[page 61]

**Three Koreas I Have Known**

**Henry Dodge Appenzeller**

INTRODUCTION

In October 1951, Henry Dodge Appenzeller reflected upon his experience in Korea which had spanned a lifetime from 1889 to 1953. In this paper, “Three Koreas I have Known, “ Appenzeller discussed three phases of Korean history; Korea of the late 19th century, Korea of the Japanese occupation, and Korea of the North/South division.\* Although much of what he wrote about has been recorded elsewhere, Appenzeller’s reflections provide a significant first person historical perspective on three important periods in contemporary Korean history. That perspective is especially timely as we approach the reunification of North and South Korea and the inauguration of the “Fourth Korea”一the Korea of Reunification.

It is the consensus of Henry D. Appenzeller’s two daughters and son—Margaret Noble Appenzeller Huyler, Carol Appenzeller Sheffield, and Richard D. Appenzeller—that ‘Three Koreas I Have Known’ must have been an off-the-cuff oral delivery in Pusan during the Korean War, a talk which may have been recorded and transcribed by one of his listeners, perhaps one of his staff.” The original copy contained uncharacteristic, for Henry D. Appenzeller, errors in grammar and syntax, errors which we (Margaret and John Huyler, and Daniel Davies) have edited while painstakingly striving to preserve the content.

The paper also contains historical errors, which certainly have their origin in the same off-the-cuff nature of the talk—H.D. Appenzeller gave the talk in wartime Pusan, away from diaries and history books. He spoke strictly from memory. Be that as it may, we felt obliged to present the historical statements exactly as presented in the original document. Footnotes have been included to correct historical errors or provide clarity, and information has been placed in brackets in the text to make the article more comprehensiole, [page 62] but I have attempted to keep editorial comments to a minimum to permit H.D. Appenzeller’s article to speak for itself.

We are grateful to Dr. Horace G. Underwood for a critical reading of the document and making suggestions for improvement of footnotes. Special thanks go to Henry D. Appenzeller’s son and daughters (Richard Appenzeller, Margaret Huyler, and Carol Sheffield) for their assistance in preparing, and permission to publish, their father’s article.

Daniel M. Davies

25 December 1991

Seoul, Korea [page 63]

**THREE KOREAS I HAVE KNOWN**

Up until the very middle of this our twentieth century, Korea was known only by some merchants and missionaries, some government officials and students of world movements, but not at all by the man on the street throughout the world. On the other hand, since the fatal “six-two-five” as the Koreans call it, June 25th, [1950] Korea is known around the world as the testing ground of two ways of living.

By accident of birth, it was my good fortune to be born in 1889 of American parents in Seoul, Korea, giving me the privilege of American citizenship, but the inevitable tedium of always having to explain and offer proof of it, as does anyone born abroad. I have known three Koreas in my lifetime, each a distinct and different country with the background of familiar mountains and streams, smells and sounds, yet each giving one a feeling of having come back to earth in some new incarnation. I little realized at those times the changes that had come over the observer as well as the observed. I suppose this is true in the life of anyone as he may review the alterations that have taken place in the old home town.

I. THE KOREA OF MY CHILDHOOD. My father, Henry G. Appenzeller, and mother, Ella Dodge Appenzeller, were pioneer missionaries of the Methodist Church, who arrived with Horace G. Underwood of the Presbyterian Church at Inchon harbor, then known as Chemulpo, on Easter Sunday, April 5, 1885. Through a treaty of amity and commerce with the United States, Korea had opened her doors to the United States only three years before. Subsequently, legations of the great powers had been established in Seoul, and the Hermit Kingdom, as it was then called, had broken her long separation from the rest of the world and plunged into a kaleidoscopic clatter of events, the impact of the new upon the old.

All of this took place, of course, many years after the opening of the country and the founding by my father, shortly after his arrival in 1885, of the first school of Western learning. The Korean king graciously had given the school its name, Paichai—the first Chinese character means “rearing, or raising” and the second, “useful timber.” This name has stood through the years for both the new and the old, a symbol of Korean patriotism during the long years of Japanese domination, as attested to by their many futile attempts...to do away with the significant name Paichai.

