then, how can we remain mere bystanders? Every day we teach them in class and at church to repel evil and help the weak. Should we remain silent because of our fear of the police and military police, when Koreans are in the midst of their direst struggle?"

The room fell utterly silent. Dr. Schofield went on: "They say I am helping their independence movement, but how much can I possibly do alone? All I could do was comfort them and make the outside world be aware of their struggle. I have become very frustrated in the little that I could do for them, but I will continue to help them. Of course, it is merely my intention, perhaps foolhardy. I hope you will point out to me any time whatever error of judgment I may make."

Dr. Schofield lowered his voice and concluded, "I would like to apologize to Dean Avison and the faculty for causing enough alarm to warrant this meeting. But I want you to know that I did not do anything for myself. I have thought about the situation here. I will leave Severance if in any way my activities cause harm to the school or any of the faculty members, directly or indirectly. I will do my best not to cause any difficulty to the school or the faculty."

No one spoke up, whether because of Dr. Schofield's show of determination or their own lack of words to say. An exception was Mr. Owens, the Chief of Accounting of the school. He said, "I am in complete agreement with Dr. Schofield. If we are serving Koreans in education and Christian teaching, we must first understand their deepest and most essential desire." Other faculty members remained silent till the meeting was finally adjourned.

The Japanese police continued to exert pressure on Severance to send Dr. Schofield back to Canada. Dr. Avison replied that his contract was for four years and that his resignation would be considered next year when his contract would expire.

The police resorted to another tactic, which was threatening to arrest any Korean, civilian or student, who had close connections with Dr. Schofield. People began to fear meeting him. On the surface he seemed alone and isolated, but underneath it, he was more popular and beloved among Koreans than ever before.



Yi Kap Sung, now over 70, said of that time: "I had been in prison from the afternoon of March 1 on, so I didn't personally see what he did, but I heard continuously about his activities. When most of the missionaries were reluctant to get involved for their own sakes and their families' safety, he was valiantly different. I could not blame them. He was only 31, but he defended us so logically and courageously that it was incredible. No other foreigner dared. I have always thought that he was an angel sent from heaven to help us. He was indeed an angel.

Another person that comes to my mind is Owens. He helped us too. He genuinely cared about Koreans. He passed away last year, I'm sorry to say."

Toward the end of the first semester, Dr. Schofield fell seriously ill with fever. It was diagnosed as typhoid fever, which he must have contracted as a result of his rather careless eating habits. During his illness, he was well taken care of by his colleagues and nurses.

Dr. Schofield became so wan and thin that Dr. Avison advised him to go to Wonsan for recuperation. At that time Hamkyung Provinces where Wonsan was located was a part of the Canadian Missionary Parishes and there were people Dr. Schofield knew. Wonsan was a resort city on the eastern coast.

Wonsan was a perfect place for him. He had long quiet hours of rest. The blue sky, the clean air, the August sun, the white beaches and the cool waves of the Eastern Sea, the fresh sea breeze, the pine trees.... Nature was at her best in Wonsan. Dr. Schofield was able to enjoy his vacation to the hilt.

One day a young Korean woman came to see him. She said, "I am a teacher at Young Saeng Girls' School in Hamheung. My name is Yi Hei Kyung. Whenever I went to Seoul, I heard about you. A few days ago, the minister of our church told us you were here, so I decided to come and meet you." Because she spoke in perfect English, Dr. Schofield asked where and how she had learned English.

Yi Hei Kyung was a graduate of Chung Shin Girls' School and had majored in English at Tokyo Women's College in Japan. She took care that Dr. Schofield had a comfortable and pleasant vacation. After his health was restored completely, he returned to his busy schedule of teaching, laboratory work, and Bible classes.

In September 1919 there was a conference of the Far East Christian Missionaries. Missionaries from Korea, China, the Philippines, and Japan, 800 in all, were expected to attend. The representative of each parish was to be given 10 minutes to report on his parish. Dr. Schofield was selected to speak on Canadian missionary work in Korea.

Dr. Schofield knew 10 minutes was not long enough to tell the participants what he wanted to say. As soon as his turn came, he

explained in detail the March 1 uprising; his eyewitness account was vivid, spiced with his mischievous humor.

