



Mrs. Edward Adams presents candy and straw stars from German children to orphaned youngsters at Young Nak Church in Seoul.

# Korea's Courageous Children

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RAYMOND PROVOST

Broad-faced, pug-nosed Chang Myong Sik was working in the fields near Taegu when it happened.

He was only ten years old, but he had already lived a lifetime. As he struggled through the barren valley with his clumsy basket looking for sticks and dry weeds, he remembered when the ground was full of grain. But that was months—ages—ago. That was before the mortars crashed and the machine guns spit death in Chang's little valley. That was before the long march when the stones tore at his feet and his sister whimpered with hunger on his back.

A plane had crumpled his father on that awful walk. A giant bird which appeared for an instant had magically covered his father with a shower of molten raindrops. Chang's father died without a cry. The walking took many,

many days—up and down the ridges, through the torn villages. Somehow Chang, his mother, and sister came back to the farm in the little valley.

Next year the people of the now-peaceful valley were going to plant crops. The sticks and the dry weeds that Chang was gathering helped to clear the fields and to warm Chang's family and the grain and bark soup they would eat that day. Then there was a flash of reddish-yellow fire. Chang's mother, who a minute before had idly been watching her son's head bob up and down over his basket, saw something hurtle through the air. Paralyzed with fear, she waited for a scream. It came, unlocking her feet. She rushed toward her moaning, qua-

*Based on facts and incidents selected from letters of missionaries in Korea*

vering son, and pulled him toward her lap, frantically trying to stop the bleeding.

Neighbors came to help. Tearing strips from their clothes, they crudely bandaged two torn legs and what was left of two mangled hands. Chang Myong Sik touched off a relic of the days when the valley was rimmed with death—a forgotten landmine. Nobody knew whether it was planted by the United Nations, North Korea, or China. Nobody cared. Its work was finally done.

But not so with Chang. Chang is Korea—young but ancient, innocent but scarred—victim of a tragedy that burst upon him, but loved and helped by neighbors who sacrificed of their own possessions to give him life.

When veteran missionary doctor Reuben Torrey first saw Chang at the Taegu



Presbyterian Hospital, he was shocked: "Tragic, terrified eyes, blinking to restrain tears, stared through the mass of bandages. What little that could be seen of his face was lacerated and streaked with blood. Vainly he tried to conceal his arms with their blood-soaked wrappings. The left hand was gone above the wrist. Several fingers were missing from the right hand. The anguish of the frightened, suffering eyes at times still haunts me."

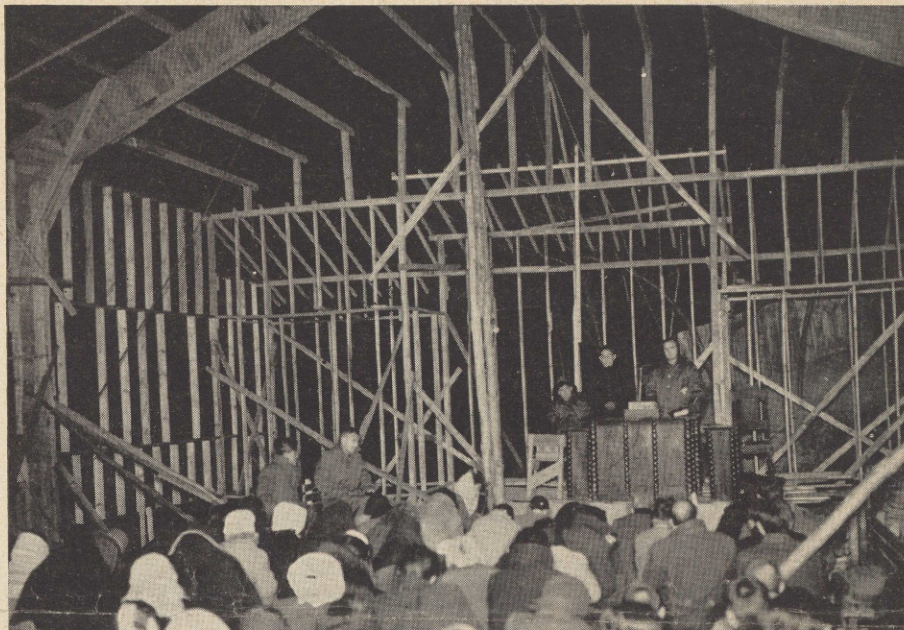
Today Chang is a prized patient in the First Corps Korean Children's Amputee Clinic at church-supported Severance Hospital in Seoul. His head, arms, and legs still ringed with bandages, Chang is a cheerful, hopeful young man. Chang is Korea-marked indelibly by the hideous reality of war, but strong in a faith for the future brought to him by strangers as well as neighbors.

The Children's Amputee Clinic at Severance Hospital was created and endowed by the officers and men of the United States First Army Corps. Just recently the Corps sent a \$71,000 check to Church World Service, the relief arm of the National Council of Churches, for the administration of the Clinic. The money was sent from Korea to New York, not New York to Korea. The First Corps is fighting for Chang and millions of his brothers and sisters, with guns as well as donations.