In the Korea of my childhood the men wore top-knots and horse-hair hats; the flowing white coat, or turumagie, was universal with them. Women were not seen frequently, and when they did appear, wore green capes over [page 34] their heads as a covering for their faces, although old women exposed their wrinkled countenances with impunity. Both boys and girls wore pigtails, the former putting their hair up in topknots at the time of marriage. It was quite an innovation, therefore, when the first brave students at Paichai followed the leadership of Philip Jaisohn [So Jae-p’il]...returned from America [January 1896], and cut their hair.

It was, indeed, a Korea of the Koreans in my boyhood. The few apple trees which my father had imported and tended so carefully, the three American cherry trees, the strawberries which my mother watched so fondly, all these commonplaces of the present had their beginnings in Korea in the days of my youth. I remember seeing the signal fires on the South Mountain, Namsan, fires which were flashed from peak to peak along the coastline of the country back to the capital to indicate some seeming threat from the outside upon the peace of the Kingdom.

There was no education for girls in old Korea other than that absorbed in the home or the training of the specialized keisang, or dancing girls, who entertained at court or public places. It was Mrs. Mary F. Scranton, mother of medical missionary, Dr. W.B. Scranton, who started the first school for girls in 1886 in Korea. This time it was the Queen who gave the school its name: “Pear Flower School” or Ewha, another honored name which has continued to the present in the great Ewha Woman’s University. There was opposition to sending girls to this newfangled institution, and at first only the brave or the homeless could be enrolled because of the wild tales that were circulated. It was said that these foreigners wanted to eat the eyes of children and so were gathering girls for horrible purposes.

Those were turbulent times. Japan went to war with China as a test of supremacy in the Orient, asserting her leadership as the growing military giant, the giant which finally attacked at Pearl Harbor. Li Hung Chang was a young consular official in the Chinese Embassy in Korea in those days, where he earned his spurs which later brought him the first presidency of the Republic of China in 1912.1 Under the plotting of Miura2 of the Japanese Residency, their ruffians stormed the Queen’s quarters in the palace, dragging Queen Min3 out into the courtyard, where they made a pyre of her body. I remember how the Korean King fled to the Russian Legation in fear for his life after this dastardly act4 and how my parents took me to call on Madame Weber,5 wife of the Russian Consul, while the King was in hiding there. In my untutored Korean, I addressed His Majesty in low talk, which brought a good laugh from him.

Following the assassination of Queen Min, who met this fate because she [page 65] was the real power behind the throne of the vacillating King Yi, 6 there was a movement of some dimensions known as the Tonghak, or “Eastern Learning, “ movement.7 Revolutionary and violent in nature, the Tonghaks opposed the Korean government. In those days I recall father’s saying that he had to sleep with one eye open. I pondered his ability to perform that feat.

American initiative and engineering pioneered the building of the first railway line from Chemulpo (Inchon) to Seoul, and it was a great event when the first train went over the Han River bridge. It intrigued me greatly to hear them say that the bridge sank half an inch; I wondered how they could tell. In those days there were only four locomotives, numbered from one to four, and we children used to stand at the railway cut near our summer home in Chemulpo and watch the trains go by, morning or evening, putting crossed pins on the track and marveling at the resultant scissors...In those days the summer homes were at Inchon, as later they came to be at Wonsan and Sorai beaches, Chmsan [Chiri mountain], and at Taechun beach. This last one, of liberation days, I have not yet seen.