"I have much more to say, but time is up," he finally said. From the audience rose shouts of "more, more."

The chairman caught the mood of the audience and gave Dr. Schofield a sign that he could go on. However, the Japanese police officer was about to protest because Dr. Schofield's speech was distinctly critical of Japanese policies. As the chairman showed a bit of hesitancy, the audience broke into a shout demanding more of Dr. Schofield's speech. The chairman asked him whether he wanted to continue.

"May I have your attention, please. We will hear Dr. Schofield ten more minutes. But he may be sent to prison for what he tells us. In that case all of us will join in a movement to release him," the chairman said and nodded to the Japanese policeman. The audience burst into laughter.

Dr. Schofield spent the next ten minutes explaining how Koreans lived and what they wanted more than anything else. Throughout the talk, the policeman looked resentful, which worried Dr. Schofield a little.

Dr. Schofield decided to meet Mr. Hara, Prime Minister of Japan at that time. While talking with Hara, he pointed out the wrongness of the harsh Japanese policies in Korea and demanded that Japan change them. This time again he asked for a picture of Hara, which was later mailed to him. The picture was autographed by Hara. The next day when a detective came and interrogated Dr. Schofield, the signed picture played magic again. Upon seeing the picture, the detective asked, "Do you know the Prime Minister well?" "Yes, I've known him for quite some time. He is a good man," Dr. Schofield said. It goes without saying that he took advantage of his stay in Japan by meeting as many Japanese high officials as he could and pleaded for a just and fair treatment of Koreans. He was able to meet Kaneko Kentaro, Chairman of the Japanese Senate; Sakatani, Chairman of the Japanese Diet; Katoo, Japanese Ambassador to Great Britain; and Saito, who later became the Governor-General of Korea.

Around the end of November 1919, some shocking news was reported. The news was that a secret, patriotic organization of women (the Korean Association of Patriotic Women) which had been actively involved in the March 1 Movement had been betrayed by a Korean for 3,000 won. The Japanese police had arrested every one of the leaders of the organization.

The leaders--Kim Maria, the President, Yi Hei Kyung, the Vice President, Chang Sun Hee, the Treasurer, and Yi Jung Sook, the Red Cross Director--were close friends of Dr. Schofield's. Because of these women's activities, Dr. Schofield felt a renewed respect for Korean women who seemed so gentle and docile outwardly but inwardly strong and persistent.

Dr. Schofield found that they had been sent to the Taegu Prison and Kim Maria was in serious condition after undergoing severe torture. Despite the bitter cold of winter, he immediately went down to Taegu, holding the namecard of Mizuno, the Governor-General's Chief-of-Staff. The namecard worked again like an "Open Sesame," and he was allowed to see all of the prisoners including Kim Maria, whose countenance moved him to tears.

Returning to Seoul, he paid a visit to Saito, the new Governor-General. Unlike his predecessors, Terauchi and Hasegawa, Saito was said to pursue more liberal policies which he called "cultural policies" as opposed to militaristic policies. Dr. Schofield pointed out to him that governing by torture was inhumane, unjust, and ultimately evil, and called for immediate improvement in the way Japan ruled Korea. Saito heartily agreed.

Japan's militaristic policies had already become a target of international criticism, and the Japanese government had begun to be conscious of it. Dr. Schofield's visit with Saito was a timely one against this background. Anyway, after his visit, torture tactics were reported to be used far less.

When Dr. Schofield visited the Taegu Prison, his previous visit with the Mizuno namecard had been reported to Mizuno who had instructed the prison director to get the card back and send it to him. Upon hearing this, Dr. Schofield took a picture of the card and gave the original to the director.

The third time Dr. Schofield went down, he showed the photocopy of the card. The director had to laugh and let him see the inmates. He entered the visitors' lounge when he noticed a woman warden, obviously Japanese, who was extremely homely with eyes deformed by trachoma.

Dr. Schofield said in English, "That woman is really homely. How in the world could a woman be so homely." The women in the lounge could not help laughing. But he had no idea why they did. They knew the ugly woman happened to be a classmate of Kim Maria's at Tokyo Women's College and had majored in English. The woman was so humiliated that she ran out of the room. Dr. Schofield was remorseful when he was told that the woman knew English. She never again appeared at the visitors' lounge.

