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DR. A.J. STIREWALT, born 2/5/1881, died 9/24/1968. Missionary in Japan from 1905 - 1968. Enclosed given to me in Japan.

It is distinctly understood by me that it is my purpose and intention to vest all the incidents of absolute ownership that I may possess in this property to the James R. Crumley Jr. Archives, including copyright, and including without limitation the right to reproduce, adapt, publish, perform, or publicly display the property.

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Date: August 12, 2002

Signed:

Paul L. Winemiller
Donor

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Acknowledged:

Date: 10/2/02

Jeanette M. Rugeron
For: James R. Crumley Jr. Archives

June 27-July 27, 1964

I was born near Luray, Virginia, on February 5, 1881 - an exceptionally cold winter, they say.

My father, John N. Stirewalt, was pastor of the Stony Man pastorate for 36 years, and pastor at East Germantown (changed to Pershing), Indiana, one year, 1892-93. He was born at New Market, Virginia, in 1844 and died January 1907. His father, Jacob, was also a minister, as well as his ~~father's~~ brother, Rev. J. Paul Stirewalt. My paternal grandmother was of the Henkel family, which was of a direct line of ministers for 350 years, beginning in Germany. Considering this ministerial ancestry, and counting my own ministry, there has been a continuous line of well over 400 years.

The Book of Concord was first published in English by the Henkel Publishing Company at New Market, Virginia. They also published Luther's Small Catechism in English and "Our Church Paper," a weekly periodical which was combined with the "Lutheran Church Visitor" (published in Columbia, South Carolina) in 1904. My grandfather, Rev. Jacob Stirewalt, was one of the translators of the Book of Concord.

My mother, Emily Ann Hershberger, born 1846 near Luray, Virginia, died in April, 1938, lacking 25 days of being 92 years of age.

Schooling

Our home was midway between the one-room country school at Stony Man and the one-room country schoolhouse known as Antioch School. Depending on the teachers, father sent us sometimes to one and sometimes to the other (I had five brothers - no sister). Neither of these schools exists now. Busses collect the children and take them to the consolidated school in Luray. But before these schools were discontinued I also attended the Luray High School and graduated from it in 1899.

In September of that year I entered the sophomore class of Lenoir College, now called Lenoir-Rhyne College, at Hickory, North Carolina. Graduated from Lenoir 1902. Entered Chicago Lutheran Theological Seminary in Chicago that autumn.

In 1920-21 I attended lectures at Teachers College and Union Theological Seminary, at Columbia University in New York, without any plan for a degree.

Early Church Life

During my early days the country churches, especially, had a very simple program. There were four congregations in my father's parish. It was the horse and buggy days. The family always attended Mount Calvary Church the third Sunday of each month, and Sunday School every

Sunday except during the winter. Father frequently took me or one of my brothers with him when he went to the other congregations, to funerals, conferences, Sunday School conventions, etc. I feel it was the influence of the home rather than the activity of the church as such that had the greater influence on me. But there were contrary influences also; and when I think of certain associates who were far from holy, I think it miraculous that I am not worse than I am.

My father being a country pastor, there was land to cultivate and there was not much time for hobbies. But I well remember that in summer when the days' work was finished we boys frequently went swimming in the nearby creek. At school we played "town ball," which was later replaced by baseball, of which I was extremely fond, although I became only an average player. I enjoyed fishing and was considered the family's fisherman. Sometimes I went hunting, but the damage I did to wild life was negligible.

Apart from my parents, I cannot say that I was exceptionally impressed by any one or more persons unless it was my high school teacher, Mr. Charles Weaver, who afterwards studied law and died young. Under him and also under his predecessor, B. B. White, I acquired a fondness for mathematics.

From our home to the high school in Luray the distance was two miles. This was travelled to and from school every day, sometimes on horseback, sometimes in a buggy, and just as often on foot across the fields.

College Years

On September 1, 1899, I went to Hickory, North Carolina and entered Lenoir College, which was then in its eighth year and a very modest institution as compared with its present status as Lenoir-Rhyne College. At the request of a new-found friend who seemed to sponsor me, I was permitted to enter the sophomore class, his own class.

This school was conducted by the old Tennessee Synod, a conservative group which separated from the North Carolina Synod in 1820 and which amalgamated with the North Carolina Synod in 1921. In this period of 101 years, the North Carolina Synod had undergone changes for the better. However, both synods became district synods of the United Lutheran Synod in the South, which in 1918 amalgamated with the General Council and the General Synod to form the United Lutheran Church in America. In 1962 this was one of the four bodies which formed the present Lutheran Church in America.