With the railway came also the electric street cars, or trams as the English call them. One of the first motormen to assist in installing and running these was James H. Morris, who remained to spend a lifetime in Korea as a trader and friend of the Korean people.8 Shortly after the installation of the line running from East Gate to West Gate—and in those days the West Gate still stood at the west end of the city—there was a drought. The geo-mancers and moodang incited the populace by blaming the drought on this new fangled contraption that spurted fire from a wire and ran along the road on iron rails, so a mob assaulted and burned several cars.9

Before the days of the trains the main method of transportation had been pony, jiggy—or A-rack as it is now called — and sedan chair. Well do I remember the boredom of being confined in one of these little box-like contraptions, usually open only at the front, and and staring at the sweaty back of the front coolie. Whenever they had to stop to rest, I got out and ran on ahead. One other recollection of transport is my bicycle, with small wheels and inflated tires, imported from Montgomery Ward’s and with an alluring name plate which said “Hawthorne.” My sister’s was a girl’s style. I believe these were the first children’s bicycles in Korea.

The foreign community in Seoul was a little oasis of Western customs and life in the surrounding desert of strange customs. There took place the first contacts of East and West and the beginnings of the ferment of new ideas in whose titanic upheaval we find ourselves caught up today. The Korea of my childhood was like a Rip Van Winkle waking from a long sleep, awaken- [page 66] ing not with the infirmity of age, but with the curiosity which anything new arouses. Concurrently there was suspicion of all innovation, a championing of the past, and a desire on the part of some to try out the new. Pride and corruption mingled in undisciplined and unplanned temporizing to meet an aggressive new order destined to change the Land of Morning Calm into something whose form was not yet revealed. That was the Dae Han, Great Han, of the close of the nineteenth century, still a sovereign state, however precarious its situation may have been.

The Appenzeller family: father, mother, three daughters, and one son, left Korea in September 1900, and I was destined not to see the land of my birth for seventeen years. We returned by the ports of Asia and Europe in a memorable trip that was to be our last together, for my father returned to Korea in [September] 1901 without us, expecting that we would follow when the health of the oldest, Alicethe —first white child born in Korea—had recovered enough so that Mother could leave her in school in the States. On the night of June 11, 1902, however, as Father was going to a meeting of the Bible translators at Mokpo, there was a collision off Chemulpo in a fog. Father and Mr. [J.F.] Bowlby, an [American] miner, were the only white men aboard. As Mr. Bowlby saved himself, he turned and saw my father leave the deck and disappear into the companionway—evidently going to try to save his [Korean language] teacher and a [Korean] girl student committed to his charge.10 Korea took my father before I reached my teens.

Mother was left a widow, with four children to raise and put through school. I never could forget that, till that day in August of 1911 when it was as though the hand of the Lord had been laid on me, and I knew I had to decide whether to surrender completely to His will or to follow my own devices. Strangely enough, the decision to become a minister seemed automatically to carry with it my return to Korea.

So it was, that after university [New York University] and seminary [Drew Theological Seminary] and two ordinations with membership in the New York East Conference, I found myself landing at Pusan harbor in June 1917. That was two years after my sister Alice had come back to Korea as a missionary of the Women’s Foreign Missionary Society, and also two years after our dear mother had been called “home.” It was then no longer a free country, but....

II. KOREA OF THE JAPANESE. Japan’s victory over Russia, sealed by the Treaty of Portsmouth in 1905, had made Korea a dependency of Japan. The illusion of Korean sovereignty was soon dissipated in the absolute annexation of the country as a colony on August 29, 1910. My first impression in [page 67] 1917 was a cringing sense of having to stomach what was unpalatable as I saw a Japanese on the Pusan dock kicking around a Korean coolie, but that was mild compared with what I was to see and experience.

Strange as it may seem, I did NOT know Korean when I landed in June 1917. Seventeen years of absence, plus the fact that I had never studied the language, made me as inarticulate as any other newcomer. True, the sights and smells were familiar, and my taste for Korean food needed no refresher course, for my childhood appetite returned with the first succulent mouthful, but somehow the language offended my ear and was not easy to acquire. After a year of language study, however, with secretarial work for Bishop Herbert Welch, I found myself in the same Chongdong Church, which my father had built, preaching my first sermon on a Sunday of the April [1918] following my arrival.

In June of 1918, that year so eventful in World War I, my bride-to-be, Ruth Noble—also born in Seoul—arrived. We were married in Chongdong Church [on September 4, 1918] to the strains of the first pipe organ in Korea, in the construction of which I had helped that summer so that its initial performance might be at our wedding.