About his visits to Taegu, Mrs. Choi Eun Hee wrote in her book, *The Direction of Korea*: Yi Hei Kyung was so mercilessly invaded by mosquitoes, fleas, and bedbugs that she scratched herself raw. Her skin was scraped off, infected, and filled with mucus. The prison doctor, though he kindly treated her, was not very effective with the low-quality medicine he had to use. At that time American missionaries, Park Woo Man, Bang Hei Bup, Bang Hae Ree, and Uh Do Man visited the woman prisoners every week and held worship services. One day Dr. Schofield, whose reputation was well known to all of us, came to our room. He saw Hei Kyung's conditions and sent from Seoul an American

ointment that healed her within a few days. She was so grateful that she never forgot him."

The year was now 1920. One evening around 7 o'clock in January, Dr. Schofield was having dinner at home when a group of about a dozen students, men and women, came to see him. They were his English Bible Class members.

When he told them to be seated, one of them, a Yonhee College student named Shin Bong Jo, spoke up as if he were in a hurry.

"Doctor, we are very sorry to interrupt your dinner, but I would like you to meet a lady friend of mine."\*

"Oh, is she here?"

Stepping from behind the male students was a woman about 20 years of age. She looked gentle but her features showed passion and determination.

"I am glad to meet you, Doctor. I am Yi Kyung Jee," she said. Shin Bong Jo's introduction was as follows: "Miss Yi came from Kesung and finished Ewha Girls' School two years ago. Since then she has been teaching at Miryum School, a mission school in Kaesung. Of late the Japanese police mounted an increasing pressure upon the school to dismiss her for her anti-Japanese tendencies. The police also stipulated that she never be hired again for 15 years. Thus, she lost her job and cannot find another one."

Dr. Schofield looked over the girl again and decided that she was worthy of all the help he could give.

"Miss Yi, what would you like to do?" he asked.

"I would like to go abroad and learn more. But my family cannot afford to send me...."

"Then, I will see what I can do to help you go abroad to study." The following day Dr. Schofield and Shin Bong Jo went to Kaesung and met Mrs. Kim Chung Hei, the principal, of Chung Wha Girls' School. She told them that the richest man in town was a man named Kim Won Bae. Dr. Schofield met him and told him he needed his financial help to educate a Korean woman who would certainly be a leader in the future.

Mr. Kim said, "I have heard so much about you and your courageous help for our people. I have respected you all this time, but I respect you more now, as I see you exerting so much effort to help a Korean woman. However, I regret to tell you that I have donated almost everything I have to Chung Wha Girls' School and many other organizations. I am deeply sorry."

Though disappointed, Dr. Schofield was glad to have met a man like Kim

Won Bae. Mrs. Kim Chung Hei, who was that time a foster mother to Dr. Schofield, could not stand his disappointment.

"Schofield, I cannot let this worry you. My school has recently decided to send an alumna of our school to Tokyo to study under the condition that she come back to teach here. We will send Yi Kyung Jee, instead, and pay for her education," Mrs. Kim said.

"Thank you, Mother," Dr. Schofield said, elated and moved.

On hearing this story, Yi Yun Kyo, Kyung Jee's father, was so touched that he shared part of the expense. He had been paying for the education of his two sons in Tokyo and thought that a high school education was enough for a daughter. Now he changed his mind.

In the latter part of February, Yi Kyung Jee was ready to leave for Japan. The Chung Wha Girls' School had given her 60 won, and so had her father. On the day the south-bound train with Yi Kyung Jee aboard arrived at Seoul Station for a stop-over, Dr. Schofield was waiting for it. He found her easily and said, "Study hard for the sake of all Korean women." For Kyung Jee, it was only the second meeting with Dr. Schofield. She was moved beyond words.

When the train was about to leave and the bell rang loudly, he took a small package out of his pocket and gave it to her. No sooner had they said a tearful goodbye than the train began to move. Dr. Schofield smiled at the disappearing train. Yi Kyung Jee, after calming herself, opened the package to find 100 won in it! It was an enormous amount. She sat in the train with tears streaming down her face.

A year had passed since the 1919 uprising on March 1. As the first anniversary approached, the police intensified their surveillance while the Koreans redoubled their determination, though quietly.