The Tennessee Synod was organized in 1820 in Tennessee; hence its name. But later the constituency in Tennessee withdrew and formed the Holston Synod. The Tennessee Synod was known for its faithfulness to the doctrinal teachings of the scriptures and asserted a wholesome influence during its day. Thus my religious background was strictly Biblical and has remained so. as-ex-

I enjoyed my college life, was elected president of my small class of eight, and was given the scholarship medal at graduation in 1902. All the members of my class have passed away except Mrs. B. L. Stroup (the only girl of our class) and myself.

Dr. R. A. Yoder was president of the college when I entered, but he resigned the next year and was succeeded by Dr. R. L. Fritz. I revere the memory of both of these men. It being a small college at that time, the relationship between teachers and students was intimate and helpful. When I entered I had had no Greek, which was regularly begun in the freshman year. Dr. E. J. Sox kindly gave me instruction outside curriculum hours until I was able to enter the sophomore class in Greek.

The college was coeducational and social events took place rather often, but I took part only occasionally.

The students were not all angels, and in college as well as in high school I was sometimes encouraged in a negative way. That is, seeing the wrong in others gave me conviction for avoiding such failures.

From my earliest remembrance it was my desire to become a Christian minister, which I considered the most important work anyone could do. In my childhood days I knew nothing of foreign missions, but I thought it would be interesting to go to some other country to preach. As my knowledge of the world increased and I learned of others who had gone to non-Christian lands to teach the Gospel, my desire to do so became stronger, and when Dr. C. K. Lippard was commissioned at Lenoir College in September 1900 to go to Japan as a missionary, my ideas became more concrete.

In those days, my college had only one course of study, which was supposed to be a well-rounded literary course which everyone must complete for graduation. There was no majoring. However, one could select studies and be credited for such. It is now 62 years since I left college and perhaps I cannot recall all the subjects I studied, but I do remember studying Greek, Hebrew, Latin, Logic and moral philosophy strongly appealed to me. I remember the commendation I received from my professor because of the lengthy dissertation I wrote on a moral philosophy examination. He, W. H. Little, is the only one of my teachers still living (1964).

I enjoyed botany and astronomy. English and American literature were required and I passed examination on them. Trigonometry and surveying appealed to me so strongly that I thought that if I were not intending to do the most important work, dispensing the Word of Life, I would like to become a civil engineer. Analytic geometry was one phase of our math.

I also studied Christian dogmatics, pastoral theology, etc. during my first year. But by my second year the Tennessee Synod had become a constituent body of the United Synod in the South and consequently a cooperating body in maintaining the Southern Lutheran

The Southern Theological ^{was established}

Theological Seminary in Mount Pleasant, South Carolina, a suburb of Charleston (now moved to Columbia, South Carolina), and theological studies in the college were discontinued. *Previously this sem. had been in Newberry, S.C.*

From my earliest childhood I was taught to love and trust in Christ. This has steadily grown during my past life and until now. I have never experienced a "conversion" at any special time but I have felt a steady growth in devotion to my Lord. This took place during my college days perhaps at an accelerated growth for the college atmosphere was distinctly Christian.

I taught Sunday School during my college course, and I think it was at Christmas 1899 that I was asked to make a missionary talk at Daniel's Church, about 18 miles from college. That was my first missionary address. Many have followed since. I do not know why I was asked to do this, for at that time no one could have known of my desire to become a missionary.

My first attempt at preaching was at Mount Olive Church near Hickory, in March 1900. My second attempt was at St. James Church, Catawba County, North Carolina, a month or two later.

The neighboring pastorate to my father's in Virginia became vacant. They turned to my father to supply. When I returned to Virginia for summer vacation 1900, my father had me preach every Sunday until I returned to college that September. The same thing happened the two succeeding summers until I entered the Chicago Lutheran Theological Seminary the autumn of 1902.

The seminary was then in Lake View, a neighborhood of Chicago. 1311 Sheffield Avenue was the address. That is now the baseball grounds of the Chicago White Sox. Later (1911 ?) this seminary was moved to Maywood, a suburb of Chicago, and is now known as the Lutheran School of Theology. It is soon to be moved to the campus of the University of Chicago.

Dr. R. F. Weidner was the founder, president, and inspiration of the institution. Each student was appointed to some work. E. P. Conrad and I were appointed to mission work in Lafayette, Indiana. Each went on alternate weekends. The distance was 120 miles. Two sermons each time was not an easy matter for a first-year seminary student. The then Chicago Synod paid the traveling expenses, but I remember that to my embarrassment they were usually not paid promptly.

At the end of my first year. Dr. Weidner went to Europe and made me his secretary in many things, correspondence, care of the property, etc.; and at the same time appointed me as chaplain at the Passavant Hospital at 192 Superior Street (since amalgamated with the hospital of Illinois Medical School). I continued in this capacity during the remaining two years of my seminary course. However, when Dr. Weidner was present he had other arrangements for his correspondence, etc., but I acted for him in various ways.

