

But we moved from Tokyo to Kokura at the end of the summer of 1918.

With Dr. and Mrs. Love

The news had come that we were to have a visit from our chief secretary and Mrs. Love early in the fall of 1918. I was appointed to show them the main sights of Japan for about a week and then let them look at our Field, and our work.

The heat of summer was over and we had beautiful weather in the early fall. We saw Nikko, Tokyo, Kyoto, Nara, and most of the more famous spots of Japan, and Dr. Love was a good and eager listener about the work of other missions as well as our own. I tried to be fair and show him the real Japan as best I could.

When the visitors reached Kyushu, Dr. Love seemed ready to talk with the Mission about all our work and plans. The boys' school was already located at Fukuoka the main center of Kyushu, and already it seemed practically settled that we should have a school for girls also.

About 40 miles from Fukuoka toward Tokyo was the bunch of five cities that had begun to be called North Kyushu. It had the great steel works at Yawata, the busy ports of ^OMaji, Waka-Matsu and so on, the greatest population and activity west of Osaka and Kobe. Most of the coal of Japan was nearby and the ships of the world passed in sight of many of these people.

We shall see that Siman Jogakum (in 1962 a woman's college of 1700 students) will be built on one of the North Kyushu hills overlooking the path of the big ships of the world.

The Mission meeting being over, Maggie Lee and I settled into the big residence at Kokura and undertook to look after the work of that big difficult field. Before Dr. Love left he agreed with me that the Kokura missionary residence might well be reduced in size about 50% and the large corner lot next to the residence might be used for a church and give the congregation a more commodious home instead of the cramped quarters they have been in so long.

We put in a busy year with many school boys and girls coming and going. In due course the flu hit us. We were both in bed in the same big room in the residence. It kept us in bed for only a day or so, but while it lasted it gave me the worst headache and the highest fever I have ever had. And it must have been the old fashioned grippe for it never entirely let go of us till several months had passed.

We had some copies of 101 Best Songs and the young Japanese people loved to sing with us. But the flu had weakened our throats, and before spring came I had to spend some days under the care of a physician who treated my throat.

In the summer of 1919 the residence on the beach at Fukuoka was vacant because Mr. Rowe was due to have a furlough and take his four motherless children to America, and we moved to Fukuoka.

"Rocks and Roses"

It was the autumn of 1919 and we were living in Jigyo Fukuoka, in the house by the seaside built by Mr. J. H. Rowe. The school (Sekinan Gakuni) was also by the seaside west of this residence, on

the west side of the river. It was less than half a mile from the residence to the school if one went the direct way and crossed the river on a kind of foot-bridge. But just east of the river, between the road and the sea was the "nobody village", a community of outcasts. It had been an outcast village for a long time, said to have got that way when the villagers refused to take sides in a local war. I never learned the details, but the villagers lived apart and did not send their children to school. After the Emperor Meiji's time these people could have been citizens if they had claimed their rights, but the old way of thinking was slow to die.

One of the boys of the "village" had taken a nice American flag that we had put out on a holiday; another boy had snatched the flag and ran off with it. A policeman brought the first boy to my house and when I showed the boy the page of colored flags in Webster's Dictionary and asked the boy which flag he took he immediately put his finger on the American flag. The policeman said the children had little teaching about property rights.

Well, Maggie Lee would often go to Seman Gakuim to play the organ at chapel. When the weather was fine she would sometimes take the shorter road through the "village". One day as she was going home that way she saw a group of children playing. Then she noticed some small stones bouncing in the road near her feet. She heard some of the village men laughing; they had seen the children toss the gravels.

This was a new experience for Maggie Lee in Japan, and it made her feel bad. She told me about what happened, and it set us to thinking. We don't know to this day which of us suggested what we should do about it.

But the next time she took that road to Seinan she went with an armful of flowers (whether they were from the climbing roses on the wall, or cosmos flowers, doesn't matter), and when she saw some of the children she began to give them a flower apiece. Suddenly she was surrounded by children saying "me, too, me too".

After that they called us "senses" and not "pig". We soon had a big Sunday school at our house and it was not long before the "village" let us use the town hall for the Sunday school and a Christian kindergarten. The young people from the school and the Churches offered their services and for maybe 20 years this work went on without any money from the Mission, and a doctor from the University treated the children's eyes. The sermon on the mount was proven right again.

Summer 1919. A Letter

A letter can often cheer one up. If one thinks a certain kind of letter ought to come, or if somebody owes you a letter, either of these could help.