We were sent to the port of Chemulpo, where our first child [Margaret Appenzeller] would be born [23 April 1919] prematurely, delivered by her father and an old maidservant, but a landmark in Korean history had transpired shortly before that unforgettable personal event.

On May 1, 1919, while we were visiting in Seoul, the lid blew off in what was then known as the Mansei Movement of Korean Independence. Thirty-three patriots, some third or more11 of them Christians, met at the Tai-whakwan12 and signed a Declaration of Independence, following the initiative given by President Wilson in his pronouncement of self-determination for all peoples. Theirs was a marvelous piece of organization, which took the Japanese completely by surprise. The populace seemed to rise as one man to lift bare hands to heaven shouting, “Mansei! Mansei! Mansei! for Korean Independence!” Mansei means “ten thousand years, , , or “long life”; the Japanese equivalent is Banzai.

Governor-General Hasegawa, 13 nicknamed the Butcher, lived up to that name. Instead of seeking a peaceful quelling of what were to the Japanese masters riot and treason, he ordered out his soldiers and police. Abbetted night after night by civilian roughs, they waded into the crowds and unmercifully beat up and bayoneted the demonstrators. In the little village of Chaiam [Cheam-ni], near Suwon, I saw with my own eyes the smoldering ruins of the houses and of the little church in which they had gathered all the men—some [page 68] forty or so as I recall—and then had stood off and riddled it with rifle fire before touching the torch to it. Only two escaped alive from that unholy holocaust. I came to know both of those men.

After a couple of years itinerating the islands off Chemulpo came the call in early 1920 to become principal of Paichai High School, the school my father had founded. Dr. Hugh Cynn had built up the physical plant with two new buildings, but the Independence Uprising had scattered the students, and it was not possible for him to continue. The Japanese dreaded the first anniversary of the Independence demonstrations and it was my responsibility as principal to be sure there were no celebrations by the students in recognition of the day. Police carrying swords came to Paichai and went over the roll books each day for three days. It was a tense time, for in the Orient it is the students who are the patriotic demonstrators; teenage youths like to be dared to danger.

At one o’clock on March 2, 1920, when the bell for classes rang, there was some commotion as the boys gathered to file in. Before I could dash from my home across the athletic field where I was lunching, the school was surrounded by some forty police who poured out of the court building across the street. It was an evident frame-up to make an example of our school. Police and plainclothes men penned me in my office for five hours, trying to get me to change my position that I would not turn over the “culprits” to the law. I toid them that if there had been a cirme, it was a political one and since they were on the grounds at the time, it was their business, and not my business to turn over the students to the law.

From a little after six till about eleven o’clock that night the detectives and ponce put the boys through the third degree, finally taking off fourteen students and the athletic director to the police station. The second day after this incident came an official notice from the Governor that my license as principal had been revoked because I was “lacking in moral character to remain as principal.” By the following year [1921], however, a new Governor General was in place, Baron Saito of Kellogg Peace Treaty14 fame—later assassinated by radical militarists while he was Prime Minister of Japan.15 That statesman among Japanese was good enough to reinstate my moral character and my principalship. I held that possition until 1940, when we all were evacuated from the country.16 I had by then served as principal longer than has any other man yet to hold that office.

The political ferment never had died down. I had gone through three strikes, the first of which was a feud among teachers while the other two had definitely been political. At one time the police said they had found a hundred [page 69] volumes of communistic nature in our school library, “indicating the leftist trend of [Korean] youth.”