My seminary life was one of Christian fellowship with both professors and students. Spiritual growth was much enhanced along with the acquisition of Bible truth. Dr. Weidner was a sympathetic father to all of us.

No one escapes the temptation of our arch-enemy. He even tempted the Lord Jesus. He tempts everyone. It was a few months before graduation that I felt his assault in a special manner. It was an attack on my faith. The question of the truthfulness of Christianity was at issue. Is it not all a delusion, a mere make-believe? Having gone that far in my life and in the study of theology as a believer, I felt ashamed to mention my feelings to anyone. As I consider it now, I should have gone to one of my professors with my trouble. A saving thought was: what will people think of me if I become an unbeliever? What will my parents think? But could I continue as I am and be a hypocrite? During this period I also felt that it was an attack of Satan, though I was not as concretely conscious of this as was Luther, who threw the ink bottle. I hoped and prayed for help and after several days help came.

Our Saviour saved me again, and during these 60 years that have followed that question has never again confronted me. On the contrary, the more I learn of God's revelation to man, the more I am convinced that it is true and deserves our faith and obedience. I am strongly inclined to think that nine-tenths of the unbelief of our day is due to ignorance of the Bible. It is sad to think of the many good church members who have impoverished their faith through neglect of what God has spoken to man.

My chief reason for going to the Chicago Lutheran Theological Seminary was the financial help available for service rendered. The amount was small but with strict economy I was able to get through. I recall times when my purse was exceptionally lean, and I would buy six buns for a nickel and make them serve as my three meals for the day. Most of the students were helped in the same way.

Rev. H. F. Obenauf of Zelienople, Pennsylvania, and I are the only living members of my class of 1905. It happened that as in college I was chosen class president.

There was one course of study on the subject of foreign missions. The Passavant Missionary Society met once a week and students in turn were appointed to present certain phases of the work abroad, perhaps some outstanding missionary character, or the work on a certain field. I remember one assigned to me - Ignatius Loyola.

Early Years in Japan

In the early part of 1905, Dr. R. C. Holland, president of the Board of Foreign Missions of the United Lutheran Synod in the South, announced that the church would send a new missionary to Japan and invited a volunteer. I offered myself. A call did not come immediately and afterwards I learned that the delay was occasioned by the

time it took to investigate my past. But it came and I accepted it. My parents preferred that I not go so far away, but to me the call, both inward and outward, was clear and I felt I must respond.

Individuals reminded me that there was need in our own country, and just before graduation I was offered work in a certain city in the state of Illinois. But the very few Christian witnesses in the non-Christian countries compared to the number in our own country was a strong reason for my going abroad. Also, I have always felt that if Christianity is true and Christ died for the whole world, the whole world should know it, and that as soon as possible; that if the Christian religion is not true we should abandon it. This latter was unthinkable.

But before going to Japan the Board had me go among the churches preaching the need and opportunity in Japan and at the same time enlisting membership in the "Mission League," which enrolled persons who agreed to give to the cause of foreign missions the amount of at least five dollars each year until they saw fit to withdraw. The response gave considerable impetus to the cause.

On December 8, 1905, I set sail from Seattle on the S.S. Shawmut of the Boston Steamship Company. The boat was supposed to arrive at Yokohama in 17 days. Unusually rough sea required 23 days, and we arrived on the early morning of December 31, with some of the boat's superstructure considerably damaged. The previous afternoon Captain E. V. Roberts called my attention to Mount Fuji, the sacred mountain of Japan, which from that distance appeared about the size and shape of a teacup upside-down. But at daybreak the next morning, from the boat in Yokohama harbour, it stood up in its greatness and majesty as the sun shone on its covering of snow. I can never forget it.

In July 1909, with some friends, I climbed to its top. It was an all-day climb, and the night on top was cold, but the sunrise the next morning as viewed from this height of 12,390 feet, rising practically out of the sea, well compensated for the effort expended.

On the Shawmut there was a Methodist missionary lady on her way to the Philippines, and several young men going there as teachers of English. There were eleven Christian and Missionary Alliance Missionaries from their school at Nyack, New York, one for Japan and the others for China. I had beneficial fellowship with this group during the 23 days' voyage. Although some of them held certain extreme views, they were all of a Biblically founded faith.

The Japanese New Year is the great festival of the twelve months. (In 1873 Japan adopted the occidental calendar.) We had arrived just in time for this celebration. Since everything was strange in this land not yet sufficiently known to occidental people, we did not suppose that the decorations were meant to be a welcome to us. January first is the only day in the year when all business is supposed to stop. It was at a standstill, but the people were active in making

calls to congratulate each other on entering a new year. But perhaps the sake served and drunk made a deeper impression. We visited certain temples and for the first time witnessed idol worship. This was a direct challenge to our purpose in coming to this non-Christian people.