Amid this tense calm, Dr. Schofield went to the Sudaemoon Prison to see the women in Room 8. Miss No Soon Kyung told him that the women under the leadership of Yoo Kwan Soon and Uh Yoon Hee had an anniversary uprising in the prison and as a result they had all been severely beaten. Dr. Schofield was impressed with the Korean women's courage and tenacity.

A few days later another piece of news came from Sunchun. Led by the students of Bosung Girls' School, another uprising had occurred. It was joined by the entire body of Shin Sung Boys' School. All the students were reported to have been arrested.

Dr. Schofield decided to go to Sunchun to meet the students. While there he thought he would visit Dr. George S. McCune, an American missionary in Sunchun, and Dr. Samuel Moffat, another American missionary in Pyongyang.

It was a brisk day in March when Dr. Schofield was led to the ground of

Shin Sung Boys' School. The entire student body was standing in neat rows eagerly waiting. Kim Sun Ryang, who had been a senior at the time of Dr. Schofield's visit, now its principal, talked about that day:

"When Dr. Schofield came, all the students had already spent more than two weeks of torturous inquisition by the Japanese police. But the boys felt ashamed of the fact that two Bosung girls had been sent to prison. Of course, the students and teachers had heard much about Dr. Schofield and were curious about what he would say. As soon as he went up to the podium, leaning on his cane, the student council president said, 'Doctor, thank you for coming here to see us.' (Thank you in Korean is 'komap sumnida.') Dr. Schofield grinned and said, 'Kom watsumeon, soshio' ('The bear is here, shoot him'), he was playing with the sounds of 'komap' and 'kom' and he picked up his cane and pretended to shoot. A roar of laughter burst forth. Then, he spoke in a serious tone, 'Let us sing a hymn. Hymn Number 370.' Since our school was a mission school, everyone knew it. Dr. Schofield sang the first stanza in fluent Korean and said, 'Sunchun students are as courageous as the eagles in the hymn. Do not lose your courage, work hard, and do your best for yourselves and your country.' The students were moved. They were also surprised by his excellent command of Korean. He seemed to want to say more but restrained himself because, we guessed, he didn't want to cause the school any more trouble."

On March 28, many of the people, who had been arrested and imprisoned more than a year before, were released, because it was the day the Crown Prince Young Chin, the last scion of the Korean Dynasty, was marrying a Japanese royal princess. It was in celebration of this wedding that the prisoners were released.

Yet, there were some prisoners who refused this special favor, for they regarded the wedding as a part of national humiliation. Anyway, the inmates of Room 8 were let go, too, except for Yoo Kwan Soon, whose rebellion against the Japanese was unswerving. Dr. Schofield was as happy as any family member to see his friends being set free and going back to their normal lives. None of them, he observed, had lost his or her conviction and courage.

However, there was one woman, Mrs. Uh Yoon Hee, who impressed Dr. Schofield more than anyone else. As soon as she was released, she went back to her work at the Bukbu Church in Kaesung. Day and night she taught young people and instilled in them patriotism and nationalism. She would seek out people in need and give them as much help as she could. Dr. Schofield was so impressed that he decided to call her his elder sister ('noonim' in Korean).

Observing her passion and fire that no amount of power could suppress, Dr. Schofield came to the conclusion that he would name his collection of records and photographs of Korea, An Unquenchable Fire.

Once again a new semester began in April. It was to be the last semester for Dr. Schofield whose 4-year contract was coming to an end.

A target of intense suspicion and dislike by the Japanese police, he stood absolutely no chance of getting his contract renewed. But he knew exactly what he was going to do once he left the country.

In the meantime, the Japanese police were in a quandary as to what and how they should handle his departure. The most worrisome problem was that Dr. Schofield knew every detail of the March 1 Movement and had in his possession eye-witness records and pictures, the most damning evidence against Japan. If he had not been a British citizen, he would have been easy to deal with. The police could easily predict what he would do the minute he got out of the sphere of Japanese influence. In that case, Japanese prestige on the international stage would be irrevocably damaged. The police and military police discussed this matter long and hard. Finally, a Machiavellian scheme became crystallized in their minds.