The Manchurian Incident in 1931 showed the world the tide of Japanese ascendancy on the mainland.17

After Viscount Saito, there arrived as Governor General that dapper politician, General Yamanasni, a navy man [sic]; but he was ousted shortly for alleged bribery.18 General Ugaki followed him in a regime modeled after Saito, s and generally liberal.19 The Army party, however, brought in the Kwantung Army’s General Minami20 shortly before the time of the China Incident of 1937.21 This warrior wielded the pen with political astuteness. He wrote an oath of allegiance which had to be repeated every day by students and populace alike, ad nauseam. I heard it so often that even now I can repeat its opening lines.22

The infamous shrine issue was pressed home. An edict required the populace, including students, to make monthly visits to the Imperial Shrine in their city or vicinity, bowing to the edifice as a mark of respect. The great shrine was on South Mountain in Seoul (Namsan), where were enshrined a sword and a bit of the mirror of the Sun Goddess, Ameraterasu.23 It was this Shinto cult which became a vital issue in the spiritual life of some missionaries and Koreans, who maintained that to go to the shrine was to worship idols. Officially the Japanese government denied that this was religion, just respect for the Emperor, but to fanatical [Korean] patriots it amounted to a religious cult.

The master program to assimilate the Koreans into the Empire was put into high gear with the China Incident; Koreans were required to change their names to Japanese ones.

In every situation of difficulty the Korean has always found a way to make the best of it, and even to get a laugh. Many were the tales when names were changed, but the one that stuck in my memory was about the old fellow who refused stoutly to change his name. He was taken to the police station and had the fear thrown into him. His reply was, freely translated, “Well, if I must, then I must; and you can call me a son-of-a-bitch, for that’s my new name.”

Propaganda against foreigners was stepped up, and anyone associating with them found himself hauled into the police station for questioning. All foreigners were dubbed spies.

At the time of the closing of the Burma Road in China, 24 it became known that no foreigner could remain in any position of leadership, but must be replaced by a citizen of the Empire. Thus it was that my own Board of [page 70] Managers asked for my resignation as principal “for the good of the school.” After twenty years I was really out.

Events moved rapidly; and as a result of an order to change certain hymns, some of the Scripture, and to establish Shinto in the Theological Seminary, the Mission voted to follow the advice of our government and leave the country. To remain was to bring trouble on the very ones we wanted to serve.

The night before we left [15 November 1940], a group of us was called to the Chosen Hotel, and there the Administrative Superintendent of the Government General asked us not to leave, assuring us that we could preach all we wanted “only remembering that His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor, comes first.”

The following day [16 November 1940] several hundred of us left on the S.S. Mariposa from Inchon harbor. I shall never forget leaving Paichai that morning with the students, forbidden to see us off at the station, standing at salute. A few brave souls were at the wharf, but when we saw movie cameras being turned on any who shook hands in farewell, we even cut that out.

Thus ended, for the Missions, the era of the Korea of the Japanese, but it dragged out another five years for the Koreans whose youth were drafted into labor battalions in the Pacific expansion of the Empire.

There were many laudable things accomplished by the Japanese during their rule in Korea, but always it was the Empire first and the Koreans second. The Koreans were never trusted with positions of primary authority; the educational system was devised on a discriminatory basis, there being schools for all Japanese but never enough for the Koreans. Although law and order were enforced, the Koreans always had an alibi for any failures they might have: Always it was because they did not have their freedom.

The Korean is much more of an individualist than is the Japanese who excels in team work. The Korean loves to star. It was this basic attitude that we tried to work on in the formative teenager. Our athletic teams came home from Japan with first place in football, rugby, and track, and I must mention the Korean winner of the Marathon at the Berlin Olympic Games.25 He had to run under a Japanese name as a representative of Japan, but when some patriot printed a picture in the Donga Ilbo with the Japanese ball changed to a Korean flag, the newspaper was indefinitely suspended. I was told afterwards that during the war, when B-29’s came over and were way out of range of Japanese anti-aircraft fire, the Koreans swarmed out to see and surreptitiously to applaud. They were ordered to remain in the shelters, although the bombing was only by leaflets.

III. THE KOREA OF LIBERATION is the Korea you know. I returned [page 71] in February of 1946 with a State Department Mission and was simply amazed to see hundreds of GI’s everywhere—and not a single Japanese. The Korean flag and the Stars and Stripes flew from twin poles before the Capitol building, inside which we had so often made our New Year calls in the Throne Room to toast the Empire. In the Stone Palace the Joint U.S./U.S.S.R. Commission held its sessions, trying to arrive at a modus vivendi about trusteeship and the formation of a Korean Government; yet even before this the fatal dividing line of the 38th parallel had been established.