On January second we went to Tokyo by electric car which took us to Shinagawa. From there we walked to Ginza, and there we met a young man who wanted to practise his limited knowledge of English on us. He had the advantage of us for we knew no Japanese. He was helpful, but even now I do not understand how we got to Tokyo and back to our boat that evening without knowing even a word of Japanese, except Tokyo and Yokohama.

Laborers would not work at New Year's, so our boat was delayed in unloading cargo. The same delayed us in Kobe. Dr. C. L. Brown, who went to Japan in 1898, met the boat ^{at} Moji and took me to his home in Kumamoto. As we traveled southward we passed a north-bound train, and very coincidentally Dr. Brown saw Dr. C. K. Lippard on it as the two trains stopped at a certain station. He was on his way to meet me at Moji. He transferred to our train and returned to Saga. Thus I felt well met and welcomed.

As our train stopped at Kurume station, Dr. Brown secured bento for our supper. This was my first experience with chopsticks, and my first taste of Japanese food, which I have increasingly appreciated.

I lived with the Brown family in Kumamoto until they left for furlough about May 5, from which time I was alone in that city. During those few months they initiated me into things Japanese. The Winther family, then living in Kurume, also went on furlough by the same boat, the Shawmut, which had brought me to Japan. That October both the Lippard family and Miss Ella Johnson left Japan because of ill health. I was then the only missionary of our group who remained on the field. There were some Finnish Lutheran missionaries in Nagano prefecture, but we had no organic connection with them at that time.

In those days the question of missionary control or Japanese control of the work was an agitated question in the older churches, but since the Japan Mission of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in the South (U.S.A.) began only in 1892 it was neither old nor large, and missionary control was assumed.

I was the only missionary on the field from October 1906 until December 1907, when Rev. L.S.G. Miller arrived. As a newly arrived missionary, however, nothing could be expected of him except to learn the language. Relief came in the spring of 1908 when the Lippard family returned, and still more in the autumn of 1908 when the Brown family returned, bringing with them Rev. F. D. Smith, the first missionary sent to Japan by the General Council. He was located in Tokyo for language study, and continued there until the summer of 1921, when he resigned from the work.

With my very limited experience and inadequate knowledge of the Japanese language after being in Japan only nine months, my ability was very little. I relied very much on the advice of the Japanese pastors and things were held together with a certain amount of progress. However, in the spring of 1907 we opened a preparatory school in Kumamoto to coach and prepare middle school graduates to pass the entrance examination for the higher schools. The Educational Bureau in Tokyo approved of government school teachers teaching in this school when not on duty in the government higher schools. The tuition received was divided among the teachers according to the hours taught, after rent for the building was paid.

Things went very well until the end of the first year, when the Educational Bureau reversed its decision and withdrew its permission for government school teachers to teach in private schools. Our school then had to close. That was our first attempt in school work, except that certain individual missionaries had attempted to prepare certain young men for the ministry, although without success.

When Dr. Brown went on furlough in May 1906, he went armed with argument for building and maintaining a middle school and a theological seminary. The United Synod in the South, in session at Dallas, North Carolina, in 1906, with the exception of one vote, unanimously approved of the plan so plainly and convincingly set forth before it, and Dr. Brown was appointed to raise the \$25,000 designated for the project.

When Dr. Brown returned to Japan in October, 1908, we began to make concrete plans for carrying out the project. It was decided that the school be located in Kumamoto. Then a location in that area had to be secured. A certain carpenter was engaged to find a suitable location for our approval. In the spring of 1909 we were able to close the contract with twenty-two landowners who had committed themselves with legal contract to sell at an agreed price, and about 9000 tsubo (a little more than seven acres) of land was bought. Several purchases since then have enlarged the grounds - the present site of Kyushu Gakuin.

It was my lot to handle the money and pay to each one who sold. The average price per tsubo (a tsubo is a plot of ground 6 by 6 feet, or 36 square feet) was Yen 2.34 (\$1.17). Money then had a value; now that land would be valued at more than a thousand times that much.

After the land was bought it was evident that the remaining funds would not be adequate for the erection of the buildings. The mission passed an action asking the Board to call me back to the U.S. to raise more money. At the same time the Board had acted in exactly the same way. The letters passed each other somewhere on the Pacific. There was no airmail in those days and few telegrams were sent.