It happened on an evening toward the end of April. Mr. Yoo, a young helper at Dr. Schofield's house, was alone, worrying about Dr. Schofield. It was 9:30. Dr. Schofield never came home after 9 o'clock. Yoo had been with Dr. Schofield ever since he first came to Korea and knew his daily routine better than anyone.

As the clock ticked on, Yoo was overcome with anxiety and decided to inquire at the next door neighbor, Mr. Morris, but found the Morris home already darkened. Around 10 p.m. Yoo went to bed, but he was too worried to fall asleep. Long silent hours passed when he suddenly heard a strange noise from the direction of Dr. Schofield's bedroom. Going near the room, Yoo could discern that it was the sound of someone chipping away at some wood. Being young and strong, he decided to frighten away the intruder if it were an intruder. He kicked the door open and jumped into the room. But there was no one there. He rushed over to the window just in time to catch a glimpse of a dark figure running away toward the gate.

"Thief! Thief!" Yoo yelled at the top of his voice. The dog next door barked ferociously, soon followed by the entire dog population in the neighborhood. When Yoo got to the gate, the figure had vanished. Yoo went back to Dr. Schofield's room and looked over and into every corner. Nothing seemed missing. The two bedroom windows had screens on them to ward off insects. At first glance the windows did not seem tampered with, but a closer look revealed that one screen on the window directly facing Dr. Schofield's bed had a 30-square-centimeter hole in it and underneath it was found a sharp knife.

Yoo sensed immediately that the intruder was no ordinary thief. He remembered that the man in a tight-fitting dark suit looked like a detective, even from behind, and he must have made the hole intending to harm Dr. Schofield. The police had known for a long time that Dr. Schofield came home no later than 9 o'clock in the evening. The intruder was so surprised by Yoo that he ran away, leaving the knife behind.

Dr. Schofield finally came home around 11 p.m. He had been in his laboratory to prepare for the next day's experiment with the students and he had not anticipated that the preparation would take so long. Yoo explained everything, adding that the intruder could not have been a common thief.

"I am sorry. You must have been frightened," said Dr. Schofield who had known for some time that the Japanese police had him on their hit-list. However, that did not deter him from doing his daily work or putting his complete faith in God.

The following day Mr. Morris came over and said, "Dr. Schofield, it is certain that your life is in danger. I'll leave this gun with you to protect yourself." But Dr. Schofield declined the offer and reluctantly accepted the protection of Mr. Morris's dog. The dog, however, yelped and whined all night in Dr. Schofield's unfamiliar yard, and was returned the next morning.

The Japanese police and military police were again in a quandary after their first attempt failed. They reasoned that if anything were to happen to Dr. Schofield, whether it was done by them or not, they would surely be blamed. And if any harm would come his way, there would certainly be an international uproar. The consequence of this reasoning was that they had to ensure his safety. This unexpected turn of events served Dr. Schofield well and worked favorably for the Korean people because he could leave Korea without undergoing a thorough police search of his possessions, the most prized of which were his records and photographs of the March 1 Movement.

With the approach of June, Dr. Schofield's preparations for leave-taking began in earnest. First, he put into order the texts and laboratory equipment for the person who would succeed him. At the same time, he personally visited his friends and acquaintances, at home and in prison, to bid them farewell.

Yi Kap Sung, who was then serving a long sentence in prison, recalled: "I was led to the visitors' lounge where, I was told, Dr. Schofield was waiting. I knew he was leaving Korea. I was very sorry to see him go, but, on the other hand, I knew he had been terribly lonely ever since his wife had left. He was cheerful as usual and tried to comfort me. He said he was sorry he had to leave behind his Korean friends whom he wanted to help more. He said he wasn't really leaving Korea but was beginning a new phase in which he would do many things he had been unable to do while in Korea. Listening to his kind and encouraging words, I couldn't help crying. He saw the tears rolling down my face and promised that he would come back. In my long life I have never met a westerner who fought so valiantly for us and who had such genuine affection for us as Dr. Schofield."

Dr. Schofield did not limit his visits only to Koreans. He went to Governor-General Saito and his Chief-of-Staff Mizuno to reiterate his request that they be lenient with Koreans.