But the letter I am speaking of was a great and almost permanent surprise. Of course Maggie Lee had had a kind of friendly tip-off a few days earlier—but that added to the gladness of the surprise rather than otherwise.

It was—without looking up the precise date—not much after the middle of June, for people didn't send letters by air-mail in those days very often. And it was from a man whom I knew and respected, though I had never sat in his classes, nor had I known him other than as a teacher in Howard College—a teacher of mathematics, if any memory of mine is acting soundly.

It was Professor Eagles, T. R. Eagles, was it not? And he signed it as "acting president." That put him in my memory as one of the elect, one of the salt of the earth.

He informed me that the college had granted me an Honorary Degree of Doctor of Divinity! And it had been only five years since it had given me a Bachelor of Arts Degree!

I have spent all these forty-odd years trying to be grateful and trying to be worthy of both of these degrees. He who has good things to give has blessed the college abundantly.

Seinan Gakuni in 1919

We had gotten settled in the residence by the sea at the beginning of the autumn term in 1919. Mr. Rowe had taken his four children to America and put them in school. As it was time for the Dozier's furlough, I had to take extra work at the boys' school. The work which I undertook then as Treasurer was to last almost all the time for 13 years. For one year I was substitute principal, and as the higher department of the school was to open in the spring of 1921, we had the urgent task of getting the main building finished for the whole school and getting new buildings ready for the higher department, including the Suminary.

As we had lost Mr. C. T. Willingham by the flu in 1918 in America, the flu was to make its second invasion of Japan toward the end of 1919. Just at Christmas the mission was informed that at Kagoshima Mr. P. P. Medling's household was down with flu:— Father and Mother, five children and two Japanese servants, nine in one house all stricken at once. Someone must go help them. Maggie Lee went leaving her mother to take care of the house in Fukuoka. In Kagoshima they had a Japanese doctor and they all pulled through except the head of the house, Brother P. P. Medling. When we heard that Mr. Medling was dead Dr. Walne and I went down to help with the burial. It was concluded by moonlight on the last night of the year. Four strong men carried the body to the grave on their shoulders by a path that climbed the mountain a long way.

Dawn of 1920

Mrs. Medling and her children had seemed to recover from the flu. Before many months have passed they will have returned to their native Tennessee, and now (1962) the youngest son, W. R. is in Japan in the same work in which his father gave the last full measure of devotion.

My wife, Maggie Lee, going through an extraordinary week helping a family that were all sick, seemed to come through it all in surprisingly good condition, and went back to Fukuoka with me near the end of the New Year holidays. But the great strain through which she had seemed to pass unscathed had, through some great mercy, lain dormant until she was in her own comfortable bed at home by the seaside with her own mother to care for her. Then it

never took the form of a high fever or terrible pain but she had to remain in bed for about three months and gradually build up and regain the strength she had unconsciously used up in a few days.

The boy's school will take in its fifth class in April and will then be a complete middle school. Then, in 1921 we shall expect to take in the first class of the higher department. This means that we have many things to think about and many kinds of plans to bring to completion.

I had already worked with Mr. Takemoto to arrange a pension system for the school as a whole, a system which began to pay pensions to the Japanese teachers long before I had any such thing for myself.

We had gotten well into the habit of using W. M. Vories and his group of architects to get blueprints made for our buildings. He had followed much of the missionary community and had his main working force in Kamizawa in the summer. I had need to visit his workshop in the middle of the summer to consult about some of our plans. When I went to Kamizawa in this connection it happened to be just at the time of the annual meeting of the Federation of Christian Missions. Our mission was accustomed to sending three delegates to this meeting. I had usually been one of the three, but in 1920 I was not appointed a delegate. But while in Kamizawa I happened to meet some of the delegates from various missions and some who were on special committees for the Federation. I met my old friend J. M. T. Winther of the Lutheran Mission. He was from Denmark but was at home in the

English language. He says "I have something to show you". And as he was chairman of the committee on nominations for the Federation, he showed me a list his committee had agreed to nominate as officers for 1921. My name was down for vice-president in 1921 and by custom would be president in 1922. This was another surprise, as I had no reason to think such an honor was waiting for me.

The Doziers were due back at Fukuoka before autumn and it looked like a good time for both Maggie Lee and me to get a good medical checkup before the spring of 1921 when the higher department of the Boy's School should open its doors and the preparatory Department of the Seminary should start at Fukuoka. We found we could get passage on the Empress of Japan of the Canadian Line in mid-autumn. And the Mission voted us health leave for a few months, not a regular furlough.