Goeben

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In recalling me, the Board designated me as its representative at the second World Missionary Conference to be held in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1910. Sailing on the North German Lloyd steamship, the S.S. Goeben from Nagasaki March 25, 1910, I reached Edinburgh in proper time for the opening of the ten days' conference, along with a number of others who had gone on the same boat. All Protestant boards were represented by board officials, missionaries, and a limited number of nationals from various mission fields.

On registering, I was surprised and no little embarrassed to be asked to preach at Porto Bello, a place somewhat removed from Edinburgh, on the intervening Sunday. I did so, but felt very humble afterwards when I found that the service was attended by a number of delegates to the conference who were much older and much more experienced in mission work than I, and who were far more qualified to preach the sermon.

This second World Missionary Conference was instructive and inspiring, and greatly helped to qualify me for making my appeal for more funds for the establishment of Kyushu Gakuin.

Soon after reaching the U.S. I was asked to present our case to a Mission Board meeting. The Japan Mission had asked for an additional \$15,000. The Board set the goal at \$25,000. When my visitation of the churches ended in the spring of 1912, \$32,000 had been subscribed. It was all needed.

The constituency of the United Synod in the South was neither numerous nor wealthy. Its response was very commendable. While I was soliciting funds, Dr. Brown was building buildings and forming a faculty, and the first class of 120 twelve- or thirteen-year-old boys was admitted in April 1911. This 120 was just one-third of the total applicants.

When I returned to Japan in October 1912 the school was a going enterprise. I became a teacher of English. Mr. Saburo Toyama was the principal. But the next year I was sent to Saga to supply during the furlough of Dr. Lippard.

On July 1, 1914, with Board permission I returned to the U.S. via Trans Siberian Railway to be married to Miss Alice M. Wulbern of Charleston, South Carolina. I attended another Board meeting, at which I made appeal for more funds for building extensions to the dormitory of Kyushu Gakuin. Funds were granted.

I might say that my boat was out from London about two days when World War I was begun.

We were married on August 5, 1914, but were slightly delayed in starting for Japan because of war danger on the Pacific. We finally sailed on September 22 from Vancouver on the Canadian Pacific steamship Empress of India. We safely arrived at Yokohama, but our boat sailed at night without lights showing. Those were tense days.

The sleeping accommodations on the train from Yokohama were mere shelves on which one could stretch out with one person's feet close to the head of another. This amused my bride. On our way to Saga we spent several days at Miyajima. At Saga station we were met by the church people and my bride felt welcomed to Japan.

An interesting island

In April 1915 I was moved back to Kumamoto. In the spring of 1916 Dr. Brown went on furlough and I was again in charge of the Kumamoto work and had missionary responsibility in Kyushu Gakuin. Dr. Brown's family had gone the previous year, after which he lived with us. At that time a very outstanding event occurred in our family. My wife and I became parents of a daughter who is now the mother of three children and living in Oak Park, Illinois.

I should previously have stated that in September 1909 the theological seminary was begun in my home in Kumamoto. The house was reasonably large and I was not yet married. An upstairs room served as classroom and the students lived in the downstairs rooms. Dr. Brown, Dr. Winther, and Rev. N. Yamanouchi were the teachers, although I taught English to several of the students. With the recent death of Rev. Tokutaro Kawase, none of those first students remain.

When I returned to the U.S. in 1910, the seminary was moved to another house and Dr. Winther and his family occupied the house in which I had lived. When Kyushu Gakuin middle school was established, the seminary was established on that campus. In 1925 it was relocated at its present place in Nakano Ku, Tokyo.

The chapel building at Kyushu Gakuin was not realized until some years after the establishment of the school. It was maintained by some that we could not have daily chapel services without a chapel building. It was maintained by others that since all the students were assembled at certain times for other purposes, why not for religious purposes. It was not a happy situation but after the chapel was realized there was no alternative.

My furlough was due in 1920. Our second daughter was born in 1918. So when we returned to the U.S. there were four of us instead of two who went to Japan in 1914.

The greater part of our furlough period was spent in Charleston, South Carolina, while the other part was spent at my mother's home near Luray, Virginia. However, much of my time was devoted to telling of our work to the churches to which I was sent.

We returned from furlough in October 1921 and the mission sent me to Tokyo. Rev. Denki Honda had been sent there in May of that year. Because of certain unfortunate circumstances Rev. Honda and I had to make a new beginning in Tokyo, for all but one of the former group had dissociated themselves from our work.

Our work was conducted in rented property, and it was not until 1923 that land was secured, and not until 1928 that a church building was erected on it. This was a turning point.

On September 1, 1923, the great earthquake and fire occurred which destroyed all of Yokohama and half of Tokyo. Almost a hundred thousand lives were lost. The home church sent funds for relief. Rev. Honda and I worked together in establishing a home for destitute aged people. More funds came, and with them we established a home for widows and their children - families of men who perished in the disaster. Both homes continue, but the inmates are no longer limited to those affected by that disaster.