Before he left Korea, he invited a Japanese friend named Yamakata and a Japanese judge, ostensibly because he wanted to thank them for their kindness. Dr. Schofield said, "Yamakata was the president of The Seoul Press, a cultured man with a deep sympathy for the Korean people. He was a dear friend. The judge whose name I cannot remember was the very judge who presided over the case of the Korean Association of Patriotic Women. Though I got to know him fairly well, he was an arrogant man. So I decided to corner him someday.

I told them that I was leaving Korea soon and for old times' sake I wanted to invite them to dinner. In the meantime I told Mr. Yoo to make three large apple rice cakes for the Japanese guests. I also told him to decorate the cakes with chocolate, Korean flag on one, a maple leaf on another, and a sparrow on the third. Mr. Yoo protested that a Korean flag decoration for Japanese guests would surely cause trouble and he would rather not do it. My Korean language teacher, Mok Won Hong, who happened to drop by, concurred. But I assured them both that it would be all right.

The two Japanese guests arrived. We talked and ate. Finally it was time to serve the cakes. I had Mr. Yoo put the Korean flag cake in front of the judge, the maple leaf one in front of Yamakata, and the sparrow cake before me. Maple leaf, as you know, symbolized Canada, the sparrow, the people of London. Yamakata, who was a man of refinement and generosity, sat there grinning, for he knew my intent. But the judge turned red in the face and demanded to know who had made the cake. He glared at me. So I said, 'Don't be so surprised, sir. I bought the cakes on Chongno Street where you can buy them any time.'

The judge was so angry that he was perspiring. While Yamakata and I ate ours, he sat there glaring at us. I thought it was mischievous of me to put the flag on a cake, so the judge's refusal to eat the cake was just as well. Anyway, the two men left without further incidents. Even now I chuckle to myself when I remember the angry judge glaring at the Korean flag-decorated cake."

By the time his departure date neared to within a few days, Dr. Schofield began to devise ways to smuggle out his pictures and records. He decided to hide them under the thick bandages which he used to put on his paralyzed leg.

The next problem was how to take his manuscripts of An Unquenchable Fire out without having it confiscated by the police. It was a detailed eye-witness record of the March 1 Movement, 289 pages long, neatly typed. Consisting of 15 chapters, it was to be published in Canada. Dr. Schofield could think of no way to smuggle it out, and the more he thought, the less sure he became that he would succeed. Finally he decided on a plan: he spent several days and nights copying each page. Then, he wrapped up the entire 289-page record in several layers of thick paper and buried it under the floor of the storage house of the Severance Medical School. He took the original with him.

It was a day in the first week of July, when Dr. Schofield went to Seoul Station. Dr. and Mrs. Avison and several friends gathered on the platform to see him off. Dr. Schofield looked up at the green hills behind the Severance building, the pine trees on the Nam Mountain, the dark gray rocks on the Inwang Mountain, and the dazzling blue sky above them all. He had been 28 when he came, he was now 32.

"Thank you. I will come back someday," he said and shook hands with each one. Dr. Schofield arrived in Canada toward the end of August. As soon as he landed, the first thing he wanted to do was publish his record. Soon his articles and pictures were printed in Canadian and American newspapers and magazines.

However, his main concern was to have *An Unquenchable Fire* published. First, he contacted a British publisher who read it and rejected it for the reason that it was an expose of Japanese cruelty toward Koreans and it might jeopardize the British and Japanese treaty. He had to accept the rejection.

Next, he went to Washington, D.C., to consult with Rhee Syngman, who was delighted with the content of the manuscript. Dr. Rhee recommended a publisher in New York, Flemming Revell, whom Dr. Schofield went to see. The publisher wanted to publish it but he had no funds to do so. Dr. Schofield had to pay for it but he was financially unable to at this time.

The next step that Dr. Schofield and Dr. Rhee took was to go and see the American Missionary Association. They were told that the book was anti-Japanese and its publication would cause the Japanese government to interfere with, or even ban altogether, American missionary activities in Korea. In other words, it was too risky.

Dr. Schofield and Dr. Rhee went back to Flemming Revell in whose hands they left the manuscript with a promise that they would raise funds to publish it. Unfortunately, the publisher lost the manuscript. This catastrophe, however, did not stop Dr. Schofield from writing letters and articles in many newspapers and magazines about the harsh Japanese colonial rule in Korea and the Korean resistance movement. He was a true spokesman for Korea's independence movement.