The Russians stalled and killed time in the Joint commission, and our American government was given, as we pointed out, a perfect example in Korea of what later happened in Europe, that the same words are used with a different meaning or connotation and always time is gained or constructive measures blocked while the Communist program is advanced. One of the most humiliating things I witnessed was the visit of Edward Pauley26 to Korea in 1946 as President Truman’s personal representative. He announced to the press that he was going into northern Korea to investigate. The Communists kept him waiting around in Shanghai and then allowed only a limited number of people, under personal convoy by the North Koreans and Russians, to see only what they wanted him to see.

Yet everywhere there was a feeling of seeing the incredible: Korea was free! The Japanese were gone! I finished the year with the War Department delivering in Korean twice-a-week radio programs of news commentary. On the 2nd of January 1947, I returned to my pulpit in First Methodist Church, Honolulu.

The decision to do that had come to me vividly during the Easter Sunrise Service [1946] at the site of the former Shinto Shrine on South Mountain [Namsan]. There, as Koreans and GI’s mingled by the thousands and the Cross of Christ shone in burnished brass beneath the tori, where once the multitude had bowed to the mirror of the Sun Goddess, it had come as a convincing flash that I should return to my pulpit and my people [i.e., congregation in Honolulu].

I thought my Korea book had ended, yet on that very same Sunday, June 25th [1950] [as the North Korean invasion of South Korea], Bishop Baker read out my appointment in the Southern California Conference to Korea as Director for Church World Service.27

Before liberation we had always come by surface vessel to Pusan and then by train to Seoul. In 1946, and again this year [1951], I flew in from the States and that aerial impression of Korea is a symbol of the degree of change that is evident on every hand. In the four years since January 1947, South[page 72] Korea has made tremendous strides forward on the road to recovery and rehabilitation. The first General Assembly, under Military Government direction, was held in the Capitol at 12 o’clock on the 12th day of the 12th month, [1947] triple twelve, which is a catch phrase in English, but impossible to render catchily in Korean. At this initial parliamentary gathering there were women delegates as well as men.

Later [10 May 1948] followed the general elections, which were observed by the United Nations, after which the Republic of Korea was recognized [by the UN general assembly on 12 December 1948] as a new member in the community of nations. Despite the influx of some three million refugees from North Korea and continued infiltration by the Communists spreading riots and violence, the industry of South Korea and its agriculture prospered [between 1945-1950]. It is my own interpretation that the Reds of North Korea realized that things were going too well in the South and that unless they struck soon, the South would become too strong both in arms and industry, so the aggression was launched.

The psychological and social changes seem, to one familiar with the past, quite as great as the material destruction. The tendency to alibi everything by placing blame on Japan is gone and even amid desolation, there is hope. The greatest change is perhaps in the women’s world, in which constant contact with GI’s and UN soldiers has brought about a freedom undreamed of before. As an example, I merely cite being thumbed for rides by well-dressed women, but perhaps Pusan is no gauge of the country but just a big war-boom town.

The Korea of liberation as we see it is a seething, swirling mass of contradiction and confusion. The fires of war and adversity have seared her towns and villages, and the end is not yet. Competence and incompetence work side by side; courage and cowardice raise their heads in sublime nobility and despicable disgrace. The R.O.K. Army stands with the United Nations on the battle line, while at the same time a handful of venal men in their government fatten on the funds which the training Army never got, fattened [until they are discovered], summarily tried, and executed. Everywhere there are widows and orphans, ever more widows and orphans. Somehow in the relief work to which I am assigned, I have a feeling that in the mysterious providence of God my own upbringing in the home of my courageous and widowed mother gives me a sympathy for the thousands of such in this stricken land.