For thirty-one years I worked in Tokyo along with Rev. Honda. The Board's rules permit a missionary to retire at the age of 65, but if he does not do so then he must retire by the time he becomes 70. I became 70 in 1951, but at the request of the Japanese church one more year of service was granted me. Then more than two thousand Japanese petitioned the Board to let me continue the work. The Board acceded to this to the extent of adding a few more months.

Before those months expired, missionaries of the Norwegian Lutheran Missionary Society who had been in China until the Communists took over, and who had come to Japan, asked me to go to Kobe and help in the Bible School which they had begun in 1950. They had asked me to assist for three years. I began in 1952 and still continue. In September 1957 they began a theological seminary. I teach in both schools.

Had this request by the Norwegians not been made I would naturally have returned to the U.S. about the middle of 1952. What I could have done in the homeland I do not know, but I am very grateful that a place to serve in our Lord's work was given, for from my early life I desired to give myself to service in His kingdom for as long as I would be able to serve. The enemy takes no vacation. He does not retire. Why should our Lord's servant do so? I can truly say that since my retirement under the Board of Foreign Missions of the United Lutheran Church in America my activity has not declined. In teaching others the Word of Life I myself have received an abundant compensation. I had been doing this during previous years, but in the classroom it is necessarily more systematically done, with more helpful results. *However, I enjoy dealing with people in evangelistic work*

My regular terms of service on the field were twice interrupted by irregularities. The first was in 1910 when I was called back to solicit funds for establishing Kyushu Gakuin. The second time was repatriation in 1942, six months after the beginning of World War II. However, I spent two full eight-year terms on the field, one after my "retirement."

After ~~a little more than~~ ^{about} twenty-six ^{and a half} years of married life my wife was taken to her eternal home on January 4, 1941. Since then life has been different. Her passing was not without forebodings. In Washington, D.C. in October 1937, the day we were to start for Los Angeles on our return to Japan, while we were walking on the street to my brother's home for breakfast, she suffered a heart attack and fell. A broken hip

necessitated hospitalization, and because of certain unforeseen complications it was not until April 1938 that she could resume traveling. Even then she could move about only with the aid of crutches, and she was never without pain until she was finally relieved by death. There would have been ample reason for our not returning to Japan in 1938, but her courage and devotion to the work sustained her in doing so.

Our third daughter, who was but forty-one days old when the great earthquake of September 1, 1923, occurred, had, like her two older sisters, graduated from the American School in Japan, in June 1940, and left for college in the U.S. in August. After that time my wife and I again lived alone.

From the first heart attack in October 1937 until the one that was fatal, she suffered many. Thus the last three years of her life were overshadowed with the idea of her passing. Her firm faith in Jesus Christ, through whom all true believers have redemption, gave her joy in the midst of suffering. The Lord's ways are above man's ways and are mysterious. But some things become clear. Her passing not only relieved her of constant suffering but left me free to continue in the work of the Kingdom until this present time.

For some time war was anticipated, but I am very thankful that it did not begin while she lived. Her grave is in the Tama cemetery in Tokyo, and it is my desire that when I am summoned to meet my Lord, my mortal remains be placed beside hers, though that is not necessary for sharing together the glorious resurrection of those who are the Lord's.

She passed from earth January 4, 1941, and I well remember that as her body was being lowered into the grave, and as it was being filled with earth, the atmosphere was filled with beautiful falling snow. *Cremation is almost universal in Japan but both she and I regarded it with disfavor.*

The morning of December 7, 1941, I went down to breakfast and was shocked by my housekeeper telling me that war had begun. She had heard it from a neighbor who had a radio. That day I remained at home. The next day I had occasion to go downtown, but before going I went to the nearest police box and asked if I might. The answer was favorable. In the Morinaga store in the Marunouchi building I ordered certain refreshments. A man came in and sat on the other side of the table and asked me of my country. I told him it was America. Nothing more was said. The atmosphere was tense.

I was one of seven American men in the Tokyo-Yokohama area who were not interned. No reasons were given, but I am quite sure I know the reason why I was not. For about a year, war had been ominous. Foreigners were under suspicion. The Japanese were jittery about spies. A young man doing clerical work in the war department approached a friend of his who was known to me, with the request that I teach him English. I agreed and his coming was rather irregular, dependent on other duties. From the first I had suspicions, and the longer he came

the more I was confirmed in thinking that he was a spy, spying on me to see if I was a spy. I know he tempted me to ask questions about the Japanese army and its war in China. Having no idea of spying it was easy to show myself innocent, and I think that during that one year of tempting me, he was convinced that I was not interested in getting information about Japan's security, but that my one purpose was to teach the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

When war finally began I was left alone. I had full freedom, except that the police told me not to leave Tokyo City without permission. I had no reason to ask for it. I know one American lady who asked for it but it was not given her. They permitted me to go to my wife's grave in the Tama cemetery. Food was strictly rationed and the black market flourished. Much time was spent in trying to find food. How long would these conditions continue? Would we be repatriated?

