

## Back Home After Seven Years

We left Philadelphia after Sunday and made a brief call on good old Dr. R. J. Willingham at Richmond, Virginia. Mrs. Willingham was with her husband in Japan in 1907, and with him made the long trip to our home in Kagoshima. But we met at their home some of the family we had not met before. We told the Dr. about our trip home. He asked about the expenses of our trip and we told him they were all paid. He was getting feeble and soon would have to have some help at the office.

We went next to Winchester, Tennessee, where Maggie's mother and other members of the Krotzer family were waiting for us. I began to pick up our original tongue when I heard one of Maggie Lee's old friends say to others, "Maggie and them's come."

Maggie's brother Elias was confined to his bed with illness and Maggie came back to be with him after we made a trip to Hollywood and Scottsboro; Elias lived only about a month and is buried at Winchester.

We went to Hollywood, Alabama and arrived there on August 23, seven years exactly from the day we left there for Japan. Brother Gide<sup>o</sup>an had married and was living with Roda and the two children in the same house as when we left. My good Mother had fallen asleep on December 3, 1912, and a month after our return I saw the faded flowers on her grave beside my Father's in Paint Rock Valley.

After a few days spent with Virgil and his family at Scottsboro, Maggie and I went visiting the Churches in Jackson County, Alabama. We went in a one-horse buggy.

### Howard College

My experience in Tokyo and my job there had fully convinced me that I must have a college degree to keep company with my Seminary degrees. So when my trip among the churches was finished, I was off to Howard College and Maggie went to Winchester to be with her brother. Temporarily I went into the dormitory and became room-mate with O. S. Cansey. I took English, Greek, German, psychology and Church History.

With the end of September and beginning of October there was the annual meeting of the Tennessee River Association which met that year with Freedom, my old home Church. I got excused at school and went to the Association. Five days with fine fellowship. At the end of the week Elias's funeral was over and Maggie joined me at the <sup>A</sup>ssociation. They asked me to preach on Sunday and my missionary sermon was Paul on Mars Hill (Acts 17).

Monday comes and Maggie and I were off to Birmingham. We found a house at the luckiest place—right in front of Howard College. A medical student and his family were in the other half of the house. So we were set up for the year.

The college was not large in those days but it was a fine place to be. Dr. Shellburne was president, F.P. Burns taught English, J.A. Moon, Greek, G.W. Macon, psychology, J.C. Dawson, German and

Dr. Hendricks, History and economics. I was 32 years old, not too old to learn but old enough to appreciate people and things. The college did a lot for me and I hope I appreciated it as I should have.

Thanks for Kindness and Pains

I told Dr. Shellburne how badly I needed a Bachelor of Arts degree and how I had only one year in which to get it and get back to my work on time. He said he thought it could be done. He was a fine Christian gentleman and he never told me what a difficult thing he had undertaken for me, but I learned it by putting "two and two together." It was just at a time of crisis for Howard College. The Faculty had found out how important it was for a college to get standing as a good college. But Dr. Shellburne stood by me and the Faculty stood by him. And so thanks are due from me.

I had given Professor Burns a copy of the first volume of my translation of Buddhist sermons. He spoke to me kindly and encouragingly about it. I~~x~~ was too modest to claim credit for the seven years work I had done in Japanese. But here is what happened a few years later: When I became examiner in the Japanese language for the Federation of Missions in Japan it happened that a bright young missionary lady to whom I had given examinations in Japanese went to the Teacher's College of Columbia University in New York and undertook to get a Master of Arts degree in one year. She told them about the work she had done in the Japanese Language. When I was asked to give them her grades in Japanese I gladly supplied

them and it helped her to get her M. A. in one year. It is a small world isn't it. Bread cast upon the water.....!

### Howard Days Pass Quickly

In addition to the five courses of study I have mentioned, I also attended Pastor Edward's class in public speaking and joined one of the Literary Societies and attended its weekly meetings. On Sunday's I spoke at a number of the Churches of Alabama.

Maggie Lee was busy making friends among the ladies of the college community and East Lake. She still has one or more of them on her list of correspondents after these 48 years have passed.

Commencement comes on and I find they have me down for the Valedictory Address. I spoke on "the college man and his country" and Dr. W.O. Carver was present to deliver the Commencement Address.

### And Now??

I wanted to spend the summer at the University of Chicago studying the New Testament, hoping that we could go back to Japan by the autumn. We had not even guessed that the First World War would begin in August.