Here in the Korea of liberation the world sees the elemental factors of human civilization being tested in the crucible of time, for here the forces of the UN are for the first time in the history of the world, fighting side by side [page 73] that the invisible spirit of freedom may be seen and known in the lives of our generation and our children’s children. Here two ways of life are met in the clash and clangor of war and the travail and agony of new birth. And so the people endure, as seeing the invisible, and the brave fight on, and faith is the victor, even that faith which took the Son of God to the Cross of Calvary and on, through the empty tomb, to life eternal, “others have labored and we have entered into their labors.” [John 4: 38]

October 1951

Pusan, Korea

**NOTES:**

\* While conducting research into the life and work of Henry G. and Ella D. Appenzeller, H.D. Appenzeller’s parents, I discovered H.D. Appenzeller’s article among the Alice Appenzeller Papers housed at Ewha University. Margaret Appenzeller Noble Huyler, the daughter of H.D. Appenzeller, speculated that her mother, Ruth Noble Appenzeller, may have sent the copy to Ewha University. Margaret Huyler also possesses a copy of the article. To our knowledge, the article has never previously been published.

1.Appenzeller confused Li Hung-chang (1823-1901), the chief Chinese statesman of the era, and Yuan Shih-k’ai, resident Chinese ambassador in Korea and President of China in 1912.

2.Miura Goro,

3.Min, Myongsong (1851-1895).

4.Japanese and Korean assassins killed Queen Min in October 1895, while king Kojong escaped from house arrest in February 1896.

5.Waeber.

6.Yi Kojong (1852-1919).

7.The Tonghak rebellion erupted in southern Korea on 19 February 1894, continuing until crushed by Japanese and Korean troops on 29 November 1894. The assassination of Queen Min occurred on 8 October 1895.

8.Refer to J.H. Morris, “Early Experiences with the Seoul Street Railway, “ Korea Mission Field Vol. 36 (February 1940): 26-27.

9.Many Koreans blamed the drought of 1899 on recently installed electric wires [Fred H. Harrington, God, Mammon, and the Japanese (Madison: The University of Wisconsin Press, 1966) pp. 188-189]. In June 1899, a Korean mob[page 74] burned one street car and wrecked another after a child, struck by a street car, died from injuries. (William Franklin Sands, of State, No. 197, 5 June 1899, in Scott S. Burnett, Korean-American Relations Vol. 3, (Honolulu: University of Hawaii Press, 1989): 21-215.

10. The Korea Review for June 1902 recorded J.F. Bowlby’s account of the sinking of the Kuma-gawa Maru. Bowlby stated that he:

saw Mr. Appenzeller standing about where he was when he reached the deck, but now up to his waist in the water and groping vainly for something to take hold of. Nothing at all was said so far as our witness knows. Then the ship went down at an angle of something like forty-five degrees. [Korea Review, “The Wreck of the Kuma-gawa, “ (June 1902): 248]

George Heber Jones’s account of H.G. Appenzeller’s last minutes, presented, at the 19th annual meeting of the Methodist mission in Korea in May 1903, may have been the source of the account given by Henry D. Appenzeller. Jones stated:

On the night of June 11th as this steamer [Kumagawa Maru] was proceeding on her way south she came into collision with the Kisogawa Maru, another steamer of the same company, and sunk immediately. The terrible calamity was finished so quickly we have no full account of what happened, but according to one of the survivors the last seen of our brother he was going towards the hatchway to the second class passengers’ cabin. If so he was thinking of his Korean charges, and in that hour of peril and death concerned only for them. This is our belief. [George Heber Jones, “Henry Gerhard Appenzeller, “ in the Minutes of the 19th Annual Meeting of the Korea Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church, May 1903, (Seoul, Korea: Methodist Publishing House, 1903): 71] G.H. Jones left the source of the account of Appenzeller’s last seconds unnamed.

William E. Griffis speculated that H.G. Appenzeller went to try to save the Koreans traveling with him before going above deck:

Why Appenzeller, even though dressed, delayed to reach the deck, and thus lost the precious minute or two, in which he might have saved has own life, is fully explained by his self-sacrificing spirit. It was in attempting to get to his Korean secretary and to the little Korean girl under his care, hoping to call and arouse them, and in not taking sufficient precautions for his own safety, that he lost his life, “ [William Elliot Griffis, A Modern Pioneer in Korea: The Life Story of Henry G. Appenzeller (New York: Fleming H. Revell Company, 1912): 279] By the time Henry D. Appenzeller recounted the death of his father, the event had taken on a legendary dimension.