Not until shortly before repatriation could the question be answered. The Washington government dealt through the Swiss Legation and proposed the exchange of nationals. The Japanese at first seemed not interested. Later they favored it and hastened it.

We were put aboard the Asama Maru in Yokohama harbour on June 17, 1942, but because of certain complications the boat did not sail until June 25. The Italian boat Conte Verde, which was at Shanghai when war began, was used to repatriate Americans from Shanghai and the hinterland. The Conte Verde and the Asama joined, and the two boats sailed together, never more than a thousand yards apart. At Hongkong other repatriates were taken aboard. Although we stood sixty miles from Singapore port, several others were brought to our boat.

Then we made a direct line across the Indian Ocean to Lorenzo Marques in Portuguese East Africa. The Swedish boat Gripsholm, which brought Japanese repatriates from New York, had arrived there earlier that morning. I think it was the next day that we were taken to the Gripsholm and the Japanese were transferred to the two boats which had brought Americans and a few others from Japan ^{and China} for the first time we felt free. We were under a different flag and we did not need to be so careful about what we said. The Japanese higher officials had been as kind to us as we could hope, but some of the little men had tried to show their authority. War was on and we were enemies.

Why we stayed in Lorenzo Marques six days before sailing I never learned. There were 2,200 persons aboard our boat, it was said. We rounded the southern point of Africa at a distance of 200 miles ^{so as} to avoid any enemy boats which might be near the shore. However, the word "Repatriate" was written on the top deck in large letters so as to be easily seen from the air. Likewise each side of the boat carried the same. At night the boat was fully illuminated. Safe passage had been guaranteed by the enemy countries, but still precaution was wise. Rumors were numerous. One was that the enemy countries had withdrawn their guarantee of safe passage. Bryce

We spent 26 hours at Rio de Janeiro. Passing through the Caribbean Sea we saw the hull of a boat in which fire still was burning. Some submarine, or perhaps a raider, had done its deadly work. Whose boat was it? We did not know. Not far away, floating on the water, were parts of the upper structure of perhaps this same boat which had been blasted off. We had no way of knowing what had become of its crew.

Seventy-two days after being put on the boat in Yokohama we disembarked at New York, on August 28, 1942. Before being released, each repatriate was closely questioned by security officers who had a record of each. It was a renewed feeling of freedom to be back in the homeland, "the land of the free and the home of the brave." Some articles were rationed, but people were not hungry and knew no limitation such as people in Japan suffered. When I saw the plenty I was convinced that America would win the war, though I had not doubted it before.

My first several weeks were spent in Dr. Beck's clinic in Baltimore trying to regain health. My German doctor in Tokyo had thought that I likely needed a major operation, and that was the reason why I was permitted to leave on this boat. I was not in line for repatriation at that time. Preference was given to diplomatic men and their families, undesirables (those interned), and to women and children, especially those in outlying districts. I came under none of these headings, but my doctor, thinking that perhaps a major operation would be necessary, appealed to the Swiss legation in my behalf, and got me on this, the first repatriation boat.

However, Dr. Beck found an operation unnecessary, and as soon as I was fully recovered the Board assigned me to deputation work in various parts of the country during the remaining period of the war.

Although I was traveling most of the time, I considered my headquarters to be in my wife's old home in Charleston, South Carolina, where two of her sisters and my second daughter lived. During the summer of 1945, I acted as supply pastor for St. Paul's Church, Haysville, Indiana, while Rev. E. H. Boening, the pastor, was undergoing hospitalization.

It was my purpose to return to Japan as soon as possible after the war ended. General MacArthur was favorable to the return of the missionaries and assisted in their return, but the matter of transportation was difficult. It was not until November 26, 1946, that the Board secured transportation for the Misses Powlas and me, from Savannah, Georgia, on a slow freighter of the Isbrandtson Line, carrying 21,000 bales of cotton to destitute Japan.

This was my first trip through the Panama Canal. The boat made an emergency call at Honolulu for water, but no one could go ashore. It was not until two days before reaching Japan that the captain knew to which port in Japan he was to go. Then a radio message arrived from Washington naming Kobe. We were midway between Yokohama and Kobe

when a man of the crew suddenly became ill, and the boat was directed to put in at Yokohama. Miss A. Powlas and I were bound for Tokyo but we were not permitted to disembark. It was only an emergency call. So we had to continue on to Kobe, where we arrived January 9, 1947, and then take train to Tokyo, passing through Yokohama. Technicalities are sometimes troublesome.