Early in June I took Maggie Lee to Battle Creek Sanitarium to find out about her health. I went back to Chicago and began work at the summer term of the Divinity School. It was interesting, but in just three weeks I had a letter from Battle Creek saying Maggie Lee was booked for a major operation right away. So I went to Battle

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Creek and was there when the war broke out early in August. There was no expectation that we could go back to Japan immediately and it worked out that we didn't sail till February or March.

#### At Battle Creek Sanitarium

We were lucky again. A number of our friends among the missionaries in Japan had been treated at the Battle Creek Sanitarium. Dr. John Harvey Kellogg was one of the leading surgeons of the United States and many missionary wives had had major operations at his sanitarium. The sanitarium, being carried on by people who were friendly toward missions and missionaries gave missionaries very favorable rates and this was where they usually needed help.

Maggie Lee's was really a major operation, and she had to stay at the sanitarium about a half year, but it was successful and I was able to put in several months speaking among Southern Baptist Country Churches in the interest of Foreign Missions. Not that I was any famous money raiser. The small country churches in Alabama were having a hard time, especially in the first months of the First World War, before war prosperity got going and many lines of trade were very dull.

So the situation reacted on me and I accepted it as my job to comfort and help my listeners as much as possible.

Here is a case in point. The schedule is made out. I am supposed to preach at Church X at 7:30 Friday night. I am to spend the night with Mr. and Mrs. Y. Who was to notify my host and hostess, I didn't know. I was not told, but I supposed it was arranged.

Transportation was uncertain. Sometimes I could catch a ride. But in this case I arrived at the home rather late in the afternoon. This is the right name and place. But Mr. and Mrs. Y. are picking cotton till sundown. When Mrs. Y. realized what was expected of her, she said "I am too tired to cook supper for anybody." Of course I tried to tell her she didn't need to cook anything for me. I believe she fried some ham and maybe cooked some bread. I wanted to help that community as badly as I would want to help a Japanese community.

#### Was my Education Proceeding?

After New Year's in 1915 we were told to get ready to sail for Japan. Judge John B. Talley Sr. was still practicing law in Scottsboro. When he heard we were leaving for Japan, he said to me "don't you know there are German submarines in the Pacific?" I said, "yes, Judge, I know it. But if one of them sinks our ship they will probably take us off." "Yes", said the Judge, "probably, probably."

We landed in Tokyo in March and rented a nice little American style house in Okubo. I guess it was 352 just against the parade ground and it still has the same number I believe.

Maggie's Mother went with us this time and she lived with us in Japan till July 1941, which seems to be just over 26 years in all. She was always called "Mama San" by the Japanese. She liked them and they liked her, and I believe she was a good missionary.

My work in the Seminary was the same as before and I soon had Mr. Ojima again and was at work on the translation of my second volume of sermons.

We had persuaded the two mission Boards to give us the money and we had bought a beautiful tract of several acres in the north-western part of Tokyo for a future home for our Seminary, but experience and study in the light of the growth of both bodies in Japan led us to think further before beginning to build.

And if one looked from the sky at both bodies in this spring of 1962, the view would be astonishing and thought provoking and one might be inclined to see that there is consolation in seeing the smaller vision replaced by a reality that is larger.

While this is not the place to write the whole history of this half-century may it suffice to say there is enough in this period to make us think even if we are not much inclined to think.

The words quoted earlier that in Japan the Christian school has been the birth-place of the Christian Church contains a truth that might well be a major cause in change of plans. The major change in the plans of the two Baptist Missions began to be carried out about 1916, when Siman Gakun began to be built at Fukuoka and Kanto Gakuin began at Yokohama.

While America and Japan were on the same side in World War I, and neither of them suffered like some of the European nations, both of these nations were greatly influenced by this unpleasant upheaval and by what followed in the years to follow. Woodrow Wilson became a part of history and so did the 1920's

The second volume of translation of sermons on The Ten Buddhist Virtues was presented to the Asiatic Society in Japan and published in 1917. It contained five sermons on the last three of the Buddhist 10 Commandments.

Other efforts outside of my regular teaching and preaching included cooperation with a group of experienced missionaries in translating from the current Japanese Christian Weeklies and monthlies of leading articles showing the tendency of Japanese thinking about Christian truth and life. These translations were published from time to time in the Japan Daily Advertiser and other English language newspapers. By request I made a good many translations from "Bible Study" a monthly magazine published by Mr. Kanzo Uchimura, an able Japanese Christian leader of that time.