11. Sixteen Korean Protestants signed the Declaration of Independence on 1 March 1919.

12. T’aehwagwan restaurant, often called the Myongwolgwan, near the Chongno intersection in Seoul. [page 75]

13. General Hasegawa Yoshimichi, second governor general of Korea, installed 10 December 1916; removed 12 August 1919. Terauchi Masatake, first Governor- General of Korea, first held that post from 1910 to 1916.

14. Kellogg-Briand Pact of 1928 renouncing aggressive war.

15.Appenzeller mistakenly thought that another Governor General had administered Korea after the removal of General Hasagawa Yoshimichi in 1919. The Japanese Emperor appointed Admiral Saito Makoto (1851-1936) Governor- General of Korea on 12 August 1919. He arrived in Seoul on 2 September 1919, and served in that post until 1927 and then again from 1929-1931. In June 1931, the Japanese Emperor called Saito back to Tokyo where Saito held the posts of Premier, Keeper of the Privy Seal, and advisor to the Emperor Militarists assassinated Saito in Japan on 26 February 1936.

16. About three-quarters of the Americans left on the Mariposa in November 1940. Others trickled out during the following year. There were 100 American, Canadian, and British missionaries and business people evacuated from Korea on 1 June 1942, six months after Pearl Harbor. (Horace G. Underwood, comments on the preliminary draft of this paper, 10 January J 992, Seoul, Korea).

17. Also known as the Mukden Incident. On 18 September 1931, General Hayashi, without consent from Tokyo, invaded Manchuria from Korea. Militarists in Tokyo, threatening assassination of officials, forced the Japanese government to concede to the creation of an independent kingdom of Manchukuo ruled by a puppet monarch. When rebuked in September 1932 by the League of Nations for violating the Kellogg-Briand Pact, Japan withdrew from the League.

18. General Yamanashi Hanzo held the post of Governor-General from 1927 to 1929 during Baron Saito’s absence. As stated above, Saito reassumed the post of Governor-General from 1929 to 1931. Appenzeller forgot Saito’s reappointment from 1929-1931.

19. General Ugaki Kazushige, having served as interim Governor General from April to October 1927, held the post of Governor General from June 1931 until August 1936.

20. General Minami Jiro assumed the position of Governor General of Korea

August 1936.

21. Chinese and Japanese troops exchanged fire at the Lukowchiao Bridge, also known as the Marco Polo Bridge, near Beijing on 7 July 1937. That “China Incident” led to a full scale invasion of China by Japan.

22. The Oath of Imperial Subjects. The version for the junior age group, which differed only slightly from that for adults, read as follows:

First: We are subject of the Great Japanese Empire.

Second: We, in unity of our minds, fulfill the duty of loyalty and service to the Emperor.

Third: We endure hardships and become strong and good citizens. [Sanjunen-shi, p. 790, quoted in Kang Wi-jo, Religion and Politics in Korea [page 76] Under the Japanese Rule (Lewiston, New York: The Edwin Mellen Press, 1987), p. 101, note 127].

23. Amaterasu Omikami.

24. Appenzeller confused Japan’s occupation of Indocnina in September 1940 with Japan’s closing of the Burma Road in April 1942. The Burma Road ran from the Chinese city of Kunming to Lashio in Burma, a 681 mile road that provided the only route from the interior of China to the sea. In April 1942 Japan overran Burma, seized Lashio, and closed the Burma Road at its source.

25. Son Ki-jung, 1936 Olympics in Berlin, Germany. Time: 2 hours 29 minutes 19. 2 seconds, an Olympic record until 1952.

26. Edwin Wendell Pauley, nicknamed Ed.

27. In 1950, Korea fell under the supervision of the Southern California Conference of the Methodist Church.