A few days after reaching Tokyo I went to Yokohama and incidentally met that "sick" man on the street. His case was homesickness.

The year 1947 was not an easy one. Traveling was difficult. The railroads were in a run-down condition. At least half the train windows were without glass. Traffic was heavy and if one could find a seat he was fortunate. Food was still scarce. Public eating places which previously were so numerous in Japan did not now exist. It was necessary to carry food with one as he went about. 120 cities had been bombed, and with such widespread destruction housing was extremely difficult. The Japanese generally showed the lack of good clothing.

The U.S. postal authorities were very generous and allowed missionaries the same privileges as allowed the U.S. occupational forces, and in this way we were able to secure much food and clothing for needy people. But the greatest help came when our Board, along with other Boards, purchased a large quantity of surplus Navy food for distribution to our pastors and other church workers. It was my lot to distribute this.

The greatest distress was the effect the war had had on the work of the church. A number of our pastors had been drafted into the fighting forces. Some never came back. Unable to get support from abroad, some pastors resorted to secular work in order to have a livelihood for themselves and their families. In many places church work ceased. Many of our churches, parsonages, and one mission home, besides kindergartens, were burned through incendiary bombing. The work was disorganized and many of our church members, even to this day, have not been found. It almost meant starting the work anew. But on the other hand, there were pastors and laymen who were faithful to their Lord and desired the renewal of the communion of saints. There was a starting point.

During the period of hostilities the Board could make no financial remittances in support of the work; but fortunately it kept on deposit funds which would have been sent. These funds were readily available for replacing burned buildings and for other urgent purposes, in addition to erecting churches, kindergarten buildings, and missionary homes where there were none before.

The old religions seemed defeated along with the nation and Christianity seemed much in favor, for the Japanese people are inclined to laud and follow the victor. It seemed favorable for our cause.

But this condition did not last long. The old religions were revived and a host of new so-called religions sprang up. I remember going to the great Shinto shrine at Ise the summer of 1950 and seeing only one person whom I considered a worshipper. But two years later it was said that the worshippers were numerous. The emperor's renunciation of claim to divinity has contributed much to the freedom of thought.

The war had reduced Japan to a helpless condition. With the collapse of the military regime there was disorder until the succeeding administration could reorganize affairs and set things in order. Food was scarce and the people could not expect a new crop until a year later. Here the USA did a generous thing by sending large quantities of food and other necessities to help the people. The hungry people were grateful for this. But the Japanese who had been schooled through earthquakes, typhoons, tidal waves and other disasters, quickly began to recuperate and reconstruct their homes and country. They then devoted their energies to construction instead of destruction.

Because of the lack of transportation facilities, it was more than a year after hostilities ceased that I was able to get back to Japan, and then it was a year or more before the difficulties were eased. Housing, food, clothing, in fact everything had been scarce. But in spite of defeat and the suffering the people endured, even to this day, I have never heard a word of antipathy spoken against America. The following quotations will show how, at least some of the people thought: One elderly gentleman who happened to be the first Japanese to whom I was introduced after my first arrival in Japan Dec. 1905, said to me: "There is not a single Japanese who holds enmity against America". One of our pastors appreciating freedom after the close of the war remarked to me: "What would be our condition if Japan had won the war!" A school teacher, a non-Christian, told me: ~~xxxx~~ "The Japanese generally are grateful to America for defeating Japan".

The people remembered the few years preceding the war, and especially the time during the war when the military superseded the civil government and tried to make the people think that they existed for the sake of their rulers; and when release from totalitarianism came and they had freedom such as they had never before experienced, like every other living creature, they were grateful for it.

There are two reasons why the people did not feel hostile after defeat.

1. They were conscious of the fact that their own country began the war.
2. During the war and up to the very end, the people were made to believe that Japan was winning on every front. When in August 1945 it was announced that the emperor who had never before spoken over the radio would do so the next day, the people thought that he would announce victory. When he announced surrender the people knew that they had been deceived by their own leaders. This was sad, but it was undoubtedly favorable to the USA and facilitated her administration of Japan until it was restored to Japan 1953 (?).

The above stated attitude of the Japanese caused all anxiety on my part to vanish. Perhaps never before in the history of Christian missions did a country whose people were trying to evangelize another country have to go to war with that country. My anxiety had been how would the Japanese accept us? Instead of any feeling against us, it seemed to me that they were more than willing to restore friendly relationship. We seldom referred to the war, and never in a criticising manner.