The World's Sunday School Convention met in Tokyo in October and Mr. Dozier and I were able to attend.

Then, before winter set in Maggie Lee and I sailed on the Empress of Japan for Vancouver. It was for that small steamer its last trip across the Pacific, and it was just finishing a million miles under strain. We got into a severe storm near the end of the trip and the old vessel would pop as if it might go to pieces under the 75-miles an hour wind. Many people were on board who had been to the Sunday School Convention, and seemed anxious to get back home again. (Now that is not any criticism of the ship, is it.)

Landing at Vancouver we took a Canadian Pacific train for Chicago and stopped at Minneapolis long enough to eat some good hot cakes and maple syrup. We stopped at the La Salle Hotel in Chicago for a day or two and had a visit from my nephew John Bouldin, who I believe was working for Marshall Field at that time.

We were soon at Battle Creek Sanitarium in Michigan where we had gone six and a half years before this. I found my old friend Dr. C. C. Hubby and he got out all the records of my first visit and began on me again. I was about 25 pounds underweight and my tonsils and 17 of my teeth needed to come out.

Maggie Lee needed treatment as much or more than I did and we were soon to be busy in that place we liked so much.

My dentist was one of the numerous Mexican orphans that Dr. J.H. Kellogg had adopted and educated. He was young and strong and he worked hard but it took him 21 days to extract 17 teeth for me. It was my good luck that I liked sweet milk, for they put me on 6 quarts a day of that fine Michigan milk in addition to regular meals and some-times an extra pint of pure cream. It was real living. I was supposed to take a glass of milk every half hour for 12 hours. But that took up too much time. I would put six quarts in a cold place in the morning. Then every two hours I would get a quart and sit down and drink it while playing checkers. The doctors would send discouraged patients to me to try to find out how to drink that milk. I would say to them "It's no problem at all. It makes me feel so good." In 8 or 10 weeks I had put on about 25 needed pounds. In more than 40 years I have seldom been without these 25 pounds.

1641

Maggie Lee also found old friends and got great help but she stayed somewhat longer than I did.

Michigan winter without Sleighbells

We spent the winter months in Michigan and heard a few sleighbells once. That day there was maybe an inch of snow. There was marching and volleyball and basketball and indoor baseball in the gymnasium but almost no snow.

But we had come on health leave and we wanted to come for a full year when our regular furlough is due.

We wanted to get back to Japan in April at the latest. I had accepted the vice-presidency of the Federation of Missions and I wanted to be present in the summer. Our college at Seman opens in April and I want to do my share of the teaching. Some of our candidates for the ministry will be in the Literary Department of the college and I want to be there to help them all I can.

But with it all we have gained greatly in the matter of health and we want to work. So I went east to Maryland to see John Moncure, and to Richmond and to the Seminary at Louisville seeking new Missionaries, then to Winchester and Scottsboro to see our folks, then to Howard College, to New Orleans Seminary and to Fort Worth Seminary, and to brother Frank's and then to Arizona to see brother Tom, and when Maggie Lee met me we caught a boat this time from Seattle, I believe.

We had left Mama San in Kokura with Miss C. Hooker Chiles and she had the honor of chaperoning the Courtship of Miss Chiles and Mr. J.H. Rowe who were married at Seoul Korea about the time we arrived in Japan.

1921 at Fukuoka

Schools had just opened when we got back to Japan in April 1921. Some money had come in from the 75 million campaign, and they had built a residence on the west end of the Seman Gakum compound using the blueprint I had had made in Tokyo several years earlier. It was a good house, the best I had ever lived in up to that time. There were only three of us and we were all fairly quiet and fairly hospitable and as long as we used the house there were others who made their homes there. Even the servant's quarters had one or more rooms upstairs, and the Ito brothers stayed in this part of the house while they were students. The elder brother whose given name is Toshio and in those days we called "Big Ito" is now a whitehaired teacher in the school and the younger brother whose given name is Takeo in those days we called "Little Ito" is now a distinguished teacher in the Ueno Conservatory of Music at Tokyo. Both of these brothers have been Christians since they were students at Seinan. The elder Ito is one of a very few who entered the school in 1916.

That was a wonderful place to live and work. The grove of ancient pine trees was planted as a barrier against the north wind that sweeps in from the sea, and we had to get permission from the Government to cut the trees by degrees.