It was through his ceaseless efforts that people in the world came to know what the movement meant. Until then few people knew or cared about it because the Japanese government thoroughly censored whatever had been written about it.

The people who were most profoundly moved by Dr. Schofield's writings and speeches were Korean expatriots. They wrote to him in droves, asked him for guidance about what they could do for their homeland, and invited him to speak to them. This enabled him to get to know numerous Koreans in the United States and Canada. They were encouraged and comforted by him.

In December of that year, he went to Washington, D.C. and met again several of his friends that he had known in Korea. Among them was Mrs. Shin Mathilla, a teacher of Ewha Girls' School. On her desk was a letter from Yi Kyung Jee whom he had seen the previous summer in Tokyo on his way back to Canada. But the letter was from Shanghai, China. Dr. Schofield could not restrain his curiosity and asked, "Mrs. Shin, do you know Yi Kyung Jee?"

"Yes, I do. She was a few years behind me at Ewha. A very bright girl. Do you know her?"

"Yes, I do, but where is she now?"

"She is in Shanghai."

"That is why I am asking. She was in Tokyo last July."

"I just received this letter. She said she went to Shanghai last October."

"She did?"

"You know Korean. Why don't you read her letter? It's all right with me."

The letter read: "Dear Sister Mathilla, how are you? Now I know how it is to live in a foreign land. I'm staying at the home of Mrs. Kim Soon Ae, and have heard about you from her. When Dr. Kim Kyu Shik had his brain surgery after the Paris Conference, I was told that your nursing helped him recover. I'm very proud of you. Last February I was admitted into the 5th year of Tokyo Shilchun Girls' School. Next year I was going to go on to college, but in August I heard from Chung Wha School in Kaesung that it could no longer support two girls because of its worsening financial situation. So, I decided to give way to my friend, who is a Chung Wha graduate. After all, I am an Ewha girl. So it became impossible for me to stay on in Tokyo. I didn't want to study in Japan anymore but I couldn't go back to Korea either. I wanted very much to go to America but found it was impossible. So I decided to go to China, not because I knew anyone there but because I thought I might survive there. The day I arrived in Shanghai was a Sunday and I went to church, where, to my surprise, I met Kim Won Kyung and Kim Soon Ae. At that point, I burst into tears. I'm now staying with Sister Soon Ae. She recommends that I attend a teachers' college in Soju, an American missionary school. The school semester begins in spring, so I'm going to find a job and work till then. I pray for your health and send my warmest regards to you and your loved ones.

October 25, 1920

Yi Kyung Jee

"Who is Kim Soon Ae?" Dr. Schofield asked.

"She is the wife of Dr. Kim Kyu Shik. Kim Won Kyung and she are our comrades," Mrs. Shin said. Dr. Schofield wrote down Yi Kyung Jee's address in Shanghai.

While in Washington, Dr. Schofield gave a speech titled, "Korea's Soul is Not Dead," to the packed audience of a church. His lively delivery, his ironic and witty humor, livened up his serious subject. At the end of his speech he said, "Ladies and gentlemen, Korean people are putting their lives on the line in order to regain their country. For them to succeed, they sorely need educated leaders. If you feel genuine sympathy for their struggle for freedom, please be generous in raising funds to send Koreans to schools."

He then talked about Yi Kyung Jee. The audience responded instantly and collected 2,000 dollars then and there. It goes without saying that he sent it to her with a note. The note read: "I myself worked my way through college and I know how hard it is. One is liable to lose sight of one's purpose behind all the struggle and hardship. I hope you will concentrate on your study and dutifully serve for the future of Korean women."

Yi Kyung Jee later graduated from Soju Teachers' College with honors and devoted herself to educating women, particularly working women. Currently serving as the director of Bong Eun Nursery School, Yi Kyung Jee said, "There is no one like Dr. Schofield. When I received the money, I felt more bewilderment than gratitude because I didn't quite grasp the depth of such a man. Later he sent me 2,000 dollars more. I studied very hard but I was never good enough to live up to his expectations. I'm ashamed that I haven't done as much for Korean women as I wished. However, one thing I can promise is that I'll work to the best of my ability till I die."