Korea is also Chei Chul Yong, the four-year-old urchin who showed up in Taegu last June with no family and no knowledge that he had ever had one. There are more than 30,000 amputees in South Korea; there must be more than 300,000 like Chei.

Presbyterian missionary Bob Rice says, "No one knows who brought Chei or how he came. Even at this tender age, Chei was a typical professional street beggar, with the traditional tin begging can he had found or someone had made for him. For the first week, he would not let the beggar's can leave his person, crying whenever it was taken away from him. The begging was probably the only contact with life he had ever had. He carried the can with him at washtime, at mealtime—wherever he went. At first this little boy ate more than anyone else in the orphanage—his stomach puffed out from overeating. During the first week or so, Chei would not obey. He struck at his teachers, picking up stones in his worn little hands to throw at anyone who tried to make him do anything."

But Chei Chul Yong had come to a place which was waiting for young men exactly like him. It is one of the first of Korea's "Boys' Towns," started and supported by the Presbyterian Church and scores of GI's of many faiths. Called Boys' Home, this particular orphanage near Taegu is headed by another young



Korean Presbyterians, refugees from the North, meet for early morning prayer at the new church they are building in Pusan. Their former church was a large tent.



Korean orphans often suffer from more than the loss of parents. Visiting churchman Robert Pierce comforts boy with frozen feet aboard hospital ship.



Widows and orphans don't rely entirely on help from abroad. They help themselves. Here girls and widows pack matchboxes at an orphanage in Taegu.



man named Chei — thirty-one-year-old Chei Chang Yung.

Mr. Yung, a recent graduate of the Presbyterian seminary in Taegu, is a native of North Korea. In addition to Boys' Home, Mr. Yung has been pastor of a refugee congregation near the orphanage. Of the more than 200 orphanages in Korea, Boys' Home is one of the smallest, with some fifty enrolled. But with the help of GI engineers, a new building has recently been constructed and the old one repaired to house many more street beggars.

Last fall, missionary Rice saw the smaller Chei again. There was quite a difference. "Chei Chul Yong had manners and much more besides. After a polite bow, he recited the Lord's Prayer, the Twenty-third Psalm, two New Testament passages, and the Apostles' Creed. And then, with a little coaxing to overcome shyness, he sang the first verses of 'Jesus Loves Me' and three other hymns, and added a table grace for good measure."

Little Chei is bright, but he is only about the same age as the new Korea. He is on his way to the kind of life that God wants all men to have. Will he continue to have that chance, helped by his countrymen and their friends? Will the thousands of others who are Korea?

The news about children like these travels fast and travels far. Last summer in a part of Europe that is no longer free, a group of young Germans received aid from the women of the Presbyterian Church U.S.A. In return, the Germans, using oat straw, made thousands of fancy stars. And somehow or other these young Christians of the cold war got

their message and the stars through to Christians in Free Europe; the young people wanted the stars used to help the children of the hot war—in Korea.

Dozens of these beautiful, straw stars reached the United States and were put on sale by the Presbyterian Church's Board of Foreign Missions at 156 Fifth Avenue, New York. Proceeds came to some \$200. Just before Christmas, Mrs. Edward Adams, veteran Korea missionary and wife of the head of Korea's Presbyterian U.S.A. mission, received the money with the directive that the German youngsters wanted it to be used for a "treat for some Korean boys and girls."

Two hundred American dollars is a small fortune in Korea even to a group of grown-up refugees. On Christmas Day, scores of parentless Korean children at Severance Hospital and Young Nak Presbyterian Church, Seoul — received helpings of candy through Sue

Adams, from friends on the other side of the world. Most of the \$200 was used, however, to add on to the orphanage building at Young Nak Church.

In Chilesso, Portuguese West Africa, a group of children of the Umbundu tribe gathered several months ago for a prayer meeting.

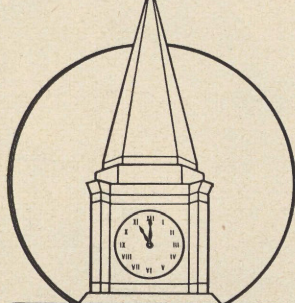
At the meeting they decided to hold an offering to help the needy of other lands. When asked about their specific request, the African children stated, "We want our offering to help the war orphans in Korea."

The collection consisted of dried corn, dried beans, safety-pins (scarce and precious possessions), eggs, a sliver of soap, and coins varying in value from seven-tenths of a cent to three-and-a-half cents. Converted into American money, the total was two dollars, which was sent to Church World Service for transmission to Korea.

To the 10,000,000 refugees crowded into the rock-strewn mountains and valleys of free Korea, this help for courageous children is the finest kind of insurance policy for the future of a nation. The Christians of Korea, along with their friends, the missionaries, doctors and nurses, are working tirelessly—often twenty hours a day—to see that this future is preserved and strengthened in orphanages, Bible schools, field clinics, roofless churches, and colleges that have little but names and students. For Presbyterians and other Christians in America, the task at hand is not only to provide shoes and sweaters and coats for this future, but to continue with the premium payments on the surest risk in the world.

One Great Hour of Sharing

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Time to SHARE



Young Nak Presbyterian Church still stands as the symbol of a Christian citadel in a heavily damaged area of Seoul.