I also served on the Editorial Board of the Japan Evangelist, the monthly magazine published by the Federation of Christian Missions. Later I served for about a year as Editor-in-chief of this magazine.

Once during this period when Dr. Tenny was on furlough I served as acting president of our Seminary and delivered the diplomas to one graduating class.

June, 1918, Gotemba

About the end of May the Seminary closed for the summer, but this was not the ordinary closing for the summer. Sometime in the winter or early spring the Mission had a meeting—Seman Gakum had taken in the third class. Almost 300 boys are in the school now. There are six classrooms full of boys. In two more years there will be around 500 boys, possibly 800, or 16 rooms full of boys. Each class ought to have at least five hours a week of English taught by an American. Growing pains, yes, young Japanese are mentally hungry..



But my work? To teach the young men entering the Christian Ministry, isn't it? Yes.

It is about two years yet before the 75 million campaign will be launched, isn't it?

That is, to raise 75 million dollars for missions. Does anyone believe it will be done?

Looking back now it feels like we took it for granted that something of the sort would be done.

But early in June seems a proper time to leave Tokyo and get ready for the work of the next year on the Southwestern Field, Kokura, it will be for us. And the period of eight years during which we have been assigned to Tokyo seems to fall out as a definite period of time.

Maybe the "war-weariness" that had taken hold of Americans in Tokyo needed to be shaken loose a bit and something different should inspire our minds.

Whether or not we can say literally that the beauties of Gotemba and the region about Mt. Fuji can be a life-saver; at least that is not a great exaggeration.

We have not yet built the new settlement at Ni no oka, but the summer of 1919 will find the place rapidly growing up, and it just happens that a little extra time there in June 1918 seems to have done something to it.

The old settlement there was nice, the fine spring of water up above the shrine and the friendliness of the Priest Utsumi San had made it a restful place for 20 or more missionary families when the summer heat in the great cities made work almost impossible.

But in the old settlement the glorious Mt. Fuji could not be seen from most of the houses. And just a two-minute walk to the north and the glorious sunsets and sunrises defy description.

So, I said to the priest one day "How about that fine valley to the north-east that faces Mt. Fuji, could we get that to build our houses on?"

"NO; NO; that belongs to the Imperial Household"!

Well, a day came. Viscount Fukuoka, a Christian man, a Ph.D. from Yale College, lives right down there. He and his family are a part of our summer colony. So I mentioned my idea to him. "Yes", he said, "My job is with the Imperial Household. I will help you."

It is an interesting situation. I suppose it still is about the same. Millions of acres of uncultivated land is held in the name of the Imperial Household. This particular land was in the main just allowed to grow grass and the farmers in the neighborhood would pay the Imperial Household a very modest sum for each bundle of grass they cut and carried off each year for fertilizer or for hay. They had no definite contract just good will all around. Dr. Fukuoka would ask the farmers to yield the land for the use of the foreign residents in return for a reasonable sum of money paid by the foreigners. They had planted a few thousand hinoki trees (a fine white cedar). We paid them for these trees also and they became one of our proud possessions.

So by the summer of 1919 we had houses going up on 12 acres or more and we used it for more than 20 years and each residence had about  $\frac{1}{2}$  acre and we paid about \$2 a year rent for each site.

(Only a fraction of what the tax would have been if we had owned it). We were told that it was the custom to fix such rentals once in five years but we had it more than 20 years and it was never raised.

But my job as middle-man was not always easy. Here were two fine young Americans who had one site and a house built on it. They would say "When do we get a deed for the land"? What should I say?

One of them maybe is still living and if so he is still my friend. The year 1941 came and by summer I was the only householder left, among 25 or so that had been there.

I had always told the site holders that their right to hold the sites was just as good as **their right to stay** in Japan. The year 1941 was all the proof I needed. By June of that year I had sold every house to Japanese and had sent every householder, wherever he was in the world, what was figured to be the sum of all he had spent for his place—In all about 70,000 dollars I believe. They did not have to be asked to surrender the property, they voluntarily left it in my hands. (Some big yarn, but every word of it is true).

That puts me ahead of my story, but since all the Gotemba story hangs together I put it all in.

#### North Kyushu

Mr. and Mrs. Calder Willingham who had been at Kokura had gone on furlough and we had been assigned to that field for that coming year, the summer of 1918 to the summer of 1919. But the great epidemic of flu struck the whole world in the fall of 1918 and Mr. Willingham was taken by it in the middle of the autumn of 1918.